

\LBALLADS Child 1A.1  
\N1 THERE was a lady of the North Country,  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.1r  
\N1 Lay the bent to the bonny broom  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.1  
\N2 And she had lovely daughters three.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.1r  
\N2 Fa la la la la, fa la la la ra re  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.2  
\N1 There was knight of noble worth  
Which also lived in the North.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.3  
\N1 The knight, of courage stout and brave,  
A wife he did desire to have.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.4  
\N1 He knocked at the ladie\'s gate  
One evening when it was late.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.5  
\N1 The eldest sister let him in,  
And pin\'d the door with a silver pin.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.6  
\N1 The second sister she made his bed,  
And laid soft pillows under his head.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.7  
\N1 The youngest daughter that same night,  
She went to bed to this young knight.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.8  
\N1 And in the morning, when it was day,  
These words unto him she did say:  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.9  
\N1 `Now you have had your will,' quoth she,  
`I pray, sir knight, will you marry me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.10  
\N1 The young brave knight to her replied,  
`Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be deny\'d.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.11  
\N1 `If thou canst answer me questions three,  
This very day will I marry thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.12  
\N1 `Kind sir, in love, O then,' quoth she,  
`Tell me what your [three] questions be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.13  
\N1 `O what is longer than the way,  
Or what is deeper than the sea?  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.14  
\N1 `Or what is louder than the horn,  
Or what is sharper than a thorn?  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.15  
\N1 `Or what is greener than the grass,  
Or what is worse then a woman was?'  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.16  
\N1 `O love is longer than the way,  
And hell is deeper than the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.17  
\N1 `And thunder is louder than the horn,  
And hunger is sharper than a thorn.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.18  
\N1 `And poyson is greener than the grass,  
And the Devil is worse than woman was.'  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.19

\N1 When she these questions answered had,  
The knight became exceeding glad.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.20  
\N1 And having [truly] try\'d her wit,  
He much commended her for it.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.21  
\N1 And after, as it is verifi\'d,  
He made of her his lovely bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.22  
\N1 So now, fair maidens all, adieu,  
This song I dedicate to you.  
\SBALLADS Child 1A.23  
\N1 I wish that you may constant prove  
Vnto the man that you do love.  
\LBALLADS Child 1B.1  
\N1 THERE were three sisters fair and bright,  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.1r  
\N1 Jennifer gentle and rosemaree  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.1  
\N2 And they three loved one valiant knight.  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.1r  
\N2 As the dew f+lies over the mulberry tree  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.2  
\N1 The eldest sister let him in,  
And barred the door with a silver pin.  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.3  
\N1 The second sister made his bed,  
And placed soft pillows under his head.  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.4  
\N1 The youngest sister, fair and bright,  
Was resolved for to wed with this valiant knight.  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.5  
\N1 `And if you can answer questions three,  
O then, fair maid, I will marry with thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.6  
\N1 `What is louder than an horn,  
And what is sharper than a thorn?  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.7  
\N1 `Thunder is louder than an horn,  
And hunger is sharper than a thorn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.8  
\N1 `What is broader than the way,  
And what is deeper than the sea?'  
\SBALLADS Child 1B.9  
\N1 `Love is broader than the way,  
And hell is deeper than the sea.'  
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\SBALLADS Child 1B.10  
\N1 . . . . .  
`And now, fair maid, I will marry with thee.'  
\LBALLADS Child 1C.1  
\N1 THERE was a knight riding frae the east,  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.1r  
\N1 Sing the Cather banks, the bonnie brume  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.1  
\N2 Wha had been wooing at monie a place.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.1r  
\N2 And ye may beguile a young thing sune  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.2  
\N1 He came unto a widow\'s door,

And speird whare her three dochters were.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.3  
\N1 The auldest ane\'s to a washing gane,  
The second\'s to a baking gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.4  
\N1 The youngest ane\'s to a wedding gane,  
And it will be nicht or she be hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.5  
\N1 He sat him doun upon a stane,  
Till thir three lasses came tripping hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.6  
\N1 The auldest ane\'s to the bed making,  
And the second ane\'s to the sheet spreading.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.7  
\N1 The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,  
And she was to lye with this unco knight.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.8  
\N1 `Gin ye will answer me questions ten,  
The morn ye sall be made my ain.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.9  
\N1 `O what is heigher nor the tree?  
And what is deeper nor the sea?  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.10  
\N1 `Or what is heavier nor the lead?  
And what is better nor the breid?  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.11  
\N1 `O what is whiter nor the milk?  
Or what is safter nor the silk?  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.12  
\N1 `Or what is sharper nor a thorn?  
Or what is louder nor a horn?  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.13  
\N1 `Or what is greener nor the grass?  
Or what is waur nor a woman was?'  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.14  
\N1 `O heaven is higher nor the tree,  
And hell is deeper nor the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.15  
\N1 `O sin is heavier nor the lead,  
The blessing\'s better nor the bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.16  
\N1 `The snaw is whiter nor the milk,  
And the down is safter nor the silk.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.17  
\N1 `Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,  
And shame is louder nor a horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.18  
\N1 `The pies are greener nor the grass,  
And Cloutie\'s waur nor a woman was.'  
\SBALLADS Child 1C.19  
\N1 As sune as she the f+iend did name,  
He f+lew awa in a blazing f+lame.  
\LBALLADS Child 1D.1  
\N1 `O WHAT is higher than the trees?  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.1r  
\N1 Gar lay the bent to the bonny broom  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.1  
\N2 And what is deeper than the seas?  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.1r  
\N2 And you may beguile a fair maid soon

\SBALLADS Child 1D.2  
\N1 `O what is whiter than the milk?  
Or what is softer than the silk?  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.3  
\N1 `O what is sharper than the thorn?  
O what is louder than the horn?  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.4  
\N1 `O what is longer than the way?  
And what is colder than the clay?  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.5  
\N1 `O what is greener than the grass?  
And what is worse than woman was?'  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.6  
\N1 `O heaven\'s higher than the trees,  
And hell is deeper than the seas.  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.7  
\N1 `And snow is whiter than the milk,  
And love is softer than the silk.  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.8  
\N1 `O hunger\'s sharper than the thorn,  
And thunder\'s louder than the horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.9  
\N1 `O wind is longer than the way,  
And death is colder than the clay.  
\SBALLADS Child 1D.10  
\N1 `O poison\'s greener than the grass,  
And the Devil\'s worse than eer woman was.'  
\LBALLADS Child 1[E.1]  
\N1 There was a lady in the West,  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.1r]  
\N1 Lay the bank with the bonny broom  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.1]  
\N2 She had three daughters of the best.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.1r]  
\N2 Fa lang the dillo  
Fa lang the dillo dillo dee  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.2]  
\N1 There came a stranger to the gate,  
And he three days and nights did wait.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.3]  
\N1 The eldest daughter did ope the door,  
The second set him on the f+loor.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.4]  
\N1 The third daughter shebrought a chair,  
And placed it that he might sit there.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.5]  
\N1 `Now answer me these questions three,  
Or you shall surely go with me.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.6]  
\N1 `Now answer me these questions six,  
Or you shall surely be Old Nick\'s.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.7]  
\N1 `Now answer me these questions nine,  
Or youe shall surely all be mine.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.8]  
\N1 `What is greener than the grass?  
What is smoother than crystal glass?  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.9]  
\N1 `What is louder than a horn?  
What is sharper than a thorn?

\SBALLADS Child 1[E.10]  
\N1 `What is brighter than the light?  
What is darker than the night?  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.11]  
\N1 `What is keener than an axe?  
What is softer than melting wax?  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.12]  
\N1 `What is rounder than a ring?'  
`To you we thus our answers bring.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.13]  
\N1 `Envy is greener than the grass,  
Flattery smoother than crystal glass.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.14]  
\N1 `Rumour is louder than a horn,  
Hunger is sharper than a thorn.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.15]  
\N1 `Truth is brighter than the light,  
Falsehood is darker than the night.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.16]  
\N1 `Revenge is keener than an axe,  
Love is softer than melting wax.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.17]  
\N1 `The world is rounder than a ring,  
To you we thus our answers bring.  
\SBALLADS Child 1[E.18]  
\N1 `Thus you have our answers nine,  
And we never shall be thine.'  
\LBALLADS Child 2A.b  
\N1 MY plaid awa, my plaid awa,  
And ore the hill and far awa,  
And far awa to Norrowa,  
My plaid shall not be blown awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.1  
\N1 The elphin knight sits on yon hill,  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.1r  
\N1 Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.1  
\N2 He blows his horn both lowd and shril.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.1r  
\N2 The wind hath blown my plaid awa  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.2  
\N1 He blowes it east, he blowes it west,  
He blowes it where he lyketh best.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.3  
\N1 `I wish that horn were in my kist,  
Yea, and the knight in my armes two.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.4  
\N1 She had no sooner these words said,  
When that the knight came to her bed.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.5  
\N1 `Thou art over young a maid,' quoth he,  
`Married with me thou il wouldst be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.6  
\N1 `I have a sister younger than I,  
And she was married yesterday.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.7  
\N1 `Married with me if thou wouldst be,  
A courtesie thou must do to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.8  
\N1 `For thou must shape a sark to me,

Without any cut or heme,' quoth he.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.9  
\N1 `Thou must shape it knife-and-sheerlesse,  
And also sue it needle-threedlesse.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.10  
\N1 `If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,  
Another thou must do to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.11  
\N1 `I have an aiker of good ley-land,  
Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.12  
\N1 `For thou must eare it with thy horn,  
So thou must sow it with thy corn.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.13  
\N1 `And bigg a cart of stone and lyme,  
Robin Redbreast he must trail it hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.14  
\N1 `Thou must barn it in a mouse-holl,  
And thrash it into thy shoes soll.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.15  
And thou must winnow it in thy looff,  
And also seek it in thy glove.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.16  
\N1 `For thou must bring it over the sea,  
And thou must bring it dry home to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.17  
`When thou hast gotten thy turns well done,  
Then come to me and get thy sark then.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.18  
\N1 `I\'l not quite my plaid for my life;  
It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.18r  
\N2 The wind shall not blow my plaid awa  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.19  
\N1 `My maidenhead I\'l then keep still,  
Let the elphin knight do what he will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2A.19r  
\N2 The wind\'s not blown my plaid awa  
\LBALLADS Child 2B.b  
\N1 MY plaid awa, my plaid awa,  
And owre the hills and far awa,  
And far awa to Norrowa,  
My plaid shall not be blawn awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.1  
\N1 The Elphin knight sits on yon hill,  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.1r  
\N1 Ba, ba, ba, lillie ba  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.1  
\N2 He blows his horn baith loud and shrill.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.1r  
\N2 The wind hath blawn my plaid awa  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.2  
\N1 He blows it east, he blows it west,  
He blows it where he liketh best.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.3  
\N1 `I wish that horn were in my kist,  
Yea, and the knight in my arms niest.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.4  
\N1 She had no sooner these words said,  
Than the knight came to her bed.

\SBALLADS Child 2B.5  
\N1 `Thou art oer young a maid,' quoth he,  
`Married with me that thou wouldst be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.6  
\N1 `I have a sister, younger than I,  
And she was married yesterday.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.7  
\N1 `Married with me if thou wouldst be,  
A curtisie thou must do to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.8  
\N1 `It\'s ye maun mak a sark to me,  
Without any cut or seam,' quoth he.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.9  
\N1 `And ye maun shape it, knife-, sheerless,  
And also sew it needle-, threedless.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.10  
\N1 `If that piece of courtesie I do to thee,  
Another thou must do to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.11  
\N1 `I have an aiker of good ley land,  
Which lyeth low by yon sea strand.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.12  
\N1 `It\'s ye maun till\'t wi your touting horn,  
And ye maun saw\'t wi the pepper corn.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.13  
\N1 `And ye maun harrow\'t wi a thorn,  
And hae your wark done ere the morn.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.14  
\N1 `And ye maun shear it wi your knife,  
And no lose a stack o\'t for your life.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.15  
\N1 `And ye maun stack it in a mouse hole,  
And ye maun thrash it in your shoe sole.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.16  
\N1 `And ye maun dight it in your loof,  
And also sack it in your glove.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.17  
\N1 `And thou must bring it over the sea,  
Fair and clean and dry to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.18  
\N1 `And when that ye have done your wark,  
Come back to me, and ye\'ll get your sark.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.19  
\N1 `I\'ll not quite my plaid for my life;  
It haps my seven bairns and my wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2B.20  
\N1 `My maidenhead I\'ll then keep still,  
Let the elphin knight do what he will.  
\LBALLADS Child 2C.1  
\N1 THERE stands a knicht at the tap o yon hill,  
\SBALLADS Child 2C.1r  
\N1 Oure the hills and far awa  
\SBALLADS Child 2C.1  
\N2 He has blawn his horn loud and shill.  
\SBALLADS Child 2C.1r  
\N2 The cauld wind\'s blawn my plaid awa  
\SBALLADS Child 2C.2  
\N1 `If I had the horn that I hear blawn,  
And the knicht that blows that horn!'  
\SBALLADS Child 2C.3

\N3 She had na sooner thae words said,  
 Than the elf+in knicht cam to her side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.4  
 \N1 `Are na ye oure young a may  
 Wi onie young man doun to lie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.5  
 \N1 `I have a sister younger than I,  
 And she was married yesterday.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.6  
 \N1 `Married wi me ye sall neer be nane  
 Till ye mak to me a sark but a seam.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.7  
 \N1 `And ye maun shape it knife-, sheer-less,  
 And ye maun sew it needle-, threed-less.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.8  
 \N1 `And ye maun wash it in yon cistran,  
 Whare water never stood nor ran.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.9  
 \N1 `And ye maun dry it on yon hawthorn,  
 Whare the sun neer shon sin man was born.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.10  
 \N1 `Gin that courtesie I do for thee,  
 Ye maun do this for me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.11  
 \N1 `Ye\`ll get an acre o gude red-land  
 Atween the saut sea and the sand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.12  
 \N1 `I want that land for to be corn,  
 And ye maun aer it wi your horn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.13  
 \N1 `And ye maun saw it without a seed,  
 And ye maun harrow it wi a threed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.14  
 \N1 `And ye maun shear it wi your knife,  
 And na tyne a pickle o\`t for your life.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.15  
 \N1 `And ye maun moue it in yon mouse-hole  
 And ye maun thrash it in your shoe-sole.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.16  
 \N1 `And ye maun fan it wi your luves,  
 And ye maun sack it in your gloves.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.17  
 \N1 `And ye maun bring it oure the sea,  
 Fair and clean and dry to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2C.18  
 \N1 `And whan that your wark is weill deen,  
 Yese get your sark without a seam.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 2D.1  
 \N1 THE Elf+in knight stands on yon hill,  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.1r  
 \N1 Blaw, blaw, blaw winds, blaw  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.1  
 \N2 Blawing his horn loud and shrill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.1r  
 \N2 And the wind has blawin my plaid awa  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.2  
 \N1 `If I had yon horn in my kist,  
 And the bonny laddie here that I luve best!  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.3  
 \N1 `I hae a sister eleven years auld,



And she to the young men\'s bed has made bauld.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.4  
 \N1 `And I mysell am only nine,  
 And oh! sae fain, luve, as I woud be thine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.5  
 \N1 `Ye maun make me a f+ine Holland sark,  
 Without ony stitching or needle wark.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.6  
 \N1 `And ye maun wash it in yonder well,  
 Where the dew never wat, nor the rain ever fell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.7  
 \N1 `And ye maun dry it upon a thorn  
 That never budded sin Adam was born.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.8  
 \N1 `Now sin ye\'ve askd some things o me,  
 It\'s right I ask as mony o thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.9  
 \N1 `My father he askd me an acre o land,  
 Between the saut sea and the strand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.10  
 \N1 `And ye maun plow\'t wi your blawing horn,  
 And ye maun saw\'t wi pepper corn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.11  
 \N1 And ye maun harrow\'t wi a single tyne,  
 And ye maun shear\'t wi a sheep\'s shank bane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.12  
 \N1 `And ye maun big it in the sea,  
 And bring the stathle dry to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.13  
 \N1 `And ye maun barn \'t in yon mouse hole,  
 And ye maun thrash\'t in your shee sole.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.14  
 \N1 `And ye maun sack it in your gluve,  
 And ye maun winno\'t in your leuve.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.15  
 \N1 `And ye maun dry\'t without candle or coal,  
 And grind it without quirn or mill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.16  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll big a cart o stane and lime,  
 Gar Robin Redbreast trail it syne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2D.17  
 \N1 `When ye\'ve dune, and f+inishd your wark,  
 Ye\'ll come to me, luve, and get your sark.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 2E.1  
 \N1 THE Elf+in Knight sits on yon hill,  
 \SBALLADS Child 2E.1r  
 \N1 Ba ba lilly ba  
 \SBALLADS Child 2E.1  
 \N2 Blowing his horn loud and shill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2E.1r  
 \N2 And the wind has blawn my plaid awa  
 \SBALLADS Child 2E.2  
 \N1 `I love to hear that horn blaw;  
 I wish him [here] owns it and a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2E.3  
 \N1 That word it was no sooner spoken,  
 Than Elf+in Knight in her arms was gotten.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2E.4  
 \N1 `You must mak to me a sark,  
 Without threed, sheers or needle wark.'

\LBALLADS Child 2F.1  
\N1 `DID ye ever travel twixt Berwick and Lyne?  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.1r  
\N1 Sober and grave grows merry in time  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.1  
\N2 There ye`ll meet wi a handsome young dame,  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.1r  
\N2 Ance she was a true love o mine.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.2  
\N1 `Tell her to sew me a holland sark,  
And sew it all without needle-wark:  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.2r  
\N2 And syne we`ll be true lovers again.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.3  
\N1 `Tell her to wash it at yon spring-well,  
Where neer wind blew, nor yet rain fell.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.4  
\N1 `Tell her to dry it on yon hawthorn,  
That neer sprang up sin Adam was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.5  
\N1 `Tell her to iron it wi a hot iron,  
And plait it a`' in ae plait round.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.6  
\N1 `Did ye ever travel twixt Berwick and Lyne?  
There ye`ll meet wi a handsome young man,  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.6r  
\N2 Ance he was a true lover o mine.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.7  
\N1 `Tell him to plough me an acre o land  
Betwixt the sea-side bot and the sea-sand,  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.7r  
\N2 And syne we`ll be true lovers again.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.8  
\N1 `Tell him to saw it wi ae peck o corn,  
And harrow it a`' wi ae harrow tine.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.9  
\N1 `Tell him to shear it wi ae hook-tooth,  
And carry it hame just into his loof.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.10  
\N1 `Tell him to stack it in yon mouse-hole,  
And thrash it a`' just wi his shoe-sole.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.11  
\N1 `Tell him to dry it on yon ribless kiln,  
And grind it a`' in yon waterless miln.  
\SBALLADS Child 2F.12  
\N1 Tell this young man, whan he`s f+inished his wark,  
He may come to me, and hese get his sark.'  
\LBALLADS Child 2G.1  
\N1 `CAN you make me a cambrick shirt,  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.1r  
\N1 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.1  
\N2 Without any seam or needle work?  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.1r  
\N2 And you shall be a true lover of mine  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.2  
\N1 `Can you wash it in yonder well,  
Where never sprung water nor rain ever fell?  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.3  
\N1 `Can you dry it on yonder thorn,

Which never bore blossom since Adam was born?  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.4  
\N1 `Now you have askd me questions three,  
I hope you\'ll answer as many for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.5  
\N1 `Can you f+ind me an acre of land  
Between the salt water and the sea sand?  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.6  
\N1 `Can you plow it with a ram\'s horn,  
And sow it all over with one pepper corn?  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.7  
\N1 `Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,  
And bind it up with a peacock\'s feather?  
\SBALLADS Child 2G.8  
\N1 `When you have done, and f+inishd your work,  
Then come to me for your cambrick shirt.'  
\LBALLADS Child 2H.1  
\N1 `COME, pretty Nelly, and sit thee down by me,  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.1r  
\N1 Every rose grows merry wi thyme  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.1  
\N2 And I will ask thee questions three,  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.1r  
\N2 And then thou wilt be a true lover of mine.  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.2  
\N1 `Thou must buy me a cambrick smock  
Without any stitch of needlework.  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.3  
\N1 `Thou must wash it in yonder strand,  
Where wood never grew and water neer ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.4  
\N1 `Thou must dry it on yonder thorn,  
Where the sun never shined on since Adam was formed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.5  
\N1 `Thou hast asked me questions three;  
Sit down till I ask as many of thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.6  
\N1 `Thou must buy me an acre of land  
Betwixt the salt water, love, and the sea-sand.  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.7  
\N1 `Thou must plow it wi a ram\'s horn,  
And sow it all over wi one pile o corn.  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.8  
\N1 `Thou must shear it wia strap o leather,  
And tie it all up in a peacock feather.  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.9  
\N1 `Thou must stack it in the sea,  
And bring the stale o\'t hame dry to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2H.10  
\N1 `When my love\'s done, and f+inished his work,  
Let him come to me for his cambric smock.'  
\LBALLADS Child 2I.1  
\N1 A LADY wonned on yonder hill,  
\SBALLADS Child 2I.1r  
\N1 Hee ba and balou ba  
\SBALLADS Child 2I.1  
\N2 And she had musick at her will.  
\SBALLADS Child 2I.1r  
\N2 And the wind has blown my plaid awa  
\SBALLADS Child 2I.2

\N1 Up and cam an auld, auld man,  
 Wi his blue bonnet in his han.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.3  
 \N1 `I will ask ye questions three;  
 Resolve them, or ye\'ll gang wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.4  
 \N1 `Ye maun mak to me a sark,  
 It maun be free o woman\'s wark.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.5  
 \N1 `Ye maun shape it knife- sheerless,  
 And ye maun sew it needle- threedless.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.6  
 \N1 `Ye maun wash it in yonder well,  
 Where rain nor dew has ever fell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.7  
 \N1 `Ye maun dry it on yonder thorn,  
 Where leaf neer grew since man was born.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.8  
 \N1 `I will ask ye questions three;  
 Resolve them, or ye\'ll neer get me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.9  
 \N1 `I hae a rig o bonnie land  
 Atween the saut sea and the sand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.10  
 \N1 `Ye maun plow it wi ae horse bane,  
 And harrow it wi ae harrow pin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.11  
 \N1 `Ye maun shear\'t wi a whang o leather,  
 And ye maun bind \'t bot strap or tether.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.12  
 \N1 `Ye maun stack it in the sea,  
 And bring the stale hame dry to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.13  
 \N1 `Ye maun mak a cart o stane,  
 And yoke the wren and bring it hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.14  
 \N1 `Ye maun thresh\'t atween your lufes,  
 And ye maun sack\'t atween your thies.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 2I.15  
 \N1 `My curse on those wha learne+:d thee;  
 This night I weend ye\'d gane wi me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 2J.1  
 \N1 NOW you are a-going to Cape Ann,  
 \SBALLADS Child 2J.1r  
 \N1 Follomingkathellomeday  
 \SBALLADS Child 2J.1  
 \N2 Remember me to the self-same man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2J.1r  
 \N2 Ummatiddle, ummatiddle, ummatallyho, tallyho, follomingkathellomeday  
 \SBALLADS Child 2J.2  
 \N1 Tell him to buy me an acre of land  
 Between the salt-water and the sea-sand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2J.3  
 \N1 Tell him to plough it with a ram\'s horn,  
 Tell him to sow it with one peppercorn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2J.4  
 \N1 Tell him to reap it with a penknife,  
 And tell him to cart it with two mice.  
 \SBALLADS Child 2J.5  
 \N1 Tell him to cart it to yonder new barn

That never was built since Adam was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 2J.6  
\N1 Tell him to thrash it with a goose quill,  
Tell him to fan it with an egg-shell.  
\SBALLADS Child 2J.7  
\N1 Tell the fool, when he\'s done his work,  
To come to me, and he shall have his shirt.  
\LBALLADS Child 2K.1  
\N1 MY father left me three acres of land,  
\SBALLADS Child 2K.1r  
\N1 Sing ivy, sing ivy  
\SBALLADS Child 2K.1  
\N2 My father left me three acres of land.  
\SBALLADS Child 2K.1r  
\N2 Sing holly, go whistle and ivy  
\SBALLADS Child 2K.2  
\N1 I ploughed it with a ram\'s horn,  
And sowed it all over with one pepper corn.  
\SBALLADS Child 2K.3  
\N1 I harrowed it with a bramble bush,  
And reaped it with my little penknife.  
\SBALLADS Child 2K.4  
\N1 I got the mice to carry it to the barn,  
And thrashed it with a goose\'s quill.  
\SBALLADS Child 2K.5  
\N1 I got the cat to carry it to the mill;  
The miller he swore he would have her paw,  
And the cat she swore she would scratch his face.  
\LBALLADS Child 2L.1  
\N1 MY father gave me an acre of land,  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.1r  
\N1 Sing ivy, sing ivy  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.1  
\N2 My father gave me an acre of land.  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.1r  
\N2 Sing green bush, holly and ivy  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.2  
\N1 I ploughd it with a ram\'s horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.3  
\N1 I harrowd it with a bramble.  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.4  
\N1 I sowd it with a pepper corn.  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.5  
\N1 I reapd it with my penknife.  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.6  
\N1 I carried it to the mill upon the cat\'s back.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 2L.7  
\N1 I made a cake for all the king\'s men.  
\LBALLADS Child 2[M.1]  
\N1 As I went up to the top o yon hill,  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.1r]  
\N1 Every rose springs merry in\' t\' time  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.1]  
\N2 I met a fair maid, an her name it was Nell.  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.1r]  
\N2 An she langed to be a true lover o mine  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.2]  
\N1 `Ye\'ll get to me a cambric sark,  
An sew it all over without thread or needle.

\SBALLADS Child 2[M.2r]  
\N2 Before that ye be, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.3]  
`Ye`ll wash it doun in yonder well,  
Where water neer ran an dew never fell.  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.4]  
\N1 `Ye`ll bleach it doun by yonder green,  
Where grass never grew an wind never blew.  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.5]  
\N1 `Ye`ll dry it doun on yonder thorn,  
That never bore blossom sin Adam was born.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.6]  
\N1 `Four questions ye have asked at me,  
An as mony mair ye`ll answer me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.7]  
\N1 `Ye`ll get to me an acre o land  
Atween the saut water an the sea sand.  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.8]  
\N1 `Ye`ll plow it wi a ram`s horn,  
An sow it all over wi one peppercorn.  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.9]  
\N1 `Ye`ll shear it wi a peacock`s feather,  
An bind it all up wi the sting o an adder.  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.10]  
\N1 `Ye`ll stook it in yonder saut sea,  
An bring the dry sheaves a` back to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.11]  
\N1 `An when ye`ve done and f+inished your wark,  
Ye`ll come to me, an ye`se get your sark.'  
\SBALLADS Child 2[M.11r]  
\N2 An then shall ye be ture lover o mine  
\LBALLADS Child 3A.1  
\N1 `O WHARE are ye gaun?'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.1r  
\N1 Quo the fause knight upon the road:  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.1  
\N2 `I`m gaun to the scule,'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.1r  
\N2 Quo the wee boy, and still he stude.  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.2  
\N1 `What is that upon your back?'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.2r  
\N1 quo etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.2  
\N2 `Atweel it is my bukes,'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.2r  
\N2 quo etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.3  
\N1 `What`s that ye`ve got in your arm?'  
`Atweel it is my peit.'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.4  
\N1 `Wha`s aucht they sheep?'  
`They are mine and my mither`s.'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.5  
\N1 `How monie o them are mine?'  
`A` they that hae blue tails.'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.6  
\N1 `I wiss ye were on yon tree: '  
`And a gude ladder under me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.7

\N1 `And the ladder for to break:'  
`And you for to fa down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.8  
\N1 `I wiss ye were in yon sie:'  
And a gude bottom under me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 3A.9  
\N1 `And the bottom for to break:'  
`And ye to be drowned.'  
\LBALLADS Child 3B  
\N1 `O WHARE are ye gaun?' quo the false knight,  
And false, false was his rede:  
`I\'m gaun to the scule,' says the pretty little boy,  
And still, still he stude.  
\LBALLADS Child 3[C.1]  
\N1 `O whare are ye gaun?'  
\SBALLADS Child 3[C.1r]  
\N1 Says the false knight upon the road:  
\SBALLADS Child 3[C.1]  
\N2 `I am gaun to the schule,'  
\SBALLADS Child 3[C.1r]  
\N1 Says the wee boy, and still he stood.  
\SBALLADS Child 3[C.2]  
\N1 `Wha\'s aught the sheep on yonder hill?'  
`They are my papa\'s and mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 3[C.3]  
\N1 `How many of them\'s mine?'  
`A\' them that has blue tails.'  
\SBALLADS Child 3[C.4]  
\N1 `I wish you were in yonder well:'  
`And you were down in hell.'  
\LBALLADS Child 4A.1  
\N1 FAIR lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.1r  
\N1 Aye as the gowans grow gay  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.1  
\N2 There she heard an elf-knight blawing his horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.1r  
\N2 The f+irst morning in May  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.2  
\N1 `If I had yon horn that I hear blawing,  
And yon elf-knight to sleep in my bosom.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.3  
\N1 This maiden had scarcely these words spoken,  
Till in at her window the elf-knight has luppen.  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.4  
\N1 `It\'s a very strange matter, fair maiden,' said he,  
`I canna blaw my horn but ye call on me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.5  
\N1 `But will ye go to yon greenwood side?  
If ye canna gang, I will cause you to ride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.6  
\N1 He leapt on a horse, and she on another,  
And they rode on to the greenwood together.  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.7  
\N1 `Light down, light down, lady Isabel,' said he,  
We are come to the place where ye are to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.8  
\N1 `Hae mercy, hae mercy, kind sir, on me,  
Till ance my dear father and mother I see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.9

\N1 `Seven king\'s-daughters here hae I slain,  
And ye shall be the eight o them.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.10  
\N1 `O sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,  
That we may hae some rest before that I die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.11  
\N1 She stroakd him sae fast, the nearer he did creep,  
Wi a sma charm she lulld him fast asleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.12  
\N1 Wi his ain sword-belt sae fast as she ban him,  
Wi his ain dag-durk sae sair as she dang him.  
\SBALLADS Child 4A.13  
\N1 `If seven king\'s-daughters here ye hae slain,  
Lye ye here, a husband to them a\'.  
\LBALLADS Child 4B.1  
\N1 THERE came a bird out o a bush,  
On water for to dine,  
An sighing sair, says the king\'s daughter,  
'O wae\'s this heart o mine!'  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.2  
\N1 He\'s taen a harp into his hand,  
He\'s harped them all asleep,  
Except it was the king\'s daughter,  
Who one wink couldna get.  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.3  
\N1 He\'s luppen on his berry-brown steed,  
Taen \'er on behind himsell,  
Then baith rede down to that water  
That they ca Wearie\'s Well.  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.4  
\N1 `Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times I\'ve watered my steed  
Wi the waters o Wearie\'s Well.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.5  
\N1 The f+irst step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the knee;  
And sighend says this lady fair,  
'This water\'s nae for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.6  
\N1 `Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times I\'ve watered my steed  
Wi the water o Wearie\'s Well.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.7  
\N1 The next step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the middle;  
'O,' sighend says this lady fair,  
I\'ve wat my gowden girdle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.8  
\N1 `Wide in, wide in, my lady fair,  
No harm shall thee befall;  
Oft times have I watered my steed  
Wi the water o Wearie\'s Well.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.9  
\N1 The next step that she stepped in,  
She stepped to the chin;  
'O,' sighend says this lady fair,  
'They sud gar twa loves twin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4B.10



\N1 `Seven king\'s-daughters I\'ve drownd there,  
In the water o Wearie\'s Well,  
And I\'ll make you the eight o them,  
And ring the common bell.'

\SBALLADS Child 4B.11

\N1 `Since I am standing here,' she says,  
`This dowie death to die,  
One kiss o your comely mouth  
I\'m sure wad comfort me.'

\SBALLADS Child 4B.12

\N1 He louted him oer his saddle bow,  
To kiss her cheek and chin;  
She\'s taen him in her arms twa,  
An thrown him headlong in.

\SBALLADS Child 4B.13

\N1 `Since seven king\'s daughters ye\'ve drowned there,  
In the water o Wearie\'s Well,  
I\'ll make you bridegroom to them a\  
An ring the bell mysell.'

\SBALLADS Child 4B.14

\N1 And aye she warsled, and aye she swam,  
And she swam to dry lan;  
She thanked God most cheerfully  
The dangers she oercame.

\LBALLADS Child 4C.1

\N1 FALSE Sir John a wooing came  
To a maid of beauty fair;  
May Colven was this lady\'s name,  
Her father\'s only heir.

\SBALLADS Child 4C.2

\N1 He wood her butt, he wood her ben,  
He wood her in the ha,  
Until he got this lady\'s consent  
To mount and ride awa.

\SBALLADS Child 4C.3

\N1 He went down to her father\'s bower,  
Where all the steeds did stand,  
And he\'s taken one of the best steeds  
That was in her father\'s land.

\SBALLADS Child 4C.4

\N1 He\'s got on and she\'s got on,  
And fast as they could f+lee,  
Until they came to a lonesome part,  
A rock by the side of the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 4C.5

\N1 `Loup off the steed,' says false Sir John,  
`Your bridal bed you see;  
For I have drowned seven young ladies,  
The eight one you shall be.

\SBALLADS Child 4C.6

\N1 `Cast off, cast off, my May Colven,  
All and your silken gown,  
For it\'s oer good and oer costly  
To rot in the salt sea foam.

\SBALLADS Child 4C.7

\N1 `Cast off, cast off, my May Colven,  
All and your embroiderd shoen,  
For they\'re oer good and oer costly  
To rot in the salt sea foam.'

\SBALLADS Child 4C.8

\N1 `O turn you about, O false Sir John,  
And look to the leaf of the tree,  
For it never became a gentleman  
A naked woman to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.9  
\N1 He turnd himself straight round about,  
To look to the leaf of the tree;  
So swift as May Colven was  
To throw him in the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.10  
\N1 `O help, O help, my May Colven,  
O help, or else I\'ll drown;  
I\'ll take you home to your father\'s bower,  
And set you down safe and sound.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.11  
\N1 `No help, no help, O false Sir John,  
No help, nor pity thee;  
Tho seven king\'s-daughters you have drownd,  
But the eight shall not be me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.12  
\N1 So she went on her father\'s steed,  
As swift as she could f+lee,  
And she came home to her father\'s bower  
Before it was break of day.  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.13  
\N1 Up then and spoke the pretty parrot:  
`May Colven, where have you been?  
What has become of false Sir John,  
That woo\'d you so late the streen?  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.14  
\N1 `He woo\'d you butt, he woo\'d you ben,  
He woo\'d you in the ha,  
Until he got your own consent  
For to mount and gang awa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.15  
\N1 `O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
Lay not the blame upon me;  
Your cup shall be of the f+lowered gold,  
Your cage of the root of the tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.16  
\N1 Up then spake the king himself,  
In the bed-chamber where he lay:  
`What ails the pretty parrot,  
That prattles so long or day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 4C.17  
\N1 `There came a cat to my cage door,  
It almost a worried me,  
And I was calling on May Colven  
To take the cat from me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 4D.1  
\N1 O HEARD ye of a bloody knight,  
Lived in the south country?  
For he has betrayed eight ladies fair  
And drowned them in the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.2  
\N1 Then next he went to May Collin,  
She was her father\'s heir,  
The greatest beauty in the land,  
I solemnly declare.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.3

\N1 `I am a knight of wealth and might,  
Of townlands twenty-three;  
And you\'ll be lady of them all,  
If you will go with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.4  
\N1 `Excuse me, then, Sir John,' she says;  
`To wed I am too young;  
Without I have my parents\' leave,  
With you I darena gang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.5  
\N1 `Your parents\' leave you soon shall have,  
In that they will agree;  
For I have made a solemn vow  
This night you\'ll go with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.6  
\N1 From below his arm he pulled a charm,  
And stuck it in her sleeve,  
And he has made her go with him,  
Without her parents\' leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.7  
\N1 Of gold and silver she has got  
With her twelve hundred pound,  
And the swiftest steed her father had  
She has taen to ride upon.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.8  
\N1 So privily they went along,  
They made no stop or stay,  
Till they came to the fatal place  
That they call Bunion Bay.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.9  
\N1 It being in a lonely place,  
And no house there was nigh,  
The fatal rocks were long and steep,  
And none could hear her cry.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.10  
\N1 `Light down,' he said, 'Fair May Collin,  
Light down and speak with me,  
For here I\'ve drowned eight ladies fair,  
And the ninth one you shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.11  
\N1 `Is this your bowers and lofty towers,  
So beautiful and gay?  
Or is it for my gold,' she said,  
`You take my life away?'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.12  
\N1 `Strip off,' he says, 'Thy jewels f+ine,  
So costly and so brave,  
For they are too costly and too f+ine  
To throw in the sea wave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.13  
\N1 `Take all I have my life to save,  
O good Sir John, I pray;  
Let it neer be said you killed a maid  
Upon her wedding day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.14  
\N1 `Strip off,' he says, 'Thy Holland smock,  
That\'s bordered with the lawn,  
For it\'s too costly and too f+ine  
To rot in the sea sand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.15

\N1 `O turn about, Sir John,' she said,  
`Your back about to me,  
For it never was comely for a man  
A naked woman to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.16  
\N1 But as he turned him round about,  
She threw him in the sea,  
Saying, `Lie you there, you false Sir John,  
Where you thought to lay me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.17  
\N1 `O lie you there, you traitor false,  
Where you thought to lay me,  
For though you stripped me to the skin,  
Your clothes you've got with thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.18  
\N1 Her jewels fine she did put on,  
So costly, rich and brave,  
And then with speed she mounts his steed,  
So well she did behave.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.19  
\N1 That lady fair being void of fear,  
Her steed being swift and free,  
And she has reached her father's gate  
Before the clock struck three.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.20  
\N1 Then first she called the stable groom,  
He was her waiting man;  
Soon as he heard his lady's voice  
He stood with cap in hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.21  
\N1 `Where have you been, fair May Collin?  
Who owns this dapple grey?'  
`It is a found one,' she replied,  
`That I got on the way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.22  
\N1 Then out bespoke the wily parrot  
Unto fair May Collin:  
`What have you done with false Sir John,  
That went with you yestreen?'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.23  
\N1 `O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
And talk no more to me,  
And where you had a meal a day  
O now you shall have three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.24  
\N1 Then up bespoke her father dear,  
From his chamber where he lay:  
`What aileth thee, my pretty Poll,  
That you chat so long or day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.25  
\N1 The cat she came to my cage-door,  
The thief I could not see,  
And I called to fair May Collin,  
To take the cat from me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.26  
\N1 Then first she told her father dear  
The deed that she had done,  
And next she told her mother dear  
Concerning false Sir John.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.27

\N1 `If this be true, fair May Collin,  
That you have told to me,  
Before I either eat or drink  
This false Sir John I\'ll see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.28  
\N1 Away they went with one consent,  
At dawning of the day,  
Until they came to Carline Sands,  
And there his body lay.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.29  
\N1 His body tall, by that great fall,  
By the waves tossed to and fro,  
The diamond ring that he had on  
Was broke in pieces two.  
\SBALLADS Child 4D.30  
\N1 And they have taken up his corpse  
To yonder pleasant green,  
And there they have buried false Sir John,  
For fear he should be seen.  
\LBALLADS Child 4E.1  
\N1 AN outlandish knight came from the north lands,  
And he came a-wooing to me;  
He told me he\'d take me unto the north lands,  
And there he would marry me.  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.2  
\N1 `Come, fetch me some of your father\'s gold,  
And some of your mother\'s fee,  
And two of the best nags out of the stable,  
Where they stand thirty and three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.3  
\N1 She fetched him some of her father\'s gold,  
And some of her mother\'s fee,  
And two of the best nags out of the stable,  
Where they stood thirty and three.  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.4  
\N1 She mounted her on her milk-white steed,  
He on the dapple grey;  
They rode till they came unto the sea-side,  
Three hours before it was day.  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.5  
\N1 `Light off, light off thy milk-white steed,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Six pretty maids have I drowned here,  
And thou the seventh shalt be.  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.6  
\N1 `Pull off, pull off thy silken gown,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Methinks it looks too rich and too gay  
To rot in the salt sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.7  
\N1 `Pull off, pull off thy silken stays,  
And deliver them unto me;  
Methinks they are too fine and gay  
To rot in the salt sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.8  
\N1 `Pull off, pull off thy Holland smock,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Methinks it looks too rich and gay  
To rot in the salt sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.9

\N1 `If I must pull off my Holland smock,  
Pray turn thy back unto me;  
For it is not f+itting that such a ruff+ian  
A naked woman should see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.10  
\N1 He turned his back towards her  
And viewed the leaves so green;  
She caught him round the middle so small,  
And tumbled him into the stream.  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.11  
\N1 He dropped high and he dropped low,  
Until he came to the side;  
`Catch hold of my hand, my pretty maiden,  
And I will make you my bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.12  
\N1 `Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,  
Lie there instead of me;  
Six pretty maids have you drowned here,  
And the seventh has drowned thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.13  
\N1 She mounted on her milk-white steed,  
And led the dapple grey;  
She rode till she came to her own father\'s hall,  
Three hours before it was day.  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.14  
\N1 The parrot being in the window so high,  
Hearing the lady, did say,  
`I\'m afraid that some ruff+ian has led you astray,  
That you have tarried so long away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.15  
\N1 `Don\'t prittle nor prattle, my pretty parrot,  
Nor tell no tales of me;  
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
Although it is made of a tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.16  
\N1 The king being in the chamber so high,  
And hearing the parrot, did say,  
`What ails you, what ails you, my pretty parrot,  
That you prattle so long before day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.17  
\N1 `It\'s no laughing matter,' the parrot did say,  
`That so loudly I call unto thee,  
For the cats have got into the window so high,  
And I\'m afraid they will have me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4E.18  
\N1 `Well turned, well turned, my pretty parrot,  
Well turned, well turned for me;  
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
And the door of the best ivory.'  
\LBALLADS Child 4F.1  
\N1 \R\'rGO fetch me some of your father\'s gold,  
And some of your mother\'s fee,  
And I\'ll carry you into the north land,  
And there I\'ll marry thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.2  
\N1 She fetchd him some of her father\'s gold,  
And some of her mother\'s fee;  
She carried him into the stable,  
Where horses stood thirty and three.  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.3

\N1 She leaped on a milk-white steed,  
And he on a dapple-grey;  
They rode til they came to a fair river\'s side,  
Three hours before it was day.  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.4  
\N1 `O light, O light, you lady gay,  
O light with speed, I say,  
For six knight\'s daughters have I drowned here,  
And you the seventh must be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.5  
\N1 `Go fetch the sickle, to crop the nettle  
That grows so near the brim,  
For fear it should tangle my golden locks,  
Or freckle my milk-white skin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.6  
\N1 He fetched the sickle, to crop the nettle  
That grows so near the brim,  
And with all the strength that pretty Polly had  
She pushed the false knight in.  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.7  
\N1 `Swim on, swim on, thou false knight,  
And there bewail thy doom,  
For I don\'t think thy cloathing too good  
To lie in a watry tomb.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.8  
\N1 She leaped on her milk-white steed,  
She led the dapple grey;  
She rid till she came to her father\'s house,  
Three hours before it was day.  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.9  
\N1 `Who knocked so loudly at the ring?'  
The parrot he did say;  
`O where have you been, my pretty Polly,  
All this long summer\'s day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.10  
\N1 `O hold your tongue, parrot,  
Tell you no tales of me;  
Your cage shall be made of beaten gold,  
Which is now made of a tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.11  
\N1 O then bespoke her father dear,  
As he on his bed did lay:  
`O what is the matter, my parrot,  
That you speak before it is day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 4F.12  
\N1 `The cat\'s at my cage, master,  
And sorely frightened me,  
And I called down my Polly  
To take the cat away.'  
\LBALLADS Child 4[G.1]  
\N1 `Now steal me some of your father\'s gold,  
And some of your mother\'s fee,  
And steal the best steed in your father\'s stable,  
Where there lie thirty three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.2]  
\N1 She stole him some of her father\'s gold,  
And some of her mother\'s fee,  
And she stole the best steed from her father\'s stable,  
Where there lay thirty three.  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.3]

\N1 And she rode on the milk-white steed,  
And he on the barb so grey,  
Until they came to the green, green wood,  
Three hours before it was day.  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.4]  
\N1 `Alight, alight, my pretty colleen,  
Alight immediately,  
For six knight\'s daughters I drowned here,  
And thou the seventh shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.5]  
\N1 `Oh hold your tongue, you false knight villain,  
Oh hold your tongue,' said she;  
`\'Twas you that promised to marry me,  
For some of my father\'s fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.6]  
\N1 `Strip off, strip off your jewels so rare,  
And give them all to me;  
I think them too rich and too costly by far  
To rot in the sand with thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.7]  
\N1 `Oh turn away, thou false knight villain,  
Oh turn away from me;  
Oh turn away, with your back to the cliff,  
And your face to the willow-tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.8]  
\N1 He turned about, with his back to the cliff,  
And his face to the willow-tree;  
So sudden she took him up in her arms,  
And threw him into the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.9]  
\N1 `Lie there, lie there, thou false knight villain,  
Lie there instead of me;  
\'Twas you that promised to marry me,  
For some of my father\'s fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.10]  
\N1 `Oh take me by the arm, my dear,  
And hold me by the hand,  
And you shall be my gay lady,  
And the queen of all Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.11]  
\N1 `I\'ll not take you by the arm, my dear,  
Nor hold you by the hand;  
And I won\'t be your gay lady,  
And the queen of all Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.12]  
\N1 And she rode on the milk-white steed,  
And led the barb so grey,  
Until she came back to her father\'s castle,  
One hour before it was day.  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.13]  
\N1 And out then spoke her parrot so green,  
From the cage wherein she lay:  
Where have you now been, my pretty colleen,  
This long, long summer\'s day?  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.14]  
\N1 `Oh hold your tongue, my favourite bird,  
And tell no tales on me;  
Your cage I will make of the beaten gold,  
And hang in the willow-tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 4[G.15]



\N1 Out then spoke her father dear,  
 From the chamber where he lay:  
 Oh what hath befallen my favourite bird,  
 That she calls so loud for day?  
 \SBALLADS Child 4[G.16]

\N1 ``'Tis nothing at all, good lord,' she said,  
 ``'Tis nothing at all indeed;  
 It was only the cat came to my cage-door,  
 And I called my pretty colleen.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 5A.1

\N1 GIL BRENTON has sent oer the fame,  
 He's woo'd a wife an brought her hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.2

\N1 Full sevenscore o ships came her wi,  
 The lady by the greenwood tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.3

\N1 There was twal an twal wi beer an wine,  
 An twal an twal wi muskadine:  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.4

\N1 An twall an twall wi bouted f+lowr,  
 An twall an twall wi paramour:  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.5

\N1 An twall an twall wi baken bread,  
 An twall an twall wi the goud sae red.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.6

\N1 Sweet Willy was a widow's son,  
 An at her stirrup-foot he did run.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.7

\N1 An she was dressd i the f+inest pa,  
 But ay she loot the tears down fa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.8

\N1 An she was dickd wi the fairest f+lowrs,  
 But ay she loot the tears down pour.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.9

\N1 `O is there water i your shee?  
 Or does the win blaw i your glee?  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.10

\N1 `Or are you mourning i your meed  
 That eer you left your mither guede?  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.11

\N1 `Or are ye mourning i your tide  
 That ever ye was Gil Brenton's bride?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.12

`Th<re] is nae water i my shee,  
 Nor does the win blaw i my glee:  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.13

\N1 `Nor am I mourning i my tide  
 That eer I was Gil Brenton's bride:  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.14

\N1 `But I am mourning i my meed  
 That ever I left my mither guede.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.15

\N1 `But, bonny boy, tell to me  
 What is the customs o your country.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.16

\N1 `The customs o't, my dame,' he says,  
 `Will ill a gentle lady please.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5A.17

\N1 `Seven king's daughters has our king wedded,  
 An seven king's daughters has our king bedded.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.18  
\N1 `But he\'s cutted the paps frae their breast-bane,  
An sent them mourning hame again.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.19  
\N1 `But whan you come to the palace yate,  
His mither a golden chair will set.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.20  
\N1 `An be you maid or be you nane,  
O sit you there till the day be dane.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.21  
\N1 `An gin you\'re sure that you are a maid,  
Ye may gang safely to his bed.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.22  
\N1 `But gin o that you be na sure,  
Then hire some woman o youre bowr.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.23  
\N1 O whan she came to the palace yate,  
His mither a golden chair did set.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.24  
\N1 An was she maid or was she nane,  
She sat in it till the day was dane.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.25  
\N1 An she\'s calld on her bowr woman,  
That waiting was her bowr within.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.26  
\N1 `Five hundred pound, maid, I\'ll gi to the,  
An sleep this night wi the king for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.27  
\N1 Whan bells was rung, an mass was sung,  
An a\' man unto bed was gone,  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.28  
\N1 Gil Brenton an the bonny maid  
Intill ae chamber they were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.29  
\N1 `O speak to me, blankets, an speak to me, sheets,  
An speak to me, cods, that under me sleeps;  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.30  
\N1 `Is this a maid that I ha wedded?  
Is this a maid that I ha bedded?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.31  
\N1 `It\'s nae a maid that you ha wedded,  
But it\'s a maid that you ha bedded.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.32  
\N1 `Your lady\'s in her bigly bowr,  
An for you she drees mony sharp showr.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.33  
\N1 O he has taen him thro the ha,  
And on his mither he did ca.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.34  
\N1 `I am the most unhappy man  
That ever was in christend lan.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.35  
\N1 `I woo\'d a maiden meek an mild,  
An I\'ve married a woman great wi child.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.36  
\N1 `O stay, my son, intill this ha,  
An sport you wi your merry men a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.37  
\N1 `An I\'ll gang to yon painted bowr,  
An see how\'t fares wi yon base whore.'

\SBALLADS Child 5A.38

\N1 The auld queen she was stark an strang;  
She gard the door f+lee aff the ban.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.39

\N1 The auld queen she was stark an steer;  
She gard the door lye i the f+leer.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.40

\N1 `O is your bairn to laird or loon?  
Or is it to your father\'s groom?'

\SBALLADS Child 5A.41

\N1 `My bairn\'s na to laird or loon,  
Nor is it to my father\'s groom.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.42

\N1 `But hear me, mither, on my knee,  
An my hard wierd I\'ll tell to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.43

\N1 `O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
We was the fairest under heaven.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.44

\N1 `We had nae mair for our seven years wark  
But to shape an sue the king\'s son a sark.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.45

\N1 `O it fell on a Saturday\'s afternoon,  
Whan a\' our langsome wark was dane,

\SBALLADS Child 5A.46

\N1 `We keist the cavils us amang,  
To see which shoud to the greenwood gang.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.47

\N1 `Ohone, alas! for I was youngest,  
An ay my wierd it was the hardest.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.48

\N1 `The cavil it did on me fa,  
Which was the cause of a\' my wae.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.49

\N1 `For to the greenwood I must gae,  
To pu the nut but an the slae;

\SBALLADS Child 5A.50

\N1 `To pu the red rose an the thyme,  
To strew my mother\'s bowr and mine.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.51

\N1 `I had na pu\'d a f+lowr but ane,  
Till by there came a jelly hind greeme,

\SBALLADS Child 5A.52

\N1 `Wi high-colld hose an laigh-colld shoone,  
An he \\'peard to be some kingis son.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.53

\N1 `An be I maid or be I nane,  
\N1 He kept me there till the day was dane.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.54

\N1 `An be I maid or be I nae,  
He kept me there till the close of day.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.55

\N1 `He gae me a lock of yallow hair,  
An bade me keep it for ever mair.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.56

\N1 `He gae me a carket o gude black beads,  
An bade me keep them against my needs.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.57

\N1 `He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
An bade me ke<e>p it aboon a\' thing.

\SBALLADS Child 5A.58  
\N1 `He gae to me a little pen-kniffe,  
An bade me keep it as my life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.59  
\N1 `What did you wi these tokens rare  
That ye got frae that young man there?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.60  
\N1 `O bring that coffer hear to me,  
And a\' the tokens ye sal see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.61  
\N1 An ay she ranked, an ay she f+lang,  
Till a\' the tokens came till her han.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.62  
\N1 `O stay here, daughter, your bowr within,  
Till I gae parley wi my son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.63  
\N1 O she has taen her thro the ha,  
An on her son began to ca.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.64  
\N1 `What did you wi that gay gold ring  
I bade you keep aboon a\' thing?  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.65  
\N1 `What did you wi that little pen-kniffe  
I bade you keep while you had life?  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.66  
\N1 `What did you wi that yallow hair  
I bade you keep for ever mair?  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.67  
\N1 `What did you wi that good black beeds  
I bade you keep against your needs?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.68  
\N1 `I gae them to a lady gay  
I met i the greenwood on a day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.69  
\N1 `An I would gi a\' my father\'s lan,  
I had that lady my yates within.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.70  
\N1 `I would gi a\' my ha\'s an towrs,  
I had that bright burd i my bowrs.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.71  
\N1 `O son, keep still your father\'s lan;  
You hae that lady your yates within.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.72  
\N1 `An keep you still your ha\'s an towrs;  
You hae that bright burd i your bowrs.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.73  
\N1 Now or a month was come an gone,  
This lady bare a bonny young son.  
\SBALLADS Child 5A.74  
\N1 An it was well written on his breast-bane  
`Gil brenton is my father\'s name.'  
\LBALLADS Child 5B.1  
\N1 COSPATRICK has sent oer the faem,  
Cospatrick brought his ladye hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.2  
\N1 And fourscore ships have come her wi,  
The ladye by the grenewood tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.3  
\N1 There were twal and twal wi baken bread,  
And twal and twal wi gowd sae reid:

\SBALLADS Child 5B.4

\N1 And twal and twal wi bouted f+lour,  
And twal and twal wi the paramour.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.5

\N1 Sweet Willy was a widow\'s son,  
And at her stirrup he did run.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.6

\N1 And she was clad in the f+inest pall,  
But aye she let the tears down fall.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.7

\N1 `O is your saddle set awrye?  
Or rides your steed for you owre high?

\SBALLADS Child 5B.8

\N1 `Or are you mourning in your tide  
That you suld be Cospatrick\'s bride?'

\SBALLADS Child 5B.9

\N1 `I am not mourning at this tide  
That I suld be Cospatrick\'s bride;

\SBALLADS Child 5B.10

\N1 `But I am sorrowing in my mood  
That I suld leave my mother good.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.11

\N1 `But, gentle boy, come tell to me,  
What is the custom of thy countrye?'

\SBALLADS Child 5B.12

\N1 `The custom thereof, my dame,' he says,  
`Will ill a gentle laydye please.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.13

\N1 `Seven king\'s daughters has our lord wedded,  
And seven king\'s daughters has our lord bedded;

\SBALLADS Child 5B.14

\N1 `But he\'s cutted their breasts frae their breast bane,  
And sent them mourning hame again.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.15

\N1 `Yet, gin you\'re sure that you\'re a maid,  
Ye may gae safely to his bed;

\SBALLADS Child 5B.16

\N1 `But gif o that ye be na sure,  
Then hire some damsell o your bour.'

\SBALLADS Child 5B.17

\N1 The ladye\'s calld her bour-maiden,  
That waiting was into her train;

\SBALLADS Child 5B.18

\N1 `Five thousand merks I will gie thee,  
To sleep this night with my lord for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 5B.19

\N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sayne,  
And a\' men unto bed were gane,

\SBALLADS Child 5B.20

\N1 Cospatrick and the bonny maid,  
Into ae chamber they were laid.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.21

\N1 `Now, speak to me, blankets, and speak to me, bed,  
And speak, thou sheet, enchanted web;

\SBALLADS Child 5B.22

\N1 `And speak up, my bonny brown sword, that winna lie,  
Is this a true maiden that lies by me?'

\SBALLADS Child 5B.23

\N1 `It is not a maid that you hae wedded,  
But it is a maid that you hae bedded.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.24  
\N1 `It is a liel maiden that lies by thee,  
But not the maiden that it should be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.25  
\N1 O wrathfully he left the bed,  
And wrathfully his claiths on did.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.26  
\N1 And he has taen him thro the ha,  
And on his mother he did ca.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.27  
\N1 `I am the most unhappy man  
That ever was in christen land!  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.28  
\N1 `I courted a maiden meik and mild,  
And I hae gotten naething but a woman wi child.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.29  
\N1 `O stay, my son, into this ha,  
And sport ye wi your merrymen a\';  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.30  
\N1 `And I will to the secret bour,  
To see how it fares wi your paramour.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.31  
\N1 The carline she was stark and sture;  
She aff the hinges dang the dure.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.32  
\N1 `O is your bairn to laird or loun?  
Or is it to your father\'s groom?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.33  
\N1 `O hear me, mother, on my knee,  
Till my sad story I tell to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.34  
\N1 `O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
We were the fairest under heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.35  
\N1 `It fell on a summer\'s afternoon,  
When a\' our toilsome task was done,  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.36  
\N1 `We cast the kavils us amang,  
To see which suld to the grene-wood gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.37  
\N1 `O hon, alas! for I was youngest,  
And aye my wierd it was the hardest.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.38  
\N1 `The kaval it on me did fa,  
Whilk was the cause of a\' my woe.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.39  
\N1 `For to the grene-wood I maun gae,  
To pu the red rose and the slae;  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.40  
\N1 `To pu the red rose and the thyme,  
To deck my mother\'s bour and mine.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.41  
\N1 `I hadna pu\'d a f+lower but ane,  
When by there came a gallant hende,  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.42  
\N1 `Wi high-collid hose and laigh-collid shoon,  
And he seemd to be sum king\'s son.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.43  
\N1 `And be I maid or be I nae,  
He kept me there till the close o day.

\SBALLADS Child 5B.44  
\N1 `And be I maid or be I nane,  
He kept me there till the day was done.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.45  
\N1 `He gae me a lock o his yellow hair,  
And bade me keep it ever mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.46  
\N1 `He gae me a carknet o bonny beads,  
And bade me keep it against my needs.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.47  
\N1 `He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
And bade me keep it abune a\' thing.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.48  
\N1 `What did ye wi the tokens rare  
That ye gat frae theat gallant there?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.49  
\N1 `O bring that coffer unto me,  
And a\' the tokens ye sall see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.50  
\N1 `Now stay, daughter, your bour within,  
While I gae parley wi my son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.51  
\N1 O she has taen her thro the ha,  
And on her son began to ca.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.52  
\N1 `What did you wi the bonny beads  
I bade ye keep against your needs?  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.53  
\N1 `What did you wi the gay gowd ring  
I bade ye keep abune a\' thing?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.54  
\N1 `I gae them a\' to a ladye gay  
I met in grene-wood on a day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.55  
\N1 `But I wad gie a\' my halls and tours,  
I had that ladye within my bours.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.56  
\N1 `But I wad gie my very life,  
I had that ladye to my wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.57  
\N1 `Now keep, my son, your ha\'s and tours;  
Ye have that bright burd in your bours.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.58  
\N1 `And keep, my son, your very life;  
Ye have that ladye to your wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.59  
\N1 Now or a month was cum and gane,  
The ladye bore a bonny son.  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.60  
\N1 And \'twas weel written on his breast-bane,  
'Cospatrick is my father\'s name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5B.61  
\N1 `O rowe my ladye in satin and silk,  
And wash my son in the morning milk.'  
\LBALLADS Child 5C.1  
\N1 WE were sisters, we were seven,  
We were the fairest under heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.2  
\N1 And it was a\' our seven years wark  
To sew our father\'s seven sarks.

\SBALLADS Child 5C.3  
\N1 And whan our seven years wark was done,  
We laid it out upo the green.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.4  
\N1 We coost the lotties us amang,  
Wha wad to the greenwood gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.5  
\N1 To pu the lily but and the rose,  
To strew witha\' our sisters\' bowers.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.6  
\N1 . . . . . I was youngest,  
. . . . . my weer was hardest.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.7  
\N1 And to the greenwood I bud gae,  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.8  
\N1 There I met a handsome childe,  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.9  
\N1 High-coled stockings and laigh-coled shoon,  
He bore him like a king\'s son.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.10  
\N1 An was I weel, or was I wae,  
He keepit me a\' the simmer day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.11  
\N1 An though I for my hame-gaun sich<t],  
He keepit me a\' the simmer night.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.12  
\N1 He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
And bade me keep it aboon a\' thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.13  
\N1 He gae to me a cuttie knife,  
And bade me keep it as my life:  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.14  
\N1 Three laughters o his yellow hair,  
For fear we wad neer meet mair.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.15  
\N1 Next there came shippes three,  
To carry a\' my bridal fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.16  
\N1 Gowd were the beaks, the sails were silk,  
Wrought wi maids\' hands like milk.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.17  
\N1 They came toom and light to me,  
But heavie went they waie frae me.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.18  
\N1 They were fu o baken bread,  
They were fu of wine sae red.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.19  
\N1 My dowry went a\' by the sea,  
But I gaed by the grenewode tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.20  
\N1 An I sighed and made great mane,  
As thro the grenewode we rade our lane.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.21  
\N1 An I ay sixed an wiped my ee,  
That eer the grenewode I did see.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.22  
\N1 `Is there water in your glove,



Or win into your shoe?  
 O<r] am I oer low a foot-page  
 To rin by you, ladie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.23  
 \N1 `O there\'s nae water in my glove,  
 Nor win into my shoe;  
 But I am maning for my mither  
 Wha\'s far awa frae me.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.24  
 \N1 `Gin ye be a maiden fair,  
 Meikle gude ye will get there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.25  
 \N1 `If ye be a maiden but,  
 Meikle sorrow will ye get.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.26  
 \N1 `For seven king\'s daughters he hath wedded,  
 But never wi ane o them has bedded.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.27  
 \N1 `He cuts the breasts frae their breast-bane,  
 An sends them back unto their dame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.28  
 \N1 `He sets their backs unto the saddle,  
 An sends them back unto their father.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.29  
 \N1 `But be ye maiden or be ye nane,  
 To the gowden chair ye draw right soon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.30  
 \N1 `But be ye leman or be ye maiden,  
 Sit nae down till ye be bidden.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.31  
 \N1 Was she maiden or was she nane,  
 To the gowden chair she drew right soon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.32  
 Was she leman or was she maiden,  
 She sat down ere she was bidden.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.33  
 \N1 Out then spake the lord\'s mother;  
 Says, `This is not a maiden fair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.34  
 \N1 `In that chair nae leal maiden  
 Eer sits down till they be bidden.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.35  
 \N1 The Billie Blin then outspake he,  
 As he stood by the fair ladie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.36  
 \N1 `The bonnie may is tired wi riding,  
 Gaurd her sit down ere she was bidden.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.37  
 \N1 But on her waiting-maid she ca\'d:  
 `Fair ladie, what\'s your will wi me?'  
 `O ye maun gie yere maidenheid  
 This night to an unco lord for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.38  
 \N1 `I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far beyond the sea,  
 But ay, by grenewode or by bower,  
 I hae keepit my virginities.  
 \SBALLADS Child 5C.39

\N1 `But will it for my ladie plead,  
I'll gie\'t this night to an unco lord.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 5C.40  
\N1 When bells were rung an vespers sung,  
An men in sleep were locked soun,  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.41  
\N1 Childe Branton and the waiting-maid  
Into the bridal bed were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.42  
\N1 `O lie thee down, my fair ladie,  
Here are a\' things meet for thee;  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.43  
\N1 `Here\'s a bolster for yere head,  
Here is sheets an comelie weids.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 5C.44  
\N1 `Now tell to me, ye Billie Blin,  
If this fair dame be a leal maiden.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.45  
\N1 `I wat she is as leal a wight  
As the moon shines on in a simmer night.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.46  
\N1 `I wat she is as leal a may  
As the sun shines on in a simmer day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.47  
\N1 `But your bonnie bride\'s in her bower,  
Dreeing the mither\'s trying hour.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.48  
\N1 Then out o his bridal bed he sprang,  
An into his mither\'s bower he ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.49  
\N1 `O mither kind, O mither dear,  
This is nae a maiden fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.50  
\N1 `The maiden I took to my bride  
Has a bairn atween her sides.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.51  
\N1 `The maiden I took to my bower  
Is dreeing the mither\'s trying hour.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.52  
\N1 Then to the chamber his mother f+lew,  
And to the wa the door she threw.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.53  
\N1 She stapt at neither bolt nor ban,  
Till to that ladie\'s bed she wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.54  
\N1 Says, `Ladie fair, sae meek an mild,  
Wha is the father o yere child?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.55  
\N1 `O mither dear,' said that ladie,  
`I canna tell gif I sud die.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.56  
\N1 `We were sisters, we were seven,  
We were the fairest under heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.57  
\N1 `And it was a\' our seven years wark  
To sew our father\'s seven sarks.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.58  
\N1 `And whan our seven years wark was done,

We laid it out upon the green.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.59  
\N1 `We coost the lotties us amang,  
Wha wad to the greenwode gang;  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.60  
\N1 `To pu the lily but an the rose,  
To strew witha\' our sisters\' bowers.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.61  
\N1 . . . . . `I was youngest,  
. . . . . my weer was hardest.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.62  
\N1 `And to the greenwode I bu<d] gae.  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.63  
\N1 `There I met a handsome childe,  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.64  
\N1 `Wi laigh-coled stockings and high-coled shoon,  
He seemed to be some king\'s son.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.65  
\N1 `And was I weel or was I wae,  
He keepit me a\' the simmer day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.66  
\N1 `Though for my hame-gaun I oft sicht,  
He keepit me a\' the simmer night.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.67  
\N1 `He gae to me a gay gold ring,  
An bade me keep it aboon a\' thing;  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.68  
\N1 `Three laughters o he yellow hair,  
For fear that we suld neer meet mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.69  
\N1 `O mither, if ye\'ll believe nae me,  
Break up the coffer, an there ye\'ll see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.70  
\N1 An ay she coost, an ay she f+lang,  
Till her ain gowd ring came in her hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.71  
\N1 And scarce aught i the coffer she left,  
Till she gat the knife wi the siller heft,  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.72  
\N1 Three laughters o his yellow hair,  
Knotted wi ribbons dink and rare.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.73  
\N1 She cried to her son, `Where is the ring  
Your father gave me at our wooing,  
An I gae you at your hunting?  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.74  
\N1 `What did ye wi the cuttie knife,  
I bade ye keep it as yere life?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.75  
\N1 `O haud yere tongue, my mither dear;  
I gae them to a lady fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.76  
\N1 `I wad gie a\' my lands and rents,  
I had that ladie within my brents.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.77  
\N1 `I wad gie a\' my lands an towers,  
I had that ladie within my bowers.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.78

\N1 `Keep still yere lands, keep still yere rents;  
Ye hae that ladie within yere brents.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.79  
\N1 `Keep still yere lands, keep still yere towers;  
Ye hae that lady within your bowers.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.80  
\N1 Then to his ladie fast ran he,  
An low he kneeled on his knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.81  
\N1 `O tauk ye up my son,' said he,  
`An, mither, tent my fair ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.82  
\N1 `O wash him purely i the milk,  
And lay him softly in the silk.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.83  
\N1 `An ye maun bed her very soft,  
For I maun kiss her wondrous oft.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.84  
\N1 It was weel written on his breast-bane  
Childe Branton was the father\'s name.  
\SBALLADS Child 5C.85  
\N1 It was weel written on his right hand  
He was the heir o his daddie\'s land.  
\LBALLADS Child 5D.1  
\N1 WE were sisters, sisters seven,  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.1r  
\N1 Bowing down, bowing down  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.1  
\N2 The fairest women under heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.1r  
\N2 And aye the birks a-bowing  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.2  
\N1 They kiest kevels them amang,  
Wha woud to the grenewood gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.3  
\N1 The kevels they gied thro the ha,  
And on the youngest it did fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.4  
\N1 Now she must to the grenewood gang,  
To pu the nuts in grenewood hang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.5  
\N1 She hadna tarried an hour but ane  
Till she met wi a highlan groom.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.6  
\N1 He kepted her sae late and lang  
Till the evening set and birds they sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.7  
\N1 He gae to her at their parting  
A chain o gold and gay gold ring;  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.8  
\N1 And three locks o his yellow hair;  
Bade her keep them for evermair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.9  
\N1 When six lang months were come and gane.  
A courtier to this lady came.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.10  
\N1 Lord Dingwall courted this lady gay,  
And so he set their wedding-day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.11  
\N1 A little boy to the ha was sent,

To bring her horse was his intent.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.12  
\N1 As she was riding the way along,  
She began to make a heavy moan.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.13  
\N1 `What ails you, lady,' the boy said,  
`That ye seem sae dissatisf+ied?  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.14  
\N1 `Are the bridle reins for you too strong?  
Or the stirrups for you too long?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.15  
\N1 `But, little boy, will ye tell me  
The fashions that are in your countrie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.16  
\N1 `The fashions in our ha I\ll tell,  
And o them a\ I\ll warn you well.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.17  
\N1 `When ye come in upon the f+loor,  
His mither will meet you wi a golden chair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.18  
\N1 `But be ye maid or be ye nane,  
Unto the high seat make ye boun.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.19  
\N1 `Lord Dingwall aft has been beguild  
By girls whom young men hae def+iled.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.20  
\N1 `He\s cutted the paps frae their breast-bane,  
And sent them back to their ain hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.21  
\N1 When she came in upon the f+loor,  
His mother met her wi a golden chair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.22  
\N1 But to the high seat she made her boun:  
She knew that maiden she was nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.23  
\N1 When night was come, they went to bed,  
And ower her breast his arm he laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.24  
\N1 He quickly jumped upon the f+loor,  
And said, `I\ve got a vile rank whore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.25  
\N1 Unto his mother he made his moan,  
Says, `Mother dear, I am undone.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.26  
\N1 `Ye\ve aft tald, when I brought them hame,  
Whether they were maid or nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.27  
\N1 `I thought I\d gotten a maiden bright;  
I\ve gotten but a waefu wight.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.28  
\N1 `I thought I\d gotten a maiden clear,  
But gotten but a vile rank whore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.29  
\N1 `When she came in upon the f+loor,  
I met her wi a golden chair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.30  
\N1 `But to the high seat she made her boun,  
Because a maiden she was nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.31  
\N1 `I wonder wha\s tauld that gay ladie

The fashion into our countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.32  
\N1 `It is your little boy I blame,  
Whom ye did send to bring her hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.33  
\N1 Then to the lady she did go,  
And said, `O Lady, let me know  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.34  
\N1 `Who has def+iled your fair bodie:  
Ye\'re the f+irst that has beguiled me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.35  
\N1 `O we were sisters, sisters seven,  
The fairest women under heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.36  
\N1 `And we kiest kevels us amang,  
Wha woud to the grenewood gang;  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.37  
\N1 `For to pu the f+inest f+lowers,  
To put around our summer bowers.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.38  
\N1 `I was the youngest o them a\';  
The hardest fortune did me befa.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.39  
\N1 `Unto the grenewood I did gang,  
And pu\'d the nuts as they down hang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.40  
\N1 `I hadna stayd an hour but ane  
Till I met wi a highlan groom.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.41  
\N1 `He kepted me sae late and lang  
Till the evening set and birds they sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.42  
\N1 `He gae to me at our parting  
A chain of gold and gay gold ring;  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.43  
\N1 `And three locks o his yellow hair;  
Bade me keep them for evermair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.44  
\N1 `Then for to show I make nae lie,  
Look ye my trunk, and ye will see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.45  
\N1 Unto the trunk then she did go,  
To see if that were true or no.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.46  
\N1 And aye she sought, and aye she f+lang,  
Till these four things came to her hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.47  
\N1 Then she did to her ain son go,  
And said, `My son, ye\'ll let me know,  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.48  
\N1 `Ye will tell to me this thing:  
What did you wi my wedding-ring?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.49  
\N1 `Mother dear, I\'ll tell nae lie:  
I gave it to a gay ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.50  
\N1 `I would gie a\' my ha\'s and towers,  
I had this bird within my bowers.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.51  
\N1 `Keep well, keep well your lands and strands;

Ye hae that bird within your hands.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.52  
\N1 `Now, my son, to your bower ye\'ll go:  
Comfort your ladie, she\'s full o woe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.53  
\N1 Now when nine months were come and gane,  
The lady she brought hame a son.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.54  
\N1 It was written on his breast-bane  
Lord Dingwall was his father\'s name.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.55  
\N1 He\'s taen his young son in his arms,  
And aye he praisd his lovely charms.  
\SBALLADS Child 5D.56  
\N1 And he has gien him kisses three,  
And doubled them ower to his ladie.  
\LBALLADS Child 5E.1  
\N1 LORD BENWALL he\'s a hunting gone;  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.1r  
\N1 Hey down, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.1  
\N2 He\'s taken with him all his merry men.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.1r  
\N1 Hey, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.2  
\N1 As he was walking late alone,  
He spyed a lady both brisk and young.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.3  
\N1 He kepted her so long and long,  
From the evening late till the morning came.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.4  
\N1 All that he gave her at their parting  
Was a pair of gloves and a gay gold ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.5  
\N1 Lord Benwall he\'s a wooing gone,  
And he\'s taken with him all his merry men.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.6  
\N1 As he was walking the Haleigh throw,  
He spy\'d seven ladyes all in a row.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.7  
\N1 He cast a lot among them all;  
Upon the youngest the lot did fall.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.8  
\N1 He wedded her and brought her home,  
And by the way she made great moan.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.9  
\N1 `What aileth my dearest and dayly f+lower?  
What ails my dear, to make such moan?  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.10  
\N1 `Does the steed carry you too high?  
Or does thy pillow sit awry?  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.11  
\N1 `Or does the wind blow in thy glove?  
Or is thy heart after another love?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.12  
\N1 `The steed does not carry me too high,  
Nor does my pillow sit awry.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.13  
\N1 `Nor does the wind blow in my glove,  
Nor is my heart after another love.'

\SBALLADS Child 5E.14  
\N1 When they were down to supper set,  
The weary pain took her by the back.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.15  
\N1 `What ails my dearest and dayly f+lower?  
What ails my dearest, to make such moan?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.16  
\N1 `I am with child, and it\'s not to thee,  
And oh and alas, what shall I doe!'  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.17  
\N1 `I thought I had got a maid so mild;  
But I have got a woman big with child.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.18  
\N1 `I thought I had got a dayly f+lower;  
I have gotten but a common whore.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.19  
\N1 `Rise up, Lord Benwall, go to your hall,  
And cherrish up your merry men all.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.20  
\N1 `As I was walking once late alone,  
I spy\'d a lord, both brisk and young.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.21  
\N1 `He kepted me so long and long,  
From evening late till the morning came.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.22  
\N1 `All that he gave me at our parting  
Was a pair of gloves and a gay gold ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.23  
\N1 `If you will not believe what I tell to thee,  
There\'s the key of my coffer, you may go and see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.24  
\N1 His mother went, and threw and f+lang,  
Till to her hand the ring it came.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.25  
\N1 `Lord Benwall, wilt thou tell to me  
Where is the ring I gave to thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.26  
\N1 `Now I would give all my lands and tower,  
To have that lady in my bower.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.27  
\N1 `I would give all my lands and rents,  
To have that lady in my tents.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.28  
\N1 `You need not give all your lands and tower,  
For you have that lady in your power.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.29  
\N1 `You need not give all your lands and rents,  
For you have that lady in your tents.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.30  
\N1 Now it was written on the child\'s breast-bone  
Lord Benwall\'s sirname and his name.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.31  
\N1 It was written on the child\'s right hand  
That he should be heir of Lord Benwall\'s land.  
\SBALLADS Child 5E.32  
\N1 `Canst cloath my lady in the silk,  
And feed my young son with the milk.'  
\LBALLADS Child 5F.1



\N1 THERE were three sisters in a bouir,  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.1r  
\N1 Eh down and Oh down  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.1  
\N2 And the youngest o them was the fairest f+lour.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.1r  
\N2 Eh down and O down  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.2  
\N1 And we began our seven years wark,  
To sew our brither John a sark.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.3  
\N1 When seven years was come and gane,  
There was nae a sleeve in it but ane.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.4  
\N1 But we coost keivils us amang  
Wha wud to the green-wood gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.5  
\N1 But tho we had coosten neer sae lang,  
The lot it fell on me aye to gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.6  
\N1 I was the youngest, and I was the fairest,  
And alace! my wierd it was aye the sairest.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.7  
\N1 . . .  
Till I had to the woods to gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.8  
\N1 To pull the cherrie and the slae,  
And to seek our ae brither, we had nae mae.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.9  
\N1 But as I was walking the leas o Lyne,  
I met a youth gallant and f+ine;  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.10  
\N1 Wi milk white stockings and coal black shoon;  
He seemed to be some gay lord\'s son.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.11  
\N1 But he keepit me there sae lang, sae lang,  
Till the maids in the morning were singing their sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.12  
\N1 Would I wee or would I way,  
He keepit me the lang simmer day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.13  
\N1 Would I way or would I wight,  
He keepit me the simmer night.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.14  
\N1 But guess what was at our parting?  
A pair o grass green gloves and a gay gold ring.  
ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.15  
\N1 He gave me three plaits o his yellow hair,  
In token that we might meet mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.16  
\N1 But when nine months were come and gane,  
This gallant lord cam back again.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.17  
\N1 He\'s wed this lady, and taen her wi him;  
But as they were riding the leas o Lyne,  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.18  
\N1 This lady was not able to ride,  
. . .  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.19

\N1 `O does thy saddle set thee aside?  
Or does thy steed ony wrang way ride?  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.20  
\N1 `Or thinkst thou me too low a groom?  
. . .  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.21  
\N1 `Or hast thou musing in thy mind  
For the leaving of thy mother kind?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.22  
\N1 `My saddle it sets not me aside,  
Nor does my steed ony wrang way ride.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.23  
\N1 `Nor think I thee too low a groom  
. . .  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.24  
\N1 `But I hae musing in my mind  
For the leaving of my mother kind.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.25  
\N1 `I'll bring thee to a mother of mine,  
As good a mother as eer was thine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.26  
\N1 `A better mother she may be,  
But an unco woman she'll prove to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.27  
\N1 But when lords and ladies at supper sat,  
Her pains they struck her in the back.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.28  
\N1 When lords and ladies were laid in bed,  
Her pains they struck her in the side.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.29  
\N1 `Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Brangwill,  
For I'm wi child and you do not know't.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.30  
\N1 He took up his foot and gave her sic a bang  
Till owre the bed the red blood sprang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.31  
\N1 He is up to his mother's ha,  
Calling her as hard as he could ca.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.32  
\N1 `I went through moss and I went through mure,  
Thinking to get some lily f+louir.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.33  
\N1 . . .  
`But to my house I have brocht a hure.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.34  
\N1 `I thocht to have got a lady baith meek and mild,  
But I've got a woman that's big wi child.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.35  
\N1 `O rest you here, Lord Brangwill,' she said,  
`Till I relieve your lady that lyes so low.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.36  
\N1 `O daughter dear, will you tell to me  
Who is the father of your babie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.37  
\N1 `Yes, mother dear, I will tell thee  
Who is the father of my babie.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.38  
\N1 `As I was walking the leas o Lyne,  
I met a youth gallant and f+ine;  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.39

`With milk-white stockings and coal-black shoon;  
He seemed to be sum gay lord\'s son.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.40  
\N1 `He keepit me sae lang, sae lang,  
Till the maids in the morning were singing their sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.41  
\N1 `Would I wee or would I way,  
He keepit me the lang simmer day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.42  
\N1 `Would I way or would I wight,  
He keepit me the simmer night.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.43  
\N1 `But guess ye what was at our parting?  
A pair of grass green gloves and a gay gold ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.44  
\N1 `He gave me three plaits o his yellow hair,  
In token that we might meet mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.45  
\N1 `O dochter dear, will ye show me  
These tokens that he gave to thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.46  
\N1 `Altho my back should break in three,  
Unto my coffer I must be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.47  
\N1 `Thy back it shall not break in three,  
For I\'ll bring thy coffer to thy knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.48  
\N1 Aye she coost, and aye she f+lang,  
Till these three tokens came to her hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.49  
\N1 Then she is up to her sons\'s ha,  
Calling him hard as she could ca.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.50  
\N1 `O son, O son, will you tell me  
. . .  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.51  
\N1 `What ye did wi the grass green gloves and gay gold ring  
That ye gat at your own birth-een?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.52  
\N1 `I gave them to as pretty a may  
As ever I saw in a simmer day.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.53  
\N1 `I wud rather than a\' my lands sae broad  
That I had her as sure as eer I had.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.54  
\N1 `I would rather than a\' my lands sae free  
I had her here this night wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.55  
\N1 `I wish you good o your lands sae broad,  
For ye have her as sure as eer ye had.  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.56  
\N1 `I wish ye good o your lands sae free,  
For ye have her here this night wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.57  
\N1 `Gar wash my auld son in the milk,  
Gar deck my lady\'s bed wi silk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5F.58  
\N1 He gave his auld son kisses three,  
But he doubled them a\' to his gay ladye.  
\LBALLADS Child 5G.1

\N1 AS Bothwell was walking in the lowlands alane,  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.1r  
\N1 Hey down and a down  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.1  
\N2 He met six ladies sae gallant and f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.1r  
\N2 Hey down and a down  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.2  
\N1 He cast his lot among them a\',  
And on the youngest his lot did fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.3  
\N1 He\'s brought her frae her mother\'s bower,  
Unto his strongest castle and tower.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.4  
\N1 But ay she cried and made great moan,  
And ay the tear came trickling down.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.5  
\N1 `Come up, come up,' said the foremost man,  
`I think our bride comes slowly on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.6  
\N1 `O lady, sits your saddle awry,  
Or is your steed for you owre high?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.7  
\N1 `My saddle is not set awry,  
Nor carries me my steed owre high;  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.8  
\N1 `But I am weary of my life,  
Since I maun be Lord Bothwell\'s wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.9  
\N1 He\'s blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,  
Up start the deer on evry hill.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.10  
\N1 He\'s blawn his horn sae lang and loud,  
Up start the deer in gude green-wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.11  
\N1 His lady mother lookit owre the castle wa,  
And she saw them riding ane and a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.12  
\N1 She\'s calld upon her maids by seven,  
To mak his bed baith saft and even.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.13  
\N1 She\'s calld upon her cooks by nine,  
To make their dinner fair and f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.14  
\N1 When day was gane, and night was come,  
`What ails my love on me to frown?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.15  
\N1 `Or does the wind blow in your glove?  
Or runs your mind on another love?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.16  
\N1 `Nor blows the wind within my glove,  
Nor runs my mind on another love;  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.17  
\N1 `But I nor maid nor maiden am,  
For I\'m wi bairn to another man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.18  
\N1 `I thought I\'d a maiden sae meek and sae mild,  
But I\'ve nought but a woman wi child.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.19  
\N1 His mother\'s taen her up to a tower,

And lockit her in her secret bower.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.20  
\N1 `Now, daughter mine, come tell to me,  
Wha\'s bairn this is that you are wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.21  
\N1 `O mother dear, I canna learn  
Wha is the faither of my bairn.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.22  
\N1 `But as I walkd in the lowlands my lane,  
I met a gentleman gallant and f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.23  
\N1 `He keepit me there sae late and sae lang,  
Frae the evning late till the morning dawn.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.24  
\N1 `And a\' that he gied me to my propine  
Was a pair of green gloves and a gay gold ring;  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.25  
\N1 `Three lauchters of his yellow hair,  
In case that we shoud meet nae mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.26  
\N1 His lady mother went down the stair:  
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\SBALLADS Child 5G.27  
\N1 `Now son, now son, come tell to me,  
Where\'s the green gloves I gave to thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.28  
\N1 `I gied to a lady sae fair and so f+ine  
The green gloves and a gay gold ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.29  
\N1 `But I wad gie my castles and towers,  
I had that lady within my bowers.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.30  
\N1 `But I wad gie my very life,  
I had that lady to be my wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.31  
\N1 `Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,  
You have that lady within your bowers.  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.32  
\N1 `Now keep, now keep your very life,  
You have that lady to be your wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 5G.33  
\N1 `O row my lady in sattin and silk,  
And wash my son in the morning milk.'  
\LBALLADS Child 5H.1  
\N1 WE were seven sisters in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 5H.1r  
\N1 Adown adown, and adown and adown  
\SBALLADS Child 5H.1  
\N2 The f+lower of a\' fair Scotland ower.  
\SBALLADS Child 5H.1r  
\N2 Adown adown, and adown and adown  
\SBALLADS Child 5H.2  
\N1 We were sisters, sisters seven,  
The fairest women under heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 5H.3  
\N1 There fell a dispute us amang,  
Wha would to the greenwood gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 5H.4  
\N1 They kiest the kevels them amang,  
O wha would to the greenwood gang.

\SBALLADS Child 5H.5

\N1 The kevels they gied thro the ha,  
And on the youngest it did fa.

\SBALLADS Child 5H.6

\N1 The kevel fell into her hand,  
To greenwood she was forced to gang.

\SBALLADS Child 5H.7

\N1 She hedna pued a f+lower but ane,  
When by there came an earl\'s son.

\SBALLADS Child 5H.8

\N1 `And was he well or was he wae,  
He keepet me that summer\'s day.'

\SBALLADS Child 5H.9

\N1 And was he weel or was he weight,  
He keepet her that summer\'s night.

\SBALLADS Child 5H.10

\N1 And he gave her a gay goud ring  
His mother got at her wedding.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 5H.11

\N1 `Oh is yer stirrup set too high?  
Or is your saddle set awry?

\SBALLADS Child 5H.12

\N1 `Oh is yer stirrup set too side?  
Or what\'s the reason ye canna ride?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 5H.13

\N1 When all were at the table set,  
Then not a bit could this lady eat.

\SBALLADS Child 5H.14

\N1 When all made merry at the feast,  
This lady wished she were at her rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 6A.1

\N1 WILLIE has taen him oer the fame,  
He\'s woo\'d a wife and brought her hame.

\SBALLADS Child 6A.2

\N1 He\'s woo\'d her for her yellow hair,  
But his mother wrought her mickle care.

\SBALLADS Child 6A.3

\N1 And mickle dolour gard her dree,  
For lighter she can never be.

\SBALLADS Child 6A.4

\N1 But in her bower she sits wi pain,  
And Willie mourns oer her in vain.

\SBALLADS Child 6A.5

\N1 And to his mother he has gone,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.

\SBALLADS Child 6A.6

\N1 He says: `My ladie has a cup,  
Wi gowd and silver set about.

\SBALLADS Child 6A.7

\N1 `This goodlie gift shall be your ain,  
And let her be lighter o her young bairn.'

\SBALLADS Child 6A.8

\N1 `Of her young bairn she\'ll neer be lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.

\SBALLADS Child 6A.9

\N1 `But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And you shall wed another may.'

\SBALLADS Child 6A.10  
\N1 `Another may I\'ll never wed,  
Another may I\'ll neer bring home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.11  
\N1 But sighing says that weary wight,  
'I wish my life were at an end.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.12  
\N1 `Ye doe [ye] unto your mother again,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.13  
\N1 `And say your ladie has a steed,  
The like o\'m\'s no in the lands of Leed.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.14  
\N1 `For he [i>s golden shod before,  
And he [i>s golden shod behind.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.15  
\N1 `And at ilka tet of that horse\'s main,  
There\'s a golden chess and a bell ringing.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.16  
\N1 `This goodlie gift shall be your ain,  
And let me be lighter of my young bairn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.17  
\N1 `O her young bairn she\'ll neer be lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.18  
\N1 `But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And ye shall wed another may.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.19  
\N1 `Another may I<\'ll] never wed,  
Another may I<\'ll] neer bring hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.20  
\N1 But sighing said that weary wight,  
'I wish my life were at an end.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.21  
\N1 `Ye doe [ye] unto your mother again,  
That vile rank witch of vilest kind.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.22  
\N1 `And say your ladie has a girdle,  
It\'s red gowd unto the middle.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.23  
\N1 `And ay at every silver hem,  
Hangs f+ifty silver bells and ten.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.24  
\N1 `That goodlie gift hasbe her ain,  
And let me be lighter of my young bairn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.25  
\N1 `O her young bairn she\'s neer be lighter,  
Nor in her bower to shine the brighter.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.26  
\N1 `But she shall die and turn to clay,  
And you shall wed another may.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.27  
\N1 `Another may I\'ll never wed,  
Another may I\'ll neer bring hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.28  
\N1 But sighing says that weary wight,  
'I wish my life were at an end.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.29  
\N1 Then out and spake the Belly Blind;  
He spake aye in good time.

\SBALLADS Child 6A.30  
\N1 `Ye doe ye to the market place,  
And there ye buy a loaf o wax.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.31  
\N1 `Ye shape it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in twa glassen een ye pit;  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.32  
\N1 `And bid her come to your boy\'s christening;  
Then notice weel what she shall do.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.33  
\N1 `And do you stand a little fore bye,  
And listen weel what she shall say.'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.34  
\N1 `Oh wha has loosed the nine witch knots  
That was amo that ladie\'s locks?  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.35  
\N1 `And wha has taen out the kaims of care  
That hangs amo that ladie\'s hair?  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.36  
\N1 `And wha\'s taen down the bush o woodbine  
That hang atween her bower and mine?  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.37  
\N1 `And wha has killd the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladie\'s bed?  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.38  
\N1 `And wha has loosed her left-foot shee,  
And lotten that ladie lighter be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.39  
\N1 O Willie has loosed the nine witch knots  
That was amo that ladie\'s locks.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.40  
\N1 And Willie\'s taen out the kaims o care  
That hang amo that ladie\'s hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.41  
\N1 And Willie\'s taen down the bush o woodbine  
That hang atween her bower and thine.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.42  
\N1 And Willie has killed the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladie\'s bed.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.43  
\N1 And Willie has loosed her left-foot shee,  
And letten his ladie lighter be.  
\SBALLADS Child 6A.44  
\N1 And now he\'s gotten abonny young son,  
And mickle grace be him upon.  
\LBALLADS Child 7A.1  
\N1 OH did ye ever hear o brave Earl Bran?  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.1r  
\N1 Ay lally, o lilly lally  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.1  
\N2 He courted the king\'s daughter of fair England.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.1r  
\N2 All i the night sae early  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.2  
\N1 She was scarcely f+ifteen years of age  
Till sae boldly she came to his bedside.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.3  
\N1 `O Earl Bran, fain wad I see  
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.4



\N1 `O lady, I have no steeds but one,  
And thou shalt ride, and I will run.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.5  
\N1 `O Earl Bran, my father has two,  
And thou shall have the best o them a.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.6  
\N1 They have ridden oer moss and moor,  
And they met neither rich nor poor.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.7  
\N1 Until they met with old Carl Hood;  
He comes for ill, but never for good.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.8  
\N1 `Earl Bran, if ye love me,  
Seize this old carl, and gar him die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.9  
\N1 `O lady fair, it wad be sair,  
To slay an old man that has grey hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.10  
\N1 `O lady fair, I'll no do sae;  
I'll gie him a pound, and let him gae.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.11  
\N1 `O where hae ye ridden this lee lang day?  
Or where hae ye stolen this lady away?'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.12  
\N1 `I have not ridden this lee lang day.  
Nor yet have I stolen this lady away.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.13  
\N1 `She is my only, my sick sister,  
Whom I have brought from Winchester.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.14  
\N1 `If she be sick, and like to dead,  
Why wears she the ribbon sae red?  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.15  
\N1 `If she be sick, and like to die,  
Then why wears she the gold on high?'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.16  
\N1 When he came to his lady's gate,  
Sae rudely as he rapped at it.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.17  
\N1 `O where's the lady o this ha?'  
`She's out with her maids to play at the ba.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.18  
\N1 `Ha, ha, ha! ye are a' mistaen:  
Gae count your maidens oer again.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.19  
\N1 `I saw her far beyond the moor,  
Away to be the Earl o Bran's whore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.20  
\N1 The father armed fifteen of his best men,  
To bring his daughter back again.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.21  
\N1 Oer her left shoulder the lady looked then:  
`O Earl Bran, we both are tane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.22  
\N1 `If they come on me ane by ane,  
Ye may stand by and see them slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.23  
\N1 `But if they come on me one and all,  
Ye may stand by and see me fall.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.24

\N1 They have come on him ane by ane,  
And he has killed them all but ane.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.25  
\N1 And that ane came behind his back,  
And he\'s gien him a deadly whack.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.26  
\N1 But for a\' sae wounded as Earl Bran was,  
He has set his lady on her horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.27  
\N1 They rode till they came to the water o Doune,  
And then he alighted to wash his wounds.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.28  
\N1 `O Earl Bran, I see your heart\'s blood!'  
'Tis but the gleat o my scarlet hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.29  
\N1 They rode till they came to his mother\'s gate,  
And sae rudely as he rapped at it.  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.30  
\N1 `O my son\'s slain, my son\'s put down,  
And a\' for the sake of an English loun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.31  
\N1 `O say not sae, my dear mother,  
But marry her to my youngest brother.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 7A.32  
\N1 `This has not been the death o ane,  
But it\'s been that of fair seventeen.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\LBALLADS Child 7B.1  
\N1 `RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,' she says,  
`And put on your armour so bright;  
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine  
Was married to a lord under night.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.2  
\N1 `Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armour so bright,  
And take better care of your youngest sister,  
For your eldest\'s awa the last night.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.3  
\N1 He\'s mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And lightly they rode away.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.4  
\N1 Lord William lookit oer his left shoulder,  
To see what he could see,  
And there he spy\'d her seven brethren bold,  
Come riding over the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.5  
\N1 `Light down, light down, Lady Margret,' he said,  
`And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven brethren bold,  
And your father, I mak a stand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.6  
\N1 She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
And never shed one tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa,  
And her father hard f+ighting, who lovd her so dear.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.7  
\N1 `O hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,

`For your strokes they are wondrous sair;  
True lovers I can get many a ane,  
But a father I can never get mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.8  
\N1 O she\'s taen out her handkerchief,  
It was o the holland sae f+ine,  
And aye she dighted her father\'s bloody wounds,  
That were redder than the wine.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.9  
\N1 `O chuse, O chuse, Lady Margret,' he said,  
`O whether will ye gang or bide?'  
`I\'ll gang, I\'ll gang, Lord William,' she said,  
`For ye have left me no other guide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.10  
\N1 He\'s lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they baith rade away.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.11  
\N1 O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a\' by the light of the moon,  
Until they came to yon wan water,  
And there they lighted down.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.12  
\N1 They lighted down to tak a drink  
Of the spring that ran sae clear,  
And down the stream ran his gude heart\'s blood,  
And sair she gan to fear.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.13  
\N1 `Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,  
`For I fear that you are slain;'  
`\'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,  
That shines in the water sae plain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.14  
\N1 O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a\' by the light of the moon,  
Until they cam to his mother\'s ha door,  
And there they lighted down.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.15  
\N1 `Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
`Get up, and let me in!  
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
`For this night my fair lady I\'ve win.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.16  
\N1 `O mak my bed, lady mother,' he says,  
`O mak it braid and deep,  
And lay Lady Margret close at my back,  
And the sounder I will sleep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.17  
\N1 Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
Lady Margret lang ere day,  
And all true lovers that go thegither,  
May they have mair luck than they!  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.18  
\N1 Lord William was buried in St. Mary\'s kirk,  
Lady Margret in Mary\'s quire;  
Out o the lady\'s grave grew a bonny red rose,  
And out o the knight\'s a briar.  
\SBALLADS Child 7B.19  
\N1 And they twa met, and they twa plat,

And fain they wad be near;  
 And a\' the warld might ken right weel  
 They were twa lovers dear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7B.20  
 \N1 But bye and rade the Black Douglas,  
 And wow but he was rough!  
 For he pulld up the bonny brier,  
 And f+lang\'t in St. Mary\'s Loch.  
 \LBALLADS Child 7C.1  
 \N1 `RISE up, rise up, my seven brave sons,  
 And dress in your armour so bright;  
 Earl Douglas will hae Lady Margaret awa  
 Before that it be light.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.2  
 \N1 `Arise, arise, my seven brave sons,  
 And dress in your armour so bright;  
 It shall never be said that a daughter of mine  
 Shall go with an earl or a knight.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.3  
 \N1 `O will ye stand, fair Margaret,' he says,  
 `And hold my milk-white steed,  
 Till I f+ight your father and seven brethren,  
 In yonder pleasant mead?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.4  
 \N1 She stood and held his milk-white steed,  
 She stood trembling with fear,  
 Until she saw her seven brethren fall,  
 And her father that loved her dear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.5  
 \N1 `Hold your hand, Earl Douglas,' she says,  
 `Your strokes are wonderous sair;  
 I may get sweethearts again enew,  
 But a father I\'ll ne\'er get mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.6  
 \N1 She took out a handkerchief  
 Was made o\' the cambrick f+ine,  
 And aye she wiped her father\'s bloody wounds,  
 And the blood sprung up like wine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.7  
 \N1 `Will ye go, fair Margaret?' he said,  
 `Will ye now go, or bide?'  
 `Yes, I\'ll go, sweet William,' she said,  
 `For ye\'ve left me never a guide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.8  
 \N1 `If I were to go to my mother\'s house,  
 A welcome guest I would be;  
 But for the bloody deed that\'s done this day  
 I\'ll rather go with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.9  
 \N1 He lifted her on a milk-white steed  
 And himself on a dapple gray;  
 They drew their hats out over their face,  
 And they both went weeping away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.10  
 \N1 They rode, they rode, and they better rode,  
 Till they came to yon water wan;  
 They lighted down to gie their horse a drink  
 Out of the running stream.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7C.11  
 \N1 `I am afraid, Earl Douglas,' she said,

`I am afraid ye are slain;'  
I think I see your bonny heart\'s blood  
Running down the water wan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7C.12  
\N1 `Oh no, oh no, fair Margaret,' he said,  
`Oh no, I am not slain;  
It is but the scad of my scarlet cloak  
Runs down the water wan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7C.13  
\N1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed  
And himself on a dapple gray,  
And they have reached Earl Douglas\' gates  
Before the break of day.  
\SBALLADS Child 7C.14  
\N1 `O rise, dear mother, and make my bed,  
And make it braid and wide,  
And lay me down to take my rest,  
And at my back my bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7C.15  
\N1 She has risen and made his bed,  
She made it braid and wide;  
She laid him down to take his rest,  
And at his back his bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 7C.16  
\N1 Lord William died ere it was day,  
Lady Margaret on the morrow;  
Lord William died through loss of blood and wounds,  
Fair Margaret died with sorrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 7C.17  
\N1 The one was buried in Mary\'s kirk,  
The other in Mary\'s quire;  
The one sprung up a bonnie bush,  
And the other a bonny brier.  
\SBALLADS Child 7C.18  
\N1 These twa grew, and these twa threw,  
Till they came to the top,  
And when they could na farther gae,  
They coost the lovers\' knot.  
\LBALLADS Child 7D.1  
\N1 `SLEEPST thou or wakst thou, Lord Montgomerie,  
Sleepst thou or wakst thou, I say?  
Rise up, make a match for your eldest daughter,  
For the youngest I carry away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.2  
\N1 `Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
Dress yourselves in the armour sae f+ine;  
For it ne\'er shall be said that a churlish knight  
Eer married a daughter of mine.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.3  
\N1 `Loup aff, loup aff, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
`And hold my steed in your hand,  
And I will go f+ight your seven brethren,  
And your father, where they stand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.4  
\N1 Sometimes she gaed, sometimes she stood,  
But never dropt a tear,  
Until she saw her brethren all slain,  
And her father who lovd her so dear.  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.5

\N1 `Hold thy hand, sweet William,' she says,  
`Thy blows are wondrous sore;  
Sweethearts I may have many a one,  
But a father I\`ll never have more.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.6  
\N1 O she\`s taken her napkin frae her pocket,  
Was made o the holland f+ine,  
And ay as she dighted her father\`s bloody wounds,  
They sprang as red as the wine.  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.7  
\N1 `Two chooses, two chooses, Lady Margret,' he says,  
`Two chooses I\`ll make thee;  
Whether to go back to your mother again,  
Or go along with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.8  
\N1 `For to go home to my mother again,  
An unwelcome guest I\`d be;  
But since my fate has ordered it so,  
I\`ll go along with thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.9  
\N1 He has mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself on the dapple gray,  
And blawn his horn baith loud and shill,  
And it sounded far on their way.  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.10  
\N1 They rode oer hill, they rode oer dale,  
They rode oer mountains so high,  
Until they came to that beautiful place  
Where Sir William\`s mother did lie.  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.11  
\N1 `Rise up, rise up, lady mother,' he said,  
`Rise up, and make much o your own;  
Rise up, rise up, lady mother,' he said,  
`For his bride\`s just new come home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7D.12  
\N1 Sir Willian he died in the middle o the night,  
Lady Margaret died on the morrow;  
Sir William he died of pure pure love,  
Lady Margaret of grief and sorrow.  
\LBALLADS Child 7E.1  
\N1 HE has lookit over his left shoulder,  
And through his bonnie bridle rein,  
And he spy\`d her father and her seven bold brethren,  
Come riding down the glen.  
\SBALLADS Child 7E.2  
\N1 `O hold my horse, Lady Margret,' he said,  
O hold my horse by the bonnie bridle rein,  
Till I f+ight your father and seven bold brethren,  
As they come riding down the glen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7E.3  
\N1 Some time she rade, and some time she gaed,  
Till she that place did near,  
And there she spy\`d her seven bold brethren slain,  
And her father who loved her so dear.  
\SBALLADS Child 7E.4  
\N1 `O hold you hand, sweet William,' she said,  
`Your bull baits are wondrous sair;  
Sweet-hearts I may get many a one,  
But a father I will never get mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7E.5

\N1 She has taken a napkin from off her neck,  
That was of the cambrick so fine,  
And aye as she wiped her father\'s bloody wounds,  
The blood ran red as the wine.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 7E.6

\N1 He set her upon the milk-white steed,  
Himself upon the brown;  
He took a horn out of his pocket,  
And they both went weeping along.

\LBALLADS Child 7F.1

\N1 . . .

. . .

Sayes `Christ thee saue, good Child of Ell!  
Christ saue thee and thy steede!

\SBALLADS Child 7F.2

\N1 `My father sayes he will [eat] noe meate,  
Nor his drinke shall doe him noe good,  
Till he haue slaine the Child of Ell,  
And haue seene his harts blood.'

\SBALLADS Child 7F.3

\N1 `I wold I were in my sadle sett,  
And a mile out of the towne;  
I did not care for your father  
And all his merry men!

\SBALLADS Child 7F.4

\N1 `I wold I were in my sadle sett,  
And a little space him free;  
I did not care for yo\iu\rr father  
And all that long him to!'

\SBALLADS Child 7F.5

\N1 He leaned ore his saddle bow  
To kisse this lady good;  
The tears \itha\rt went them \itwo\r betweene  
Were blend water and blood.

\SBALLADS Child 7F.6

\N1 He sett himselfe on one good steed,  
This lady on a palfray,  
And sett his litle horne to his mouth,  
And roundlie he rode away.

\SBALLADS Child 7F.7

\N1 He had not ridden past a mile,  
A mile out of the towne,

. . .

. . .

\SBALLADS Child 7F.8

\N1 Her father was readye w\ii\rth her \iseuen\r brether,  
He said, `Sett thou my daughter downe!  
For it ill beseemes thee, thou false churles sonne,  
To carry her forth of this towne!'

\SBALLADS Child 7F.9

\N1 But lowd thou lyeest, S\ii\rr Iohn the k\inigh\rt,  
Thou now doest lye of me;  
A knight me gott, and a lady me bore;  
Soe neuer did none by thee.

\SBALLADS Child 7F.10

\N1 `But light now downe, my lady gay,  
Light downe and hold my horsse,  
Whilst I and yo\iu\rr father and yo\iu\rr brether  
Doe play vs at this crosse.

\SBALLADS Child 7F.11  
\N1 `But light now downe, my owne trew loue,  
And meeklye hold my steede,  
Whilst yo\iu\rr father [and your \iseuen\r brether] bold  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\LBALLADS Child 7[G.1]  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\N1 `Gude Earl Brand, I long to see  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.1r]  
\N1 Faldee faldee fal deediddle a dee  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.1]  
\N2 All your grey hounds running over the lea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.1r]  
\N2 And the brave knights in the valley  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.2]  
\N1 `Gude lady fair, I have not a steed but one,  
But you shall ride and I shall run.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.3]  
\N1 They\'re ower moss and they\'re ower mure,  
And they saw neither rich nor pure.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.4]  
\N1 Until that they came to auld Karl Hude;  
He\'s aye for ill and never for gude.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.5]  
\N1 `Gude Earl Brand, if ye love me,  
Kill auld Karl Hude, and gar him die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.6]  
\N1 `O fair ladie, we\'ll do better than sae:  
Gie him a penny and let him gae.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.7]  
\N1 `Gude Earl Brand, whare hae ye been,  
Or whare hae ye stown this lady sheen?'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.8]  
\N1 `She\'s not my lady, but my sick sister,  
And she\'s been at the wells of Meen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.9]  
\N1 `If she was sick, and very sair,  
She wadna wear the red gold on her hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.10]  
\N1 `Or if she were sick, and like to be dead,  
She wadna wear the ribbons red.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.11]  
\N1 He cam till he cam to her father\'s gate,  
And he has rappit furious thereat.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.12]  
\N1 `Where is the lady o this hall?'  
`She\'s out wi her maidens, playing at the ball.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.13]  
\N1 `If you\'ll get me fyfteen wale wight men,  
Sae fast as I\'ll fetch her back again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.14]  
\N1 She\'s lookit ower her left collar-bane:  
`O gude Earl Brand, we baith are taen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.15]  
\N1 `Light down, light down, and hold my steed;  
Change never your cheer till ye see me dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.16]  
\N1 `If they come on me man by man,  
I\'ll be very laith for to be taen.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[G.17]



\N1 `But if they come on me one and all,  
 The sooner you will see me fall.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.18]  
 \N1 O he has killd them all but one,  
 And wha was that but auld Karl Hude.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.19]  
 \N1 And he has come on him behind,  
 And put in him the deadly wound.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.20]  
 \N1 O he has set his lady on,  
 And he\'s come whistling all along.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.21]  
 \N1 hGude Earl Brand, I see blood:  
 `It\'s but the shade o my scarlet robe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.22]  
 \N1 They cam till they cam to the water af+llood;  
 He\'s lighted down and he\'s wushen aff the blood.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.23]  
 \N1 His mother walks the f+loor alone:  
 `O yonder does come my poor son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.24]  
 \N1 `He is both murderd and undone,  
 And all for the sake o an English loon.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.25]  
 \N1 `Say not sae, my dearest mother,  
 Marry her on my eldest brother.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.26]  
 \N1 She set her f+it up to the wa,  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.26r]  
 \N1 Faldee faldee fal deediddle adee  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.26]  
 \N2 She\'s fallen down dead amang them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[G.26r]  
 \N2 And the brave knights o the valley  
 \LBALLADS Child 7[H.1]  
 \N1 Did you ever hear of good Earl Brand,  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.1r]  
 \N1 Aye lally an lilly lally  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.1]  
 \N2 And the king\'s daughter of fair Scotland?  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.1r]  
 \N2 And the braw knights o Airly  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.2]  
 \N1 She was scarce f+fifteen years of age  
 When she came to Earl Brand\'s bed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.2r]  
 \N2 Wi the braw knights o Airly  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.3]  
 \N1 `O Earl Brand, I fain wad see  
 Our grey hounds run over the lea.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.3r]  
 \N2 Mang the braw bents o Airly  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.4]  
 \N1 `O,' says Earl Brand, `I\'ve nae steads but one,  
 And you shall ride and I shall run.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.4r]  
 \N2 Oer the braw heights o Airly  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.5]  
 \N1 `O,' says the lady, `I hae three,  
 And ye shall hae yeer choice for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 7[H.5r]  
\N2 Of the brow steeds o Airly  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.6]  
\N1 So they lap on, and on they rade,  
Till they came to auld Carle Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.6r]  
\N2 Oer the brow hills o Airly  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.7]  
\N1 Carl Hood\'s aye for ill, and he\'s no for good,  
He\'s aye for ill, and he\'s no for good.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.7r]  
\N2 Mang the brow hills o Airly  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.8]  
\N1 `Where hae ye been hunting a\' day,  
And where have ye stolen this fair may?'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.8r]  
\N2 I\' the brow nights sae airly  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.9]  
\N1 `She is my sick sister dear,  
New comd home from another sister.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.9r]  
\N2 I the brow nights sae early  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.10]  
\N1 `O,' says the lady, 'if ye love me,  
Gie him a penny fee and let him gae.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.10r]  
\N2 I the brow nights sae early  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.11]  
\N1 He\'s gane home to her father\'s bower,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.12]  
\N1 `Where is the lady o this ha?'  
`She\'s out wi the young maids, playing at the ba.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.12r]  
\N2 I the brow nights so early  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.13]  
\N1 `No,' says another, 'She\'s riding oer the moor,  
And a\' to be Earl Brand\'s whore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.13r]  
\N2 I the brow nights so early  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.14]  
\N1 The king mounted f+ifteen weel armed men,  
A\' to get Earl Brand taen.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.14r]  
\N2 I the brow hills so early  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.15]  
\N1 The lady looked over her white horse mane:  
`O Earl Brand, we will be taen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.15r]  
\N2 In the brow hills so early  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.16]  
\N1 He says, If they come one by one,  
Ye\'ll no see me so soon taen.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.16r]  
\N2 In the brow hills so early  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.17]  
\N1 So they came every one but one,  
And he has killd them a\' but ane.  
\SBALLADS Child 7[H.17r]

\N2 In the braw hills so early  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.18]  
 \N1 And that one came behind his back,  
 And gave Earl Brand a deadly stroke.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.18r]  
 \N2 In the braw nights of Airly  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.19]  
 \N1 For as sair wounded as he was,  
 He lifted the lady on her horse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.19r]  
 \N2 In the braw nights so early  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.20]  
 \N1 `O Earl Brand, I see thy heart\'s bluid!'  
 `It\'s but the shadow of my scarlet robe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.20r]  
 \N2 I the braw nights so early  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.21]  
 \N1 He came to his mother\'s home;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.22]  
 \N1 She looked out and cryd her son was gone,  
 And a\' for the sake [of] an English loon.  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.23]  
 \N1 `What will I do wi your lady fair?'  
 `Marry her to my eldest brother.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[H.23r]  
 \N2 The brawest knight i Airly  
 \LBALLADS Child 7[I.1]  
 \N1 `Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas,' she said,  
 `And draw to your arms so bright;  
 Let it never be said a daughter of yours  
 Shall go with a lord or a knight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[I.2]  
 \N1 `Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
 And draw to your armour so bright;  
 Let it never be said a sister of yours  
 Shall go with a lord or a night.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[I.3]  
 \N1 He looked over his left shoulder,  
 To see what he could see,  
 And there he spy\'d her seven brethren bold,  
 And her father that lov\'dher tenderly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[I.4]  
 \N1 `Light down, light down, Lady Margret,' he said,  
 `And hold my steed in thy hand.  
 That I may go f+itht with your seven brethren bold,  
 And your father who\'s just at hand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[I.5]  
 \N1 O there she stood, and bitter she stood,  
 And never did shed a tear,  
 Till once she saw her seven brethren slain,  
 And her father she lovd so dear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[I.6]  
 \N1 `Hold, hold your hand, William,' she said,  
 `For thy strokes are wondrous sore;  
 For sweethearts I may get many a one,  
 But a father I neer will get more.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 7[I.7]

\N1 She took out a handkerchief of holland so f+ine  
And wip\'d her father\'s bloody wound,  
Which ran more clear than the red wine,  
And forked on the cold ground.

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.8]

\N1 `O chuse you, chuse you, Margret,' he said,  
`Whether you will go or bide!'

`I must go with you, Lord William,' she said,  
`Since you\'ve left me no other guide.'

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.9]

\N1 He lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,  
And they slowly both rode away.

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.10]

\N1 Away they rode, and better they rode,  
Till they came to yonder sand,  
Till once they came to yon river side,  
And ther they lighted down.

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.11]

\N1 They lighted down to take a drink  
Of the spring that ran so clear,  
And there she spy\'d his bonny heart\'s blood,  
A running down the stream.

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.12]

\N1 `Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,  
`For I fear that you are slain;'

``Tis nought but the shade of my scarlet clothes,  
That is sparkling down the stream.'

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.13]

\N1 He lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a blue gilded horn hanging by his side,  
And slowly they rode away.

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.14]

\N1 Ay they rode, and better they rode,  
Till they came to his mother\'s bower;  
Till once they came to his mother\'s bower,  
And down they lighted there.

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.15]

\N1 `O mother, mother, make my bed,  
And make it soft and f+ine,  
And lay my lady close at my back,  
That I may sleep most sound.'

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.16]

\N1 Lord William he died eer middle o the night,  
Lady Margret long before the morrow;  
Lord William he died for pure true love,  
And Lady Margret died for sorrow.

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.17]

\N1 Lord William was bury\'d in Lady Mary\'s kirk,  
The other in Saint Mary\'s quire;  
Out of William\'s grave sprang a red rose,  
And out of Margret\'s a briar.

\SBALLADS Child 7[I.18]

\N1 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad fain been near;  
And by this you may ken right well  
They were twa lovers dear.

\LBALLADS Child 8A.1

\N1 ERLINTON had a fair daughter;  
I wat he weird her in a great sin;  
For he has built a bigly bower,  
An a\' to put that lady in.

\SBALLADS Child 8A.2

\N1 An he has warnd her sisters six,  
An sae has he her brethren se\'en,  
Outher to watch her a\' the night,  
Or else to seek her morn an een.

\SBALLADS Child 8A.3

\N1 She hadna been i that bigly bower  
Na not a night but barely ane,  
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,  
Chappd at the door, cryin `Peace within!'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.4

\N1 `O whae is this at my bower door,  
That chaps sae late, nor kens the gin?'  
`O it is Willie, your ain true love,  
I pray you rise an let me in!'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.5

\N1 `But in my bower there is a wake,  
An at the wake there is a wane;  
But I\'ll come to the green-wood the morn,  
Whar blooms the brier, by mornin dawn.'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.6

\N1 Then she\'s gane to her bed again,  
Where she has layen till the cock crew thrice,  
Then she said to her sisters a\',  
`Maidens, \'tis time for us to rise.'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.7

\N1 She pat on her back her silken gown,  
An on her breast a siller pin,  
An she\'s tane a sister in ilka hand,  
An to the green-wood she is gane.

\SBALLADS Child 8A.8

\N1 She hadna walkd in the green-wood  
Na not a mile but barely ane,  
Till there was Willie, her ain true love,  
Whae frae her sister has her taen.

\SBALLADS Child 8A.9

\N1 He took her sisters by the hand,  
He kissd them baith, an sent them hame,  
An he\'s taen his true love him behind,  
And through the green-wood they are gane.

\SBALLADS Child 8A.10

\N1 They hadna ridden in the bonnie green-wood  
Na not a mile but barely ane,  
When there came f+fifteen o the boldest knights  
That ever bare f+lesh, blood, or bane.

\SBALLADS Child 8A.11

\N1 The foremost was an aged knight,  
He wore the grey hair on his chin:  
Says, `Yield to me thy lady bright,  
An thou shalt walk the woods within.'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.12

\N1 `For me to yield my lady bright  
To such an aged knight as thee,  
People wad think I war gane mad,  
Or a\' the courage f+lownd frae me.'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.13

\N1 But up then spake the second knight,  
I wat he spake right boustouslie:  
'Yield me thy life, or thy lady bright,  
Or here the tane of us shall die.'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.14

\N1 'My lady is my warld\'s meed;  
My life I winna yield to nane;  
But if ye be men of your manhead,  
Ye\'ll only f+ight me ane by ane.'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.15

\N1 He lighted aff his milk-white steed,  
An gae his lady him by the head,  
Sayn, 'See ye dinna change your cheer,  
Untill ye see my body bleed.'

\SBALLADS Child 8A.16

\N1 He set his back unto an aik,  
He set his feet against a stane,  
An he has fought these f+fifteen men,  
An killd them a\' but barely ane.

\SBALLADS Child 8A.17

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

For he has left that aged knight,  
An a\' to carry the tidings hame.

\SBALLADS Child 8A.18

\N1 When he gaed to his lady fair,  
I wat he kissd her tenderlie:  
'Thou art mine ain love, I have thee bought;  
Now we shall walk the green-wood free.'

\LBALLADS Child 8B.1

\N1 THERE was a knight, an he had a daughter,  
An he wad wed her, wi muckle sin;  
Sae he has biggit a bonnie bower, love,  
An a\' to keep his fair daughter in.

\SBALLADS Child 8B.2

\N1 But she hadna been in the bonnie bower, love,  
And no twa hours but barely ane,  
Till up started Tammas, her ain true lover,  
And O sae fain as he wad been in.

\SBALLADS Child 8B.3

\N1 'For a\' sae weel as I like ye, Tammas,  
An for a\' sae weel as I like the gin,  
I wadna for ten thousand pounds, love,  
Na no this night wad I let thee in.

\SBALLADS Child 8B.4

\N1 'But yonder is a bonnie greenwud,  
An in the greenwud there is a wauk,  
An I\'ll be there an sune the morn, love,  
It\'s a\' for my true love\'s sake.

\SBALLADS Child 8B.5

\N1 'On my right hand I\'ll have a glove, love,  
An on my left ane I\'ll have nane;  
I\'ll have wi\' me my sisters six, love,  
An we will wauk the wuds our lane.'

\SBALLADS Child 8B.6

\N1 They hadna waukd in the bonnie greenwud,  
Na no an hour but barely ane,  
Till up start Tammas, her ain true lover,  
He\'s taen her sisters her frae mang.

\SBALLADS Child 8B.7

\N1 An he has kissed her sisters six, love,  
An he has sent them hame again,  
But he has keepit his ain true lover,  
Saying, `We will wauk the wuds our lane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.8  
\N1 They hadna waukd in the bonnie greenwud  
Na no an hour but barely ane,  
Till up start f+fifteen o the bravest outlaws  
That ever bure either breath or bane.  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.9  
\N1 An up bespake the foremost man, love,  
An O but he spake angrily:  
`Either your life+-or your lady fair, sir,  
This night shall wauk the wuds wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.10  
\N1 `My lady fair, O I like her weel, sir,  
An O my life, but it lies me near!  
But before I lose my lady fair, sir,  
I\'ll rather lose my life sae dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.11  
\N1 Then up bespak the second man, love,  
An aye he spake mair angrily,  
Saying, `Baith your life, and your lady fair, sir,  
This night shall wauk the wuds wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.12  
\N1 `My lady fair, O I like her weel, sir,  
An O my life, but it lies me near!  
But before I lose my lady fair, sir,  
I\'ll rather lose my life sae dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.13  
\N1 `But if ye\'ll be men to your manhood,  
As that I will be unto mine,  
I\'ll f+ight ye every ane man by man,  
Till the last drop\'s blude I hae be slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.14  
\N1 `O sit ye down, my dearest dearie,  
Sit down and hold my noble steed,  
And see that ye never change your cheer  
Until ye see my body bleed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.15  
\N1 He\'s feughten a\' the f+fifteen outlaws,  
The f+fifteen outlaws every ane,  
He\'s left naething but the auldest man  
To go and carry the tidings hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 8B.16  
\N1 An he has gane to his dearest dear,  
An he has kissed her, cheek and chin,  
Saying, `Thou art mine ain, I have bought thee dear,  
An we will wauk the wuds our lane.'  
\LBALLADS Child 8C.1  
\N1 AS Robin Hood sat by a tree,  
He espied a prettie may,  
And when she chanced him to see,  
She turnd her head away.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.2  
\N1 `O feare me not, thou prettie mayde,  
And doe not f+lie from mee;  
I am the kindest man,' he said,  
`That ever eye did see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.3

\N1 Then to her he did doffe his cap,  
And to her lowted low;  
`To meete with thee I hold it good hap,  
If thou wilt not say noe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.4  
\N1 Then he put his hand around her waste,  
Soe small, so tight, and trim,  
And after sought her lip to taste,  
And she to kissed him.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.5  
\N1 `Where dost thou dwell, my prettie maide?  
I prithee tell to me;'  
`I am a tanner\'s daughter,' she said,  
`John Hobbes of Barneslee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.6  
\N1 `And whither goest thou, pretty maide?  
Shall I be thy true love?'  
`If thou art not afeard,' she said,  
`My true love thou shalt prove.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.7  
\N1 `What should I feare?' then he replied;  
`I am thy true love now;'  
`I have two brethren, and their pride  
Would scorn such one as thou.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.8  
\N1 `That will we try,' quoth Robin Hood;  
`I was not made their scorne;  
Ile shed my blood to doe the<e] good,  
As sure as they were borne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.9  
\N1 `My brothers are proude and f+ierce and strong;'  
`I am,' said he, 'The same,  
And if they offer thee to wrong,  
Theyle f+inde Ile play their game.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.10  
\N1 `Through the free forrest I can run,  
The king may not controll;  
They are but barking tanners\' sons,  
To me they shall pay toll.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.11  
\N1 `And if not mine be sheepe and kine,  
I have cattle on my land;  
On venison eche day I may dine,  
Whiles they have none in hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.12  
\N1 These wordes had Robin Hood scarce spoke,  
When they two men did see,  
Come riding till their horses smoke:  
`My brothers both,' cried shee.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.13  
\N1 Each had a good sword by his side,  
And furiouslie they rode  
To where they Robin Hood espied,  
That with the maiden stood.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.14  
\N1 `Flee hence, f+lee hence, away with speede!'  
Cried she to Robin Hood,  
`For if thou stay, thoulst surely bleede;  
I could not see thy blood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.15



\N1 `With us, false maiden, come away,  
And leave that outlawe bolde;  
Why f+ledst thou from thy home this day,  
And left thy father olde?'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.16  
\N1 Robin stept backe but paces f+ive,  
Unto a sturdie tree;  
`Ile f+ight whiles I am left alive;  
Stay thou, sweete maide, with mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.17  
\N1 He stood before, she stooede behinde,  
The brothers two drewe nie;  
`Our sister now to us resign,  
Or thou full sure shalt die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.18  
\N1 Then cried the maide, `My brethren deare,  
With ye Ile freely wend,  
But harm not this young forrester,  
Noe ill doth he pretend.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.19  
\N1 `Stande up, sweete maide, I plight my troth;  
Fall thou not on thy knee;  
Ile force thy cruell brothers both  
To bend the knee to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.20  
\N1 `Stand thou behinde this sturdie oke,  
I soone will quell their pride;  
Thoult see my sword with furie smoke,  
And in their hearts\' blood died.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.21  
\N1 He set his backe against a tree,  
His foote against a stone;  
The f+irst blow that he gave so free  
Cleft one man to the bone.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.22  
\N1 The tanners bold they fought right well,  
And it was one to two;  
But Robin did them both refell,  
All in the damsell\'s viewe.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.23  
\N1 The red blood ran from Robins brow,  
All downe unto his knee;  
`O holde your handes, my brethren now,  
I will goe backe with yee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.24  
\N1 `Stand backe, stand backe, my pretty maide,  
Stand backe and let me f+ight;  
By sweete St. James be no<t] afraide  
But I will it requite.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.25  
\N1 Then Robin did his sword uplift,  
And let it fall againe;  
The oldest brothers head it cleft,  
Right through unto his braine.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.26  
\N1 `O hold thy hand, bolde forrester,  
Or ill may thee betide;  
Slay not my youngest brother here,  
He is my father\'s pride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.27

\N1 `Away, for I would scorne to owe,  
My life to the<e], false maide!'  
The youngest cried, and aimed a blow  
That lit on Robin\'s head.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.28  
\N1 Then Robin leand against the tree,  
His life nie gone did seeme;  
His eyes did swim, he could not see  
The maiden start betweene.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.29  
\N1 It was not long ere Robin Hood  
Could welde his sword so bright;  
Upon his feete he firmly stood,  
And did renew the fight.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.30  
\N1 Untill the tanner scarce could heave  
His weapon in the aire;  
But Robin would not him bereave  
Of life, and left him there.  
\SBALLADS Child 8C.31  
\N1 Then to the greenewood did he fly,  
And with him went the maide;  
For him she vovd that she would dye,  
He\'d live for her, he said.  
\LBALLADS Child 9A.1  
\N1 IT was a knight in Scotland borne  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.1r  
\N1 Follow, my love, come over the strand  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.1  
\N2 Was taken prisoner, and left forlorne,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.1r  
\N2 Even by the good Earle of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.2  
\N1 Then was he cast in prison strong,  
Where he could not walke nor lie along,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.2r  
\N2 Even by the goode Earle of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.3  
\N1 And as in sorrow thus he lay,  
The Earle\'s sweete daughter walkt that way,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.3r  
\N2 And she the faire flower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.4  
\N1 And passing by, like an angell bright,  
The prisoner had of her a sight,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.4r  
\N2 And she the faire flower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.5  
\N1 And loud to her this knight did crie,  
The salt teares standing in his eye,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.5r  
\N2 And she the faire flower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.6  
\N1 `Faire lady,' he said, 'Take pity on me,  
And let me not in prison dye,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.6r  
\N2 And you the faire flower of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.7  
\N1 `Faire Sir, how should I take pity on thee,  
Thou being a foe to our country,

\SBALLADS Child 9A.7r  
\N2 And I the faire f+lower of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.8  
\N1 `Faire lady, I am no foe,' he said,  
`Through thy sweet love heere was I stayd,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.8r  
\N2 For thee, the faire f+lower of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.9  
\N1 `Why shouldst thou come heere for love of me,  
Having wife and children in thy countrie?  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.9r  
\N2 And I the faire f+lower of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.10  
\N1 `I sweare by the blessed Trinitie,  
I have no wife nor children, I,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.10r  
\N2 Nor dwelling at home in merrie Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.11  
\N1 `If curteously you will set me free,  
I vow that I will marrie thee,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.11r  
\N2 So soone as I come in faire Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.12  
\N1 `Thou shalt be a lady of castles and towers,  
And sit like a queene in princely bowers,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.12r  
\N2 When I am at home in faire Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.13  
\N1 Then parted hence this lady gay,  
And got her father\'s ring away,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.13r  
\N2 To helpe this sad knight into faire Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.14  
\N1 Likewise much gold she got by sleight,  
And all to help this forlorne knight  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.14r  
\N2 To wend from her father to faire Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.15  
\N1 Two gallant steedes, both good and able,  
She likewise tooke out of the stable,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.15r  
\N2 To ride with this knight into faire Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.16  
\N1 And to the jaylor she sent this ring,  
The knight from prison forth to bring,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.16r  
\N2 To wend with her into faire Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.17  
\N1 This token set the prisoner free,  
Who straight went to this faire lady,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.17r  
\N2 To wend with her into faire Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.18  
\N1 A gallant steede he did bestride,  
And with the lady away did ride,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.18r  
\N2 And she the faire f+lower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.19  
\N1 They rode till they came to a water cleare:  
`Good Sir, how should I follow you heere,

\SBALLADS Child 9A.19r  
\N2 And I the faire f+lower of Northumberland?  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.20  
\N1 `The water is rough and wonderfull deepe,  
An<d] on my saddle I shall not keepe,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.20r  
\N2 And I the faire f+lower of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.21  
\N1 `Feare not the foord, faire lady,' quoth he,  
`For long I cannot stay for thee,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.21r  
\N2 And thou the faire f+lower of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.22  
\N1 The lady prickt her wanton steed,  
And over the river swom with speede,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.22r  
\N2 And she the faire f+lower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.23  
\N1 From top to toe all wet was shee:  
`This have I done for love of thee,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.23r  
\N2 And I the faire f+lower of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.24  
\N1 Thus rode she all one winter\'s night,  
Till Edenborow they saw in sight,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.24r  
\N2 The chiefest towne in all Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.25  
\N1 `Now chuse,' quoth he, 'Thou wanton f+lower,  
Whe\'r thou wilt be my paramour,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.25r  
\N2 Or get thee home to Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.26  
\N1 `For I have wife, and children f+ive,  
In Edenborow they be alive;  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.26r  
\N2 Then get thee home to faire England.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.27  
\N1 `This favour shalt thou have to boote,  
Ile have thy horse, go thou on foote,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.27r  
\N2 Go, get thee home to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.28  
\N1 `O false and faithlesse knight,' quoth shee,  
`And canst thou deale so bad with me,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.28r  
\N2 And I the faire f+lower of Northumberland?  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.29  
\N1 `Dishonour not a ladie\'s name,  
But draw thy sword and end my shame,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.29r  
\N2 And I the faire f+lower of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.30  
\N1 He tooke her from her stately steed,  
And left her there in extreme need,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.30r  
\N2 And she the faire f+lower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.31  
\N1 Then sate she downe full heavily;  
At length two knights came riding by,

\SBALLADS Child 9A.31r  
\N2 Two gallant knights of faire England.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.32  
\N1 She fell downe humbly on her knee,  
Saying, `Courteous knights, take pittie on me,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.32r  
\N2 And I the faire f+lower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.33  
\N1 `I have offended my father deere,  
And by a false knight that brought me heere,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.33r  
\N2 From the good Earle of Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.34  
\N1 They tooke her up behind them then,  
And brought her to her father\'s againe,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.34r  
\N2 And he the good Earle of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.35  
\N1 All you faire maidens be warned by me,  
Scots were never true, nor never will be,  
\SBALLADS Child 9A.35r  
\N2 To lord, nor lady, nor faire England.  
\LBALLADS Child 9B.1  
\N1 THE provost\'s daughter went out a walking,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.1r  
\N1 A may\'s love whiles is easy won  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.1  
\N2 She heard a poor prisoner making his moan,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.1r  
\N2 And she was the fair f+lower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.2  
\N1 `If any lady would borrow me  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.2r  
\N1 Out into the prison strong,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.2  
\N2 I would make her a lady of high degree,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.2r  
\N2 For I am a great lord in fair Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.3  
\N1 She\'s done her to her father\'s bed-stock,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.3r  
\N1 A may\'s love whiles is easy won  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.3  
\N2 She\'s stolen the keyso many braw lock,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.3r  
\N2 And she\'s loosd him out o the prison strong.  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.4  
\N1 She\'s done her to her father\'s stable,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.4r  
\N1 A may\'s love whiles is easy won  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.4  
\N2 She\'s taen out a steed that was both swift and able,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.4r  
\N2 To carry them both to fair Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.5  
\N1 O when they came to the Scottish cross,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.5r  
\N1 A may\'s whiles is easy won  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.5  
\N2 `Ye brazen-faced whore, light off o my horse,

\SBALLADS Child 9B.5r  
\N2 And go get you back to Northumberland!'  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.6  
\N1 O when they came to the Scottish moor,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.6r  
\N1 A may\'s love whiles is easy won  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.6  
\N2 `Get off o my horse, you\'re a brazen-faced whore,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.6r  
\N2 So go get you back to Northumberland!'  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.7  
\N1 `O pity on me, O pity,' said she,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.7r  
\N1 `O that my love was so easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.7  
\N2 Have pity on me as I had upon thee,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.7r  
\N2 When I loosd you out of the prison strong.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.8  
\N1 `O how can I have pity on thee?  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.8r  
\N1 O why was your love so easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.8  
\N2 When I have a wife and children three  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.8r  
\N2 More worthy than a\' Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.9  
\N1 `Cook in your kitchen I will be,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.9r  
\N1 O that my love was so easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.9  
\N2 And serve your lady most reverently,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.9r  
\N2 For I darena go back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.10  
\N1 `Cook in my kitchen you shall not be,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.10r  
\N1 Why was your love so easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.10  
\N2 For I will have no such servants as thee,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.10r  
\N2 So get you back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.11  
\N1 But laith was he the lassie to tyne,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.11r  
\N1 A may\'s love whiles is easy won  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.11  
\N2 He\'s hired an old horse and feed an old man,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.11r  
\N2 To carry her back to Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.12  
\N1 O when she came her father before,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.12r  
\N1 A may\'s love whiles is easy won  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.12  
\N2 She fell down on her knees so low  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.12r  
\N2 For she was the fair f+lower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.13  
\N1 `O daughter, O daughter, why was ye so bold,

\SBALLADS Child 9B.13r  
\N1 Or why was your love so easy won,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.13  
\N2 To be a Scottish whore in your f+fifteen year old?  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.13r  
\N2 And you the fair f+lower of Northumberland!'  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.14  
\N1 Her mother she gently on her did smile,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.14r  
\N1 O that her love was so easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.14  
\N2 `She is not the f+irst that the Scotts have beguild,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.14r  
\N2 But she\'s still the fair f+lower of Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.15  
\N1 `She shanna want gold, she shanna want fee,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.15r  
\N1 Altho that her love was so easy won,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.15  
\N2 She shanna want gold to gain a man wi,  
\SBALLADS Child 9B.15r  
\N2 And she\'s still the fair f+lower of Northumberland.'  
\LBALLADS Child 9C.1  
\N1 AS I went by a jail-house door,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.1r  
\N1 Maid\'s love whiles is easy won  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.1  
\N2 I saw a prisoner standing there,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.1r  
\N2 `I wish I were home in fair Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.2  
\N1 `Fair maid, will you pity me?  
Ye\'ll steal the keys, let me gae free:  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.2r  
\N2 I\'ll make you my lady in fair Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.3  
\N1 `I\'m sure you have no need of me,  
For ye have a wife and bairns three,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.3r  
\N2 That lives at home in fair Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.4  
\N1 He swore by him that was crownd with thorn,  
That he never had a wife since the day he was born,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.4r  
\N2 But livd a free lord in fair Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.5  
\N1 She went unto her father\'s bed-head,  
She\'s stown the key o mony a lock,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.5r  
\N2 She\'s let him out o prison strong.  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.6  
\N1 She\'s went to her father\'s stable,  
She\'s stown a steed baith wight and able,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.6r  
\N2 To carry them on to fair Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.7  
\N1 They rode till they came to a muir,  
He bade her light aff, they\'d call her a whore,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.7r  
\N2 If she didna return to Northumberland.

\SBALLADS Child 9C.8  
\N1 They rode till they came to a moss,  
He bade her light aff her father\'s best horse,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.8r  
\N2 And return her again to Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.9  
\N1 `I\'m sure I have no need of thee,  
When I have a wife and bairns three,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.9r  
\N2 That lives at home in fair Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.10  
\N1 `I\'ll be cook in your kitchen,  
And serve your lady handsomelie,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.10r  
\N2 For I darena gae back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.11  
\N1 `Ye cannot be cook in my kitchen,  
My lady cannot fa sic servants as thee,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.11r  
\N2 So ye\'ll return again to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.12  
\N1 When she went thro her father\'s ha,  
She looted her low amongst them a',  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.12r  
\N2 She was the fair f+lower o Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.13  
\N1 Out spake her father, he spake bold,  
`How could ye be a whore in f+fifteen years old,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.13r  
\N2 And you the f+lower of Northumberland?'  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.14  
\N1 Out spake her mother, she spake wi a smile,  
`She\'s nae the f+irst his coat did beguile,  
\SBALLADS Child 9C.14r  
\N2 Ye\'re welcome again to Northumberland.'  
\LBALLADS Child 9D.1  
\N1 SHE\R\'rS gane down to her father\'s stable,  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.1r  
\N1 O my dear, and my love that she wan  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.1  
\N2 She\'s taen out a black steed baith sturdy and able,  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.1r  
\N2 And she\'s away to fair Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.2  
\N1 When they came to Scotland bridge,  
`Light off, you whore, from my black steed,  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.2r  
\N2 And go your ways back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.3  
\N1 `O take me by the body so meek,  
And throw me in the water so deep,  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.3r  
\N2 For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.4  
\N1 `I\'ll no take thee by the body so meek,  
Nor throw thee in the water so deep;  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.4r  
\N2 Thou may go thy ways back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9D.5  
\N1 `Take me by the body so small,



And throw me in yon bonny mill-dam,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9D.5r  
 \N2 For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 9E.1  
 \N1 A BAILIFF\R\'rS fair daughter, she lived by the Aln,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.1r  
 \N1 A young maid\'s love is easily won  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.1  
 \N2 She heard a poor prisoner making his moan,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.1r  
 \N2 And she was the f+lower of Northumberland.  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.2  
 \N1 `If ye could love me, as I do love thee,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.2r  
 \N1 A young maid\'s love is hard to win  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.2  
 \N2 I\'ll make you a lady of high degree,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.2r  
 \N2 When once we go down to fair Scotland.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.3  
 \N1 To think of the prisoner her heart was sore,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.3r  
 \N1 A young maid\'s love is easily won  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.3  
 \N2 Her love it was much, but her pity was more,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.3r  
 \N2 And she, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.4  
 \N1 She stole from her father\'s pillow the key,  
 And out of the dungeon she soon set him free,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.4r  
 \N2 And she, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.5  
 \N1 She led him into her father\'s stable,  
 And they\'ve taken a steed both gallant and able,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.5r  
 \N2 To carry them down to fair Scotland.  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.6  
 \N1 When they f+irst took the way, it was darling and dear;  
 As forward they fared, all changed was his cheer,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.6r  
 \N2 And she, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.7  
 \N1 They rode till they came to a fair Scottish corse;  
 Says he, `Now, pray madam, dismount from my horse,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.7r  
 \N2 And go get you back to Northumberland.  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.8  
 \N1 `It bef+its not to ride with a leman light,  
 When awaits my returning my own lady bright,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.8r  
 \N2 My own wedded wife in fair Scotland.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.9  
 \N1 The words that he said on her fond heart smote,  
 She knew not in sooth if she lived or not,  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.9r  
 \N2 And she, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 9E.10  
 \N1 She looked to his face, and it kythed so unkind  
 That her fast coming tears soon rendered her blind,

\SBALLADS Child 9E.10r  
\N2 And she, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.11  
\N1 `Have pity on me as I had it on thee,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.11r  
\N1 O why was my love so easily won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.11  
\N2 A slave in your kitchen I\'m willing to be,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.11r  
\N2 But I may not go back to Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.12  
\N1 `Or carry me up by the middle sae sma,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.12r  
\N1 O why was my love so easily won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.12  
\N2 And f+ling me headlong from your high castle wa,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.12r  
\N2 For I dare not go back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.13  
\N1 Her wailing, her woe, for nothing they went,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.13r  
\N1 A young maid\'s love is easily won  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.13  
\N2 His bosom was stone and he would not relent,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.13r  
\N2 And she, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.14  
\N1 He turned him around and he thought of a plan,  
He bought an old horse and he hired an old man,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.14r  
\N2 To carry her back to Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.15  
\N1 A heavy heart makes a weary way,  
She reached her home in the evening gray,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.15r  
\N2 And she, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.16  
\N1 And all as she stood at her father\'s tower-gate,  
More loud beat her heart than her knock thereat,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.16r  
\N2 And she, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.17  
\N1 Down came her step-dame, so rugged and doure,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.17r  
\N1 O why was your love so easily won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.17  
\N2 `In Scotland go back to your false paramour,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.17r  
\N2 For you shall not stay here in Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.18  
\N1 Down came her father, he saw her and smiled,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.18r  
\N1 A young maid\'s love is easily won  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.18  
\N2 `You are not the f+irst that false Scots have beguiled,  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.18r  
\N2 And ye\'re aye welcome back to Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9E.19  
\N1 `You shall not want houses, you shall not want land,  
You shall not want gold for to gain a husband,

\SBALLADS Child 9E.19r  
\N2 And ye\'re aye welcome back to Northumberland.'  
\LBALLADS Child 9[F.1]  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\N1 She stole the keys from her father\'s bed-head,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.1r]  
\N1 O but her love it was easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.1]  
\N2 She opened the gates, she opened them wide,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.1r]  
\N2 She let him out o the prison strong.  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.2]  
\N1 She went into her father\'s stable,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.2r]  
\N1 O but her love it was easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.2]  
\N2 She stole a steed that was both stout and strong,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.2r]  
\N2 To carry him hame frae Northumberland.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.3]  
\N1 `I\'ll be cook in your kitchen,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.3r]  
\N1 Noo sure my love has been easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.3]  
\N2 I\'ll serve your own lady with hat an with hand,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.3r]  
\N2 For I daurna gae back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.4]  
\N1 `I need nae cook in my kitchin,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.4r]  
\N1 O but your love it was easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.4]  
\N2 Ye\'ll serve not my lady with hat or with hand,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.4r]  
\N2 For ye maun gae back to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.5]  
\N1 When she gaed hame, how her father did ban!  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.5r]  
\N1 `O but your love it was easy won!  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.5]  
\N2 A fair Scottish girl, not sixteen years old,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[F.5r]  
\N2 Was once the fair f+lower o Northumberland!'  
\LBALLADS Child 9[G.1]  
\N1 `Why, fair maid, have pity on me,'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.1r]  
\N1 Waly\'s my love wi the life that she wan  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.1]  
\N2 `For I am bound in prison strong,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.1r]  
\N2 And under the heir o Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.2]  
\N1 `How can I have pity on thee,'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.2r]  
\N1 Waly\'s my love, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.2]  
\N2 `When thou hast a wife and children three,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.2r]  
\N2 All dwelling at home in fair Scotland?'

\SBALLADS Child 9[G.3]  
\N1 Now he has sworn a solemn oath,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.3r]  
\N1 An it was by eternity,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.3]  
\N2 That wife and children he had none,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.3r]  
\N2 All dwelling at home in fair Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.4]  
\N1 Now she\'s gone to her father\'s bedstock,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.4r]  
\N1 Waly\'s my love, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.4]  
\N2 And has stolen the key of the dungeon-lock,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.4r]  
\N2 And she the great heir o Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.5]  
\N1 And she\'s gone to her father\'s chest,  
She has stolen away a suit of the best,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.5r]  
\N2 Altho she was heir o Northumberland.  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.6]  
\N1 Now she\'s gone to her father\'s coffer,  
And has taen out gold nane kens how meickle,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.6r]  
\N2 Altho she, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.7]  
\N1 She\'s gane to her father\'s stable,  
And taen out a steed baith lusty and able,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.7r]  
\N2 For a\' she was heir, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.8]  
\N1 The rade till they came to Crafurdmoor,  
He bade her light down for an English whore,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.8r]  
\N2 Altho she, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.9]  
\N1 The rade till the came to the water o Clyde,  
He bade her light down, nae farer she should ride,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.9r]  
\N2 `For now I am at hame in fair Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.10]  
\N1 `Yonder view my castle,' said he;  
`There I hae a wife and children three,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.10r]  
\N2 All dwelling at home,' etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.11]  
\N1 `O take me by the middle sae sma  
And thro me oer your castle-wa,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.11r]  
\N2 For I darena gang hame to Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.12]  
\N1 When she came to her father\'s yett,  
She durst hardly rapp thereat,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.12r]  
\N2 Altho she was, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.13]  
\N1 Out then spoke her stepmother sour,  
She bad her pack off for an impudent whore,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.13r]

\N2 `For thou shalt not be heir o Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.14]  
\N1 Out then spock her bastard brother;  
`She`'ll hae nae mair grace than God has gien her,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.14r]  
\N2 And she shall be heir o Northumberland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.15]  
\N1 Out and spoke her father sae mild,  
`She`'s no the f+irst maid a false Scot has beguild,  
\SBALLADS Child 9[G.15r]  
\N2 And she shall be,' etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 10A.1  
\N1 THERE were two sisters, they went playing,  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.1r  
\N1 With a hie downe downe a downe-a  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.1  
\N2 To see their father`'s ships come sayling in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.1r  
\N2 With a hy downe downe a downe-a  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.2  
\N1 And when they came unto the sea-brym,  
The elder did push the younger in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.3  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, take me by the gowne,  
And drawe me up upon the dry ground.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.4  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, that may not bee,  
Till salt and oatmeale grow both of a tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.5  
\N1 Somtymes she sanke, somtymes she swam,  
Until she came unto the mill-dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.6  
\N1 The miller runne hastily downe the cliffe,  
And up he betook her withouten her life.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.7  
\N1 What did he doe with her brest-bone?  
He made him a violll to play thereupon.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.8  
\N1 What did he doe with her f+ingers so small?  
He made him peggs to his violll withall.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.9  
\N1 What did he doe with her nose-ridge?  
Unto his violll he made him a bridge.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.10  
\N1 What did he doe with her veynes so blew?  
He made him strings to his violll thereto.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.11  
\N1 What did he doe with her eyes so bright?  
Upon his violll he played at f+irst sight.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.12  
\N1 What did he doe with her tongue so rough?  
Unto the violll it spake enough.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.13  
\N1 What did he doe with her two shinnes?  
Unto the violll they danc`'d Moll Syms.  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.14  
\N1 Then bespake the treble string,  
`O yonder is my father the king.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.15  
\N1 Then bespake the second string,

`O yonder sitts my mother the queen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.16  
\N1 And then bespake the strings all three,  
`O yonder is my sister that drowned mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10A.17  
\N1 `Now pay the miller for his payne,  
And let him bee gone in the divel\'s name.'  
\LBALLADS Child 10B.1  
\N1 THERE was twa sisters in a bowr,  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.1r  
\N1 Edinburgh, Edinburgh  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.1  
\N2 There was twa sisters in a bowr,  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.1r  
\N2 Stirling for ay  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.1  
\N3 There was twa sisters in a bowr,  
There came a knight to be their wooer.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.1r  
\N3 Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.2  
\N1 He courted the eldest wi glove an ring,  
But he lovd the youngest above a\' thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.3  
\N1 He courted the eldest wi brotch an knife,  
But lovd the youngest as his life.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.4  
\N1 The eldest she was vexed sair,  
An much envi\'d her sister fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.5  
\N1 Into her bowr she could not rest,  
Wi grief an spite she almos brast.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.6  
\N1 Upon a morning fair an clear,  
She cried upon her sister dear:  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.7  
\N1 `O sister, come to yon sea stran,  
An see our father\'s ships come to lan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.8  
\N1 She\'s taen her by the milk-white han,  
An led her down to yon sea stran.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.9  
\N1 The younges<t] stood upon a stane,  
The eldest came an threw her in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.10  
\N1 She tooke her by the middle sma,  
An dashd her bonny back to the jaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.11  
\N1 `O sister, sister, tak my han,  
An Ise mack you heir to a\' my lan.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.12  
\N1 `O sister, sister, tak my middle,  
An yes get my goud and my gouden girdle.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.13  
\N1 `O sister, sister, save my life,  
\N2 An I swear Ise never be nae man\'s wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.14  
\N1 `Foul fa the han that I should tacke,  
It twin\'d me an my wardles make.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.15

\N1 `Your cherry cheeks an yallow hair  
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.16  
\N1 Sometimes she sank, an sometimes she swam,  
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.17  
\N1 O out it came the miller\'s son,  
An saw the fair maid swimmin in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.18  
\N1 `O father, father, draw your dam,  
Here\'s either a mermaid or a swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.19  
\N1 The miller quickly drew the dam,  
An there he found a drownd woman.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.20  
\N1 You coudna see her yallow hair  
For gold and pearle that were so rare.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.21  
\N1 You coudna see her middle sma  
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.22  
\N1 You coudna see her f+ingers white,  
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.23  
\N1 An by there came a harper f+ine,  
That harped to the king at dine.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.24  
\N1 When he did look that lady upon,  
He sighd and made a heavy moan.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.25  
\N1 He\'s taen three locks o her yallow hair,  
An wi them strung his harp sae fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.26  
\N1 The f+irst tune he did play and sing,  
Was, `Farewell to my father the king.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.27  
\N1 The nextin tune that he playd syne,  
Was, `Farewell to my mother the queen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10B.28  
\N1 The lasten tune that he playd then,  
Was, `Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'  
\LBALLADS Child 10C.1  
\N1 THERE were two sisters sat in a bour;  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.1r  
\N1 Binnorie, O Binnorie  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.1  
\N2 There came a knight to be their wooer.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.1r  
\N2 By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.2  
\N1 He courted the eldest with glove and ring,  
But he loed the youngest aboon a\' thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.3  
\N1 He courted the eldest with broach and knife,  
But he loed the youngest aboon his life.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.4  
\N1 The eldest she was vexed sair,  
And sore envied her sister fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.5  
\N1 The eldest said to the youngest ane,

`Will ye go and see our father\'s ships come in?'  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.6  
\N1 She\'s taen her by the lilly hand,  
And led her down to the river strand.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.7  
\N1 The youngest stude upon a stane,  
The eldest came and pushed her in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.8  
\N1 She took her by the middle sma,  
And dashed her bonnie back to the jaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.9  
\N1 `O sister, sister, reach your hand,  
And ye shall be heir of half my land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.10  
\N1 `O sister, I\'ll not reach my hand,  
And I\'ll be heir of all your land.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.11  
\N1 `Shame fa the hand that I should take,  
It\'s twin\'d me and my world\'s make.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.12  
\N1 `O sister, reach me but your glove,  
And sweet William shall be your love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.13  
\N1 `Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove,  
And sweet William shall better be my love.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.14  
\N1 `Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair  
Garrd me gang maiden evermair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.15  
\N1 Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,  
Until she came to the miller\'s dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.16  
\N1 `O father, father, draw your dam,  
There\'s either a mermaid or a milk-white swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.17  
\N1 The miller hasted and drew his dam,  
And there he found a drowned woman.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.18  
\N1 You could not see her yellow hair,  
For gowd and pearls that were sae rare.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.19  
\N1 You could na see her middle sma,  
Her gowden girdle was sae bra.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.20  
\N1 A famous harper passing by,  
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.21  
\N1 And when he looked that ladye on,  
He sighed and made a heavy moan.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.22  
\N1 He made a harp of her breast-bone,  
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.23  
\N1 The strings he framed of her yellow hair,  
Whose notes made sad the listening ear.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.24  
\N1 He brought it to her father\'s hall,  
And there was the court assembled all.  
\SBALLADS Child 10C.25  
\N1 He laid this harp upon a stone,



And straight it began to play alone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10C.26  
 \N1 `O yonder sits my father, the king,  
 And yonder sits my mother, the queen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10C.27  
 \N1 `And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
 And by him my William, sweet and true.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10C.28  
 \N1 But the last tune that the harp playd then,  
 Was `Woe to my sister, false Helen!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 10D.1  
 \N1 THERE lived three sisters in a bouer,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.1r  
 \N1 Edinbruch, Edinbruch  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.1  
 \N2 There lived three sisters in a bouer,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.1r  
 \N2 Stirling for aye  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.1  
 \N3 There lived three sisters in a bouer,  
 The youngest was the sweetest f+lowr.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.1r  
 \N3 Bonnie St Johnston stands upon Tay  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.2  
 \N1 There cam a knight to see them a\  
 And on the youngest his love did fa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.3  
 \N1 He brought the eldest ring and glove,  
 But the youngest was his ain true-love.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.4  
 \N1 He brought the second sheath and knife,  
 But the youngest was to be his wife.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.5  
 \N1 The eldest sister said to the youngest ane,  
 `Will ye go and see our father\'s ships come in?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.6  
 \N1 And as they walked by the linn,  
 The eldest dang the youngest in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.7  
 \N1 `O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
 And ye\'ll be heir to a\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.8  
 \N1 `Foul fa the hand that I wad take,  
 To twin me o my warld\'s make.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.9  
 \N1 `O sister, sister, tak my glove,  
 And yese get Willie, my true-love.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.10  
 \N1 `Sister, sister, I\'ll na tak your glove,  
 For I\'ll get Willie, your true-love.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.11  
 \N1 Aye she swittert, and aye she swam,  
 Till she cam to yon bonnie mill-dam.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.12  
 \N1 The miller\'s dochter cam out wi speed,  
 It was for water, to bake her bread.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10D.13  
 \N1 `O father, father, gae slack your dam;  
 There\'s in\  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 10D.14  
\N1 They could na see her coal-black eyes  
For her yellow locks hang oure her breees.  
\SBALLADS Child 10D.15  
\N1 They could na see her weel-made middle  
For her braid gowden girdle.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 10D.16  
\N1 And by there cam an auld blind f+iddler,  
And took three tets o her bonnie yellow hair.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 10D.17  
\N1 The f+irst spring that the bonnie f+iddle playd,  
`Hang my cruel sister, Alison,' it said.  
\LBALLADS Child 10E.1  
\N1 THERE livd twa sisters in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.1r  
\N1 Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch!  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.1  
\N2 There lived twa sisters in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.1r  
\N2 Stirling for aye!  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.1  
\N3 The youngest o them O she was a f+lower!  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.1r  
\N3 Bonny Sanct Johnstoune that stands upon Tay!  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.2  
\N1 There cam a squire frae the west,  
He loed them baith, but the youngest best.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.3  
\N1 He gied the eldest a gay gold ring,  
But he loed the youngest aboon a\' thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.4  
\N1 `O sister, sister, will ye go to the sea?  
Our father\'s ships sail bonnilie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.5  
\N1 The youngest sat down upon a stane;  
The eldest shot the youngest in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.6  
\N1 `O sister, sister, lend me your hand,  
And you shall hae my gouden fan.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.7  
\N1 `O sister, sister, save my life,  
And ye shall be the squire\'s wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.8  
\N1 First she sank, and then she swam,  
Untill she cam to Tweed mill-dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.9  
\N1 The millar\'s daughter was baking bread,  
She went for water, as she had need.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.10  
\N1 `O father, father, in our mill-dam  
There\'s either a lady, or a milk-white swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.11  
\N1 They could nae see her f+ingers small,  
Wi diamond rings they were coverd all.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.12  
\N1 They could nae see her yellow hair,  
Sae mony knots and platts were there.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.13

\N1 They could nae see her lilly feet,  
Her gowden fringes war sae deep.  
\SBALLADS Child 10E.14  
\N1 Bye there cam a f+iddler fair,  
And he\'s taen three taitis o her yellow hair.  
\LBALLADS Child 10F.1  
\N1 THERE was two ladies livd in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.1r  
\N1 Hey with a gay and a grinding O  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.1  
\N2 The youngest o them was the fairest f+lower  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.1r  
\N2 About a\' the bonny bows o London.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.2  
\N1 There was two ladies livd in a bower,  
An wooer unto the youngest did go.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.3  
\N1 The oldest one to the youngest did say,  
'Will ye take a walk with me today,  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.3r  
\N2 And we\'ll view the bonny bows o London.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.4  
\N1 'Thou\'ll set thy foot whare I set mine,  
Thou\'ll set thy foot upon this stane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.5  
\N1 'I\'ll set my foot where thou sets thine:'  
The old sister dang the youngest in,  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.5r  
\N2 At, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.6  
\N1 'O sister dear, come tak my hand,  
Take my life safe to dry land,'  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.6r  
\N2 At, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.7  
\N1 'It\'s neer by my hand thy hand sall come in,  
It\'s neer by my hand thy hand sall come in,  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.7r  
\N2 At, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.8  
\N1 'It\'s thy cherry cheeks and thy white briest bane  
Gars me set a maid owre lang at hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.9  
\N1 She clasped her hand<s] about a brume rute,  
But her cruel sister she lowsed them out.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.10  
\N1 Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,  
Till she cam to the miller\'s dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.11  
\N1 The miller\'s bairns has muckle need,  
They were bearing in water to bake some breid.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.12  
\N1 Says, 'Father, dear father, in our mill-dam,  
It\'s either a fair maid or a milk-white swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.13  
\N1 The miller he\'s spared nae his hose nor his shoon  
Till he brocht this lady till dry land.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.14  
\N1 I wad he saw na a bit o her feet,  
Her silver slippers were made so neat.

\SBALLADS Child 10F.15  
\N1 I wad he saw na a bit o her skin,  
For ribbons there was mony a ane.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.16  
\N1 He laid her on a brume buss to dry,  
To see wha was the f+irst wad pass her by.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.17  
\N1 Her ain father\'s herd was the f+irst man  
That by this lady gay did gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.18  
\N1 He\'s taen three links of her yellow hair,  
And made it a string to his f+iddle there.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.19  
\N1 He\'s cut her f+ingers long and small  
To be f+iddle-pins that neer might fail.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.20  
\N1 The very f+irst spring that the f+iddle did play,  
'Hang my auld sister,' I wad it did say.  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.21  
\N1 'For she drowned me in yonder sea,  
God neer let her rest till she shall die,'  
\SBALLADS Child 10F.21r  
\N2 At the bonny bows o London.  
\LBALLADS Child 10G.1  
\N1 THERE were three sisters lived in a bouir,  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.1r  
\N1 Hech, hey, my Nannie O  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.1  
\N2 And the youngest was the fairest f+louir.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.1r  
\N2 And the swan swims bonnie O  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.2  
\N1 'O sister, sister, gang down to yon sand,  
And see your father\'s ships coming to dry land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.3  
\N1 O they have gane down to yonder sand,  
To see their father\'s ships coming to dry land.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.4  
\N1 'Gae set your f+it on yonder stane,  
Till I tye up your silken gown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.5  
\N1 She set her f+it on yonder stane,  
And the auldest drave the youngest in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.6  
\N1 'O sister, sister, tak me by the hand,  
And ye\'ll get a\' my father\'s land.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.7  
\N1 'O sister, sister, tak me by the gluve,  
An ye\'ll get Willy, my true luve.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.8  
\N1 She had a switch into her hand,  
And ay she drave her frae the land.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.9  
\N1 O whiles she sunk, and whiles she swam,  
Until she swam to the miller\'s dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.10  
\N1 The miller\'s daughter gade doun to Tweed,  
To carry water to bake her bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.11  
\N1 'O father, O father, what\'s yon in the dam?

It\'s either a maid or a milk-white swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.12  
\N1 They have tane her out till yonder thorn,  
And she has lain till Monday morn.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.13  
\N1 She hadna, hadna twa days lain,  
Till by there came a harper f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 10G.14  
\N1 He made a harp o her breast-bane,  
That he might play forever thereon.  
\LBALLADS Child 10H.1  
\N1 THERE were three sisters lived in a hall,  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.1r  
\N1 Hey with the gay and the grandeur O  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.1  
\N2 And there came a lord to court them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.1r  
\N2 At the bonnie bows o London town.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.2  
\N1 He courted the eldest with a penknife,  
And he vowed that he would take her life.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.3  
\N1 He courted the youngest with a glove,  
And he said that he\'d be her true love.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.4  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, will you go and take a walk,  
And see our father\'s ships how they f+loat?  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.5  
\N1 `O lean your foot upon the stone,  
And wash your hand in that sea-foam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.6  
\N1 She leaned her foot upon the stone,  
But her eldest sister has tumbled her down.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.7  
\N1 `O sister, sister, give me your hand,  
And I\'ll make you lady of all my land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.8  
\N1 `O I\'ll not lend to you my hand,  
But I\'ll be lady of your land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.9  
\N1 `O sister, sister, give me your glove,  
And I\'ll make you lady of my true love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.10  
\N1 `It\'s I\'ll not lend to you my glove,  
But I\'ll be lady of your true love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.11  
\N1 Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,  
Until she came to a miller\'s dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.12  
\N1 The miller\'s daughter was coming out wi speed,  
For water for to bake some bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.13  
\N1 `O father, father, stop the dam,  
For it\'s either a lady or a milk-white swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.14  
\N1 He dragged her out unto the shore,  
And stripped her of all she wore.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.15  
\N1 By cam a f+iddler, and he was fair,  
And he buskit his bow in her bonnie yellow hair.

\N1 By cam her father\'s harper, and he was f+ine,  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.16

And he made a harp o her bonny breast-bone.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.17

\N1 When they came to her father\'s court,  
The harp [and f+iddle these words] spoke:  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.18

\N1 `O God bless my father the king,  
And I wish the same to my mother the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 10H.19

\N1 `My sister Jane she tumbled me in,

. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 10I.1

\N1 THERE war twa sisters lived in a bouer,  
\SBALLADS Child 10I.1r

\N1 Binnorie and Binnorie  
\SBALLADS Child 10I.1

\N2 There cam a squire to court them baith.  
\SBALLADS Child 10I.1r

\N2 At the bonnie mill-streams o Binnorie  
\SBALLADS Child 10I.2

\N1 He courted the eldest with Jewels and rings,  
But he lovd the youngest the best of all things.  
\SBALLADS Child 10I.3

\N1 He courted the eldest with a penknife,  
He lovd the youngest as dear as his life.

\SBALLADS Child 10I.4

\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
That these twa sisters hae gane astray.

\SBALLADS Child 10I.5

\N1 It was for to meet their father\'s ships that had come in.

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 10I.6

\N1 As they walked up the linn,  
The eldest dang the youngest in.

\SBALLADS Child 10I.7

\N1 `O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
And ye\'ll hae Lud John and aw his land.'

\SBALLADS Child 10I.8

\N1 With a silver wand she pushd her in,

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 10I.9

\N1 `O sister, sister, tak my glove,  
And ye sall hae my ain true love.'

\SBALLADS Child 10I.10

\N1 The miller\'s dochter cam out wi speed.  
It was for a water to bake her bread.

\SBALLADS Child 10I.11

\N1 `O father, father, gae slack your dam;  
There\'s either a white f+ish or a swan.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 10I.12

\N1 Bye cam a blind f+iddler that way,  
And he took three tets o her bonnie yellow hair.

\SBALLADS Child 10I.13

\N1 And the f+irst spring that he playd,  
It said, `It was my sister threw me in.'

\LBALLADS Child 10J.1

\N1 THERE were two ladies playing ball,

\SBALLADS Child 10J.1r  
\N1 Hey, ho, my Nannie O  
\SBALLADS Child 10J.1  
\N2 A great lord came to court them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 10J.1r  
\N2 The swan she does swim bonnie O  
\SBALLADS Child 10J.2  
\N1 He gave to the f+irst a golden ring,  
He gave to the second a far better thing.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 10J.3  
\N1 He made a harp of her breast-bone  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 10J.4  
\N1 He set it down upon a stone,  
And it began to play its lone.  
\LBALLADS Child 10K.1  
\N1 `O SISTER, sister, gie me your hand,  
\SBALLADS Child 10K.1r  
\N1 Binnorie and Binnorie  
\SBALLADS Child 10K.1  
\N2 And I\'ll give the half of my fallow-land,  
\SBALLADS Child 10K.1r  
\N2 By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 10K.2  
\N1 The f+irst time the bonnie f+iddle played,  
`Hang my sister, Alison,' it said,  
\SBALLADS Child 10K.2r  
\N2 `At the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 10L.1  
\N1 O WAS it eke a pheasant cock,  
Or eke a pheasant hen,  
Or was it the bodye of a fair ladye,  
Come swimming down the stream?  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.2  
\N1 O it was not a pheasant cock,  
Nor eke a pheasant hen,  
But it was the bodye of a fair ladye  
Came swimming down the stream.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.3  
\N1 And what did he do with her fair bodye?  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.3r  
\N1 Fal the lal the lal lalal lody  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.3  
\N2 He made it a case for his melodye.  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.3r  
\N2 Fal, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.4  
\N1 And what did he do with her legs so strong?  
He made them a stand for his violon.  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.5  
\N1 And what did he do with her hair so f+ine?  
He made of it strings for his violine.  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.6  
\N1 And what did he do with her arms so long?  
He made them bows for his violon.  
\SBALLADS Child 10L.7  
\N1 And what did he do with her nose so thin?

He made it a bridge for his violin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10L.8  
 \N1 And what did he do with her eyes so bright?  
 He made them spectacles to put to his sight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10L.9  
 \N1 And what did he do with her petty toes?  
 He made them a nosegay to put to his nose.  
 \LBALLADS Child 10M.1  
 \N1 THERE lived twa sisters in yonder ha,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.1r  
 \N1 Bin'orie O an Bin'orie  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.1  
 \N2 They hadna but ae lad atween them twa,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.1r  
 \N2 He\'s the bonnie miller lad o Bin'orie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.2  
 \N1 It fell oot upon a day,  
 The auldest ane to the youngest did say,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.2r  
 \N2 At the bonnie mill-dams o Bin'orie,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.3  
 \N1 `O sister, O sister, will ye go to the dams,  
 To hear the blackbird thrashin oer his songs?  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.3r  
 \N2 At the, ' etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.4  
 \N1 `O sister, O sister, will ye go to the dams,  
 To see oor father\'s f+ish-boats come safe to dry lan?  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.4r  
 \N2 An the bonnie miller lad o Binorie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.5  
 \N1 They hadna been an oor at the dams,  
 Till they heard the blackbird thrashin oer his tune,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.5r  
 \N2 At the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.6  
 \N1 They hadna been an oor at the dams  
 Till they saw their father\'s f+ish-boats come safe to dry lan,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.6r  
 \N2 Bat they sawna the bonnie miller laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.7  
 \N1 They stood baith up upon a stane,  
 An the eldest ane dang the youngest in,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.7r  
 \N2 I the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.8  
 \N1 She swam up, an she swam doon,  
 An she swam back to her sister again,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.8r  
 \N2 I the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.9  
 \N1 `O sister, O sister, len me your han,  
 An yes be heir to my true love,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.9r  
 \N2 He\'s the bonnie miller lad o Binorie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.10  
 \N1 `It was not for that love at I dang you in,  
 But ye was fair and I was din,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10M.10r  
 \N2 And yes droon i the dams o Binorie.'



\SBALLADS Child 10M.11  
\N1 The miller\'s daughter she cam oot,  
For water to wash her father\'s hans,  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.11r  
\N2 Frae the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.12  
\N1 `O father, O father, ye will f+ish your dams,  
An ye\'ll get a white f+ish or a swan,  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.12r  
\N2 I the, \' etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.13  
\N1 They f+ished up and they f+ished doon,  
But they got nothing but a droonet woman,  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.13r  
\N2 I the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.14  
\N1 Some o them kent by her skin sae fair,  
But weel kent he by her bonnie yallow hair  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.14r  
\N2 She\'s the bonnie miller\'s lass o Binorie.  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.15  
\N1 Some o them kent by her goons o silk,  
But weel kent he by her middle sae jimp,  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.15r  
\N2 She\'s the bonnie miller\'s lass o Binorie.  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.16  
\N1 Mony ane was at her oot-takin,  
But mony ane mair at her green grave makin,  
\SBALLADS Child 10M.16r  
\N2 At the bonny mill-dams o Binorie.  
\LBALLADS Child 10N.1  
\N1 THERE were twa sisters livd in a bouir,  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.1r  
\N1 Binnorie, O Binnorie  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.1  
\N2 Their father was a baron of pour.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.1r  
\N2 By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.2  
\N1 The youngest was meek, and fair as the may  
Whan she springs in the east wi the gowden day.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.3  
\N1 The eldest austerne as the winter cauld,  
Ferce was her saul, and her seiming was bauld.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.4  
\N1 A gallant squire can sweet Isabel to wooe;  
Her sister had naething to luvie I trow.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.5  
\N1 But f+illd was she wi dolour and ire,  
To see that to her the comlie squire  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.6  
\N1 Preferd the debonair Isabel:  
Their hevin of luvie of spyte was her hell.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.7  
\N1 Till ae ein she to her sister can say,  
'Sweit sister, cum let us wauk and play.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.8  
\N1 They wauked up, and they wauked down,  
Sweit sang the birdis in the vallyie loun.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.9

\N1 Whan they cam to the roaring lin,  
She drave unweiting Isabel in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.10  
\N1 `O sister, sister, tak my hand,  
And ye sall hae my silver fan.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.11  
\N1 `O sister, sister, tak my middle,  
And ye sall hae my gowden girdle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.12  
\N1 Sumtimes she sank, sumtimes she swam,  
Till she cam to the miller\'s dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.13  
\N1 The miller\'s dochtor was out that ein,  
And saw her rowing down the streim.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.14  
\N1 `O father deir, in your mil-dam  
There is either a lady or a milk-white swan!'  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.15  
\N1 Twa days were gane, whan to her deir  
Her wraith at deid of nicht cold appeir.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.16  
\N1 `My luve, my deir, how can ye sleip,  
Whan your Isabel lyes in the deip!  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.17  
\N1 `My deir, how can ye sleip bot pain  
Whan she by her cruel sister is slain!'  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.18  
\N1 Up raise he sune, in frichtfu mude:  
`Busk ye, my meiny, and seik the f+lude.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.19  
\N1 They socht her up and they socht her doun,  
And spyd at last her glisterin gown.  
\SBALLADS Child 10N.20  
\N1 They raisd her wi richt meidle care;  
Pale was her cheik and grein was her hair.  
\LBALLADS Child 100.1  
\N1 THERE were twa sisters in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 100.1r  
\N1 Hey wi the gay and the grinding  
\SBALLADS Child 100.1  
\N2 And ae king\'s son has courted them baith.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.1r  
\N2 At the bonny bonny bows o London  
\SBALLADS Child 100.2  
\N1 He courted the youngest wi broach and ring,  
He courted the eldest wi some other thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.3  
\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
The eldest to the youngest did say,  
\SBALLADS Child 100.4  
\N1 `Will ye gae to yon Tweed mill-dam,  
And see our father\'s ships come to land?'  
\SBALLADS Child 100.5  
\N1 They baith stood up upon a stane,  
The eldest dang the youngest in.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.6  
\N1 She swimmid up, sae did she down,  
Till she came to the Tweed mill-dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.7  
\N1 The miller\'s servant he came out,

And saw the lady f+loating about.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.8  
\N1 `O master, master, set your mill,  
There is a f+ish, or a milk-white swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100.9  
\N1 They could not ken her yellow hair,  
[For] the scales o gowd that were laid there.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.10  
\N1 They could not ken her f+ingers sae white,  
The rings o gowd they were sae bright.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.11  
\N1 They could not ken her middle sae jimp,  
The stays o gowd were so well laced.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.12  
\N1 They could not ken her foot sae fair,  
The shoes o gowd they were so rare.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.13  
\N1 Her father\'s f+iddler he came by,  
Upstarted her ghaist before his eye.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.14  
\N1 `Ye\'ll take a lock o my yellow hair,  
Ye\'ll make a string to your f+iddle there.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.15  
\N1 `Ye\'ll take a lith o my little f+inger bane,  
And ye\'ll make a pin to your f+iddle then.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100.16  
\N1 He\'s taen a lock o her yellow hair,  
And made a string to his f+iddle there.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.17  
\N1 He\'s taen a lith o her little f+inger bane,  
And he\'s made a pin to his f+iddle then.  
\SBALLADS Child 100.18  
\N1 The f+irstand spring the f+iddle did play,  
Said, `Ye\'ll drown my sister, as she\'s dune me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 10P.1  
\N1 THERE were twa ladies in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.1r  
\N1 Hey my bonnie Nannie O  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.1  
\N2 The old was black and the young ane fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.1r  
\N2 And the swan swims bonnie O  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.2  
\N1 Once it happened on a day  
The auld ane to the young did say,  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.3  
\N1 The auld ane to the young did say,  
'Will you gae to the green and play?'  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.4  
\N1 `O sister, sister, I daurna gang,  
For fear I f+ile my silver shoon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.5  
\N1 It was not to the green they gaed,  
But it was to the water of Tweed.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.6  
\N1 She bowed her back and she\'s taen her on,  
And she\'s tumbled her in Tweed mill-dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.7  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, O tak my hand,  
And I\'ll mak you heir of a\' my land.'

\SBALLADS Child 10P.8  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, I\'ll no take your hand,  
And I\'ll be heir of a\' your land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.9  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, O tak my thumb,  
And I\'ll give you my true-love John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.10  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, I\'ll no tak your thumb,  
And I will get your true-love John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.11  
\N1 Aye she swattered and aye she swam,  
Until she came to the mouth of the dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.12  
\N1 The miller\'s daughter went out to Tweed,  
To get some water to bake her bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.13  
\N1 In again she quickly ran:  
`Here\'s a lady or a swan in our mill-dam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.14  
\N1 Out went the miller and his man  
And took the lady out of the dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.15  
\N1 They laid her on the brae to dry;  
Her father\'s f+iddler then rode by.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.16  
\N1 When he this lady did come near,  
Her ghost to him then did appear.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.17  
\N1 `When you go to my father the king,  
You\'ll tell him to burn my sister Jean.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.18  
\N1 `When you go to my father\'s gate,  
You\'ll play a spring for fair Ellen\'s sake.  
\SBALLADS Child 10P.19  
\N1 `You\'ll tak three links of my yellow hair,  
And play a spring for evermair.'  
\LBALLADS Child 10Q.1  
\N1 THERE dwelt twa sisters in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.1r  
\N1 Oh and ohone, and ohone and aree!  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.1  
\N2 And the youngest she was the fairest f+lower.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.1r  
\N2 On the banks of the Banna, ohone and aree!  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.2  
\N1 There cam a knight to court the twa,  
But on the youngest his love did fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.3  
\N1 He courted the eldest with ring and wi glove,  
But he gave the youngest all his love.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.4  
\N1 He courted the eldest with brooch and wi knife,  
But he loved the youngest as his life.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.5  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, will ye come to the stream,  
To see our father\'s ships come in?'  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.6  
\N1 The youngest stood upon a stane,  
Her sister came and pusht her in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.7

\N1 `O sister, O sister, come reach me your hand,  
And ye shall hae all our father\'s land.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.8  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, come reach me your glove,  
And you shall hae William to be your true love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.9  
\N1 `I did not put you in with the design  
Just for to pull you out again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.10  
\N1 Some time she sank, some time she swam,  
Until she came to a miller\'s dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.11  
\N1 The miller\'s daughter dwelt on the Tweed,  
She went for water to bake her bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.12  
\N1 `O faither, faither, come drag me your dam,  
For there\'s aither a lady in\'t, or a milk-white swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.13  
\N1 The miller went, and he dragd his dam,  
And he brought her fair body to lan.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.14  
\N1 They couldna see her waist sae sma  
For the goud and silk about it a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.15  
\N1 They couldna see her yallow hair  
For the pearls and jewels that were there.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.16  
\N1 Then up and spak her ghaist sae green,  
'Do ye no ken the king\'s dochter Jean?  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.17  
\N1 `Tak my respects to my father the king,  
And likewise to my mother the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.18  
\N1 `Tak my respects to my true love William,  
Tell him I deid for the love of him.  
\SBALLADS Child 10Q.19  
\N1 `Carry him a lock of my yallow hair,  
To bind his heart for evermair.'  
\LBALLADS Child 10R.1  
\N1 THERE was a king of the north countree,  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.1r  
\N1 Bow down, bow down, bow down  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.1  
\N2 There was a king of the north countree,  
And he had daughters one, two, three.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.1r  
\N2 I\'ll be true to my love, and my love\'ll be true to me  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.2  
\N1 To the eldest he gave a beaver hat,  
And the youngest she thought much of that.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.3  
\N1 To the youngest he gave a gay gold chain,  
And the eldest she thought much of the same.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.4  
\N1 These sisters were walking on the bryn,  
And the elder pushed the younger in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.5  
\N1 `Oh sister, oh sister, oh lend me your hand,  
And I will give you both houses and land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.6

\N1 `I`ll neither give you my hand nor glove,  
Unless you give me your true love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.7  
\N1 Away she sank, away she swam,  
Until she came to a miller`s dam.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.8  
\N1 The miller and daughter stood at the door,  
And watched her floating down the shore.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.9  
\N1 `Oh father, oh father, I see a white swan,  
Or else it is a fair woman.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.10  
\N1 The miller he took up his long crook,  
And the maiden up from the stream he took.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.11  
\N1 `I`ll give to thee this gay gold chain,  
If you`ll take me back to my father again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.12  
\N1 The miller he took the gay gold chain,  
And he pushed her into the water again.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.13  
\N1 The miller was hanged on his high gate  
For drowning our poor sister Kate.  
\SBALLADS Child 10R.14  
\N1 The cat`s behind the buttery shelf,  
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself.  
\LBALLADS Child 10S.1  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\N1 `O FATHER, father, swims a swan,'  
This story I`ll vent to thee  
`O father, father, swims a swan,  
Unless it be some dead woman.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10S.1r  
\N1 I`ll prove true to my true love,  
If my love prove true to me  
\SBALLADS Child 10S.2  
\N1 The miller he held out his long fish hook,  
And hooked this fair maid from the brook.  
\SBALLADS Child 10S.3  
\N1 She offered the miller a gold ring stane  
To throw her into the river again.  
\SBALLADS Child 10S.4  
\N1 Down she sunk, and away she swam,  
Until she came to her father`s brook.  
\SBALLADS Child 10S.5  
\N1 The miller was hung at his mill-gate,  
For drowning of my sister Kate.  
\LBALLADS Child 10T.1  
\N1 `R`S`rISTER, dear sister, where shall we go play?'  
\SBALLADS Child 10T.1r  
\N1 Cold blows the wind, and the wind blows low  
\SBALLADS Child 10T.1  
\N2 `We shall go to the salt sea`s brim.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10T.1r  
\N2 And the wind blows cheerily around us, high ho  
\LBALLADS Child 10U.1  
\N1 THERE was a man lived in the mist,  
\SBALLADS Child 10U.1r  
\N1 Bow down, bow down  
\SBALLADS Child 10U.1

\N2 He loved his youngest daughter best.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10U.1r  
 \N2 The bow is bent to me,  
 So you be true to your own true love,  
 And I\'ll be true to thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10U.2  
 \N1 These two sisters went out to swim;  
 The oldest pushed the youngest in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10U.3  
 \N1 First she sank and then she swam,  
 First she sank and then she swam.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10U.4  
 \N1 The miller, with his rake and hook,  
 He caught her by the petticoat.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 10[V.1]  
 \N1 There dwelt twa sisters in a bower,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.1r]  
 \N1 Benorie, O Benorie  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.1]  
 \N2 The youngest o them was the fairest f+lower.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.1r]  
 \N2 In the merry milldams o Benorie  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.2]  
 \N1 There cam a wooer them to woo,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.3]  
 \N1 He\'s gien the eldest o them a broach and a real,  
 Because that she loved her sister weel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.3r]  
 \N2 At etc.'p  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.4]  
 \N1 He\'s gien the eldest a gay penknife,  
 He loved the youngest as dear as his life.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.4r]  
 \N2 At etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.5]  
 \N1 `O sister, O sister, will ye go oer yon glen,  
 And see my father\'s ships coming in?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.5r]  
 \N2 At etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.6]  
 \N1 `O sister dear, I darena gang,  
 Because I\'m feard ye throw me in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.6r]  
 \N2 The etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.7]  
 \N1 `O set your foot on yon sea stane,  
 And was yeer hands in the sea foam.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.7r]  
 \N2 At etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.8]  
 \N1 She set her foot on yon sea stane,  
 To wash her hands in the sea foam.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.8r]  
 \N2 At etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[V.9]  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 But the eldest has thrown the youngest in.

\SBALLADS Child 10[V.9r]  
\N2 The etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.10]  
\N1 `O sister, O sister, lend me your hand,  
And ye\'se get William and a\' his land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.10r]  
\N2 At etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.11]  
\N1 The miller\'s daughter cam out clad in red,  
Seeking water to bake her bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.11r]  
\N2 At etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.12]  
\N1 `O father, O father, gae f+ish yeer mill-dam,  
There\'s either a lady or a milk-<white] swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.12r]  
\N2 In etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.13]  
\N1 The miller cam out wi his lang cleek,  
And he cleekit the lady out by the feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.13r]  
\N2 From the bonny milldam, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.14]  
\N1 Ye wadna kend her pretty feet,  
The American leather was sae neat.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.14r]  
\N2 In etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.15]  
\N1 Ye wadna kend her pretty legs,  
The silken stockings were so neat tied.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.15r]  
\N2 In etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.16]  
\N1 Ye wadna kend her pretty waist,  
The silken stays were sae neatly laced.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.16r]  
\N2 In etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.17]  
\N1 Ye wadna kend her pretty face,  
It was sae prettily preend oer wi lace.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.17r]  
\N2 In etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.18]  
\N1 Ye wadna kend her yellow hair,  
It was sae besmeared wi dust and glar.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.18r]  
\N2 In etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.19]  
\N1 By cam her father\'s f+iddler f+ine,  
And that lady\'s spirit spake to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.19r]  
\N2 From etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.20]  
\N1 She bad him take three taits o her hair,  
And make them three strings to his f+iddle sae rare.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.20r]  
\N2 At etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.21]  
\N1 `Take two of my f+ingers, sae lang and sae white,  
And make them pins to your f+iddle sae neat.'



\SBALLADS Child 10[V.21r]  
\N2 At etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.22]  
\N1 The ae f+irst spring that the f+iddle played  
Was, Cursed be Sir John, my ain true-love.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.22r]  
\N2 At etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.23]  
\N1 The next spring that the f+iddle playd  
Was, Burn burd Hellen, she threw me in.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[V.23r]  
\N2 The etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 10[W.1]  
\N1 Ther were three ladies playing at the ba,  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.1r]  
\N1 Norham, down by Norham  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.1]  
\N2 And there cam a knight to view them a\  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.1r]  
\N2 By the bonnie mill-dams o Norham  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.2]  
\N1 He courted the aldest wi diamonds and rings,  
But he loved the youngest abune a\  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.3]  
\N1 `Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your hand,  
And pull my poor body unto dry land.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.4]  
\N1 `Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your glove,  
And you shall have my own true love!'  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.5]  
\N1 Oot cam the miller\  
's daughter upon Tweed,  
To carry in water to bake her bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.6]  
\N1 `Oh father, oh father, there\  
's a f+ish in your dam;  
It either is a lady or a milk-white swan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.7]  
\N1 Oot cam the miller\  
's man upon Tweed,  
And there he spied a lady lying dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.8]  
\N1 He could not catch her by the waist,  
For her silken stays they were tight laced.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.9]  
\N1 But he did catch her by the hand,  
And pulled her poor body unto dry land.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.10]  
\N1 He took three taets o her bonnie yellow hair,  
To make harp strings they were so rare.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[W.11]  
\N1 The very f+irst tune that the bonnie harp played  
Was The aldest has cuisten the youngest away.  
\LBALLADS Child 10[X.1]  
\N1 I see a lady in the dam,  
\SBALLADS Child 10[X.1r]  
\N1 Binnorie, oh Binnorie  
\SBALLADS Child 10[X.1]  
\N2 She shenes as sweet as ony swan.  
\SBALLADS Child 10[X.1r]  
\N2 I the bonny milldams o Binnorie  
\LBALLADS Child 10[Y.1]

\N1 There was a king lived in the North Country,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.1r]  
 \N1 Hey down down dery down  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.1]  
 \N2 There was a king lived in the North Country,  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.1r]  
 \N2 And the bough it was bent to me  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.1]  
 \N3 There was a king lived in the North Country,  
 And he had daughters one, two, three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.1r]  
 \N3 I\'ll prove true to my love,  
 If my love will prove true to me.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.2]  
 \N2 He gave the eldest a gay gold ring,  
 But he gave the younger a better thing.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.3]  
 \N1 He bought the younger a beaver hat;  
 The eldest she thought much of that.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.4]  
 \N1 `Oh sister, oh sister, let us go run,  
 To see the ships come sailing along!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.5]  
 \N1 And when they got to the sea-side brim,  
 The eldest pushed the younger in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.6]  
 \N1 `Oh sister, oh sister, lend me your hand,  
 I\'ll make you heir of my house and land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.7]  
 \N1 `I\'ll neither lend you my hand nor my glove,  
 Unless you grant me your true-love.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.8]  
 \N1 Then down she sunk and away she swam,  
 Untill she came to the miller\'s mill-dam.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.9]  
 \N1 The miller\'s daughter sat at the mill-door,  
 As fair as never was seen before.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.10]  
 \N1 `Oh father, oh father, there swims a swan,  
 Or else the body of a dead woman.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.11]  
 \N1 The miller he ran with his fishing hook,  
 To pull the fair maid out o the brook.  
 \SBALLADS Child 10[Y.12]  
 \N1 `Wee\'ll hang the miller upon the mill-gate,  
 For drowning of my sister Kate.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 11A.1  
 \N1 THERE was three ladies playd at the ba,  
 \SBALLADS Child 11A.1r  
 \N1 With a hey ho and a lillie gay  
 \SBALLADS Child 11A.1  
 \N2 There came a knight and played oer them a\  
 \SBALLADS Child 11A.1r  
 \N2 As the primrose spreads so sweetly  
 \SBALLADS Child 11A.2  
 \N1 The eldest was baith tall and fair,  
 But the youngest was beyond compare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11A.3  
 \N1 The midmost had a graceful mien,

But the youngest lookd like beautie\'s queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.4  
\N1 The knight bowd low to a\' the three,  
But to the youngest he bent his knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.5  
\N1 The ladie turned her head aside,  
The knight he woo\'d her to be his bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.6  
\N1 The ladie blushd a rosy red,  
And sayd, `Sir knight, I\'m too young to wed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.7  
\N1 `O ladie fair, give me your hand,  
And I\'ll make you ladie of a\' my land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.8  
\N1 `Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,  
You maun get consent frae a\' my kin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.9  
\N1 He\'s got consent frae her parents dear,  
And likewise frae her sisters fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.10  
\N1 He\'s got consent frae her kin each one,  
But forgot to spiek to her brother John.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.11  
\N1 Now, when the wedding day was come,  
The knight would take his bonny bride home.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.12  
\N1 And many a lord and many a knight  
Came to behold that ladie bright.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.13  
\N1 And there was nae man that did her see,  
But wishd himself bridegroom to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.14  
\N1 Her father dear led her down the stair,  
And her sisters twain they kissd her there.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.15  
\N1 Her mother dear led her thro the closs,  
And her brother John set her on her horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.16  
\N1 She leand her oer the saddle-bow,  
To give him a kiss ere she did go.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.17  
\N1 He has taen a knife, baith lang and sharp,  
And stabbd that bonny bride to the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.18  
\N1 She hadno ridden half thro the town,  
Until her heart\'s blude staid her gown.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.19  
\N1 `Ride softly on,' says the best young man,  
`For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.20  
\N1 `O lead me gently up yon hill,  
And I\'ll there sit down, and make my will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.21  
\N1 `O what will you leave to your father dear?'  
`The silver-shod steed that brought me here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.22  
\N1 `What will you leave to your mother dear?'  
`My velvet pall and my silken gear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.23  
\N1 `What will you leave your sister Anne?'

`My silken scarf and my gowden fan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.24  
`What will you leave to your sister Grace?'  
My bloody cloaths to wash and dress.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.25  
\N1 `What will you leave to your brother John?'  
`The gallows-tree to hang him on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.26  
\N1 `What will you leave to your brother John\'s wife?'  
`The wilderness to end her life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.27  
\N1 This ladie fair in her grave was laid,  
And many a mass was oer her said.  
\SBALLADS Child 11A.28  
\N1 But it would have made your heart right sair,  
To see the bridegroom rive his haire.  
\LBALLADS Child 11B.1  
\N1 A GENTLEMAN cam oure the sea,  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.1r  
\N1 Fine f+lowers in the valley  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.1  
\N2 And he has courted ladies three.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.1r  
\N2 With the light green and the yellow  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.2  
\N1 One o them was clad in red:  
He asked if she wad be his bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.3  
\N1 One o them was clad in green:  
He asked if she wad be his queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.4  
\N1 The last o them was clad in white:  
He asked if she wad be his heart\'s delight.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.5  
\N1 `Ye may ga ask my father, the king:  
Sae maun ye ask my mither, the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.6  
\N1 `Sae maun ye ask my sister Anne:  
And dinna forget my brither John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.7  
\N1 He has asked her father, the king:  
And sae did he her mither, the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.8  
\N1 And he has asked her sister Anne:  
But he has forgot her brother John.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.9  
\N1 Her father led her through the ha,  
Her mither danced afore them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.10  
\N1 Her sister Anne led her through the closs,  
Her brither John set her on her horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.11  
\N1 It\'s then he drew a little penknife,  
And he reft the fair maid o her life.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.12  
\N1 `Ride up, ride up,' said the foremost man;  
`I think our bride comes hooly on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.13  
\N1 `Ride up, ride up,' said the second man;  
`I think our bride looks pale and wan.'

\SBALLADS Child 11B.14  
\N1 Up than cam the gay bridegroom,  
And straucht unto the bride he cam.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.15  
\N1 `Does your side-saddle sit awry?  
Or does your steed . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.16  
\N1 `Or does the rain run in your glove?  
Or wad ye chuse anither love?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.17  
\N1 `The rain runs not in my glove,  
Nor will I e\'er chuse anither love.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.18  
\N1 `But O an I war at Saint Evron\'s well,  
There I wad licht, and drink my f+ill!  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.19  
\N1 `Oh an I war at Saint Evron\'s closs,  
There I wad licht, and bait my horse!'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.20  
\N1 Whan she cam to Saint Evron\'s well,  
She dought na licht to drink her f+ill.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.21  
\N1 Whan she cam to Saint Evron\'s closs,  
The bonny bride fell aff her horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.22  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your father, the king?'  
`The milk-white steed that I ride on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.23  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your mother, the queen?'  
\N1 `The bluidy robes that I have on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.24  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your sister Anne?'  
`My gude lord, to be wedded on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.25  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your brither John?'  
`The gallows pin to hang him on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.26  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your brither\'s wife?'  
`Grief and sorrow a\' the days o her life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.27  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your brither\'s bairns?'  
`The meal-pock to hang oure the arms.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11B.28  
\N1 Now does she neither sigh nor groan:  
She lies aneath yon marble stone.  
\LBALLADS Child 11C.1  
\N1 THERE waur three ladies in a ha,  
\SBALLADS Child 11C.1r  
\N1 Hech hey an the lily gey  
\SBALLADS Child 11C.1  
\N2 By cam a knicht, an he wooed them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 11C.1r  
\N2 An the rose is aye the redder aye  
\SBALLADS Child 11C.2  
\N1 The f+irst ane she was cled in green;  
`Will you fancy me, an be my queen?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11C.3  
\N1 `You may seek me frae my father dear,  
An frae my mither, wha did me bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 11C.4

\N1 `You may seek me frae my sister Anne,  
 But no, no, no frae my brither John.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.5  
 \N1 The niest ane she was cled in yellow;  
 `Will you fancy me, an be my marrow?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.6  
 \N1 `Ye may seek me frae my father dear,  
 An frae my mither, wha did me bear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.7  
 \N1 `Ye may seek me frae my sister Anne,  
 But no, no, no frae my brither John.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.8  
 \N1 The niest ane she was cled in red:  
 `Will ye fancy me, an be my bride?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.9  
 \N1 `Ye may seek me frae my father dear,  
 An frae my mither wha did me bear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.10  
 \N1 `Ye may seek me frae my sister Anne,  
 An dinna forget my brither John.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.11  
 \N1 He socht her frae her father, the king,  
 An he socht her frae her mither, the queen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.12  
 \N1 He socht her frae her sister Anne,  
 But he forgot her brither John.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.13  
 \N1 Her mither she put on her gown,  
 An her sister Anne preened the ribbons doun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.14  
 \N1 Her father led her doon the close,  
 An her brither John set her on her horse.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.15  
 \N1 Up an spak our foremost man:  
 `I think our bonnie bride\'s pale an wan.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.16  
 \N1 `What will ye leave to your father dear?'  
 `My . . . . . an my . . . . . chair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.17  
 \N1 `What will ye leave to your mither dear?'  
 `My silken screen I was wont to wear.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.18  
 \N1 `What will ye leave to your sister Anne?'  
 `My silken snood an my golden fan.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11C.19  
 \N1 `What will you leave to your brither John?'  
 `The gallows tree to hang him on.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 11D.1  
 \N1 THERE were three ladies playing at ball,  
 \SBALLADS Child 11D.1r  
 \N1 Farin-dan-dan and farin-dan-dee  
 \SBALLADS Child 11D.1  
 \N2 There came a white knight, and he wooed them all.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11D.1r  
 \N2 With adieu, sweet honey, wherever you be  
 \SBALLADS Child 11D.2  
 \N1 He courted the eldest with golden rings,  
 And the others with many f+ine things.

\SBALLADS Child 11D.2r  
\N2 And adieu, etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 11E  
\N1 THERE were three sisters playin at the ba,  
\SBALLADS Child 11E.r  
\N1 Wi a hech hey an a lillie gay  
\SBALLADS Child 11E  
\N2 There cam a knicht an lockt ower the wa\  
\SBALLADS Child 11E.r  
\N2 An the primrose springs sae sweetly.  
Sing Annet, an Marret, an fair Maisrie,  
An the dew hangs i the wood, gay ladie.  
\LBALLADS Child 11F.1  
\N1 THERE did three knights come from the west,  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.1r  
\N1 With the high and the lily oh  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.1  
\N2 And these three knights courted one lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.1r  
\N2 As the rose was so sweetly blown  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.2  
\N1 The f+irst knight came was all in white,  
And asked of her, if she\'d be his delight.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.3  
\N1 The next knight came was all in green,  
And asked of her, if she\'d be his queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.4  
\N1 The third knight came was all in red,  
And asked of her, if she would wed.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.5  
\N1 `Then have you asked of my father dear,  
Likewise of her who did me bear?  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.6  
\N1 `And have you asked of my brother John?  
And also of my sister Anne?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.7  
\N1 `Yes, I have asked of your father dear,  
Likewise of her who did you bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.8  
\N1 `And I have asked of your sister Anne,  
But I\'ve not asked of your brother John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.9  
\N1 Far on the road as they rode along,  
There did they meet with her brother John.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.10  
\N1 She stooped low to kiss him sweet,  
He to her heart did a dagger meet.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.11  
\N1 `Ride on, ride on,' cried the serving man,  
`Methinks your bride she looks wondrous wan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.12  
\N1 `I wish I were on yonder stile,  
For there I would sit and bleed awhile.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.13  
\N1 `I wish I were on yonder hill,  
There I\'d alight and make my will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.14  
\N1 `What would you give to your father dear?'  
`The gallant steed which doth me bear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.15

\N1 `What would you give to your mother dear?'  
`My wedding shift which I do wear.  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.16  
\N1 `But she must wash it very clean,  
For my heart\'s blood sticks in evry seam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.17  
\N1 `What would you give to your sister Anne?'  
`My gay gold ring and my feathered fan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.18  
\N1 `What would you give to your brother John?'  
`A rope and gallows to hang him on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11F.19  
\N1 `What would you give to your brother John\'s wife?'  
`A widow\'s weeds, and a quiet life.'  
\LBALLADS Child 11G.1  
\N1 THERE was three ladys in a ha,  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.1r  
\N1 Fine f+lowers i the valley  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.1  
\N2 There came three lords amang them a\',  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.1r  
\N2 Wi the red, green , and the yellow  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.2  
\N1 The f+irst of them was clad in red:  
`O lady fair, will you be my bride?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.3  
\N1 The second of them was clad in green:  
`O lady fair, will you be my queen?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.4  
\N1 The third of them was clad in yellow:  
`O lady fair, will you be my marrow?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.5  
\N1 `You must ask my father dear,  
Likewise the mother that did me bear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.6  
\N1 `You must ask my sister Ann,  
And not forget my brother John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.7  
\N1 `I have askt thy father dear,  
Likewise thy mother that did thee bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.8  
\N1 `I have askt thy sister Ann,  
But I forgot thy brother John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.9  
\N1 Her father led her through the ha,  
Her mother dancd before them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.10  
\N1 Her sister Ann led her through the closs,  
Her brother John put her on her horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.11  
\N1 `You are high and I am low;  
Let me have a kiss before you go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.12  
\N1 She was louting down to kiss him sweet,  
Wi his penknife he wounded her deep.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.13  
\N1 `O lead me over into yon stile,  
That I may stop and braeth a while.  
\SBALLADS Child 11G.14



\N1 `O lead me over to yon stair,  
 For there I\'ll ly and bleed ne mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11G.15  
 \N1 `O what will you leave your father dear?'  
 `That milk-white steed that brought me here.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11G.16  
 \N1 `O what will you leave your mother dear?'  
 `The silken gown that I did wear.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11G.17  
 \N1 `What will you leave your sister Ann?'  
 `My silken snood and golden fan.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11G.18  
 \N1 `What will you leave your brother John?'  
 `The highest gallows to hang him on.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11G.19  
 \N1 `What will you leave your brother John\'s wife?'  
 `Grief and sorrow to end her life.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11G.20  
 \N1 `What will ye leave your brother John\'s bairns?'  
 `The world wide for them to range.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 11H.1  
 \N1 SHE louted down to gie a kiss,  
 \SBALLADS Child 11H.1r  
 \N1 With a hey and a lilly gay  
 \SBALLADS Child 11H.1  
 \N2 He stuck his penknife in her hass.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11H.1r  
 \N2 And the rose it smells so sweetly  
 \SBALLADS Child 11H.2  
 `Ride up, ride up,' cry\'d the foremost man;  
 `I think our bride looks pale and wan.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 11I.1  
 \N1 THERE war three bonnie boys playing at the ba,  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.1r  
 \N1 Hech hey and a lily gay  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.1  
 \N2 There cam three ladies to view them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.1r  
 \N2 And the rose it smells sae sweetlie  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.2  
 \N1 The f+irst ane was clad in red:  
 `O,' says he, 'ye maun be my bride.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.3  
 \N1 The next o them was clad in green:  
 `O,' says he, 'ye maun be my queen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.4  
 \N1 The tither o them was clad in yellow:  
 `O,' says he, 'ye maun be my marrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.5  
 \N1 `Ye maun gang to my father\'s bouer,  
 To see gin your bride he\'ll let me be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.6  
 \N1 Her father led her doun the stair,  
 Her mither at her back did bear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.7  
 \N1 Her sister Jess led her out the closs,  
 Her brother John set her on the horse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 11I.8  
 \N1 She loutit doun to gie him a kiss;  
 He struck his penknife thro her breist.

\SBALLADS Child 11I.9  
\N1 `Ride on, ride on,' says the foremaist man;  
`I think our bride looks pale and wan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.10  
\N1 `Ride on, ride on,' says the merry bride-groom;  
`I think my bride\'s blude is rinnin doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.11  
\N1 `O gin I war at yon bonnie hill,  
I wad lie doun and bleed my f+ill!  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.12  
\N1 `O gin I war at yon bonnie kirk-yard,  
I wad mak my testament there!'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.13  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your father dear?'  
`The milk-white steed that brocht me here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.14  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your mother dear?'  
`The bluidy robes that I do wear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.15  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your sister Ann?'  
`My silken snood and gowden fan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.16  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your sister Jess?'  
`The bonnie lad that I loe best.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.17  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your brother John?'  
`The gallows pin to hang him on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.18  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your brother John\'s wife?'  
`Sorrow and trouble a\' her life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11I.19  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your brother\'s bairns?'  
`The warld\'s wide, and let them beg.'  
\LBALLADS Child 11J.1  
\N1 THERE were three sisters playing ball,  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.1r  
\N1 With the high and the lily O  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.1  
\N2 And there came three knights to court them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.1r  
\N2 With the rosey sweet, heigh ho  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.2  
\N1 The eldest of them was drest in green:  
`I wish I had you to be my queen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.3  
\N1 The second of them was drest in red:  
`I wish I had you to grace my bed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.4  
\N1 The youngest of them was drest in white:  
`I wish I had you to be my wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.5  
\N1 `Did ye ask my father brave?  
Or did ye ask my mother fair?  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.6  
\N1 `Or did ye ask my brother John?  
For without his will I dare not move on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.7  
\N1 `I did ask your parents dear,  
But I did not see your brother John.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 11J.8  
\N1 `Ride on, ride on,' said the f+irst man,  
`For I fear the bride comes slowly on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.9  
\N1 `Ride on, ride on,' said the next man,  
`For lo! the bride she comes bleeding on.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.10  
\N1 `What will you leave your mother dear?'  
`My heart\'s best love for ever and aye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.11  
\N1 `What will ye leave your sister Anne?'  
`This wedding garment that I have on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.12  
\N1 `What will ye leave your brother John\'s wife?'  
`Grief and sorrow all the days of her life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.13  
\N1 `What will ye leave your brother John?'  
`The highest gallows to hang him on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11J.14  
\N1 `What will ye leave your brother John\'s son?'  
`The grace of God to make him a man.'  
\LBALLADS Child 11K.1  
\N1 THERE were three ladies playing at ball,  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.1r  
\N1 Gilliver, Gentle, and Rosemary  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.1  
\N2 There came three knights and looked over the wall.  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.1r  
\N2 Sing O the red rose and the white lilly  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.2  
\N1 The f+irst young knight, he was clothed in red,  
And he said, `Gentle lady, with me will you wed?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.3  
\N1 The second young knight, he was clothed in blue,  
And he said, `To my love I shall ever be true.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.4  
\N1 The third young knight, he was clothed in green,  
And he said, `Fairest maiden, will you be my queen?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.5  
\N1 The lady thus spoke to the knight in red,  
`With you, sir knight, I never can wed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.6  
\N1 The lady then spoke to the knight in blue,  
And she said, `Little faith I can have in you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.7  
\N1 The lady then spoke to the knight in green,  
And she said, `\'Tis at court you must seek for a queen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.8  
\N1 The three young knights then rode away,  
And the ladies they laughed, and went back to their play.  
\SBALLADS Child 11K.8r  
\N1 Singing, etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 11[L.1]  
\N1 There were three ladies playing at the ba,  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.1r]  
\N1 With a hey and a lilly gay  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.1]  
\N2 When the King o Fairies rode by them a\  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.1r]

\N2 And the roses they grow sweetlie  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.2]  
\N1 The foremost one was clad in blue;  
He askd at her if she\'d be his doo.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.3]  
\N1 The second of them was clad in red;  
He asked at her if she\'d be his bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.4]  
\N1 The next of them was clad in green;  
He askd at her if she\'d be his queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.5]  
\N1 `Go you ask at my father then,  
And you may ask at my mother then.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.6]  
\N1 `You may ask at my sister Ann,  
And not forget my brother John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.7]  
\N1 `O I have askd at your father then,  
And I have askd at your mother then.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.8]  
\N1 `And I have askd at your sister Ann,  
But I\'ve quite forgot your brother John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.9]  
\N1 Her father led her down the stair,  
Her mother combd down her yellow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.10]  
\N1 Her sister Ann led her to the cross,  
And her brother John set her on her horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.11]  
\N1 `Now you are high and I am low,  
Give me a kiss before ye go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.12]  
\N1 She\'s lootit down to gie him a kiss,  
He gave her a deep wound and didna miss.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.13]  
\N1 And with a penknife as sharp as a dart,  
And he has stabbit her to the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.14]  
\N1 `Ride up, ride up,' says the foremost man,  
`I think our bride looks pale an wan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.15]  
\N1 `Ride up, ride up,' says the middle man,  
`I see her heart\'s blude trinkling down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.16]  
\N1 `Ride on, ride,' says the Fairy King,  
`She will be dead lang ere we win hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.17]  
\N1 `O I wish I was at yonder cross,  
Where my brother John put me on my horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.18]  
\N1 `I wish I was at yonder thorn,  
I wad curse the day that ere I was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.19]  
\N1 `I wish I was at yon green hill,  
Then I wad sit and bleed my f+ill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.20]  
\N1 `What will you leave your father then?'  
`The milk-white steed that I ride on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.21]  
\N1 `What will you leave your mother then?'

`My silver Bible and my golden fan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.22]  
\N1 `What will ye leave your sister Ann?'  
`My good lord, to be married on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.23]  
\N1 `What will ye leave your sister Pegg?'  
`The world wide to go and beg.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.24]  
\N1 `What will you leave your brother John?'  
`The gallows-tree to hang him on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[L.25]  
\N1 `What will you leave your brother\'s wife?'  
`Grief and sorrow to end her life.'  
\LBALLADS Child 11[M.1]  
\N1 There was three ladies playing at the ba,  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.1r]  
\N1 With a hay and a lilly gay  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.1]  
\N2 A gentleman cam amang them a\  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.1r]  
\N2 And the roses grow sweet aye  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.2]  
\N1 The f+irst of them was clad in yellow,  
And he askd at her gin she\'d be his marrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.3]  
\N1 The next o them was clad in green;  
He askd at her gin she\'d be his queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.4]  
\N1 The last o them [was] clad in red;  
He askd at her gin she\'d be his bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.5]  
\N1 `Have ye asked at my father dear?  
Or have ye asked my mother dear?  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.6]  
\N1 `Have ye asked my sister Ann?  
Or have ye asked my brother John?'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.7]  
\N1 `I have asked yer father dear,  
And I have asked yer mother dear.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.8]  
\N1 `I have asked yer sister Ann,  
But I\'ve quite forgot your brother John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.9]  
\N1 Her father dear led her thro them a\  
Her mother dear led her thro the ha.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.10]  
\N1 Her sister Ann led her thro the closs,  
And her brother John stabbed her on her horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.11]  
\N1 `Ride up, ride up,' says the foremost man,  
`I think our bride looks pale and wan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.12]  
\N1 `Ride up,' cries the bonny bridegroom,  
`I think the bride be bleeding.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.13]  
\N1 `This is the bludy month of May,  
Me and my horse bleeds night and day.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.14]  
\N1 `O an I were at yon green hill,  
I wad ly down and bleed a while.

\SBALLADS Child 11[M.15]  
\N1 `O gin I was at yon red cross,  
I wad light down and corn my horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.16]  
\N1 `O an I were at yon kirk-style,  
I wad lye down and soon be weel.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.17]  
\N1 When she cam to yon green hill,  
Then she lay down and bled a while.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.18]  
\N1 And when she cam to yon red cross,  
Then she lighted and corned her horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.19]  
\N1 `What will ye leave your father dear?'  
`My milk-white steed, which cost me dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.20]  
\N1 `What will ye leave your mother dear?'  
`The bludy clothes that I do wear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.21]  
\N1 `What will ye leave your sister Ann?'  
`My silver bridle and my golden fan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.22]  
\N1 `What will ye leave your brother John?'  
`The gallows-tree to hang him on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.23]  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your sister Pegg?'  
`The wide world for to go and beg.'  
\SBALLADS Child 11[M.24]  
\N1 When she came to yon kirk-style,  
Then she lay down, and soon was weel.  
\LBALLADS Child 11[N.1]  
\N1 Then out bespak the foremost priest:  
\SBALLADS Child 11[N.1r]  
\N1 Wi a heigh ho and a lilly gay  
\SBALLADS Child 11[N.1]  
\N2 I think she\'s bleedin at the breast.  
\SBALLADS Child 11[N.1r]  
\N2 The f+lowers they spring so sweetly  
\LBALLADS Child 12A.1  
\N1 `O WHERE ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?  
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?'  
`I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.2  
\N1 `An what met ye there, Lord Randal, my son?  
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?'  
`O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m wearied wi huntin, an fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.3  
\N1 `And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?'  
`Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.4  
\N1 `And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?  
And wha gat your leavins, my handsom young man?'  
`My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.5  
`And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?

And what becam of them, my handsome young man?'  
`They stretched their legs out an died; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.6  
\N1 `O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!  
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!'  
`O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.7  
\N1 `What d\'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d\'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?'  
`Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.8  
\N1 `What d\'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d\'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?'  
`My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, an I fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.9  
\N1 `What d\'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d\'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?'  
`My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12A.10  
\N1 `What d\'ye leave to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?  
What d\'ye leave to your true-love, my handsome young man?'  
`I leave her hell and f+ire; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'  
\LBALLADS Child 12B.1  
\N1 `O WHARE hae ye been a\' day, Lord Donald, my son?  
O whare hae ye been a\' day, my jollie young man?'  
`I\'ve been awa courtin; mither, mak my bed sune,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12B.2  
\N1 `What wad ye hae for your supper, Lord Donald, my son?  
What wad ye hae for your supper, my jollie young man?'  
`I\'ve gotten my supper; mither, mak my bed sune,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12B.3  
\N1 `What did ye get for your supper, Lord Donald,my son?  
What did ye get for your supper, my jollie young man?'  
`A dish of sma f+ishes; mither mak my bed sune,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12B.4  
\N1 `Whare gat ye the f+ishes, Lord Donald, my son?  
Whare gat ye the f+ishes, my jollie young man?'  
`In my father\'s black ditches; mither, mak my bed sune,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12B.5  
\N1 `What like were your f+ishes, Lord Donald, my son?  
What like were your f+ishes, my jollie young man?'  
`Black backs and spreckld bellies; mither, mak my bed sune,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12B.6  
\N1 `O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Donald, my son!  
O I fear ye are poisond, my jollie young man!'  
`O yes! I am poisond; mither mak my bed sune,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12B.7  
\N1 `What will ye leave to your father, Lord Donald my son?

What will ye leave to your father, my jollie young man?'  
 `Baith my houses and land; mither, mak my bed sune,  
 For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12B.8  
 \N1 `What will ye leave to your brither, Lord Donald, my son?  
 What will ye leave to your brither, my jollie young man?'  
 `My horse and the saddle; mither, mak my bed sune,  
 For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12B.9  
 \N1 `What will ye leave to your sister, Lord Donald, my son?  
 What will ye leave to your sister, my jollie young man?'  
 `Baith my gold box and rings; mither, mak my bed sune,  
 For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12B.10  
 \N1 `What will ye leave to your true-love, Lord Donald, my son?  
 What will ye leave to your true-love, my jollie young man?'  
 `The tow and the halter, for to hang on yon tree,  
 And lat her hang there for the poysoning o me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 12C.1  
 \N1 `WHAT\R\'\'rS become of your hounds, King Henrie, my son?  
 What\'s become of your hounds, my pretty little one?'  
 `They all died on the way; mother, make my bed soon,  
 For I\'m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12C.2  
 \N1 `What gat ye to your supper, King Henry, my son?  
 What gat ye to your supper, my pretty little one?'  
 `I gat f+ish boiled in broo; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I\'m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12C.3  
 \N1 `What like were the f+ish, King Henry, my son?  
 What like were the f+ish, my pretty little one?'  
 `They were spreckled on the back and white on the belly; mother, make my  
 bed soon,  
 For I\'m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12C.4  
 \N1 `What leave ye to your father, King Henry, my son?  
 What leave ye to your father, my pretty little one?'  
 `The keys of Old Ireland, and all that\'s therein; mother, make my bed  
 soon,  
 For I\'m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12C.5  
 `What leave ye to your brother, King Henry, my son?  
 What leave ye to your brother, my pretty little one?'  
 `The keys of my coffers and all that\'s therein; mother, mak my bed  
 soon,  
 For I\'m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12C.6  
 \N1 `What leave ye to your sister, King Henry, my son?  
 What leave ye to your sister, my pretty little one?'  
 `The world\'s wide, she may go beg; mother, mak my bed soon,  
 For I\'m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12C.7  
 \N1 `What leave ye to your trew-love, King Henry, my son?  
 What leave ye to your trew-love, my pretty little one?'  
 `The highest hill to hang her on, for she\'s poisoned me and my hounds  
 all; mother, make my bed soon,  
 Oh I\'m sick to the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 12D.1  
 \N1 `O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?  
 O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?'



`I hae been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12D.2

\N1 `Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?'

`I din\'d wi my true-love; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12D.3

\N1 `What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?'

`I gat eels boild in broo; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12D.4

\N1 `What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?  
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young man?'

`O they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and fain wald lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12D.5

\N1 `O I fear ye are poisond, Lord Randal, my son!  
O I fear ye are poisond, my handsome young man!'

`O yes! I am poisond; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\'m sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down.'

\LBALLADS Child 12E.1

\N1 `AH where have you been, Lairde Rowlande, my son?  
Ah where have you been, Lairde Rowlande, my son?'

`I\'ve been in the wild woods; mither, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12E.2

\N1 `Oh you\'ve been at your true love\'s, Lairde Rowlande, my son!  
Oh you\'ve been at your true-love\'s, Lairde Rowlande, my son!'

`I\'ve been at my true-love\'s; mither, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12E.3

\N1 `What got you to dinner, Lairde Rowlande, my son?  
What got you to dinner, Lairde Rowlande, my son?'

`I got eels boild in brue; mither, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12E.4

\N1 `What\'s become of your warden, Lairde Rowlande, my son?  
What\'s become of your warden, Lairde Rowlande, my son?'

`He died in the muirlands; mither, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12E.5

\N1 `What\'s become of your stag-hounds, Lairde Rowlande, my son?  
What\'s become of your stag-hounds, Lairde Rowlande, my son?'

`They swelled and they died; mither, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi hunting, and faine would lie down.'

\LBALLADS Child 12F.1

\N1 `O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?  
O where hae ye been, Lord Ronald, my son?'

`I hae been wi my sweetheart; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary wi the hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12F.2

\N1 `What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What got ye frae your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?'

`I hae got deadly poison; mother, make my bed soon,  
For life is a burden that soon I\'ll lay down.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 12G.1

\N1 `WHERE have you been today, Billy, my son?

Where have you been today, my only man?'  
`I\`ve been a wooing; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick at heart, and fain would lay down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12G.2  
\N1 `What have you ate today, Billy, my son?  
What have you ate today, my only man?'  
`I\`ve ate eel-pie; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick at heart, and shall die before noon.'  
\LBALLADS Child 12H.1  
\N1 `WHERE was you all day, my own pretty boy?  
Where was you all day, my comfort and joy?'  
`I was f+ishing and fowling; mother, make my bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.2  
\N1 `What did you have for your breakfast, my own pretty boy?  
What did you have for your breakfast, my comfort and joy?'  
`A cup of strong poison; mother, make my bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.3  
\N1 `I fear you are poisoned, my own pretty boy,  
I fear you are poisoned, my comfort and joy!'  
`O yes, I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.4  
\N1 `What will you leave to your father, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your father, my comfort and joy?'  
`I\`ll leave him my house and my property; mother, make my bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.5  
\N1 `What will you leave to your mother, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your mother, my comfort and joy?'  
`I\`ll leave her my coach and four horses; mother, make my bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.6  
\N1 `What will you leave to your brother, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your brother, my comfort and joy?'  
`I\`ll leave him my bow and my f+iddle; mother, make my bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.7  
\N1 `What will you leave to your sister, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your sister, my comfort and joy?'  
`I\`ll leave her my gold and my silver; mother, make my bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.8  
\N1 `What will you leave to your servant, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to you servant, my comfort and joy?'  
`I\`ll leave him the key of my small silver box; mother, make my bed  
soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.9  
\N1 `What will you leave to your children, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your children, my comfort and joy?'  
`The world is wide all round for to beg; mother, make my bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12H.10  
\N1 `What will you leave to your wife, my own pretty boy?  
What will you leave to your wife, my comfort and joy?'  
`I\`ll leave her the gallows, and plenty to hang her; mother, make my  
bed soon,  
There\`s a pain in my heart, and I mean to lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12H.11  
\N1 `Where shall I make it, my own pretty boy?  
Where shall I make it, my comfort and joy?'  
`Above in the churchyard, and dig it down deep,  
Put a stone to my head and a f+lag to my feet,  
And leave me down easy until I\`ll take a long sleep.'  
\LBALLADS Child 12I.1  
\N1 `O WHERE have you been, Tiranti, my son?  
O where have you been, my sweet little one?'  
`I have been to my grandmother\`s; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick to my heart, and I\`m faint to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12I.2  
\N1 `What did you have for your supper, Tiranti, my son?  
What did you have for your supper, my sweet little one?'  
`I had eels fried in butter; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick to my heart, and I\`m faint to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12I.3  
\N1 `Where did the eels come from, Tiranti, my son?  
Where did the eels come from, my sweet little one?'  
`From the corner of the haystack; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick to my heart, and I\`m faint to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12I.4  
\N1 `What color were the eels, Tiranti, my son?  
What color were the eels, my sweet little one?'  
`They were streake+:d and stripe+:d; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick to my heart, and I\`m faint to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12I.5  
\N1 `What\`ll you give to your father, Tiranti, my son?  
What\`ll you give to your father, my sweet little one?'  
`All my gold and my silver; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick to my heart, and I\`m faint to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12I.6  
\N1 `What\`ll you give to your mother, Tiranti, my son?  
What\`ll you give to your mother, my sweet little one?'  
`A coach and six horses; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick to my heart, and I\`m faint to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12I.7  
\N1 `What\`ll you give to your grandmother, Tiranti, my son?  
What\`ll you give to your grandmother, my sweet little one?'  
`A halter to hang her; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick to my heart, and I\`m faint to lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12I.8  
\N1 `Where\`ll you have your bed made, Tiranti, my son?  
Where\`ll you have your bed made, my sweet little one?'  
`In the corner of the churchyard; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I\`m sick to my heart, and I\`m faint to lie down.'  
\LBALLADS Child 12J.1  
\N1 `O WHARE hae ye been a\` day, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?  
O whare hae ye been a\` day, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?'  
`I\`ve been at my step-mother\`s; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!  
I\`ve been at my step-mother\`s; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!'  
\SBALLADS Child 12J.2  
\N1 `O what did ye get at your step-mother\`s, my bonnie wee croodlin  
dow?' [\iTwice\].]  
`I gat a wee wee f+ishie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!' [\iTwice\r.]  
\SBALLADS Child 12J.3  
\N1 `O whare gat she the wee f+ishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?'  
`In a dub before the door; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!'  
\SBALLADS Child 12J.4  
\N1 `What did ye wi the wee f+ishie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?'

`I boild it in a wee pannie; oh mak my bed, mammy, now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12J.5  
 \N1 `Wha gied ye the banes o the f+ishie till, my bonnie wee croodlin  
 dow?'  
 `I gied them till a wee doggie; oh mak my bed, mammie, now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12J.6  
 \N1 `O whare is the little wee doggie, my bonnie wee croodlin dow?  
 O whare is the little wee doggie, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'  
 `It shot out its f+it and died, and sae maun I do too;  
 Oh mak my bed, mammy, now, now, oh mak my bed, mammy, now!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 12K.1  
 \N1 `O WHAUR hae ye been a\' the day, my little wee croodlin doo?'  
 `O I\'ve been at my grandmother\'s; mak my bed, mammie, now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12K.2  
 \N1 `O what gat ye at your grandmother\'s, my little wee croodlin doo?'  
 `I got a bonnie wee f+ishie; mak my bed, mammie, now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12K.3  
 \N1 `O whaur did she catch the f+ishie, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'  
 `She catchd it in the gutter hole; mak my bed, mammie, now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12K.4  
 \N1 `And what did she do wi the f+ish, my little wee croodlin doo?'  
 `She boiled it in a brass pan; O mak my bed, mammie, now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12K.5  
 `And what did ye do wi the banes o\'t, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'  
 `I gied them to my little dog; mak my bed, mammie, now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12K.6  
 \N1 `And what did your little doggie do, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'  
 `He stretched out his head, his feet, and deed; and so will I, mammie,  
 now!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 12L.1  
 \N1 `WHAR hae ye been a\' the day, Willie doo, Willie doo?  
 Whar hae ye been a\' the day, Willie, my doo?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12L.2  
 \N1 `I\'ve been to see my step-mother; make my bed, lay me down;  
 Make my bed, lay me down, die shall I now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12L.3  
 \N1 `What got ye frae your step-mother, Willie doo, Willie doo?  
 What got ye frae your step-mother, Willie, my doo?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12L.4  
 \N1 `She gae me a speckled trout; make my bed, lay me down;  
 She gae me a speckled trout, die shall I now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12L.5  
 \N1 `Whar got she the speckled trout, Willie doo, Willie doo?'  
 `She got it amang the heather hills; die shall I now.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12L.6  
 \N1 `What did she boil it in, Willie doo, Willie doo?'  
 `She boild it in the billy-pot; die shall I now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12L.7  
 \N1 `What gaed she you for to drink, Willie doo, Willie doo?  
 What gaed she you for to drink, Willie, my doo?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12L.8  
 \N1 `She gaed me hemlock stocks; make my bed, lay me down;  
 Made in the brewing pot; die shall I now!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 12L.9  
 \N1 They made his bed, laid him down, poor Willie doo, Willie doo;  
 He turnd his face to the wa; he\'s dead now!  
 \LBALLADS Child 12M.1  
 \N1 `WHERE hae ye been a\' the day, my bonny wee croodin doo?'  
 `O I hae been at my stepmother\'s house; make my bed, mammie, now, now,  
 now,

Make my bed, mammie, now!'  
\SBALLADS Child 12M.2  
\N1 `Where did ye get your dinner?' my, etc\  
`I got it at my stepmother\'s;' make, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 12M.3  
\N1 `What did she gie ye to your dinner?'  
`She gae me a little four-footed f+ish.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12M.4  
\N1 `Where got she the four-footed f+ish?'  
`She got it down in yon well strand;' O make, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 12M.5  
\N1 `What did she do with the banes o\'t?'  
`She gae them to the little dog.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12M.6  
\N1 `O what became o the little dog?'  
`O it shot out its feet and died;' O make, etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 12N.1  
\N1 `FARE hae ye been a\' day, a\' day, a\' day,  
Fare hae ye been a\' day, my little wee croudlin doo?'  
\SBALLADS Child 12N.2  
\N1 `I\'ve been at my step-mammie\'s, my step mammie\'s, my step-mammie  
\'s,  
I\'ve been at my step-mammie\'s; come mack my beddy now!'  
\SBALLADS Child 12N.3  
\N1 `What got ye at yer step-mammie\'s,  
My little wee croudlin doo?'  
\SBALLADS Child 12N.4  
\N1 `She gied me a spreckled f+ishie;  
Come mack my beddy now!'  
\SBALLADS Child 12N.5  
\N1 `What did ye wi the baenies oet,  
My little wee croudlin doo?'  
\SBALLADS Child 12N.6  
\N1 `I gaed them till her little dogie;  
Come mack my beddy now!'  
\SBALLADS Child 12N.7  
\N1 `What did her little dogie syne,  
My little wee croudlin doo?'  
\SBALLADS Child 12N.8  
\N1 `He laid down his heed and feet;  
And sae shall I dee now!'  
\LBALLADS Child 12O.1  
\N1 `O WHERE hae ye been a\' the day, my wee wee croodlin doo doo?  
O where hae ye been a\' the day, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?'  
`O I hae been to my step-mammie\'s; mak my bed, mammy, noo, noo,  
Mak my bed, mammy, noo!'  
\SBALLADS Child 12O.2  
\N1 `O what did yere step-mammie gie to you?' etc\  
`She gied to me a wee wee f+ish,' etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 12O.3  
\N1 `[O] what did she boil the wee f+ishie in?'  
`O she boiled it in a wee wee pan; it turned baith black an blue, blue,  
It turned baith black an blue.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12O.4  
\N1 `An what did she gie the banes o\'t to?'  
`O she gied them to a wee wee dog;' mak, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 12O.5  
\N1 `An what did the wee wee doggie do then?'  
`O it put out its tongue and its feet, an it deed; an sae maun I do,  
noo, noo,

An sae maun I do noo!'  
\LBALLADS Child 12[P.1]  
\N1 `Where hae ye been a\' day, Lord Ronald, my son?  
Where hae ye been a\' day, my handsome young one?'  
`I\'ve been in the wood hunting; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.2]  
\N1 `O where did you dine, Lord Ronald, my son?  
O where did you dine, my handsome young one?'  
`I dined with my sweetheart; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.3]  
\N1 `What got you to dine on, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What got you to dine on, my handsome young one?'  
`I got eels boiled in water that in heather doth run,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.4]  
\N1 `What did she wi the broo o them, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What did she wi the broo o them, my handsome young one?'  
`She gave it to my hounds for to live upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.5]  
\N1 `Where are your hounds now, Lord Ronald, my son?  
Where are your hounds now, my handsome young one?'  
`They are a\' swelled and bursted, and sae will I soon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.6]  
\N1 `What will you leave your father, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What will you leave your father, my handsome young one?'  
`I\'ll leave him my lands for to live upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.7]  
\N1 `What will you leave your brother, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What will you leave your brother, my handsome young one?'  
`I\'ll leave him my gallant steed for to ride upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.8]  
\N1 `What will you leave your sister, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What will you leave your sister, my handsome young one?'  
`I\'ll leave her my gold watch for to look upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.9]  
\N1 `What will you leave your mother, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What will you leave your mother, my handsome young one?'  
`I\'ll leave her my Bible for to read upon,  
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[P.10]  
\N1 `What will you leave your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What will you leave your sweetheart, my handsome young one?'  
`I\'ll leave her the gallows-tree for to hang upon,  
It was her that poisoned me;' and so he fell doun.  
\LBALLADS Child 12[Q.1]  
\N1 `O whare hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?  
O whare hae ye been, my handsome young man?'  
`Oer the peat moss mang the heather, mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I\'m weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 12[Q.6]  
\N1 `What leave ye to your father, Lord Randal, my son?  
What leave ye to your father, my handsome young man?'  
`I leave my houses and land, mother, mak my bed soon,

For I\'m weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12[Q.7]

\N1 `What leave ye to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?  
 What leave ye to your brother, my handsome young man?'  
 `O the guid milk-white steed that I rode upon,  
 For I\'m weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12[Q.8]

\N1 `What leave ye to your true-love, Lord Randal, my son?  
 What leave ye to your true-love, my handsome young man?'  
 `O a high, high gallows, to hang her upon,  
 For I\'m weary, weary hunting, and fain wad lie down.'

\LBALLADS Child 12[R.1]

\N1 `Whare hae ye been a\' day, my little wee toorin dow?'  
 `It\'s I\'ve been at my grandmammy\'s; mak my bed, mammy, now.'

\SBALLADS Child 12[R.2]

\N1 `And what did ye get frae your grandmammy, my little wee toorin  
 dow?'  
 `It\'s I got a wee bit f+ishy to eat; mak my bed, mammy, now.'

\SBALLADS Child 12[R.3]

\N1 `An what did ye do wi the banes o it, my little wee toorin dow?'  
 `I gied it to my black doggy to eat; mak my bed, mammy, now.'

\SBALLADS Child 12[R.4]

\N1 `An what did your little black doggy do syne, my little wee toorin  
 dow?'  
 `He shot out his head, and his feet, and he died; as I do, mammy, now.'

\LBALLADS Child 12[S.1]

\N1 `Where have you been today, Randall, my son?  
 Where have you been today, my only man?'  
 `I have been a hunting, mother, make my bed soon,  
 For I\'m sick at the heart, fain woud lie down.  
 Dear sister, hold my head, dear mother, make my bed,  
 I am sick at the heart, fain woud lie down.'

\SBALLADS Child 12[S.2]

\N1 `What have you eat today, Randal, my son?  
 What have you eat today, my only man?'  
 `I have eat an eel; mother, make,' etc\.

\SBALLADS Child 12[S.3]

\N1 `What was the colour of it, Randal, my son?  
 What was the colour of it, my only man?'  
 `It was neither green, grey, blue nor black,  
 But speckled on the back; make,' etc\.

\SBALLADS Child 12[S.4]

\N1 `Who gave you eels today, Randal, my son?  
 Who gave you eels today, my only man?'  
 `My own sweetheart; mother, make,' etc\.

\SBALLADS Child 12[S.5]

\N1 `Where shall I make your bed, Randal, my son?  
 Where shall I make your bed, my only man?'  
 `In the churchyard; mother, make,' etc\.

\SBALLADS Child 12[S.6]

\N1 `What will you leave her then, Randall, my son?  
 What will you leave her then, my only man?'  
 `A halter to hang herself; make,' etc\.

\LBALLADS Child 12[U.1]

\N1 `Whare were ye the lea lang day,  
 \SBALLADS Child 12[U.1r]

\N1 My wee crooding doo, doo?'

\SBALLADS Child 12[U.1]

\N2 `I hae been at my step-dame\'s;  
 \SBALLADS Child 12[U.1r]

\N2 Mammy, mak my bed noo, noo!'

\SBALLADS Child 12[U.2]

\N1 `Whare gat she the wee, wee f+ish?'

`She gat it neist the edder-f+lowe.'

\SBALLADS Child 12[U.3]

\N1 `What did she wi the f+ishie\'s banes?'

`The wee black dog gat them to eat.'

\SBALLADS Child 12[U.4]

\N1 `What did the wee black doggie then?'

`He shot out his f+ittie an deed;

\SBALLADS Child 12[U.4r]

\N1 An sae maun I now too, too.' Etc\

\LBALLADS Child 13A.1

\N1 `WHAT bluid\'s that on thy coat lap,

Son Davie, son Davie?

What bluid\'s that on thy coat lap?

And the truth come tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.2

\N1 `It is the bluid of my great hawk,

Mother lady, mother lady:

It is the bluid of my great hawk,

And the truth I have told to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.3

\N1 `Hawk\'s bluid was neer sae red,

Son Davie, son Davie:

Hawk\'s bluid was neer sae red,

And the truth come tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.4

\N1 `It is the bluid of my greyhound,

Mother lady, mother lady:

It is the bluid of my greyhound,

And it wadna rin for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.5

\N1 `Hound\'s bluid was neer sae red,

Son Davie, son Davie:

Hound\'s bluid was neer sae red,

And the truth come tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.6

\N1 `It is the bluid o my brither John,

Mother lady, mother lady:

It is the bluid o my brither John,

And the truth I have told to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.7

\N1 `What about did the plea begin,

Son Davie, son Davie?'

`It began about the cutting of a willow wand

That would never been a tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.8

\N1 `What death dost thou desire to die,

Son Davie, son Davie?

What death dost thou desire to die?

And the truth come tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.9

\N1 `I\'ll set my foot in a bottomless ship,

Mother lady, mother lady:

I\'ll set my foot in a bottomless ship,

And ye\'ll never see mair o me.'

\SBALLADS Child 13A.10

\N1 `What wilt thou leave to thy poor wife,

Son Davie, son Davie?'



`Grief and sorrow all her life,  
 And she\'ll never see mair o me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 13A.11  
 \N1 `What wilt thou leave to thy old son,  
 Son Davie, son Davie?'  
 `I\'ll leave him the weary world to wander up and down,  
 And he\'ll never get mair o me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 13A.12  
 \N1 `What wilt thou leave to thy mother dear,  
 Son Davie, son Davie?'  
 `A f+ire o coals to burn her, wi hearty cheer,  
 And she\'ll never get mair o me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 13B.1  
 \N1 `WHY dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
 Edward, Edward,  
 Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid,  
 And why sae sad gang yee O?'  
 `O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
 Mither, mither,  
 O I hae killed my hauke sae guid,  
 And I had nae mair bot hee O.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 13B.2  
 \N1 `Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
 Edward, Edward,  
 Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,  
 My deir son I tell thee O.'  
 \N1 `O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
 Mither, mither,  
 O I hae killed my reid-roan steid,  
 That erst was sae fair and frie O.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 13B.3  
 \N1 `Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,  
 Edward, Edward,  
 Your steid was auld, and ye hae gat mair,  
 Sum other dule ye drie O.'  
 `O I hae killed my fadir deir,  
 Mither, mither,  
 O I hae killed my fadir deir,  
 Alas, and wae is mee O!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 13B.4  
 \N1 `And whatten penance wul ye drie, for that,  
 Edward, Edward?  
 And whatten penance will ye drie for that?  
 My deir son, now tell me O.'  
 `Ile set my feit in yonder boat,  
 Mither, mither,  
 Ile set my feit in yonder boat,  
 And Ile fare ovir the sea O.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 13B.5  
 \N1 `And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,  
 Edward, Edward?  
 And what wul ye doe wi your towirs and your ha,  
 That were sae fair to see O?'  
 `Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,  
 Mither, mither,  
 Ile let thame stand tul they doun fa,  
 For here nevir mair maun I bee O.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 13B.6  
 \N1 `And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,  
 Edward, Edward?

And what wul ye leive to your bairns and your wife,  
Whan ye gang ovir the sea O?'  
`The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,  
Mither, mither,  
The warldis room, late them beg thrae life,  
For thame nevir mair wul I see O.'  
\SBALLADS Child 13B.7  
\N1 `And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir,  
Edward, Edward?  
And what wul ye leive to your ain mither deir?  
My deir son, now tell me O.'  
`The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,  
Mither, mither,  
The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,  
Sic counseils ye gave to me O.'  
\LBALLADS Child 13C.1  
\N1 `O WHAT did the fray begin about?  
My son, come tell to me:'  
`It began about the breaking o the bonny hazel wand,  
And a penny wad hae bought the tree.'  
\LBALLADS Child 14A.1  
\N1 THERE were three ladies lived in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.1r  
\N1 Eh vow bonnie  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.1  
\N2 And they went out to pull a f+lower.  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.1r  
\N2 On the bonnie banks o Fordie  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.2  
\N1 They hadna pu\'ed a f+lower but ane,  
When up started to them a banisht man.  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.3  
\N1 He\'s taen the f+irst sister by her hand,  
And he\'s turned her round and made her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.4  
\N1 `It\'s whether will ye be a rank robber\'s wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.5  
\N1 `It\'s I\'ll not be a rank robber\'s wife,  
But I\'ll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.6  
\N1 He\'s killed this may, and he\'s laid her by,  
For to bear the red rose company.  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.7  
\N1 He\'s taken the second ane by the hand,  
And he\'s turned her round and made her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.8  
\N1 `It\'s whether will ye be a rank robber\'s wife,  
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.9  
\N1 `I\'ll not be a rank robber\'s wife,  
But I\'ll rather die by your wee pen-knife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.10  
\N1 He\'s killed this may, and he\'s laid her by,  
For to bear the red rose company.  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.11  
\N1 He\'s taken the youngest ane by the hand,  
And he\'s turned her round and made her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.12  
\N1 Says, `Will ye be a rank robber\'s wife,

Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.13  
\N1 `I'll not be a rank robber's wife,  
Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.14  
\N1 `For I hae a brother in this wood,  
And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.15  
\N1 `What's thy brother's name? come tell to me.'  
`My brother's name is Baby Lon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.16  
\N1 `O sister, sister, what have I done!  
O have I done this ill to thee!  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.17  
\N1 `O since I've done this evil deed,  
Good sall never be seen o me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14A.18  
\N1 He's taken out his wee pen-knife,  
And he's twyned himsel o his ain sweet life.  
\LBALLADS Child 14B.1  
\N1 THERE wond three ladies in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.1r  
\N1 Annet and Margret and Marjorie  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.1  
\N2 And they have gane out to pu a f+lower.  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.1r  
\N2 And the dew it lyes on the wood, gay ladie  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.2  
\N1 They had nae pu'd a f+lower but ane,  
When up has started a banished man.  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.3  
\N1 He has taen the eldest by the hand,  
He has turned her about and bade her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.4  
\N1 `Now whether will ye be a banisht man's wife,  
Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.5  
\N1 `I will na be ca'd a banished man's wife,  
I'll rather be sticked wi your pen-knife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.6  
\N1 And he has taen out his little pen-knife,  
And frae this lady he has taen the life.  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.7  
\N1 He has taen the second by the hand,  
He has turned her about and he bad her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.8  
\N1 `Now whether will ye be a banisht man's wife,  
Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.9  
\N1 `I will na be ca'd a banished man's wife;  
I'll rather be sticked wi your pen-knife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.10  
\N1 And he has taen out his little pen-knife,  
And frae this lady he has taen the life.  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.11  
\N1 He has taen the youngest by the hand,  
He has turned her about and he bad her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.12  
\N1 `Now whether will ye be a banished man's wife,  
Or will ye be sticked wi my pen-knife?'

\SBALLADS Child 14B.13  
\N1 `I winnae be called a banished man\'s wife,  
Nor yet will I be sticked wi your pen-knife.  
\SBALLADS Child 14B.14  
\N1 `But gin my three brethren had been here,  
Ye had nae slain my sisters dear.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\LBALLADS Child 14C.1  
\N1 THERE were three sisters on a road,  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.1r  
\N1 Gilly f+lower gentle rosemary  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.1  
\N2 And there they met a banished lord.  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.1r  
\N2 And the dew it hings over the mulberry tree  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.2  
\N1 The eldest sister was on the road,  
And there she met with the banished lord.  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.3  
\N1 `O will ye consent to lose your life,  
Or will ye be a banished lord\'s wife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.4  
\N1 `I\'ll rather consent to lose my life  
Before I\'ll be a banished lord\'s wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.5  
\N1 `It\'s lean your head upon my staff,'  
And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.6  
\N1 He f+lang her in amang the broom,  
Saying, `Lye ye there till another ane come.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.7  
\N1 The second sister was on the road,  
And there she met with the banished lord.  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.8  
\N1 `O will ye consent to lose your life,  
Or will ye be a banished lord\'s wife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.9  
\N1 `I\'ll rather consent to lose my life  
Before I\'ll be a banished lord\'s wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.10  
\N1 `It\'s lean your head upon my staff,'  
And with his pen-knife he has cutted it aff.  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.11  
\N1 He f+lang her in amang the broom,  
Saying, `Lie ye there till another ane come.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.12  
\N1 The youngest sister was on the road,  
And there she met with the banished lord.  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.13  
\N1 `O will ye consent to lose your life,  
Or will ye be a banished lord\'s wife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.14  
\N1 `O if my three brothers were here,  
Ye durstna put me in such a fear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.15  
\N1 `What are your three brothers, altho they were here,  
That I durstna put you in such a fear?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14C.16  
\N1 `My eldest brother\'s a belted knight,  
The second, he\'s a . . .

\SBALLADS Child 14C.17  
\N1 `My youngest brother\'s a banished lord,  
And oftentimes he walks on this road.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 14D.1  
\N1 THERE were three sisters, they lived in a bower,  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.1r  
\N1 Sing Anna, sing Margaret, sing Marjorie  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.1  
\N2 The youngest o them was the fairest f+lower.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.1r  
\N2 And the dew goes thro the wood, gay ladie  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.2  
\N1 The oldest of them she\'s to the wood gane,  
To seek a brow leaf and to bring it hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.3  
\N1 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.4  
\N1 `Istow a maid, or istow a wife?  
Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy sweet life?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.5  
\N1 `O kind sir, if I hae\'t at my will,  
I\'ll twinn with my life, keep my maidenhead still.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.6  
\N1 He\'s taen out his we pen-knife,  
He\'s twinned this young lady of her sweet life  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.7  
\N1 He wiped his knife along the dew;  
But the more he wiped, the redder it grew.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.8  
\N1 The second of them she\'s to the wood gane,  
To seek her old sister, and to bring her hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.9  
\N1 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.10  
\N1 `Istow a maid, or istow a wife?  
Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy sweet life?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.11  
\N1 `O kind sir, if I hae\'t at my will,  
I\'ll twinn with my life, keep my maidenhead still.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.12  
\N1 He\'s taen out his we pen-knife,  
He\'s twinned this young lady of her sweet life.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.13  
\N1 He wiped his knife along the dew;  
But the more he wiped, the redder it grew.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.14  
\N1 The youngest of them she\'s to the wood gane,  
To seek her two sisters, and to bring them hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.15  
\N1 There she met with an outlyer bold,  
Lies many long nights in the woods so cold.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.16  
\N1 `Istow a maid, or istow a wife?  
Wiltow twinn with thy maidenhead, or thy sweet life?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.17  
\N1 `If my three brethren they were here,  
Such questions as these thou durst nae speer.'

\SBALLADS Child 14D.18  
\N1 `Pray, what may thy three brethren be,  
That I durst na mak so bold with thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.19  
\N1 `The eldest o them is a minister bred,  
He teaches the people from evil to good.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.20  
\N1 `The second o them is a ploughman good,  
He ploughs the land for his livelihood.  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.21  
\N1 `The youngest of them is an outlyer bold,  
Lies many a long night in the woods so cold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14D.22  
\N1 He stuck his knife then into the ground,  
He took a long race, let himself fall on.  
\LBALLADS Child 14E.1  
\N1 THE Duke o Perth had three daughters,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.1r  
\N1 Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.1  
\N2 And Elizabeth\'s to the greenwud gane,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.1r  
\N2 To pu the rose and the fair lilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.2  
\N1 But she hadna pu\'d a rose, a rose,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.2r  
\N1 A double rose, but barely three,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.2  
\N2 Whan up and started a Loudon lord,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.2r  
\N2 Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.3  
\N1 `Will ye be called a robber\'s wife?  
Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife?  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.3r  
\N1 For pu\'in the rose and the fair lilie,  
For pu\'in them sae fair and free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.4  
\N1 `Before I\'ll be called a robber\'s wife,  
I\'ll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.4r  
\N1 For pu\'in, ' etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.5  
\N1 Then out he\'s tane his little pen-knife,  
And he\'s parted her and her sweet life,  
And thrown her oer a bank o brume,  
There never more for to be found.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.6  
\N1 The Duke o Perth had three daughters,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.6r  
\N1 Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.6  
\N2 And Margaret\'s to the greenwud gane,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.6r  
\N2 To pu the rose and the fair lilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.7  
\N1 She hadna pu\'d a rose, a rose,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.7r  
\N1 A double rose, but barely three,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.7

\N2 When up and started a Loudon lord,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.7r  
\N2 Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.8  
\N1 `Will ye be called a robber\'s wife?  
Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife?  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.8r  
\N1 For pu\'in,' etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.9  
\N1 `Before I\'ll be called a robber\'s wife,  
I\'ll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.9r  
\N1 For pu\'in,' etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.10  
\N1 Then out he\'s tane his little pen-knife,  
And he\'s parted her and her sweet life,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.10r  
\N1 For pu\'in, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.11  
\N1 The Duke o Perth had three daughters,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.1r  
\N1 Elizabeth, Margaret, and fair Marie;  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.11  
\N2 And Mary\'s to the greenwud gane,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.1r  
\N2 To pu the rose and the fair lilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.12  
\N1 She hadna pu\'d a rose, a rose,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.12r  
\N1 A double rose, but barely three,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.12  
\N2 When up and started a Loudon lord,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.12r  
\N2 Wi Loudon hose, and Loudon sheen.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.13  
\N1 `O will ye be called a robber\'s wife?  
Or will ye be stickit wi my bloody knife?  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.13r  
\N1 For pu\'in,' etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.14  
\N1 `Before I\'ll be called a robber\'s wife,  
I\'ll rather be stickit wi your bloody knife,  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.14r  
\N1 For pu\'in,' etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.15  
\N1 But just as he took out his knife,  
To tak frae her her ain sweet life,  
Her brother John cam ryding bye,  
And this bloody robber he did espy.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.16  
\N1 But when he saw his sister fair,  
He kennd her by her yellow hair;  
He calld upon his pages three,  
To f+ind this robber speedilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.17  
\N1 `My sisters twa that are dead and gane,  
For whom we made a heavy maene,  
It\'s you that\'s twinnd them o their life,  
And wi your cruel bloody knife.  
\SBALLADS Child 14E.18

\N1 `Then for their life ye sair shall dree;  
Ye sall be hangit on a tree,  
Or thrown into the poisond lake,  
To feed the toads and rattle-snake.'  
\LBALLADS Child 14[F.1]  
\N1 There were three sisters going from home,  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.1r]  
\N1 All in a lea and alony, oh  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.1]  
\N2 They met a man, and he made them stand,  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.1r]  
\N2 Down by the bonny banks of Airdrie, oh.  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.2]  
\N1 He took the f+irst one by the hand,  
He turned her round, and he made her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.3]  
\N1 Saying, Will you be a robber\'s wife?  
Or will you die by my penknife?  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.4]  
\N1 `Oh, I wont be a robber\'s wife,  
But I will die by your penknife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.5]  
\N1 Then he took the second by her hand,  
He turned her round, and he made her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.6]  
\N1 Saying, Will you be a robber\'s wife?  
Or will you die by my penknife?  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.7]  
\N1 `Oh, I wont be a robber\'s wife,  
But I will die by your penknife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.8]  
\N1 He took the third one by the hand,  
He turned her round, and he made her stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.9]  
\N1 Saying, Will you be a robber\'s wife?  
Or will you die by my penknife?  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.10]  
\N1 `Oh, I wont be a robber\'s wife,  
And I wont die by you penknife.  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.11]  
\N1 `If my two brothers had been here,  
You would not have killed my sisters two.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.12]  
\N1 `What was your two brothers\' names?'  
`One was John, and the other was James.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.13]  
\N1 `Oh, what did your two brothers do?'  
`One was a minister, the other such as you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.14]  
\N1 `Oh, what is this that I have done?  
I have killed my sisters, all but one.  
\SBALLADS Child 14[F.15]  
\N1 `And now I\'ll take out my penknife,  
And here I\'ll end my own sweet life.'  
\LBALLADS Child 15A.1  
\N1 MY boy was scarcely ten years auld,  
Whan he went to an unco land,  
Where wind never blew, nor cocks ever crew,  
Ohon for my son, Leesome Brand!  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.2



\N1 Awa to that king\'s court he went,  
It was to serve for meat an fee;  
Gude red gowd it was his hire,  
And lang in that king\'s court stayd he.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.3  
\N1 He hadna been in that unco land  
But only twallmonths twa or three,  
Till by the glancing o his ee,  
He gaird the love o a gay ladye.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.4  
\N1 This ladye was scarce eleven years auld,  
When on her love she was right bauld;  
She was scarce up to my right knee,  
When oft in bed wi men I\'m tauld.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.5  
\N1 But when nine months were come and gane,  
This ladye\'s face turnd pale and wane.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.6  
\N1 To Leesome Brand she then did say,  
'In this place I can nae mair stay.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.7  
\N1 'Ye do you to my father\'s stable,  
Where steeds do stand baith wight and able.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.8  
\N1 'Strike ane o them upo the back,  
The swiftest will gie his head a wap.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.9  
\N1 'Ye take him out upo the green,  
And get him saddled and bridled seen.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.10  
\N1 'Get ane for you, anither for me,  
And lat us ride out ower the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.11  
\N1 'Ye do you to my mother\'s coffer,  
And out of it ye\'ll take my tocher.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.12  
\N1 'Therein are sixty thousand pounds,  
Which all to me by right belongs.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.13  
\N1 He\'s done him to her father\'s stable,  
Where steeds stood baith wicht and able.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.14  
\N1 Then he strake ane upon the back,  
The swiftest gae his head a wap.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.15  
\N1 He\'s taen him out upo the green,  
And got him saddled and bridled seen.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.16  
\N1 Ane for him, and another for her,  
To carry them baith wi might and virr.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.17  
\N1 He\'s done him to her mother\'s coffer,  
And there he\'s taen his love\'s tocher;  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.18  
\N1 Wherein were sixty thousand pound,  
Which all to her by right belongd.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.19  
\N1 When they had ridden about six mile,  
His true love then began to fail.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.20

\N1 `O wae\'s me,' said that gay ladye,  
`I fear my back will gang in three!  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.21  
\N1 `O gin I had but a gude midwife,  
Here this day to save my life,  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.22  
\N1 `And ease me o my misery,  
O dear, how happy I would be!'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.23  
\N1 `My love, we\'re far frae ony town,  
There is nae midwife to be foun.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.24  
\N1 `But if ye\'ll be content wi me,  
I\'ll do for you what man can dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.25  
\N1 `For no, for no, this maunna be,'  
Wi a sigh, replied this gay ladye.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.26  
\N1 `When I endure my grief and pain,  
My companie ye maun refrain.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.27  
\N1 `Ye\'ll take your arrow and your bow,  
And ye will hunt the deer and roe.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.28  
\N1 `Be sure ye touch not the white hynde,  
For she is o the woman kind.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.29  
\N1 He took sic pleasure in deer and roe,  
Till he forgot his gay ladye.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.30  
\N1 Till by it came that milk-white hynde,  
And then he mind on his ladye syne.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.31  
\N1 He hasted him to yon greenwood tree,  
For to relieve his gay ladye;  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.32  
\N1 But found his ladye lying dead,  
Likeways her young son at her head.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.33  
\N1 His mother lay ower her castle wa,  
And she beheld baith dale and down;  
And she beheld young Leesome Brand,  
As he came riding to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.34  
\N1 `Get minstrels for to play,' she said,  
`And dancers to dance in my room;  
For here comes my son, Leesome Brand,  
And he comes merrilie to the town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.35  
\N1 `Seek nae minstrels to play, mother,  
Nor dancers to dance in your room;  
But tho your son comes, Leesome Brand,  
Yet he comes sorry to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.36  
\N1 `O I hae lost my gowden knife;  
I rather had lost my ain sweet life!  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.37  
\N1 `And I hae lost a better thing,  
The gilded sheath that it was in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.38

\N1 `Are there nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,  
Can make to you anither knife?  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.39  
\N1 `Are there nae sheath-makers in the land,  
Can make a sheath to Leesome Brand?'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.40  
\N1 `There are nae gowdsmiths here in Fife,  
Can make me sic a gowden knife;  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.41  
\N1 `Nor nae sheath-makers in the land,  
Can make to me a sheath again.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.42  
\N1 `There ne\'er was man in Scotland born,  
Ordaind to be so much forlorn.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.43  
\N1 `I\'ve lost my ladye I lovd sae dear,  
Likeways the son she did me bear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.44  
\N1 `Put in your hand at my bed head,  
There ye\'ll f+ind a gude grey horn;  
In it three draps o\' Saint Paul\'s ain blude,  
That hae been there sin he was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.45  
\N1 `Drap twa o them o your ladye,  
And ane upo your little young son;  
Then as lively they will be  
As the f+irst night ye brought them hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.46  
\N1 He put his hand at her bed head,  
And there he found a gude grey horn,  
Wi three draps o\' Saint Paul\'s ain blude,  
That had been there sin he was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 15A.47  
\N1 Then he drappd twa on his ladye,  
And ane o them on his young son,  
And now they do as lively be,  
As the f+irst day he brought them hame.  
\LBALLADS Child 15B.1  
\N1 `THERE is a feast in your father\'s house,  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.1r  
\N1 The broom blooms bonnie and so is it fair  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.1  
\N2 It becomes you and me to be very douce.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.1r  
\N2 And we\'ll never gang up to the broom nae mair  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.2  
\N1 `You will go to yon hill so hie;  
Take your bow and your arrow wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.3  
\N1 He\'s tane his lady on his back,  
And his auld son in his coat lap.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.4  
\N1 `When ye hear me give a cry,  
Ye\'ll shoot your bow and let me lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.5  
\N1 `When ye see my lying still,  
Throw away your bow and come running me till.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.6  
\N1 When he heard her gie the cry,  
He shot his bow and he let her lye.

\SBALLADS Child 15B.7  
\N1 When he saw she was lying still,  
He threw away his bow and came running her till.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.8  
\N1 It was nae wonder his heart was sad  
When he shot his auld son at her head.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.9  
He houkit a grave, long, large and wide,  
He buried his auld son doun by her side.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.10  
\N1 It was nae wonder his heart was sair  
When he shoosed the mools in her yellow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.11  
\N1 `Oh,' said his father, 'Son, but thou\'rt sad!  
At our braw meeting you might be glad.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.12  
\N1 `Oh,' said he, `Father, I\'ve lost my knife  
I loved as dear almost as my own life.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.13  
\N1 `But I have lost a far better thing,  
I lost the sheath that the knife was in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.14  
\N1 `Hold thy tongue, and mak nae din;  
I\'ll buy thee a sheath and a knife therein.'  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.15  
\N1 `A\' the ships eer sailed the sea  
Neer\'ll bring such a sheath and a knife to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 15B.16  
\N1 `A\' the smiths that lives on land  
Will neer bring such a sheath and knife to my hand.'  
\LBALLADS Child 16A.1  
\N1 IT is talked the warld all over,  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.1r  
\N1 The brume blooms bonnie and says it is fair  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.1  
\N2 That the king\'s dochter gaes wi child to her brither.  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.1r  
\N2 And we\'ll never gang doun to the brume onie mair  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.2  
\N1 He\'s taen his sister doun to her father\'s deer park,  
Wi his yew-tree bow and arrows fast slung to his back.  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.3  
\N1 `Now when that ye hear me gie a loud cry,  
Shoot frae thy bow an arrow and there let me lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.4  
\N1 `And when that ye see I am lying dead,  
Then ye\'ll put me in a grave, wi a turf at my head.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.5  
\N1 Now when he heard her gie a loud cry,  
His silver arrow frae his bow he suddenly let f+ly.  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.5r  
\N2 Now they\'ll never, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.6  
\N1 He has made a grave that was lang and was deep,  
And he has buried his sister, wi her babe at her feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.6r  
\N2 And they\'ll never, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.7  
\N1 And when he came to his father\'s court hall,  
There was music and minstrels and dancing and all.

\SBALLADS Child 16A.7r  
\N2 But they'll never, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.8  
\N1 `O Willie, O Willie, what makes thee in pain?'  
`I have lost a sheath and knife that I'll never see again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.8r  
\N2 For we'll never, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.9  
\N1 `There is ships o your father's sailing on the sea  
That will bring as good a sheath and a knife unto thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.10  
\N1 `There is ships o my father's sailing on the sea,  
But sic a sheath and a knife they can never bring to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16A.10r  
\N2 Now we'll never, etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 16B.1  
\N1 AE lady has whispered the other,  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.1r  
\N1 The broom grows bonnie, the broom grows fair  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.1  
\N2 Lady Margaret's wi bairn to Sir Richard, her brother.  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.1r  
\N2 And we daur na gae doun to the broom nae mair  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.2  
\N1 `And when ye hear me loud, loud cry,  
O bend your bow, let your arrow f+ly.  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.2r  
\N2 And I daur na, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.3  
\N1 `But when ye see me lying still,  
O then you may come and greet your f+ill.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.4  
\N1 `It's I hae broken my little pen-knife  
That I loed dearer than my life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.4r  
\N2 And I daur na, etc\  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 16B.5  
\N1 `It's no for the knife that my tears doun run,  
But it's a' for the case that my knife was kept in.'  
\LBALLADS Child 16C.1  
\N1 IT\R'\rS whispered in parlour, it's whispered in ha,  
\SBALLADS Child 16C.1r  
\N1 The broom blooms bonie, the broom blooms fair  
\SBALLADS Child 16C.1  
\N2 Lady Marget's wi child amang our ladies a\  
\SBALLADS Child 16C.1r  
\N2 And she dare na gae down to the broom nae mair  
\SBALLADS Child 16C.2  
\N1 One day whisperd unto another  
Lady Marget's wi child to Sir Richard, her brother.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 16C.3  
\N1 `O when that you hear my loud loud cry,  
Then bend your bow and let your arrows f+ly.  
\SBALLADS Child 16C.3r  
\N2 For I dare na, etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 16D.1

\N1 AE king\'s dochter said to anither,  
\SBALLADS Child 16D.1r  
\N1 Broom blooms bonnie an grows sae fair  
\SBALLADS Child 16D.1  
\N2 We\'ll gae ride like sister and brither.  
\SBALLADS Child 16D.1r  
\N2 But we\'ll never gae down to the broom nae mair  
\LBALLADS Child 16[E.1]  
\N1 One king\'s daughter said to anither,  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.1r]  
\N1 Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.1]  
\N2 `We\'ll gae ride like sister and brither.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.1r]  
\N2 And we\'ll neer gae down to the brume nae mair  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.2]  
\N1 `We\'ll ride down into yonder valley,  
Whare the greene green trees are budding sae gaily.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.3]  
\N1 `Wi hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,  
And we\'ll come back in the morning early.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.4]  
\N1 They rade on like sister and brither,  
And they hunted and hawket in the valley the-gether.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.5]  
\N1 `Now, lady, hauld my horse and my hawk,  
For I maun na ride, and I downa walk.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.6]  
\N1 `But set me doun be the rute o this tree,  
For there hae I dreamt that my bed sall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.7]  
\N1 The ae king\'s dochter did lift doun the ither,  
And she was licht in her armis like ony fether.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.8]  
\N1 Bonnie Lady Ann sat doun be the tree,  
And a wide grave was houkit whare nane suld be.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.9]  
\N1 The hawk had nae lure, and the horse had nae master,  
And the faithless hounds thro the woods ran faster.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[E.10]  
\N1 The one king\'s dochter has ridden awa,  
But bonnie Lady Ann lay in the deed-thraw.  
\LBALLADS Child 16[F.1]  
\N1 `There is a feast in your father\'s house,  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.1r]  
\N1 The broom blooms bonnie, and so is it fair  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.1]  
\N2 It becomes you and me to be very douce.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.1r]  
\N2 And we\'ll never gang up to the broom nae mair  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.2]  
\N1 `Will you to to yon hill so hie,  
Take your bow and your arrow wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.3]  
\N1 He\'s tane his lady on his back,  
And his auld son in his coat-lap.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.4]  
\N1 `When ye hear me give a cry,  
Ye\'ll shoot your bow and let me ly.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.5]

\N1 `When ye see me lying still,  
Throw awa your bow and come running me till.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.6]  
\N1 When he heard her gie a cry,  
He shot his bow and he let her lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.7]  
\N1 When he saw she was lying still,  
He threw awa his bow and came running her till.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.8]  
\N1 It was nae wonder his heart was sad,  
When he shot his auld son at her head.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.9]  
\N1 He howkit a grave lang, large and wide,  
He buried his auld son down by her side.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.10]  
\N1 It was nae wonder his heart was sair,  
When he shooled the mools on her yellow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.11]  
\N1 `Oh,' said his father, 'Son, but thou\'rt sad,  
At our brow meeting you micht be glad.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.12]  
\N1 `Oh,' said he, 'Father, I\'ve lost my knife,  
I loved as dear almost as my own life.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.13]  
\N1 `But I have lost a far better thing,  
I lost the sheathe that the knife was in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.14]  
\N1 `Hold thy tongue and mak nae din,  
I\'ll buy thee a sheath and a knife therein.'  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.15]  
\N1 `A\' the ships ere sailed the sea  
Neer\'ll bring such a sheathe and knife to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 16[F.16]  
\N1 `A\' the smiths that lives on land  
Will neer bring such a sheath and knife to my hand.'  
\LBALLADS Child 17A.1  
\N1 IN Scotland there was a babie born,  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.1r  
\N1 Lill lal, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.1  
\N2 And his name it was called young Hind Horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.1r  
\N2 With a fal lal, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.2  
\N1 He sent a letter to our king  
That he was in love with his daughter Jean.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.3  
\N1 He\'s gien to her a silver wand,  
With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.4  
\N1 She\'s gien to him a diamond ring,  
With seven bright diamonds set therein.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.5  
\N1 `When this ring grows pale and wan,  
You may know by it my love is gane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.6  
\N1 One day as he looked his ring upon,  
He saw the diamonds pale and wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.7  
\N1 He left the sea and came to land,

And the first that he met was an old beggar man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.8  
\N1 `What news, what news?' said young Hind Horn;  
`No news, no news,' said the old beggar man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.9  
\N1 `No news,' said the beggar, 'No news at a',  
But there is a wedding in the king's ha.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.10  
\N1 `But there is a wedding in the king's ha,  
That has halden these forty days and twa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.11  
\N1 `Will ye lend me your begging coat?  
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.12  
\N1 `Will you lend me your beggar's rung?  
And I'll gie you my steed to ride upon.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.13  
\N1 `Will you lend me your wig o hair,  
To cover mine, because it is fair?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.14  
\N1 The auld beggar man was bound for the mill,  
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.15  
\N1 The auld beggar man was bound for to ride,  
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.16  
\N1 When he came to the king's gate,  
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.17  
\N1 The bride came down with a glass of wine,  
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.18  
\N1 `O got ye this by sea or land?  
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.19  
\N1 `I got not it by sea, I got it by land,  
And I got it, madam, out of your own hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.20  
\N1 `O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,  
And beg wi you frae town to town.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.21  
\N1 `O I'll cast off my gowns of red,  
And I'll beg wi you to win my bread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.22  
\N1 `Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,  
For I'll make you lady o many a town.  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.23  
\N1 `Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,  
It's only a sham, the begging o my bread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17A.24  
\N1 The bridegroom he had wedded the bride,  
But young Hind Horn he took her to bed.  
\LBALLADS Child 17B.1  
\N1 I NEVER saw my love before,  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.1r  
\N1 With a hey lilllelu and a ho lo lan  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.1  
\N2 Till I saw her thro an oger bore.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.1r  
\N2 With a hey down and a hey diddle downie



\SBALLADS Child 17B.2  
\N1 She gave to me a gay gold ring,  
With three shining diamonds set therein.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.3  
\N1 And I gave to her a silver wand,  
With three singing lavrocks set thereon.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.4  
\N1 `What if these diamonds lose their hue,  
Just when your love begins for to rew?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.5  
\N1 He\'s left the land, and he\'s gone to sea,  
And he\'s stayd there seven years and a day.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.6  
\N1 But when he looked this ring upon,  
The shining diamonds were both pale and wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.7  
\N1 He\'s left the seas and he\'s come to the land,  
And there he met with an auld beggar man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.8  
\N1 `What news, what news, thou auld beggar man  
For it is seven years sin I\'ve seen lan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.9  
\N1 `No news,' said the old beggar man, `at all,  
But there is a wedding in the king\'s hall.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.10  
\N1 `Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat?  
And I\'ll give to thee my scarlet cloak.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.11  
\N1 `Wilt thou give to me thy begging staff?  
And I\'ll give to thee my good gray steed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.12  
\N1 The old beggar man was bound for to ride,  
But Young Hynd Horn was bound for the bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.13  
\N1 When he came to the king\'s gate,  
He asked a drink for Young Hynd Horn\'s sake.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.14  
\N1 The news unto the bonnie bride came  
That at the yett there stands an auld man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.15  
\N1 `There stands an auld man at the king\'s gate;  
He asketh a drink for young Hyn Horn\'s sake.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.16  
\N1 `I\'ll go thro nine f+ires so hot,  
But I\'ll give him a drink for Young Hyn Horn\'s sake.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.17  
\N1 She gave him a drink out of her own hand;  
He drank out the drink and he dropt in the ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.18  
\N1 `Got thou\'t by sea, or got thou\'t by land?  
Or got thou\'t out of any dead man\'s hand?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.19  
\N1 `I got it not by sea, but I got it by land,  
For I got it out of thine own hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.20  
\N1 `I\'ll cast off my gowns of brown,  
And I\'ll follow thee from town to town.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.21  
\N1 `I\'ll cast off my gowns of red,  
And along with thee I\'ll beg my bread.'

\SBALLADS Child 17B.22  
\N1 `Thou need not cast off thy gowns of brown,  
For I can make thee lady of many a town.  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.23  
\N1 `Thou need not cast off thy gowns of red,  
For I can maintain thee with both wine and bread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17B.24  
\N1 The bridegroom thought he had the bonnie bride wed,  
But Young Hyn Horn took the bride to bed.  
\LBALLADS Child 17C.1  
\N1 YOUNG Hyn Horn\'s to the king\'s court gone,  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.1r  
\N1 Hoch hey and an ney O  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.1  
\N2 He\'s fallen in love with his little daughter Jean.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.1r  
\N2 Let my love alone, I pray you  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.2  
\N1 He\'s bocht to her a little gown,  
With seven broad f+lowers spread it along.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.3  
\N1 She\'s given to him a gay gold ring.  
The posie upon it was richt plain.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.4  
\N1 `When you see it losing its comely hue,  
So will I my love to you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.5  
\N1 Then within a little wee,  
Hyn Horn left land and went to sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.6  
\N1 When he lookt his ring upon,  
He saw it growing pale and wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.7  
\N1 Then within a little [wee] again,  
Hyn Horn left sea and came to the land.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.8  
\N1 As he was riding along the way,  
There he met with a jovial beggar.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.9  
\N1 `What news, what news, old man?' he did say:  
`This is the king\'s young dochter\'s wedding day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.10  
\N1 `If this be true you tell to me,  
You must niffer clothes with me.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.11  
\N1 `You\'ll gie me your cloutit coat,  
I\'ll gie you my f+ine velvet coat.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.12  
\N1 `You\'ll gie me your cloutit pock,  
I\'ll gie you my purse; it\'ll be no joke.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.13  
\N1 `Perhaps there<\'s] nothing in it, not one bawbee;'  
`Yes, there\'s gold and silver both,' said he.  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.14  
\N1 `You\'ll gie me your bags of bread,  
And I\'ll gie you my milk-white steed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.15  
\N1 When they had niffered all, he said,  
`You maun learn me how I\'ll beg.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17C.16

\N1 `When you come before the gate,  
 You\'ll ask for a drink for the highman\'s sake.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17C.17  
 \N1 When that he came before the gate,  
 He calld for a drink for the highman\'s sake.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17C.18  
 \N1 The bride cam tripping down the stair,  
 To see whaten a bold beggar was there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17C.19  
 \N1 She gave him a drink with her own hand;  
 He loot the ring drop in the can.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17C.20  
 \N1 `Got ye this by sea or land?  
 Or took ye\'t aff a dead man\'s hand?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17C.21  
 \N1 `I got na it by sea nor land,  
 But I got it aff your own hand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17C.22  
 \N1 The bridegroom cam tripping down the stair,  
 But there was neither bride nor beggar there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17C.23  
 \N1 Her ain bridegroom had her f+irst wed,  
 But Young Hyn Horn had her f+irst to bed.  
 \LBALLADS Child 17D.1  
 \N1 NEAR Edinburgh was a young son born,  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.1r  
 \N1 Hey lilelu an a how low lan  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.1  
 \N2 An his name it was called young Hyn Horn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.1r  
 \N2 An it\'s hey down down deedle airo  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.2  
 \N1 Seven long years he served the king,  
 An it\'s a\' for the sake of his daughter Jean.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.3  
 \N1 The king an angry man was he;  
 He send young Hyn Horn to the sea.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.4  
 \N1 An on his f+inger she put a ring.  
 . . . . .  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.5  
 \N1 `When your ring turns pale and wan,  
 Then I\'m in love wi another man.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.6  
 \N1 Upon a day he lookd at his ring,  
 It was as pale as anything.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.7  
 \N1 He\'s left the sea, an he\'s come to the lan,  
 An there he met an auld beggar man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.8  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my auld beggar man?  
 What news, what news, by sea or by lan?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.9  
 \N1 `Nae news, nae news,' the auld beggar said,  
 `But the king\'s dochter Jean is going to be wed.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.10  
 \N1 `Cast off, cast off thy auld beggar-weed,

An I'll gie thee my gude gray steed.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 17D.11  
 \N1 When he cam to our guid king\'s yet,  
 He sought a glass o wine for young Hyn Horn\'s sake.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.12  
 \N1 He drank out the wine, an he put in the ring,  
 An he bade them carry\'t to the king\'s dochter Jean.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 17D.13  
 \N1 `O gat ye\'t by sea, or gat ye\'t by lan?  
 Or gat ye\'t aff a dead man\'s han?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.14  
 \N1 `I gat na\'t by sea, I gat na\'t by lan,  
 But I gat it out of your own han.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 17D.15  
 `Go take away my bridal gown,  
 For I'll follow him frae town to town.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17D.16  
 \N1 `Ye need na leave your bridal gown,  
 For I'll make ye ladie o\' mony a town.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 17E.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\N1 HYND HORN he has lookt on his ring,  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.1r  
 \N1 Hey ninny ninny, how ninny nanny  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.1  
 \N2 And it was baith black and blue,  
 And she is either dead or she\'s married.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.1r  
 \N2 And the barck and the broom blooms bonnie  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.2  
 \N1 Hynd Horn he has shuped to land,  
 And the f+irst he met was an auld beggar man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.3  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my silly auld man?  
 For it is seven years syne I have seen land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.4  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my auld beggar man?  
 What news, what news, by sea or by land?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.5  
 \N1 `There is a king\'s dochter in the east,  
 And she has been marryed these nine nights past.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.6  
 \N1 `Intil the bride\'s bed she winna gang  
 Till she hears tell of her Hynd Horn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17E.7  
 \N1 `Cast aff, cast aff thy auld beggar weed,  
 And I will gie thee my gude gray steed.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 17F.1  
 \N1 IN Newport town this knight was born,  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.1r  
 \N1 Hey lily loo, hey loo lan  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.1  
 \N2 And they\'ve called him Young Hynd Horn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.1r  
 \N2 Fal lal la, fal the dal the dady  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.2  
 \N1 Seven long years he served the king,

For the love of his daughter Jean.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.3  
 \N1 He courted her through a wimble bore,  
 The way never woman was courted before.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.4  
 \N1 He gave her through a silver wand,  
 With three singing laverocks there upon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.5  
 \N1 She gave him back a gay gold ring,  
 With three bright diamonds glittering.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.6  
 \N1 `When this ring grows pale and blue,  
 Fair Jeanie\'s love is lost to you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.7  
 \N1 Young Hynd Horn is gone to sea,  
 And there seven long years staid he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.8  
 \N1 When he lookd his ring upon,  
 It grew pale and it grew wan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.9  
 \N1 Young Hynd Horn is come to land,  
 When he met an old beggar man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.10  
 \N1 `What news, what news doth thee betide?'  
 `No news, but Princess Jeanie\'s a bride.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.11  
 \N1 `Will ye give me your old brown cap?  
 And I\'ll give you my gold-laced hat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.12  
 \N1 `Will ye give me your begging weed?  
 And I\'ll give you my good grey steed.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17F.13  
 \N1 The beggar has got on to ride,  
 But Young Hynd Horn\'s bound for the bride.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 17G.1  
 \N1 `HYNDE HORN\R\'rS bound love, and Hynde Horn\'s free,  
 Whare was ye born, or in what countrie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17G.2  
 \N1 `In gude greenwud whare I was born,  
 And all my friends left me forlorn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17G.3  
 \N1 `I gave my love a silver wand;  
 That was to rule oure all Scotland.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17G.4  
 \N1 `My love gave me a gay gowd ring;  
 That was to rule abune a\' thing.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17G.5  
 \N1 `As lang as that ring keeps new in hue,  
 Ye may ken that your love loves you.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17G.6  
 \N1 `But whan that ring turns pale and wan,  
 Ye may ken that your love loves anither man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17G.7  
 \N1 He hoisted up his sails, and away sailed he,  
 Till that he cam to a foreign countrie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 17G.8  
 \N1 He looked at his ring; it was turnd pale and wan;  
 He said, `I wish I war at hame again.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 17G.9

\N1 He hoisted up his sails, and hame sailed he,  
Until that he came to his ain countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.10  
\N1 The f+irst ane that he met wi  
Was wi a puir auld beggar man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.11  
\N1 `What news, what news, my silly old man?  
What news hae ye got to tell to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.12  
\N1 `Na news, na news,' the puir man did say,  
`But this is our queen\'s wedding day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.13  
\N1 `Ye\'ll lend me your begging weed,  
And I\'ll gie you my riding steed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.14  
\N1 `My begging weed is na for thee,  
Your riding steed is na for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.15  
\N1 But he has changed wi the beggar man,  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.16  
\N1 `Which is the gate that ye used to gae?  
And what are the words ye beg wi?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.17  
\N1 `Whan ye come to yon high hill,  
Ye\'ll draw your bent bow nigh until.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.18  
\N1 `Whan ye come to yonder town,  
Ye\'ll let your bent bow low fall down.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.19  
\N1 `Ye\'ll seek meat for St Peter, ask for St Paul,  
And seek for the sake of Hynde Horn all.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.20  
\N1 `But tak ye frae nane of them a\',  
Till ye get frae the bonnie bride hersel O.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.21  
\N1 Whan he cam to yon high hill,  
He drew his bent bow nigh until.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.22  
\N1 And whan he cam to yonder town,  
He lute his bent bow low fall down.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.23  
\N1 He saught meat for St Peter, he askd for St Paul,  
And he sought for the sake of Hynde Horn all.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.24  
\N1 But he would tak frae nane o them a\',  
Till he got frae the bonnie bride hersel O.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.25  
\N1 The bride cam tripping doun the stair,  
Wi the scales o red gowd on her hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.26  
\N1 Wi a glass of red wine in her hand,  
To gie to the puir auld beggar man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.27  
\N1 It\'s out he drank the glass o wine,  
And into the glass he dropt the ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.28  
\N1 `Got ye\'t by sea, or got ye\'t by land,  
Or got ye\'t aff a drownd man\'s hand?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.29

\N1 `I got na\'t by sea, I got na\'t by land,  
Nor got I it off a drownd man\'s hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.30  
\N1 `But I got it at my wooing,  
And I\'ll gie it at your wedding.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.31  
\N1 `I\'ll tak the scales o gowd frae my head,  
I\'ll follow you, and beg my bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.32  
\N1 `I\'ll tak the scales of gowd frae my hair,  
I\'ll follow you, for evermair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.33  
\N1 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her head,  
She has followed him to beg her bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.34  
\N1 She has tane the scales o gowd frae her hair,  
And she has followed him for evermair.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.35  
\N1 But atween the kitchen and the ha,  
There he lute his cloutie cloak fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 17G.36  
\N1 And the red gowd shined oure him a`',  
And the bride frae the bridegroom was stown awa.  
\LBALLADS Child 17H.1  
\N1 `HYND HORN fair, and Hynd Horn free,  
O where were you born, in what countrie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.2  
\N1 `In gude greenwood, there I was born,  
And all my forbears me befor.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.3  
\N1 `O seven years I served the king,  
And as for wages, I never gat nane;  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.4  
\N1 `But ae sight o his ae daughter,  
And that was thro an augre bore.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.5  
\N1 `My love gae me a siller wand,  
'Twas to rule ower a`' Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.6  
\N1 `And she gae me a gay gowd ring,  
The virtue o\'t was above a`' thing.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.7  
\N1 `As lang\'s this ring it keeps the hue,  
Ye\'ll know I am a lover true:  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.8  
\N1 `But when the ring turns pale and wan,  
Ye\'ll know I love another man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.9  
\N1 He hoist up sails, and awa saild he,  
And saild into a far countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.10  
\N1 And when he lookd upon his ring,  
He knew she loved another man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.11  
\N1 He hoist up sails and home came he,  
Home unto his ain countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.12  
\N1 The f+irst he met on his own land,  
It chancd to be a beggar man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.13

\N1 `What news, what news, my gude auld man?  
What news, what news, hae ye to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.14  
\N1 `Nae news, nae news,' said the auld man,  
`The morn\'s our queen\'s wedding day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.15  
\N1 `Will ye lend me your begging weed?  
And I\'ll lend you my riding steed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.16  
\N1 `My begging weed will ill suit thee,  
And your riding steed will ill suit me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.17  
\N1 But part be right, and part be wrang,  
Frae the beggar man the cloak he wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.18  
\N1 `Auld man, come tell to me your leed;  
What news ye gie when ye beg your bread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.19  
\N1 `As ye walk up unto the hill,  
Your pike staff ye lend ye till.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.20  
\N1 `But whan ye come near by the yett,  
Straight to them ye will upstep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.21  
\N1 `Take nane frae Peter, nor frae Paul,  
Nane frae high or low o them all.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.22  
\N1 `And frae them all ye will take nane,  
Until it comes frae the bride\'s ain hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.23  
\N1 He took nane frae Peter nor frae Paul,  
Nane frae the high nor low o them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.24  
\N1 And frae them all he would take nane,  
Until it came frae the bride\'s ain hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.25  
\N1 The bride came tripping down the stair,  
The combs o red gowd in her hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.26  
\N1 A cup o red wine in her hand,  
And that she gae to the beggar man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.27  
\N1 Out o the cup he drank the wine,  
And into the cup he dropt the ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.28  
\N1 `O got ye\'t by sea, or got ye\'t by land,  
Or got ye\'t on a drownd man\'s hand?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.29  
\N1 `I got it not by sea, nor got it by land,  
Nor got I it on a drownd man\'s hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.30  
\N1 `But I got it at my wooing gay,  
And I\'ll gie\'t you on your wedding day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.31  
\N1 `I\'ll take the red gowd frae my head,  
And follow you, and beg my bread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.32  
\N1 `I\'ll take the red gowd frae my hair,  
And follow you for evermair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.33



\N1 Atween the kitchen and the ha,  
He loot his cloutie cloak down fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 17H.34  
\N1 And wi red gowd shone ower them a',  
And frae the bridegroom the bride he sta.  
\LBALLADS Child 17[I.1]  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\N1 She gave him a gay gold ring,  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.1r]  
\N1 Hey lillelu and how lo lan  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.1]  
\N2 But he gave her a far better thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.1r]  
\N2 With my hey down and a hey diddle downie  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.2]  
\N1 He gave her a silver wan,  
With nine bright laverocks thereupon.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.3]  
\N1 Young Hynd Horn is come to the lan,  
There he met a beggar man.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.4]  
\N1 `What news, what news do ye betide?'  
`Na news but Jeanie\'s the prince\'s bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.5]  
\N1 `Wilt thou give me thy begging weed?  
And I\'ll give thee my good grey steed.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.6]  
\N1 `Wilt thou give me thy auld grey hair?  
And I\'ll give ye mine that is thrice as fair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.7]  
\N1 The beggar he got on for to ride,  
But young Hynd Horn is bound for the bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.8]  
\N1 First the news came to the ha,  
Then to the room mang the gentles a'.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.9]  
\N1 `There stands a beggar at our gate,  
Asking a drink for young Hynd Horn\'s sake.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.10]  
\N1 `I\'ll ga through nine f+ires hot  
To give him a drink for young Hynd Horn\'s sake.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.11]  
\N1 She gave him the drink, and he dropt in the ring;  
They lady turned baith pale an wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.12]  
\N1 `Oh got ye it by sea, or got ye it by lan?  
Or got ye it off some dead man\'s han?'  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.13]  
\N1 `I got it not by sea, nor I got it not by lan,  
But I got it off thy milk-white han.'  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.14]  
\N1 `I\'ll cast off my dress of red,  
And I\'ll go with thee and beg my bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.15]  
\N1 `I\'ll cast off my dress of brown,  
And follow you from city to town.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.16]  
\N1 `I\'ll cast off my dress of green,  
For I am not ashamed with you to be seen.'

\SBALLADS Child 17[I.17]  
\N1 `You need not cast off your dress of red,  
For I can support thee on both wine and bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.18]  
\N1 `You need not cast off your dress of brown,  
For I can keep you a lady in any town.  
\SBALLADS Child 17[I.19]  
\N1 `You need not cast off your dress of green,  
For I can maintain you as gay as a queen.'  
\LBALLADS Child 18A.1  
\N1 SIR EGRABELL had sonnes three,  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.1r  
\N1 Blow thy horne, good hunter  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.1  
\N2 S\iir\r Lyonell was one of these.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.1r  
\N2 As I am a gentle hunter  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.2  
\N1 S\iir\r Lyonell wold on hunting ryde,  
Vntill the forrest him beside.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.3  
\N1 And as he rode thorrow the wood,  
Where trees and harts and all were good,  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.4  
\N1 And as he rode over the plaine,  
There he saw a knight lay slaine.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.5  
\N1 And as he rode still on the plaine,  
He saw a lady sitt in a graine.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.6  
\N1 `Say thou, lady, and tell thou me,  
What blood shedd heere has bee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.7  
\N1 `Of this blood shedd we may all rew,  
Both wife and childe and man alsoe.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.8  
\N1 `For it is not past 3 days right  
Since S\iir\r Broninge was mad a k\inigh\rt.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.9  
\N1 `Nor it is not more than 3 dayes agoe  
Since the wild bore did him sloe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.10  
\N1 `Say thou, lady, and tell thou mee,  
How long thou wilt sitt in \itha\rt tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.11  
\N1 She said, `I will sitt in this tree  
Till my friends doe feitch me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.12  
\N1 `Tell me, lady, and doe not misse,  
Where that yo\iu\rr friends dwellings is.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.13  
\N1 `Downe,' shee said, 'in yonder towne,  
There dwells my freinds of great renowne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.14  
\N1 Says, `Lady, Ile ryde into yonder towne  
And see wether yo\iu\rr friends beene bowne.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.15  
\N1 `I my self wilbe the formost man  
That shall come, lady, to feitch you home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.16

\N1 But as he rode then by the way,  
He thought it shame to goe away;  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.17  
\N1 And vmbethought him of a wile,  
How he might that wilde bore beguile.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.18  
\N1 `S\ii\rr Egrabell,' he said, 'My father was;  
He neuer left lady in such a case;  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.19  
\N1 `Noe more will I' . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.20  
\N1 `And a<fter] that thou shalt doe mee  
Thy hawkes and thy lease alsoe.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.21  
\N1 `Soe shalt thou doe at my com\im\rand  
The litle f+ingar on thy right hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.22  
\N1 `Ere I wold leaue all this w\ii\rth thee,  
Vpon this ground I rather dyee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.23  
\N1 The gyant gaue S\ii\rr Lyon\iel\rl such a blow,  
The fyer out of his eyen did throw.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.24  
\N1 He said then, 'if I were saffe and sound,  
As w\ii\rth-in this hower I was in the ground,  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.25  
\N1 `It shold be in the next towne told  
How deare thy buffett it was sold;  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.26  
\N1 `And it shold haue beene in the next towne s\iai\rd  
How well thy buffett it were paid.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.27  
\N1 `Take 40 daies into spite,  
To heale thy wounds that beene soe wide.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.28  
\N1 `When 40 dayes beene at an end,  
Heere meete thou me both safe and sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.29  
\N1 And till thou come to me againe,  
W\ii\rth me thoust leaue thy lady alone.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.30  
\N1 When 40 dayes was at an end,  
Sir Lyon\iel\rl of his wounds was healed sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.31  
\N1 He tooke w\ii\rth him a litle page,  
He gaue to him good yeomans wage.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.32  
\N1 And as he rode by one hawthorne,  
Even there did hang his hunting horne.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.33  
\N1 He sett his bugle to his mouth,  
And blew his bugle still full south.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.34  
\N1 He blew his bugle lowde and shrill;  
The lady heard, and came him till.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.35  
\N1 Sayes, 'The gyant lyes vnder yond low,  
And well he heares yo\iu\rr bugle blow.  
\SBALLADS Child 18A.36

\N1 `And bids me of good cheere be,  
 This night heele supp w\ii\rth you and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 18A.37  
 \N1 Hee sett that lady vppon a steede,  
 And a litle boy before her yeede.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18A.38  
 \N1 And said, 'lady, if you see that I must dye,  
 As euer you loued me, from me f+lye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18A.39  
 \N1 `But, lady, if you see \itha\rt I must liue,'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 18B.1  
 \N1 A KNIGHT had two sons o sma fame,  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.1r  
 \N1 Hey nien nanny  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.1  
 \N2 Isaac-a-Bell and Hugh the Graeme.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.1r  
 \N2 And the norlan f+lowers spring bonny  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.2  
 \N1 And to the youngest he did say,  
 `What occupation will you hae?  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.2r  
 \N2 When the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.3  
 \N1 `Will you gae fee to pick a mill?  
 Or will you keep hogs on yon hill?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.3r  
 \N2 While the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.4  
 \N1 `I winna fee to pick a mill,  
 Nor will I keep hogs on yon hill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.4r  
 \N2 While the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.5  
 \N1 `But it is said, as I do hear,  
 That war will last for seven year,  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.5r  
 \N2 And the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.6  
 \N1 `With a giant and a boar  
 That range into the wood o Tore.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.6r  
 \N2 And the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.7  
 \N1 `You\'ll horse and armour to me provide,  
 That through Tore wood I may safely ride.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.7r  
 \N2 When the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.8  
 \N1 The knicht did horse and armour provide,  
 That through Tore wood Graeme nicht safely ride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.8r  
 \N2 When the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.9  
 \N1 Then he rode through the wood o Tore,  
 And up it started the grisly boar.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.9r  
 \N2 When the, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18B.10

\N1 The f+irsten bout that he did ride,  
The boar he wounded in the left side.  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.10r  
\N2 When the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.11  
\N1 The nexten bout at the boar he gaed,  
He from the boar took aff his head.  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.11r  
\N2 And the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.12  
\N1 As he rode back through the wood o Tore,  
Up started the giant him before.  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.12r  
\N2 And the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.13  
\N1 `O cam you through the wood o Tore,  
Or did you see my good wild boar?'  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.13r  
\N2 And the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.14  
\N1 `I cam now through the wood o Tore,  
But woe be to your grisly boar.  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.14r  
\N2 And the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.15  
\N1 `The f+irsten bout that I did ride,  
I wounded your wild boar in the side.  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.15r  
\N2 And the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.16  
\N1 `The nexten bout at him I gaed,  
From your wild boar I took aff his head.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.16r  
\N2 And the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.17  
\N1 `Gin you have cut aff the head o my boar,  
It\'s your head shall be taen therfore.  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.17r  
\N2 And the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.18  
\N1 `I\'ll gie you thirty days and three,  
To heal your wounds, then come to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.18r  
\N2 While the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.19  
\N1 `It\'s after thirty days and three,  
When my wounds heal, I\'ll come to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.19r  
\N2 When the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.20  
\N1 So Graeme is back to the wood o Tore,  
And he\'s killd the giant, as he killd the boar.  
\SBALLADS Child 18B.20r  
\N2 And the, etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 18C.1  
\N1 SIR ROBERT BOLTON had three sons,  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.1r  
\N1 Wind well thy horn, good hunter  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.1  
\N2 And one of them was called Sir Ryalas.

\SBALLADS Child 18C.1r  
\N2 For he was a jovial hunter  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.2  
\N1 He rang\'d all round down by the woodside,  
Till up in the top of a tree a gay lady he spy\'d.  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.2r  
\N2 For he was, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.3  
\N1 `O what dost thou mean, fair lady?' said he;  
`O the wild boar has killed my lord and his men thirty.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.3r  
\N2 As thou beest, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.4  
\N1 `O what shall I do this wild boar to see?'  
`O thee blow a blast, and he\'ll come unto thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.4r  
\N2 As thou beest, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.5  
\N1 [Then he put his horn unto his mouth],  
Then he blowd a blast full north, east, west and south.  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.5r  
\N2 As he was, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.6  
\N1 And the wild boar heard him full into his den;  
Then he made the best of his speed unto him.  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.6r  
\N2 To Sir Ryalas, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.7  
\N1 Then the wild boar, being so stout and so strong,  
He thrasht down the trees as he came along.  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.7r  
\N2 To Sir Ryalas, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.8  
\N1 `O what dost thou want of me?' the wild boar said he;  
`O I think in my heart I can do enough for thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.8r  
\N2 For I am, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.9  
\N1 Then they fought four hours in a long summer\'s day,  
Till the wild boar fain would have gotten away.  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.9r  
\N2 From Sir Ryalas, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.10  
\N1 Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword with might,  
And he fairly cut his head off quite.  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.10r  
\N2 For he was, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.11  
\N1 Then out of the wood the wild woman flew:  
`Oh thou hast killed my pretty spotted pig!  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.11r  
\N2 As thou beest, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.12  
\N1 `There are three things I do demand of thee,  
It\'s thy horn, and thy hound, and thy gay lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.12r  
\N2 As thou beest, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.13  
\N1 `If these three things thou dost demand of me,  
It\'s just as my sword and thy neck can agree.'

\SBALLADS Child 18C.13r  
\N2 For I am, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.14  
\N1 Then into his locks the wild woman f+lew,  
Till she thought in her heart she had torn him through.  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.14r  
\N2 As he was, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.15  
\N1 Then Sir Ryalas drawd his broad sword again,  
And he fairly split her head in twain.  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.15r  
\N2 For he was, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.16  
\N1 In Bromsgrove church they both do lie;  
There the wild boar\'s head is picturd by  
\SBALLADS Child 18C.16r  
\N2 Sir Ryalas, etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 18D.1  
\N1 AS I went up one brook, one brook,  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.1r  
\N1 Well wind the horn, good hunter  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.1  
\N2 I saw a fair maiden sit on a tree top.  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.1r  
\N2 As thou art the jovial hunter  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.2  
\N1 I said, `Fair maiden, what brings you here?'  
`It is the wild boar that has drove me here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.2r  
\N2 As thou art, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.3  
\N1 `I wish I could that wild boar see;'  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.3r  
\N1 Well wind the horn, good hunter,  
And the wild boar soon will come to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.3r  
\N2 As thou art, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.4  
\N1 Then he put his horn unto his mouth,  
And he blowd both east, west, north and south.  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.4r  
\N2 As he was, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.5  
\N1 The wild boar hearing it into his den,  
[Then he made the best of his speed unto him].  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.6  
\N1 He whetted his tusks for to make them strong,  
And he cut down the oak and the ash as he came along.  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.6r  
\N2 For to meet with, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.7  
\N1 They fought f+ive hours one long summer\'s day,  
Till the wild boar he yelld, and he\'d fain run away.  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.7r  
\N2 And away from, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.8  
\N1 O then he cut his head clean off,  
.  
.  
.  
.  
.  
\SBALLADS Child 18D.9  
\N1 Then there came an old lady running out of the wood,

Saying, `You have killed my pretty, my pretty spotted pig.'

\SBALLADS Child 18D.9r  
 \N2 As thou art, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18D.10  
 \N1 Then at him this old lady she did go,  
 And he clove her from the top of her head to her toe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18D.10r  
 \N2 As he was, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18D.11  
 \N1 In Bromsgrove churchyard this old lady lies,  
 And the face of the boar\'s head there is drawn by,  
 \SBALLADS Child 18D.11r  
 \N2 That was killed by, etc\  
 \LBALLADS Child 18E.1  
 \N1 THERE was an old man and sons he had three;  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.1r  
 \N1 Wind well, Lion, good hunter  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.1  
 \N2 A friar he being one of the three,  
 With pleasure he ranged the north country.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.1r  
 \N2 For he was a jovial hunter  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.2  
 \N1 As he went to the woods some pastime to see,  
 He spied a fair lady under a tree,  
 Sighing and moaning mournfully.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.2r  
 \N2 He was, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.3  
 \N1 `What are you doing, my fair lady?'  
 `I\'m frightened the wild boar he will kill me;  
 He has worried my lord and wounded thirty.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.3r  
 \N2 As thou art, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.4  
 \N1 Then the friar he put his horn to his mouth,  
 And he blew a blast, east, west, north and south,  
 And the wild boar from his den he came forth.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18E.4r  
 \N2 Unto the, etc\  
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\LBALLADS Child 18F.1  
 \N1 SIR RACKABELLO had three sons,  
 \SBALLADS Child 18F.1r  
 \N1 Wind well your horn, brave hunter  
 \SBALLADS Child 18F.1  
 \N2 Sir Ryalash was one of these.  
 \SBALLADS Child 18F.1r  
 \N2 And he was a jovial hunter  
 \LBALLADS Child 19A.1  
 \N1 DER lived a king inta da aste,  
 \SBALLADS Child 19A.1r  
 \N1 Scowan u+:rla gru+:n  
 \SBALLADS Child 19A.1  
 \N2 Der lived a lady in da wast.  
 \SBALLADS Child 19A.1r  
 \N2 Whar giorten han gru+:n oarlac  
 \SBALLADS Child 19A.2  
 \N1 Dis king he has a huntin gaen,  
 He\'s left his Lady Isabel alane.



\SBALLADS Child 19A.3  
\N1 `Oh I wis ye\'d never gaen away,  
For at your hame is d'ol an wae.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.4  
\N1 `For da king o Ferrie we his daert,  
Has pierced your lady to da hert.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.5  
\N1 And aifter dem da king has gaen,  
But whan he cam it was a grey stane.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.6  
\N1 Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,  
Bit sair his hert wi d'ol an wae.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.7  
\N1 And f+irst he played da notes o noy,  
An dan he played da notes o joy.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.8  
\N1 An dan he played da g'od gabber reel,  
Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.9  
\N1 `Noo come ye in inta wir ha,  
An come ye in among wis a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.10  
\N1 Now he\'s gaen in inta der ha,  
An he\'s gaen in among dem a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.11  
\N1 Dan he took out his pipes to play,  
Bit sair his hert wi d'ol an wae.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.12  
\N1 An f+irst he played da notes o noy,  
An dan he played da notes o joy.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.13  
\N1 An dan he played da g'od gabber reel,  
Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.14  
\N1 `Noo tell to us what ye will hae:  
What sall we gie you for your play?  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.15  
\N1 `What I will hae I will you tell,  
An dat\'s me Lady Isabel.'  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.16  
\N1 `Yees tak your lady, an yees gaeng hame,  
An yees be king ower a\' your ain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 19A.17  
\N1 He\'s taen his lady, an he\'s gaen hame,  
An noo he\'s king ower a\' his ain.  
\LBALLADS Child 20A.1  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\N1 AND there she\'s leand her back to a thorn,  
\SBALLADS Child 20A.1r  
\N1 Oh and allelladay, oh and allelladay  
\SBALLADS Child 20A.1  
\N2 And there she has her baby born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20A.1r  
\N2 Ten thousand times good night and be wi thee  
\SBALLADS Child 20A.2  
\N1 She has houked a grave ayont the sun,  
And there she has buried the sweet babe in.  
\SBALLADS Child 20A.3

\N1 And she\'s gane back to her father\'s ha,  
She\'s counted the leelest maid o them a\'.  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 20A.4

\N1 `O look not sae sweet, my bonie babe,  
Gin ye smyle sae, ye\'ll smyle me dead.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 20B.1

\N1 SHE sat down below a thorn,

\SBALLADS Child 20B.1r

\N1 Fine f+lowers in the valley

\SBALLADS Child 20B.1

\N2 And there she has her sweet babe born.

\SBALLADS Child 20B.1r

\N2 And the green leaves they grow rarely

\SBALLADS Child 20B.2

\N1 `Smile na sae sweet, my bonie babe,  
And ye smile sae sweet, ye\'ll smile me dead.'

\SBALLADS Child 20B.3

\N1 She\'s taen out her little pen-knife,  
And twinnd the sweet babe o its life.

\SBALLADS Child 20B.4

\N1 She\'s howket a grave by the light o the moon,  
And there she\'s buried her sweet babe in.

\SBALLADS Child 20B.5

\N1 As she was going to the church,  
She saw a sweet babe in the porch.

\SBALLADS Child 20B.6

\N1 `O sweet babe, and thou were mine,  
I wad cleed thee in the silk so f+ine.'

\SBALLADS Child 20B.7

\N1 `O mother dear, when I was thine,  
You did na prove to me sae kind.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 20C.1

\N1 SHE leaned her back unto a thorn,

\SBALLADS Child 20C.1r

\N1 Three, three, and three by three

\SBALLADS Child 20C.1

\N2 And there she has her two babes born.

\SBALLADS Child 20C.1r

\N2 Three, three, and thirty-three

\SBALLADS Child 20C.2

\N1 She took frae \'bout her ribbon-belt,  
And there she bound them hand and foot.

\SBALLADS Child 20C.3

\N1 She has taen out her wee pen-knife,  
And there she ended baith their life.

\SBALLADS Child 20C.4

\N1 She has howked a hole baith deep and wide,  
She has put them in baith side by side.

\SBALLADS Child 20C.5

\N1 She has covered them oer wi a marble stane,  
Thinking she would gang maiden hame.

\SBALLADS Child 20C.6

\N1 As she was walking by her father\'s castle wa,  
She saw twa pretty babes playing at the ba.

\SBALLADS Child 20C.7

\N1 `O bonnie babes, gin ye were mine,  
I would dress you up in satin f+ine.

\SBALLADS Child 20C.8  
\N1 `O I would dress you in the silk,  
And wash you ay in morning milk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20C.9  
\N1 `O cruel mother, we were thine,  
And thou made us to wear the twine.  
\SBALLADS Child 20C.10  
\N1 `O cursed mother, heaven\'s high,  
And that\'s where thou will neer win nigh.  
\SBALLADS Child 20C.11  
\N1 `O cursed mother, hell is deep,  
And there thou\'ll enter step by step.'  
\LBALLADS Child 20D.1  
\N1 THERE lies a lady in London,  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.1r  
\N1 All alone and alone ee  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.1  
\N2 She\'s gane wi bairn to the clerk\'s son.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.1r  
\N2 Down by the green wood sae bonnie  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.2  
\N1 She\'s taen her mantle her about,  
She\'s gane aff to the gude green wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.3  
\N1 She\'s set her back untill an oak,  
First it bowed and then it broke.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.4  
\N1 She\'s set her back untill a tree,  
Bonny were the twa boys she did bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.5  
\N1 But she took out a little pen-knife,  
And she parted them and their sweet life.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.6  
\N1 She\'s aff untill her father\'s ha;  
She was the lealest maiden that was amang them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.7  
\N1 As she lookit oure the castle wa,  
She spied twa bonnie boys playing at the ba.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.8  
\N1 `O if these two babes were mine,  
They should wear the silk and the sabelline!'  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.9  
\N1 `O mother dear, when we were thine,  
We neither wore the silks nor the sabelline.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.10  
\N1 `But out ye took a little pen-knife,  
And ye parted us and our sweet life.  
\SBALLADS Child 20D.11  
\N1 `But now we\'re in the heavens hie,  
And ye\'ve the pains o hell to drie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 20E.1  
\N1 THERE was a lady, she lived in Lurk,  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.1r  
\N1 Sing hey alone and alonie O  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.1  
\N2 She fell in love with her father\'s clerk.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.1r  
\N2 Down by yon greenwood sidie O  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.2  
\N1 She loved him seven years and a day,

Till her big belly did her betray.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.3  
\N1 She leaned her back unto a tree,  
And there began her sad misery.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.4  
\N1 She set her foot unto a thorn,  
And there she got her two babes born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.5  
\N1 She took out her wee pen-knife,  
She twind them both of their sweet life.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.6  
\N1 She took the sattins was on her head,  
She rolled them in both when they were dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.7  
\N1 She howkit a grave forenent the sun,  
And there she buried her twa babes in.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.8  
\N1 As she was walking thro her father\'s ha,  
She spied twa boys playing at the ba.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.9  
\N1 `O pretty boys, if ye were mine,  
I would dress ye both in the silks so f+ine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.10  
\N1 `O mother dear, when we were thine,  
Thou neer dressed us in the silks so f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.11  
\N1 `For thou was a lady, thou livd in Lurk,  
And thou fell in love with thy father\'s clerk.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.12  
\N1 `Thou loved him seven years and a day,  
Till thy big belly did thee betray.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.13  
\N1 `Thou leaned thy back unto a tree,  
And there began thy sad misery.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.14  
\N1 `Thou set thy foot unto a thorn,  
And there thou got thy two babes born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.15  
\N1 `Thou took out thy wee pen-knife,  
And twind us both of our sweet life.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.16  
\N1 `Thou took the sattins was on thy head,  
Thou rolled us both in when we were dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.17  
\N1 `Thou howkit a grave forenent the sun,  
And there thou buried thy twa babes in.  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.18  
\N1 `But now we\'re both in [the] heavens hie,  
There is pardon for us, but none for thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20E.19  
\N1 `My pretty boys, beg pardon for me!'  
`There is pardon for us, but none for thee.'  
\LBALLADS Child 20F.1  
\N1 IT fell ance upon a day,  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.1r  
\N1 Edinburgh, Edinburgh  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.1  
\N2 It fell ance upon a day,  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.1r  
\N2 Stirling for aye

\SBALLADS Child 20F.1  
\N3 It fell ance upon a day  
The clerk and lady went to play.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.1r  
\N3 So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.2  
\N1 `If my baby be a son,  
I'll make him a lord of high renown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.3  
\N1 She's leand her back to the wa,  
Prayd that her pains might fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.4  
\N1 She's leand her back to the thorn,  
There was her baby born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.5  
\N1 `O bonny baby, if ye suck sair,  
You'll never suck by my side mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.6  
\N1 She's riven the muslin frae her head,  
Tied the baby hand and feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.7  
\N1 Out she took her little pen-knife,  
Twind the young thing o its sweet life.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.8  
\N1 She's howked a hole anent the meen,  
There laid her sweet baby in.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.9  
\N1 She had her to her father's ha,  
She was the meekest maid amang them a'.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.10  
\N1 It fell ance upon a day,  
She saw twa babies at their play.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.11  
\N1 `O bonny babies, gin ye were mine,  
I'd cleathe you in the silks sae f+ine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.12  
\N1 `O wild mother, when we were thine,  
You cleathd us not in silks so f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.13  
\N1 `But now we're in the heavens high,  
And you've the pains o hell to try.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20F.14  
\N1 She threw hersell oer the castle-wa,  
There I wat she got a fa.  
\LBALLADS Child 20G.1  
\N1 THERE was a lady lived on [a] lea,  
\SBALLADS Child 20G.1r  
\N1 All alone, alone O  
\SBALLADS Child 20G.1  
\N2 Down by the greenwood side went she.  
\SBALLADS Child 20G.1r  
\N2 Down the greenwood side O  
\SBALLADS Child 20G.2  
\N1 She set her foot all on a thorn,  
There she had two babies born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20G.3  
\N1 O she had nothing to lap them in,  
But a white appurn, and that was thin.  
\LBALLADS Child 20H.1  
\N1 THERE was a lady brisk and smart,

\SBALLADS Child 20H.1r  
\N1 All in a lone and a lonie O  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.1  
\N2 And she goes with child to her father\'s clark.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.1r  
\N2 Down by the greenwood sidie O  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.2  
\N1 Big, big oh she went away,  
And then she set her foot to a tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.3  
\N1 Big she set her foot to a stone,  
Till her three bonnie babes were borne.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.4  
\N1 She took the ribbons off her head,  
She tied the little babes hand and feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.5  
\N1 She howkit a hole before the sun,  
She\'s laid these three bonnie babes in.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.6  
\N1 She covered them over with marble stone,  
For dukes and lords to walk upon.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.7  
\N1 She lookit over her father\'s castle wa,  
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.8  
\N1 The f+irst o them was clad in red,  
To shew the innocence of their blood.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.9  
\N1 The neist o them was clad in green,  
To shew that death they had been in.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.10  
\N1 The next was naked to the skin,  
To shew they were murderd when they were born,  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.11  
\N1 `O bonnie babes, an ye were mine,  
I wad dress you in the satins so f+ine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.12  
\N1 `O mother dear, when we were thine,  
Thou did not use us half so kind.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.13  
\N1 `O bonnie babes, an ye be mine,  
Whare hae ye been a\' this time?'  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.14  
\N1 `We were at our father\'s house,  
Preparing a place for thee and us.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.15  
\N1 `Whaten a place hae ye prepar\'d for me?'  
`Heaven\'s for us, but hell\'s for thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.16  
\N1 `O mother dear, but heaven\'s high;  
That is the place thou\'ll ne\'er come nigh.  
\SBALLADS Child 20H.17  
\N1 `O mother dear, but hell is deep;  
\'Twill cause thee bitterlie to weep.'  
\LBALLADS Child 20I.1  
\N1 THE minister\'s daughter of New York,  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.1r  
\N1 Hey wi the rose and the lindie, O  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.1  
\N2 Has faen in love wi her father\'s clerk.

\SBALLADS Child 20I.1r  
\N2 Alone by the green burn sidie, O  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.2  
\N1 She courted him six years and a day,  
At length her belly did her betray.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.3  
\N1 She did her down to the greenwood gang,  
To spend awa a while o her time.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.4  
\N1 She lent her back unto a thorn,  
And she\'s got her twa bonny boys born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.5  
\N1 She\'s taen the ribbons frae her hair,  
Bound their bodies fast and sair.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.6  
\N1 She\'s put them aneath a marble stane,  
Thinking a maiden to gae hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.7  
\N1 Looking oer her castle wa,  
She spied her bonny boys at the ba.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.8  
\N1 `O bonny babies, if ye were mine,  
I woud feed you with the white bread and wine.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.9  
\N1 `I woud feed you wi the ferra cow\'s milk,  
And dress you in the f+inest silk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.10  
\N1 `O cruel mother, when we were thine,  
We saw none of your bread and wine.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.11  
\N1 `We saw none of your ferra cow\'s milk,  
Nor wore we of your f+inest silk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.12  
\N1 `O bonny babies, can ye tell me,  
What sort of death for you I must die?'  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.13  
\N1 `Yes, cruel mother, we\'ll tell to thee,  
What sort of death for us you must die.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.14  
\N1 `Seven years a fowl in the woods,  
Seven years a f+ish in the f+loods.  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.15  
\N1 `Seven years to be a church bell,  
Seven years a porter in hell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.16  
\N1 `Welcome, welcome, fowl in the wood<s],  
Welcome, welcome, f+ish in the f+llood<s].  
\SBALLADS Child 20I.17  
\N1 `Welcome, welcome, to be a church bell,  
But heavens keep me out of hell.'  
\LBALLADS Child 20J.1  
\N1 SHE leant her back against a thorn,  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.1r  
\N1 Hey for the Rose o\' Malindie O  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.1  
\N2 And there she has twa bonnie babes born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.1r  
\N2 Adoon by the green wood sidie O  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.2  
\N1 She\'s taen the ribbon frae her head,

An hankit their necks till they waur dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.3  
\N1 She luikit outowre her castle wa,  
An saw twa nakit boys, playin at the ba.  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.4  
\N1 `O bonnie boys, waur ye but mine,  
I wald feed ye wi f+lour-bread an wine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.5  
\N1 `O fause mother, whan we waur thine,  
Ye didna feed us wi f+lour-bread an wine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.6  
\N1 `O bonnie boys, gif ye waur mine,  
I wald clied ye wi silk sae f+tine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.7  
\N1 `O fause mother, whan we waur thine,  
You didna clied us in silk sae f+tine.  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.8  
\N1 `Ye tuik the ribbon aff your head,  
An\' hankit our necks till we waur dead.  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 20J.9  
\N1 `Ye sall be seven years bird on the tree,  
Ye sall be seven years f+ish i the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.10  
\N1 `Ye sall be seven years eel i the pule,  
An ye sall be seven years doon into hell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.11  
\N1 `Welcome, welcome, bird on the tree,  
Welcome, welcome, f+ish i the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 20J.12  
\N1 `Welcome, welcome, eel i the pule,  
But oh for gudesake, keep me frae hell!'  
\LBALLADS Child 20K.1  
\N1 LADY MARGARET looked oer the castle wa,  
\SBALLADS Child 20K.1r  
\N1 Hey and a lo and a lilly O  
\SBALLADS Child 20K.1  
\N2 And she saw twa bonnie babes playing at the ba.  
\SBALLADS Child 20K.1r  
\N2 Down by the green wood sidy O  
\SBALLADS Child 20K.2  
\N1 `O pretty babes, an ye were mine,  
I would dress you in the silks so f+tine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20K.3  
\N1 `O false mother, when we were thine,  
Ye did not dress us in silks so f+tine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20K.4  
\N1 `O bonnie babes, an ye were mine,  
I would feed you on the bread and wine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20K.5  
\N1 `O false mother, when we were thine,  
Ye did not feed us on the bread and the wine.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 20K.6  
\N1 `Seven years a f+ish in the sea,  
And seven years a bird in the tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 20K.7  
\N1 `Seven years to ring a bell,  
And seven years porter in hell.'  
\LBALLADS Child 20L.1



\N1 A LADY lookd out at a castle wa,  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.1r  
 \N1 Fine f+lowers in the valley  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.1  
 \N2 She saw twa bonnie babes playing at the ba.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.1r  
 \N2 And the green leaves they grow rarely  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.2  
 \N1 `O my bonnie babes, an ye were mine,  
 I would cleed ye i the scarlet sae f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.3  
 \N1 `I\'d lay ye saft in beds o down,  
 And watch ye morning, night and noon.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.4  
 \N1 `O mither dear, when we were thine,  
 Ye didna cleed us i the scarlet sae f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.5  
 \N1 `But ye took out yere little pen-knife,  
 And parted us frae our sweet life.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.6  
 \N1 `Ye howkit a hole aneath the moon,  
 And there ye laid our bodies down.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.7  
 \N1 `Ye happit the hole wi mossy stanes,  
 And there ye left our wee bit banes.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.8  
 \N1 `But ye ken weel, O mither dear,  
 Ye never cam that gate for fear.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 20L.9  
 \N1 `Seven lang years ye\'ll ring the bell,  
 And see sic sights as ye darna tell.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 20M.1  
 \N1 `O mother dear, when we were thine,  
 \SBALLADS Child 20M.1r  
 \N1 All a lee and aloney O  
 \SBALLADS Child 20M.1  
 \N2 You neither dressed us in coarse or f+ine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 20M.1r  
 \N2 Down by the greenwood sidy O  
 \LBALLADS Child 20[N.1]  
 \N1 As I lookit oer my father\'s castle wa,  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.1r]  
 \N1 All alone and alone O  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.1]  
 \N2 I saw two pretty babes playing at the ba.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.1r]  
 \N2 Down by yon green-wood sidie  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.2]  
 \N1 `O pretty babes, gin ye were mine,'  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.2r]  
 \N1 Hey the loch o the Loanie  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.2]  
 \N2 `I would cleed ye o the silk sae f+ine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.2r]  
 \N2 Down by that green-wood sidie  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.3]  
 \N1 `O sweet darlings, gin ye were mine,'  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[N.3r]  
 \N1 Hey the loch o the Loanie

\SBALLADS Child 20[N.3]  
\N2 `I would feed ye on the morning\'s milk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.3r]  
\N2 Down by the green-wood sidie  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.4]  
\N1 `O mither dear, when we were thine,'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.4r]  
\N1 By the lock o the Loanie  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.4]  
\N2 `Ye neither dressd us wi silk nor twine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.4r]  
\N2 Down by this green-wood sidie  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.5]  
\N1 `But ye tuke out your little pen-knife,'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.5r]  
\N1 By, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.5]  
\N2 `And there ye tuke yer little babes\' life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.5r]  
\N2 Down by the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.6]  
\N1 `O mither dear, when this ye had done,'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.6r]  
\N1 Alone by, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.6]  
\N2 `Ye unskirtled yersel, and ye wrapt us in \'t.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.6r]  
\N2 Down by the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.7]  
\N1 `Neist ye houkit a hole fornent the seen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.7r]  
\N1 All alone and alone O  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.7]  
\N2 `And tearless ye stappit your little babes in'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.7r]  
\N2 Down by the, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.8]  
\N1 `But we are in the heavens high,'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.8r]  
\N1 And far frae the loch o the Loanie  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.8]  
\N2 `But ye hae the pains o hell to d<r>ie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N.8r]  
\N2 Before ye leave the green-wood sidie  
\LBALLADS Child 20[N2.1]  
\N1 There was a duke\'s daughter lived at York,  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.1r]  
\N1 All alone and alone a  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.1]  
\N2 And she fell in love with her father\'s clarke.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.1r]  
\N2 Down by the greenwood side a, side a,  
Down, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.2]  
\N1 She loved him seven long years and a day,  
Till at last she came big-bellied away.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.3]  
\N1 She set her back against a thorn,  
And there she had two pretty babes born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.4]

\N1 She took out a penknife long and short,  
And she pierc\ 'd these pretty babes to the tender heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.5]  
\N1 So as she was walking in her father\ 's hall,  
She saw three pretty babes playing at ball.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.6]  
\N1 The one was clothed in purple, the other in pall,  
And the other was cloathed in no cloths at all.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.7]  
\N1 `O pretty babes, pretty babes, will you be mine?  
You shall be clothed in scarlet so f+ine,  
And ye shall drink ale, beer, and wine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[N2.8]  
\N1 `We are three angels, as other angels be,  
And the hottest place in hell is reserved for thee.'  
\LBALLADS Child 20[0.1]  
\N1 There was a duke\ 's daughter lived in York,  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.1r]  
\N1 Come bend and bear away the bows of yew  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.1]  
\N2 So secretly she loved her father\ 's clark.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.1r]  
\N2 Gentle hearts, be to me true.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.2]  
\N1 She loved him long and many a day,  
Till big with child she went away.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.3]  
\N1 She went into the wide wilderness;  
Poor she was to be pitied for heaviness.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.4]  
\N1 She leant her back against a tree,  
And there she endurd much misery.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.5]  
\N1 She leant her back against an oak,  
With bitter sighs these words she spoke.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.6]  
\N1 She set her foot against a thorne,  
And there she had two pretty babes born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.7]  
\N1 She took her f+illiting off her head,  
And there she ty\ 'd them hand and leg.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.8]  
\N1 She had a penknife long [and] sharp,  
And there she stuck them to the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.9]  
\N1 She dug a grave, it was long and deep,  
And there she laid them in to sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.10]  
\N1 The coldest earth it was their bed,  
The green grass was their coverlid.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.11]  
\N1 As she was a going by her father\ 's hall,  
She see three children a playing at ball.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.12]  
\N1 One was drest in scarlet f+ine,  
And the other<s was naked] as ere they was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.13]  
\N1 `O mother, O mother, if these children was mine,  
I wold dress them [in] scarlet f+ine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[0.14]

\N1 `O mother, O mother, when we was thine,  
 You did not dress [us] in scarlet f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.15]  
 \N1 `You set your back against a tree,  
 And there you endured great misery.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.16]  
 \N1 `You set your foot against a thorne,  
 And there you had us pritty babes born.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.17]  
 \N1 `You took your f+illiting off your head,  
 And there you bound us, hand to leg.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.18]  
 \N1 `You had a penknife long and sharp,  
 And there you stuck us to the heart.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.19]  
 \N1 `You dug a grave, it was long and deep,  
 And there you laid us in to sleep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.20]  
 \N1 The coldest earth it was our bed,  
 The green grass was our coverlid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.21]  
 \N1 `O mother, mother, for your sin  
 Heaven-gate you shall not enter in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.22]  
 \N1 `O mother, mother, for your sin  
 Hell-gates stands open to let you in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.23]  
 \N1 The lady\'s cheeks lookd pale and wan,  
 `Alass I,' said she, 'what have I done!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.24]  
 \N1 She tore her silken locks of hair,  
 And dy\'d away in sad despair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[0.25]  
 \N1 Young ladies all, of beauty bright,  
 Take warning by her last good-night.  
 \LBALLADS Child 20[Q.1]  
 \N1 There was a lady, a lady of York,  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.1r]  
 \N1 Ri fol i diddle i gee wo  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.1]  
 \N2 She fell a-courting in her own father\'s park.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.1r]  
 \N2 Down by the greenwood side, O  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.2]  
 \N1 She leaned her back against the stile,  
 There she had two pretty babes born.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.3]  
 \N1 And she had nothing to lap \'em in,  
 But she had a penknife sharp and keen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.4]  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 There she stabbed them right through the heart.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.5]  
 \N1 She wiped the penknife in the sludge;  
 The more she wiped it, the more the blood showed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.6]  
 \N1 As she was walking in her own father\'s park,  
 She saw two pretty babes playing with a ball.  
 \SBALLADS Child 20[Q.7]  
 \N1 `Pretty babes, pretty babes, if you were mine,

I\'d dress you up in silks so f+ine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 20[Q.8]  
\N1 `Dear mother, dear mother, [when we were thine,]  
You dressed us not in silks so f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 20[Q.9]  
\N1 `Here we go to the heavens so high,  
You\'ll go to bad when you do die.'  
\LBALLADS Child 21A.1  
\N1 THE maid shee went to the well to washe,  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.1r  
\N1 Lillumwham, lillumwham!  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.1  
\N2 The mayd shee went to the well to washe,  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.1r  
\N2 Whatt then? what then?  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.1  
\N3 The maid shee went to the well to washe,  
Dew f+fell of her lilly white f+leshe.  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.1r  
\N3 Grandam boy, grandam boy, heye!  
Leg a derry, leg a merry, mett, mer, whoope, whir!  
Driuanca, larumben, grandam boy, heye!  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.2  
\N1 While shee washte and while shee ronge,  
While shee hangd o the hazle wand.  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.3  
\N1 There came an old palmer by the way,  
Sais, `God speed thee well, thou faire maid!'  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.4  
\N1 `Hast either cupp or can,  
To giue an old palmer drinke therin?'  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.5  
\N1 Sayes, `I have neither cupp nor cann,  
To giue an old palmer drinke therin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.6  
\N1 `But an thy lem\im\ran came from Roome,  
Cupps and canns thou wold f+f+ind soone.'  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.7  
\N1 She sware by God & good St\. John,  
Lemman had shee neuer none.  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.8  
\N1 Sais, `Peace, f+faire mayd, you are f+forsworne!  
Nine children you haue borne.  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.9  
\N1 `Three were buried vnder thy bed\'s head,  
Other three vnder thy brewing leade.  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.10  
\N1 `Other three on yon play greene;  
Count, maid, and there be 9.'  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.11  
\N1 `But I hope you are the good old man  
That all the world beleeeues vpon.  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.12  
\N1 `Old palmer, I pray thee,  
Pennaunce \itha\rt thou wilt giue to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.13  
\N1 `Penance I can giue thee none,  
But 7 yeere to be a stepping-stone.  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.14  
\N1 `Other seaven a clapper in a bell,

Other 7 to lead an ape in hell.  
\SBALLADS Child 21A.15  
\N1 `When thou hast thy penance done,  
Then thoust come a mayden home.'  
\LBALLADS Child 21B.1  
\N1 `SEVEN years ye shall be a stone,  
\SBALLADS Child 21B.1r  
\N1 . . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 21B.1  
\N2 For many a poor palmer to rest him upon.  
\SBALLADS Child 21B.1r  
\N2 And you the fair maiden of Gowden-gane  
\SBALLADS Child 21B.2  
\N1 `Seven years ye\'ll be porter of hell,  
And then I\'ll take you to mysell.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 21B.3  
\N1 `Weel may I be a\' the other three,  
But porter of hell I never will be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 21B.3r  
\N2 And I, etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 22.1  
\N1 SEY\i\in\rT Steuene was a clerk i\i\in\r ky\i\in\r g Herowd\ies\r halle,  
\iAnd\r seruyd hi\i\im\r of bred \iand\r clot+h, as euey ky\i\in\r g  
befalle.  
\SBALLADS Child 22.2  
\N1 Steuy\i\in\r out of kechon\ie\r ca\i\im\r, w\iy\rt\ih\r boris hed o\i\in\r  
honde;  
He saw a sterr\ie\r was fayr \iand\r bryy+ot ou\ier\r Bedle\i\m\r sto\i\in\r  
\rde.  
\SBALLADS Child 22.3  
\N1 He kyst adoun t+he boris hed \iand\r went in to t+he halle:  
`I forsak t+he, ky\i\in\r g Herowd\ies\r, \iand\r t+hi werk\ies\r alle.  
\SBALLADS Child 22.4  
\N1 `I forsak t+he, ky\i\in\r g Herowd\ies\r, \iand\r t+hi werk\ie\r s alle;  
\Rt+h\ier\r is a chyld in Bedle\i\m\r born is bet\ier\r t+ha\i\in\r we  
alle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 22.5  
\N1 `Q\i\uat\r eylyt t+he, Steuene? q\i\uat\r is t+he befalle?  
Lakkyt t+he eyt+h\ier\r mete or drynk in kyng Herowd\ies\r h\i\alle\r!'  
\SBALLADS Child 22.6  
`Lakit me neyt+h\ier\r mete ne drynk i\i\in\r ky\i\in\r g Herowd\ies\r halle;  
\Rt+h\ier\r is a chyld in Bedle\i\m\r born is bet\ier\r t+ha\i\in\r we  
alle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 22.7  
\N1 Q\i\uat\r eylyt t+he, Steuyn? art t+hu wod, or t+hu gy\i\in\r nyst to  
brede?  
Lakkyt t+he eyt+h\ier\r gold or fe, or ony ryche wede?'  
\SBALLADS Child 22.8  
\N1 `Lakyt me neyt+h\ier\r gold ne fe, ne no\i\in\r ryche wede;  
\Rt+h\ier\r is a chyld in Bedle\i\m\r born xal helpy\i\in\r vs at o\i\ur\r  
nede.'  
\SBALLADS Child 22.9  
\N1 `Rt+h\ia\rt is al so sot+h, Steuy\i\in\r, al so sot+h, iwys,  
As t+his capou\i\in\r crowe xal t+h\ia\rt lyt+h her\ie\r in my\i\in\r dysh.'  
\SBALLADS Child 22.10  
\N1 \Rt+h\ia\rt word was not so sone seyde, t+h\ia\rt word i\i\in\r t+h\ia  
\rt halle,  
T+He capou\i\in\r crew C\iristu\r s nat\ius\r est! among t+he lord\ies\r  
alle.

\SBALLADS Child 22.11  
\N1 Rysyt vp, my\in\r turme\in\rtowr\ies\r, be to \iand\r al be on,  
\iAnd\r led\iy\rt Steuy\in\r out of t+his town, \iand\r sto\in\ryt hy\im  
\r w\iy\rt\ih\r ston!'  
\SBALLADS Child 22.12  
\N1 Toky\in\r he Steuene, \iand\r stonyd hy\im\r in the way,  
\iAnd\r t+h\ier\rfor\ie\r is his euy\in\r on Cryst\ies\r owy\in\r day.  
\LBALLADS Child 23.1  
\N1 HIT wes upon a Scere-thorsday that ure loverd aros;  
Ful milde were the wordes he spec to Judas.  
\SBALLADS Child 23.2  
\N1 `Judas, thou most to Jurselem, oure mete for to bugge;  
Thritti platen of selver thou bere up othi rugge.  
\SBALLADS Child 23.3  
\N1 `Thou comest fer ithe brode stret, fer ithe brode strete;  
Summe of thine tunesmen ther thou meiht imete.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.4  
\N1 . . . . .  
Immette wid is soster, the swikele wimon.  
\SBALLADS Child 23.5  
\N1 `Judas, thou were wrthe me stende the wid ston,  
For the false prophete that tou bilevest upon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.6  
\N1 `Be stille, leve soster, thin herte the tobreke!  
Wiste min loverd Crist, ful wel he wolde be wreke.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.7  
\N1 `Judas, go thou on the roc, heie upon the ston;  
Lei thin heved imy barm, slep thou the anon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.8  
\N1 Sone so Judas of slepe was awake,  
Thritti platen of selver from hym weren itake.  
\SBALLADS Child 23.9  
\N1 He drou hymselfe bi the cop, that al it lavede a blode;  
The Jewes out of Jurselem awenden he were wode.  
\SBALLADS Child 23.10  
\N1 Foret hym com the riche Jeu that heihte Pilatus:  
`Wolte sulle thi loverd, that hette Jesus?'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.11  
\N1 `I nul sulle my loverd [for] nones cunnes eihte,  
Bote hit be for the thritti platen that he me bitaihte.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.12  
\N1 `Wolte sulle thi lord Crist for enes cunnes golde?'  
`Nay, bote hit be for the platen that he hebben wolde.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.13  
\N1 In him com ur lord Crist gon, as is postles seten at mete:  
`Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?  
\SBALLADS Child 23.14  
\N1 [`Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?]  
Ic am ibouht ant isold today for oure mete.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.15  
\N1 Up stod him Judas: `Lord, am I that . . . ?  
`I nas never othe stude ther me the evel spec.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.16  
\N1 Up him stod Peter, and spec wid al is mihte,  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 23.17  
\N1 `Thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred cnihtes,  
Yet ic wolde, loverd, for thi love f+ihte.'  
\SBALLADS Child 23.18  
\N1 `Still thou be, Peter, wel I the icnowe;

Thou wolt fursake me thrien ar the coc him crowe.'

\LBALLADS Child 24A.1

\N1 THERE was a rich lord, and he lived in Forfar,  
He had a fair lady, and one only dochter.

\SBALLADS Child 24A.2

\N1 O she was fair, O dear, she was bonnie!  
A ship\'s captain courted her to be his honey.

\SBALLADS Child 24A.3

\N1 There cam a ship\'s captain out owre the sea sailing,  
He courted this young thing till he got her wi bairn.

\SBALLADS Child 24A.4

\N1 `Ye\'ll steal your father\'s gowd, and your mother\'s money,  
And I\'ll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie.'

\SBALLADS Child 24A.5

\N1 She\'s stown her father\'s gowd, and her mother\'s money,  
But she was never a lady in Ireland bonnie.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 24A.6

\N1 `There\'s fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,  
There\'s fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 24A.7

\N1 They\'ve casten black bullets twice six and forty,  
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie.

\SBALLADS Child 24A.8

\N1 `Ye\'ll tak me in your arms twa, lo, lift me cannie,  
Throw me out owre board, your ain dear Annie.'

\SBALLADS Child 24A.9

\N1 He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,  
He has laid her on a bed of down, his ain dear Annie.

\SBALLADS Child 24A.10

\N1 `What can a woman do, love, I\'ll do for ye;  
`Muckle can a woman do, ye canna do for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 24A.11

\N1 `Lay about, steer about, lay our ship cannie,  
Do all ye can to save my dear Annie.'

\SBALLADS Child 24A.12

\N1 `I\'ve laid about, steerd about, laid about cannie,  
But all I can do, she winna sail for me.

\SBALLADS Child 24A.13

\N1 `Ye\'ll tak her in your arms twa, lo, lift her cannie,  
And throw her out owre board, your ain dear Annie.'

\SBALLADS Child 24A.14

\N1 He has tane her in his arms twa, lo, lifted her cannie,  
He has thrown her out owre board, his ain dear Annie.

\SBALLADS Child 24A.15

\N1 As the ship sailed, bonnie Annie she swam,  
And she was at Ireland as soon as them.

\SBALLADS Child 24A.16

\N1 He made his love a coff+in of the gowd sae yellow,  
And buried his bonnie love down in a sea valley.

\LBALLADS Child 24B.1

\N1 DOWN in Dumbarton there wonnd a rich merchant,  
Down in Dumbarton there wond a rich merchant,  
And he had nae family but ae only dochter.

\SBALLADS Child 24B.1r

\N2 Sing fal lal de deedle, fal lal de deedle lair, O a day

\SBALLADS Child 24B.2

\N1 There cam a rich squire, intending to woo her,  
He wooed her until he had got her wi babie.

\SBALLADS Child 24B.3



\N1 `Oh what shall I do! oh what shall come o me!  
Baith father and mither will think naething o me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.4  
\N1 `Gae up to your father, bring down gowd and money,  
And I\`ll take ye ower to a braw Irish ladie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.5  
\N1 She gade to her father, brought down gowd and money,  
And she\`s awa ower to a braw Irish ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.6  
\N1 She hadna sailed far till the young thing cried `Women!'  
`What women can do, my dear, I\`ll do for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.7  
\N1 `O haud your tongue, foolish man, dinna talk vainly,  
For ye never kent what a woman driet for you.  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.8  
\N1 `Gae wash your hands in the cauld spring water,  
And dry them on a towel a\` giltit wi silver.  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.9  
\N1 `And tak me by the middle, and lift me up saftlie,  
And throw me ower shipboard, baith me and my babie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.10  
\N1 He took her by the middle, and lifted her saftly,  
And threw her ower shipboard, baith her and her babie.  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.11  
\N1 Sometimes she did sink, sometimes she did f+loat it,  
Until that she cam to the high banks o Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.12  
\N1 `O captain tak gowd, O sailors tak money,  
And launch out your sma boat till I sail for my honey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.13  
\N1 `How can I tak gowd, how can I tak money?  
My ship\`s on a sand bank, she winna sail for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.14  
\N1 The captain took gowd, the sailors took money,  
And they launchd out their sma boat till he sailed for his honey.  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.15  
\N1 `Mak my love a coff+in o the gowd sae yellow,  
Whar the wood it is dear, and the planks they are narrow,  
And bury my love on the high banks o Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 24B.16  
\N1 They made her a coff+in o the gowd sae yellow,  
And buried her deep on the high banks o Yarrow.  
\LBALLADS Child 25A.1  
\N1 `WILLIE, Willie, I\`ll learn you a wile,'  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.1r  
\N1 And the sun shines over the valleys and a\`  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.1  
\N2 `How this pretty fair maid ye may beguile.'  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.1r  
\N2 Among the blue f+lowrs and the yellow and a\`  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.2  
\N1 `Ye maun lie doun just as ye were dead,  
And tak your winding-sheet around your head.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.3  
\N1 `Ye maun gie the bellman his bell-groat,  
To ring your dead-bell at your lover\`s yett.'  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.4  
\N1 He lay doun just as he war dead,  
And took his winding-sheet round his head.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.5

\N1 He gied the bellman his bell-groat,  
To ring his dead-bell at his lover\'s yett.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.6  
\N1 `O wha is this that is dead, I hear?'  
`O wha but Willie that loed ye sae dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.7  
\N1 She is to her father\'s chamber gone,  
And on her knees she\'s fallen down.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.8  
\N1 `O father, O father, ye maun grant me this;  
I hope that ye will na tak it amiss.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.9  
\N1 `That I to Willie\'s burial should go;  
For he is dead, full well I do know.'  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.10  
\N1 `Ye\'ll tak your seven bauld brethren wi thee,  
And to Willie\'s burial straucht go ye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.11  
\N1 It\'s whan she cam to the outmost yett,  
She made the silver f+ly round for his sake.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.12  
\N1 It\'s whan she cam to the inmost yett,  
She made the red gowd f+ly round for his sake.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.13  
\N1 As she walked frae the court to the parlour there,  
The pretty corpse syne began for to steer.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.14  
\N1 He took her by the waist sae neat and sae sma,  
And threw her atween him and the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.15  
\N1 `O Willie, O Willie, let me alane this nicht,  
O let me alane till we\'re wedded richt.'  
\SBALLADS Child 25A.16  
\N1 `Ye cam unto me baith sae meek and mild,  
But I\'ll mak ye gae hame a wedded wife wi child.'  
\LBALLADS Child 25B.1  
\N1 `O Willie my son, what makes you sae sad?'  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.1r  
\N1 As the sun shines over the valley  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.1  
\N2 `I lye sarely sick for the love of a maid.'  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.1r  
\N2 Among the blue f+lowers and the yellow  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.2  
\N1 `Were she an heiress or lady sae free,  
That she will take no pity on thee?  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.3  
\N1 `O Willie, my son, I\'ll learn you a wile,  
How this fair maid ye may beguile.  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.4  
\N1 `Ye\'ll gie the principal bellman a groat,  
And ye\'ll gar him cry your dead lyke-wake.'  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.5  
\N1 Then he gae the principal bellman a groat,  
He bade him cry his dead lyke-wake.  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.6  
\N1 This maiden she stood till she heard it a',  
And down frae her cheeks the tears did fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 25B.7  
\N1 She is hame to her father\'s ain bower:

`I`ll gang to yon lyke-wake ae single hour.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.8  
 \N1 `Ye must take with you your ain brither John;  
 It`s not meet for maidens to venture alone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.9  
 \N1 `I`ll not take with me my brither John,  
 But I`ll gang along, myself all alone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.10  
 \N1 When she came to young Willie`s yate,  
 His seven brithers were standing thereat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.11  
 \N1 Then they did conduct her into the ha,  
 Among the weepers and merry mourners a`'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.12  
 \N1 When she lifted up the covering sae red,  
 With melancholy countenance to look on the dead,  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.13  
 \N1 He`s taen her in his arms, laid her gainst the wa,  
 Says, `Lye ye here, fair maid, till day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.14  
 \N1 `O spare me, O spare me, but this single night,  
 And let me gang hame a maiden sae bright.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.15  
 \N1 `Tho all your kin were about your bower,  
 Ye shall not be a maiden ae single hour.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.16  
 \N1 `Fair maid, ye came here without a convoy,  
 But ye shall return wi a horse and a boy.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25B.17  
 \N1 `Ye came here a maiden sae mild,  
 But ye shall gae hame a wedded wife with child.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 25C.1  
 \N1 `O WILLIE, Willie, what makes thee so sad?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.1r  
 \N1 And the sun shines over the valley  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.1  
 \N2 `I have loved a lady these seven years and mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.1r  
 \N2 Down among the blue f+lowers and the yellow  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.2  
 \N1 `O Willie, lie down as thou were dead,  
 And lay thy winding-sheet down at thy head.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.3  
 \N1 `And gie to the bellman a belling-great,  
 To ring the dead-bell at thy love`s bower-yett.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.4  
 \N1 He laid him down as he were dead,  
 And he drew the winding-sheet oer his head.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.5  
 \N1 He gied to the bellman a belling-great,  
 To ring the dead-bell at his love`s bower-yett.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.6  
 \N1 When that she came to her true lover`s gate,  
 She dealt the red gold and all for his sake.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.7  
 \N1 And when that she came to her true lover`s bower,  
 She had not been there for the space of half an hour,  
 \SBALLADS Child 25C.8  
 \N1 Till that she cam to her true lover`s bed,

And she lifted the winding-sheet to look at the dead.

\SBALLADS Child 25C.9

\N1 He took her by the hand so meek and sma,  
And he cast her over between him and the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 25C.10

\N1 `Tho all your friends were in the bower,  
I would not let you go for the space of half an hour.

\SBALLADS Child 25C.11

\N1 `You came to me without either horse or boy,  
But I will send you home with a merry convoy.'

\LBALLADS Child 25D.1

\N1 `O JOHNIE, dear Johnie, what makes ye sae sad?'

\SBALLADS Child 25D.1r

\N1 As the sun shines ower the valley

\SBALLADS Child 25D.1

\N2 `I think nae music will mak ye glad.'

\SBALLADS Child 25D.1r

\N2 Among the blue f+lowers and the yellow

\LBALLADS Child 25[E.1]

\N1 `If my love loves me, she lets me not know,  
That is a dowie chance;

I wish that I the same could do,  
Tho my love were in France, France,  
Tho my love were in France.

\SBALLADS Child 25[E.2]

\N1 `O lang think I, and very lang,

And lang think I, I true;  
But lang and langer will I think  
Or my love o me rue.

\SBALLADS Child 25[E.3]

\N1 `I will write a broad letter,  
And write it sae perf+ite,  
That an she winna o me rue,  
I'll bid her come to my lyke.'

\SBALLADS Child 25[E.4]

\N1 Then he has written a broad letter,  
And seald it wi his hand,  
And sent it on to his true love,  
As fast as boy could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 25[E.5]

\N1 When she looked the letter upon,  
A light laugh then gae she;  
But ere she read it to an end,  
The tear blinded her ee.

\SBALLADS Child 25[E.6]

\N1 `O saddle to me a steed, father,  
O saddle to me a steed;  
For word is come to me this night,  
That my true love is dead.'

\SBALLADS Child 25[E.7]

\N1 `The steeds are in the stable, daughter,  
The keys are casten by;  
Ye cannot won to-night, daughter,  
To-morrow ye\'se won away.'

\SBALLADS Child 25[E.8]

\N1 She has cut aff her yellow locks,  
A little aboon her ee,  
And she is on to Willie\'s lyke,  
As fast as gang could she.

\SBALLADS Child 25[E.9]

\N1 As she gaed ower yon high hill head,  
 She saw a dowie light;  
 It was the candles at Willie\'s lyke,  
 And torches burning bright.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25[E.10]  
 \N1 Three o Willie\'s eldest brothers  
 Were making for him a bier;  
 One half o it was gude red gowd,  
 The other siller clear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25[E.11]  
 \N1 Three o Willie\'s eldest sisters  
 Were making for him a sark;  
 The one half o it was cambric f+ine,  
 The other needle wark.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25[E.12]  
 \N1 Out spake the youngest o his sisters,  
 As she stood on the f+leer:  
 How happy would our brother been,  
 If ye\'d been sooner here!  
 \SBALLADS Child 25[E.13]  
 \N1 She lifted up the green covering,  
 And gae him kisses three;  
 Then he lookd up into her face,  
 The blythe blink in his ee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 25[E.14]  
 \N1 O then he started to his feet,  
 And thus to her said he:  
 Fair Annie, since we\'re met again,  
 Parted nae mair we\'se be.  
 \LBALLADS Child 26.1  
 \N1 THERE were three rauens sat on a tree,  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.1r  
 \N1 Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.1  
 \N2 There were three rauens sat on a tree,  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.1r  
 \N2 With a downe  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.1  
 \N3 There were three rauens sat on a tree,  
 They were as blacke as they might be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.1r  
 \N3 With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.2  
 \N1 The one of them said to his mate,  
 `Where shall we our breakefast take?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.3  
 \N1 `Downe in yonder greene f+ield,  
 There lies a knight slain vnder his shield.  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.4  
 \N1 `His hounds they lie downe at his feete,  
 So well they can their master keepe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.5  
 \N1 `His haukes they f+lie so eagerly,  
 There\'s no fowle dare him come nie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.6  
 \N1 Downe there comes a fallow doe,  
 As great with yong as she might goe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 26.7  
 \N1 She lift vp his bloody hed,  
 And kist his wounds that were so red.

\SBALLADS Child 26.8  
\N1 She got him vp vpon her backe,  
And carried him to earthen lake.  
\SBALLADS Child 26.9  
\N1 She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herselpe ere euen-song time.  
\SBALLADS Child 26.10  
\N1 God send euery gentleman,  
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.  
\LBALLADS Child 27.1  
\N1 SEVEN lang years I hae served the king,  
\SBALLADS Child 27.1r  
\N1 Fa fa fa fa lilly  
\SBALLADS Child 27.1  
\N2 And I never got a sight of his daughter but ane.  
\SBALLADS Child 27.1r  
\N2 With my glimpy, glimpy, glimpy eedle,  
Lillum too tee a ta too a tee a ta a tally  
\SBALLADS Child 27.2  
\N1 I saw her thro a whummil bore,  
And I neer got a sight of her no more.  
\SBALLADS Child 27.3  
\N1 Twa was putting on her gown,  
And ten was putting pins therein.  
\SBALLADS Child 27.4  
\N1 Twa was putting on her shoon,  
And twa was buckling them again.  
\SBALLADS Child 27.5  
\N1 Five was combing down her hair,  
And I never got a sight of her nae mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 27.6  
\N1 Her neck and breast was like the snow,  
Then from the bore I was forced to go.  
\LBALLADS Child 28.1  
\N1 BURD ELLEN sits in her bower windowe,  
\SBALLADS Child 28.1r  
\N1 With a double laddy double, and for the double dow  
\SBALLADS Child 28.1  
\N2 Twisting the red silk and the blue.  
\SBALLADS Child 28.1r  
\N2 With the double rose and the May-hay  
\SBALLADS Child 28.2  
\N1 And whiles she twisted, and whiles she twan,  
And whiles the tears fell down amang.  
\SBALLADS Child 28.3  
\N1 Till once there by cam Young Tamlane:  
`Come light, oh light, and rock your young son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 28.4  
\N1 `If you winna rock him, you may let him rair,  
For I hae rockit my share and mair.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 28.5  
\N1 Young Tamlane to the seas he\'s gane,  
And a\' women\'s curse in his company\'s gane.  
\LBALLADS Child 29.1  
\N1 IN the third day of May  
to Carleile did come  
A kind curteous child,  
that cold much of wisdome.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.2

\N1 A kirtle and a mantle  
this child had vpon,  
W\ii\rth brauches and ringes  
full richelye bedone.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.3  
\N1 He had a sute of silke,  
about his middle drawne;  
W\ii\rthout he cold of curtesye,  
he thought itt much shame.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.4  
\N1 `God speed thee, K\iing\r Arthur,  
sitting att thy meate!  
And the goodly Queene Gueneuer!  
I cannott her f+forgett.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.5  
\N1 `I tell you lords in this hall,  
I hett you all heede,  
Except you be the more surer,  
is you for to dread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 29.6  
\N1 He plucked out of his potewer,  
and longer wold not dwell,  
He pulled forth a pretty mantle,  
betweene two nut-shells.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.7  
\N1 `Haue thou here, K\iing\r Arthure,  
haue thou heere of mee;  
Giue itt to thy comely queene,  
shapen as itt is alreadye.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.8  
\N1 `Itt shall neu\ier\r become \itha\rt wiffe  
\itha\rt hath once done amisse:'  
Then euery k\inigh\rt in the k\iing\r court  
began to care for his.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.9  
\N1 Forth came dame Gueneuer,  
to the mantle shee her bed;  
The ladye shee was new-fangle,  
but yett shee was affrayd.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.10  
\N1 When shee had taken the mantle,  
shee stooode as she had beene madd;  
It was from the top to the toe  
as sheeres had itt shread.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.11  
\N1 One while was itt gaule,  
another while was itt greene;  
another while was itt wadded;  
ill itt did her beseeme.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.12  
\N1 Another while was it blacke,  
and bore the worst hue;  
'By my troth,' q\iuo\rth K\iing\r Arthur,  
'I thinke thou be not true.'  
\SBALLADS Child 29.13  
\N1 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
\itha\rt bright was of blee,  
Fast w\ii\rth a rudd redd  
to her chamber can shee f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.14

\N1 Shee curst the weauer and the walker  
that clothe \itha\rt had wrought,  
And bade a vengeance on his crowne  
\itha\rt hither hath itt brought.

\SBALLADS Child 29.15

\N1 `I had rather be in a wood,  
vnder a greene tree,  
Then in K\iing\r Arthurs court  
shamed for to bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 29.16

\N1 Kay called forth his ladye,  
and bade her come neere;  
Saies, `Madam, and thou be guiltye,  
I pray thee hold thee there.'

\SBALLADS Child 29.17

\N1 Forth came his ladye  
shortlye and anon,  
Boldlye to the mantle  
then is shee gone.

\SBALLADS Child 29.18

\N1 When she had tane the mantle,  
and cast it her about,  
Then was shee bare  
all aboute the buttockes.

\SBALLADS Child 29.19

\N1 Then euery knight  
\itha\rt was in the kings court  
Talked, laughed, and showted,  
full oft att \itha\rt sport.

\SBALLADS Child 29.20

\N1 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
\itha\rt bright was of blee,  
Ffast w\ii\rth a red rudd  
to her chamber can shee f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 29.21

\N1 Forth came an old k\inigh\rt,  
pattering ore a creede,  
And he p\iro\rferred to this little boy  
twenty markes to his meede,

\SBALLADS Child 29.22

\N1 And all the time of the Christmasse  
willinglye to f+feede;  
For why, this mantle might  
doe his wiffe some need.

\SBALLADS Child 29.23

\N1 When shee had tane the mantle,  
of cloth \itha\rt was made,  
Shee had no more left on her  
but a tassell and a threed:  
Then euery k\inigh\rt in the k\iing\rs court  
bade euill might shee speed.

\SBALLADS Child 29.24

\N1 Shee threw downe the mantle,  
\itha\rt bright was of blee,  
And fast w\ii\rth a redd rudd  
to her chamber can shee f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 29.25

\N1 Craddocke called forth his ladye,  
and bade her come in;  
Saith, `Winne this mantle, ladye,



w\ii\rth a litle dinne.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.26  
\N1 `Winne this mantle, ladye,  
and it shalbe thine  
If thou neuer did amisse  
since thou wast mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 29.27  
\N1 Forth came Craddockes ladye  
shortlye and anon,  
But boldlye to the mantle  
then is shee gone.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.28  
\N1 When shee had tane the mantle,  
and cast itt her about,  
Vpp att her great toe  
itt began to crinkle and crows;  
Shee said, `Bowe downe, mantle,  
and shame me not for nought.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.29  
\N1 `Once I did amisse,  
I tell you certainlye,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
vnder a greene tree,  
When I kist Craddockes mouth  
before he marryed mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 29.30  
\N1 When shee had her shreeuen,  
and her sines shee had tolde,  
The mantle stode about her  
right as shee wold;  
\SBALLADS Child 29.31  
\N1 Seemelye of coulour,  
glittering like gold;  
Then euery k\inigh\rt in Arthurs court  
did her behold.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.32  
\N1 Then spake dame Gueneuer  
to Arthur our king:  
`She hath tane yonder mantle,  
not w\ii\rth wright but w\ii\rth wronge!  
\SBALLADS Child 29.33  
\N1 `See you not yonder woman  
\itha\rt maketh her selfe soe clene?  
I haue seene tane out of her bedd  
of men f+iueeteene;  
\SBALLADS Child 29.34  
\N1 `Preists, clarkes, and wedded men,  
from her by-deene;  
Yett she taketh the mantle,  
and maketh her-selfe cleane!'  
\SBALLADS Child 29.35  
\N1 Then spake the litle boy  
\itha\rt kept the mantle in hold;  
Sayes `K\iing\r, chasten thy wiffe;  
of her words shee is to bold.  
\SBALLADS Child 29.36  
\N1 `Shee is a bitch and a witch,  
and a whore bold;  
King, in thine owne hall  
thou art a cuchold.'

\SBALLADS Child 29.37

\N1 The litle boy stooede  
looking ou\ie\rr a dore;  
He was ware of a wyld bore,  
wold haue werryed a man.

\SBALLADS Child 29.38

\N1 He pulld forth a wood kniffe,  
fast thither \itha\rt he ran;  
He brought in the bores head,  
and quitted him like a man.

\SBALLADS Child 29.39

\N1 He brought in the bores head,  
and was wonderous bold;  
He said there was neu\ie\rr a cucholds kniffe  
carue itt that cold.

\SBALLADS Child 29.40

\N1 Some rubbed their kniues  
vppon a whetstone;  
Some threw them vnder the table,  
and said they had none.

\SBALLADS Child 29.41

\N1 K\iing\r Arthur and the child  
stood looking them vpon;  
All their kniues edges  
turned backe againe.

\SBALLADS Child 29.42

\N1 Craddoccke had a litle kniue  
of iron and of steele;  
He birtled the bores head  
wonderous weele,  
\iTha\rt euey k\inigh\rt in the k\iing\rs court  
had a morssell.

\SBALLADS Child 29.43

\N1 The litle boy had a horne,  
of red gold \itha\rt ronge;  
He said, 'There was noe cuckold  
shall drinke of my horne,  
But he shold itt sheede,  
either behind or beforene.'

\SBALLADS Child 29.44

\N1 Some shedd on their shoulder,  
and some on their knee;  
He \itha\rt cold not hitt his mouth  
put it in his eye;  
And he \itha\rt was a cuckold,  
euey man might him see.

\SBALLADS Child 29.45

\N1 Craddoccke wan the horne  
and the bores head;  
His ladye wan the mantle  
vnto her meede;  
Euerye such a louely ladye,  
God send her well to speede!

\LBALLADS Child 30.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 [SAIES, `Come here, cuzen Gawaine so gay,  
My sisters sonne be yee;  
Ffor you shall see one of the fairest round tables  
That euer you see w\ii\rth your eye.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.2

\N1 Then bespake Lady Qu\ieen\r Gueneuer,  
 And these were the words said shee:  
 `I know where a round table is, thou noble k\iing\r,  
 Is worth thy round table and other such three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.3  
 \N1 `The trestle that stands vnder this round table,' she said,  
 `Lowe downe to the mould,  
 It is worth thy round table, thou worthy k\iing\r,  
 Thy halls, and all thy gold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.4  
 \N1 `The place where this round table stands in,  
 . . . . .  
 It is worth thy castle, thy gold, thy fee,  
 And all good Litle Britaine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.5  
 \N1 `Where may that table be, lady?' q\iuo\rth hee,  
 `Or where may all that goodly building be?'  
 `You shall it seeke,' shee says, 'Till you it f+ind,  
 For you shall neuer gett more of me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.6  
 \N1 Then bespake him noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
 These were the words said hee:  
 `Ile make mine avow to God,  
 And alsoe to the Trinity,  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.7  
 \N1 `Ile never sleepe one night there as I doe another,  
 Till \itha\rt round table I see:  
 S\iir\r Marramiles and S\iir\r Tristeram,  
 Fellowes \itha\rt ye shall bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.8  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `Weele be clad in palmers weede,  
 Fiue palmers we will bee;  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.9  
 \N1 `There is noe outlandish man will vs abide,  
 Nor will vs come nye.'  
 Then they riued east and the+: riued west,  
 In many a strange country.  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.10  
 \N1 Then they tranckled a litle further,  
 They saw a battle new sett:  
 `Now, by my faith,' saies noble King Arthur,  
 . . . . . well .  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.11  
 \N1 But when he cam to this . . c . .  
 And to the palace gate,  
 Soe ready was ther a proud porter,  
 And met him soone therat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.12  
 \N1 Shooes of gold the porter had on,  
 And all his other rayment was vnto the same:  
 `Now, by my faith,' saies noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
 `Yonder is a minion swaine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 30.13  
 \N1 Then bespake noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
 These were the words says hee:  
 `Come hither, thou proud porter,  
 I pray thee come hither to me.

\SBALLADS Child 30.14

\N1 `I haue two poore rings of my f+inger,  
The better of them Ile giue to thee;  
Tell who may be lord of this castle,' he sayes,  
'Or who is lord in this cuntry?'

\SBALLADS Child 30.15

\N1 `Cornewall K\iing\r,' the porter sayes,  
'There is none soe rich as hee;  
Neither in christendome, nor yet in heathennest,  
None hath soe much gold as he.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.16

\N1 And then bespake him noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
These were the words sayes hee:  
'I haue two poore rings of my f+inger,  
The better of them Ile giue thee,  
If thou wilt greete him well, Cornewall K\iing\r,  
And greete him well from me.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.17

\N1 `Pray him for one nights lodging and two meales meate,  
For his love that dyed vpon a tree;  
Of one ghesting and two meales meate,  
For his loue that dyed vpon a tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.18

\N1 `Of one ghesting, of two meales meate,  
For his love that was of virgin borne,  
And in the morning \itha\rt we may scape away,  
Either w\ii\rthout scath or scorne.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.19

\N1 Then forth is gone this proud porter,  
As fast as he cold hye,  
And when he came befor Cornewall K\iing\r,  
He kneeled downe on his knee.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.20

\N1 Sayes, `I haue beene porter-man, at thy gate,  
This thirty winter and three . . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 30.21

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

Our Lady was borne; then thought Cornewall K\iing\r  
These palmers had beene in Britt\iaine\r.

\SBALLADS Child 30.22

\N1 Then bespake him Cornwall King,  
These were the words he said there:  
'Did you euer know a comely k\iing\r,  
His name was King Arthur?'

\SBALLADS Child 30.23

\N1 And then bespake him noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
These were the words said hee:  
'I doe not know that comly k\iing\r,  
But once my selfe I did him see.'  
Then bespake Cornwall K\iing\r againe,  
These were the words said he:

\SBALLADS Child 30.24

\N1 Sayes, `Seuen yeere I was clad and fed,  
In Litle Brittain, in a bower;  
I had a daughter by K\iing\r Arthurs wife,  
\iTha\rt now is called my f+lower;

For K\iing\r Arthur, that kindly cockward,  
Hath none such in his bower.

\SBALLADS Child 30.25

\N1 `For I durst sweare, and saue my othe,  
\iTha\rt same lady soe bright,  
That a man \itha\rt were laid on his death bed  
Wold open his eyes on her to haue sight.'  
`Now, by my faith,' sayes noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
`And that\'s a full faire wight!'

\SBALLADS Child 30.26

\N1 And then bespake Cornewall [King] againe,  
And these were the words he said:  
`Come hither, f+iue or three of my knights,  
And feitch me downe my steed;  
King Arthur, that foule cockeward,  
Hath none such, if he had need.

\SBALLADS Child 30.27

\N1 `For I can ryde him as far on a day  
As King Arthur can doe any of his on three;  
And is it not a pleasure for a k\iing\r  
When he shall ryde forth on his iourney?

\SBALLADS Child 30.28

\N1 `For the eyes that beene in his head,  
The+: glister as doth the glead.'  
`Now, by my faith,' says noble King Arthur,  
`\iTha\rt is a well faire steed.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 30.29

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`Nobody say . . . .  
But one \ithat\r\'s learned to speake.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.30

\N1 Then K\iing\r Arthur to his bed was brought,  
A greeiued man was hee;  
And soe were all his fellowes w\ii\rth him,  
From him the+: thought neuer to f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 30.31

\N1 Then take they did that lodly groome,  
And under the rub-chadler closed was hee,  
And he was set by K\iing\r Arthurs bed-side,  
To heere theire talke and theire comu\in\rye;

\SBALLADS Child 30.32

\N1 \iTha\rt he might come forth, and make Proclamation,  
Long before it was day;  
It was more for K\iing\r Cornwalls pleasure,  
Then it was for K\iing\r Arthurs pay.

\SBALLADS Child 30.33

\N1 And when K\iing\r Arthur in his bed was laid,  
These were the words said hee:

`Ile make mine avow to God,  
And alsoe to the Trinity,  
That Ile be the bane of Cornwall Kinge,  
Litle Brittainne or euer I see!'

\SBALLADS Child 30.34

\N1 `It is an vnaduised vow,' saies Gawaine the gay,  
`As ever k\iing\r hard make I;  
But wee \itha\rt beene f+iue christian men,  
Of the christen faith are wee,  
And we shall f+ight against anynted k\iing\r

And all his armorie.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.35

\N1 And then bespake him noble Arthur,  
And these were the words said he:

`Why, if thou be afraid, S\iir\r Gawaine the gay,  
Goe home, and drinke wine in thine owne country.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.36

\N1 And then bespake S\ii\rr Gawaine the gay,  
And these were the words said hee:

`Nay, seeing you have made such a hearty vow,  
Heere another vow make will I.

\SBALLADS Child 30.37

\N1 `Ile make mine avow to God,  
And alsoe to the Trinity,  
\iTha\rt I will haue yonder faire lady  
To litle Brittain w\ii\rth mee.

\SBALLADS Child 30.38

\N1 `Ile hose her hourly to my heart,  
And w\ii\rth her Ile worke my will;'

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 30.39

\N1 . . . . .

These were the words sayd hee:

`Befor I wold wrestle with yonder feend,  
It is better be drowned in the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.40

\N1 And then bespake S\ii\rr Bredbeddle,  
And these were the words said he:

`Why, I will wrestle w\ii\rth yon lodly feend,  
God, my gouernor thou wilt bee!'

\SBALLADS Child 30.41

\N1 Then bespake him noble Arthur,  
And these were the words said he:

`What weapons wilt thou haue, thou gentle knight?  
I pray thee tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.42

\N1 He sayes, `Collen brand Ile haue in my hand,  
And a Millaine knife fast by me knee,  
And a Danish axe fast in my hands,  
\iTha\rt a sure weapon I thinke wilbe.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.43

\N1 Then w\ii\rth his Collen brand \itha\rt he had in his hand  
The bunge of that rub-chandler he burst in three;  
W\ii\rth that start out a lodly feend,  
W\ii\rth seuen heads, and one body.

\SBALLADS Child 30.44

\N1 The fyer towards the element f+lew,  
Out of his mouth, where was great plentie;  
The knight stooede in the middle and fought,  
\iTha\rt it was great ioy to see.

\SBALLADS Child 30.45

\N1 Till his Collaine brand brake in his hand,  
And his Millaine knife burst on his knee,  
And then the Danish axe burst in his hand f+irst,  
That a sur weapon he thought shold be.

\SBALLADS Child 30.46

\N1 But now is the knight left w\ii\rthout any weapons,  
And alacke! it was the more pittie;

But a surer weapon then he had one,  
Had neuer l\iord\r in Christentye;  
And all was but one litle booke,  
He found it by the side of the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 30.47

\N1 He found it at the sea-side,  
Wrucked upp in a f+loode;  
Our L\iord\r had written it w\ii\rth his hands,  
And sealed it w\ii\rth his bloode.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 30.48

\N1 `That thou doe not s . . . .  
But ly still in that wall of stone,  
Till I haue beene with noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
And told him what I haue done.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.49

\N1 And when he came to the k\iing\r's chamber,  
He cold of his curtesie:  
Says, `Sleepe you, wake you, noble K\iing\r Arthur?  
And euer Iesus waken yee!'

\SBALLADS Child 30.50

\N1 `Nay, I am not sleeping, I am waking,'  
These were the words said hee;  
'Ffor thee I haue card; how hast thou fared?  
O gentle knight, let me see.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.51

\N1 The knight wrought the k\iing\r his booke,  
Bad him behold, reede and see;  
And euer he found it on the backside of the leafe  
As noble Arthur wold wish it to be.

\SBALLADS Child 30.52

\N1 And then bespake him K\iing\r Arthur,  
'Alas! thow gentle knight, how may this be,  
That I might see him in the same licknesse  
{iTha\rt he stood vnto thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 30.53

\N1 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
These were the words said hee:  
'If youle stand stif+ly in the battell stronge,  
For I haue won all the victory.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.54

\N1 Then bespake him the K\iing\r againe,  
And these were the words said hee:  
'If wee stand not stif+ly in this battell strong,  
Wee are worthy to be hanged all on a tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.55

\N1 Then bespake him the Greene Kinght,  
These were the words said he:  
Saies, `I doe coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
In the same licknesse thou stood vnto me.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.56

\N1 W\ii\rth that start out a lodly feend,  
W\ii\rth seuen heads, and one body;  
The f+ier towards the element f+laugh,  
Out of his mouth, where was great plenty.

\SBALLADS Child 30.57

\N1 The knight stood in the middle p . . .

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 30.58

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

. . . they stood the space of an houre,  
I know not what they did.

\SBALLADS Child 30.59

\N1 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
And these were the words said he:

Saith, `I coniure thee, thou fowle feend,  
\iTha\rt thou feitch downe the steed that we see.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.60

\N1 And then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold hie,  
And feitch he did \itha\rt faire steed,  
And came againe by and by.

\SBALLADS Child 30.61

\N1 Then bespake him S\iir\r Marramiles,  
And these were the words said hee:  
`Riding of this steed, brother Bredbeddle,  
The mastery belongs to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.62

\N1 Marramiles tooke the steed to his hand,  
To ryd him he was full bold;  
He cold noe more make him goe  
Then a child of three yeere old.

\SBALLADS Child 30.63

\N1 He laid vppon him w\ii\rth heele and hand,  
W\ii\rth yard that was soe fell;  
`Helpe! brother Bredbeddle,' says Marramile,  
`For I thinke he be the devill of hell.

\SBALLADS Child 30.64

\N1 `Helpe! brother Bredbeddle,' says Marramile,  
`Helpe! for Christs pittye;  
Ffor w\ii\rthout thy help, brother Bredbeddle,  
He will neuer be rydden for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.65

\N1 Then bespake him S\iir\r Bredbeddle,  
These were the words said he:  
`I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beane,  
Thou tell me how this steed was riddin in his country.

\SBALLADS Child 30.66

\N1 He saith, 'There is a gold wand  
Stands in K\iing\r Cornwallis study windowe;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 30.67

\N1 `Let him take that wand in \itha\rt window,  
And strike three strokes on that steed;  
And then he will spring forth of his hand  
As sparke doth out of gleede.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.68

\N1 And then bespake him the Greene Knight,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 30.69

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .



. . . . .

A lowd blast he may blow then.

\SBALLADS Child 30.70

\N1 And then bespake S\iir\r Bredebeddle,  
To the f+feend these words said hee:  
Says, `I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
The powder-box thou feitch me.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.71

\N1 Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold hie,  
And feich he did the powder-box,  
And came againe by and by.

\SBALLADS Child 30.72

\N1 Then S\iir\r Tristeram tooke powder forth of \itha\r box,  
And blent it w\ii\rth warme sweet milke,  
And there put it vnto that horne,  
And swilled it about in that ilke.

\SBALLADS Child 30.73

\N1 Then he tooke the horne in his hand,  
And a lowd blast he blew;  
He rent the horne vp to the midst,  
All his f+fellowes this the+: knew.

\SBALLADS Child 30.74

\N1 Then bespake him the Greene Knight,  
These were the words said he:  
Saies, `I coniure thee, thou Burlow-beanie,  
\iTha\r thou feitch me the sword \itha\r I see.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.75

\N1 Then forth is gone Burlow-beanie,  
As fast as he cold hie,  
And feitch he did that faire sword,  
And came againe by and by.

\SBALLADS Child 30.76

\N1 Then bespake him Sir Bredbeddle,  
To the k\iing\r these words said he:  
`Take this sword in thy hand, thou noble K\iing\r A\irthur\r,  
For the vowes sake \itha\r thou made Ile giue it th<ee,]  
And goe strike off K\iing\r Cornwalls head,  
In bed were he doth lye.'

\SBALLADS Child 30.77

\N1 Then forth is gone noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
As fast as he cold hye,  
And strucken he hath off K\iing\r Cornwalls head,  
And came againe by and by.

\SBALLADS Child 30.78

\N1 He put the head vpon a swords point,

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
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\LBALLADS Child 31.1

\N1 KINGE ARTHUR liues in merry Carleile,  
And seemely is to see,  
And there he hath with him Queene Genev\ier\r,  
\iTha\r bride soe bright of blee.

\SBALLADS Child 31.2

\N1 And there he hath w\ii\rth [him] Queene Genever,  
\iTha\r bride soe bright in bower,  
And all his barons about him stode,  
\iTha\r were both stiffe and stowre.

\SBALLADS Child 31.3

\N1 The k\iin\rg kept a royall Christmasse,  
Of mirth and great honor,  
And when . . . . .

. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 31.4

\N1 `And bring me word what thing it is  
T\iha\rt a woman [will] most desire;  
This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,' he sayes,  
'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

\SBALLADS Child 31.5

\N1 K\iing\r Arthur then held vp his hand,  
According there as was the law;  
He tooke his leaue of the baron there,  
And homward can he draw.

\SBALLADS Child 31.6

\N1 And when he came to merry Carlile,  
To his chamber he is gone,  
And ther came to him his cozen S\ii\rr Gawaine,  
As he did make his mone.

\SBALLADS Child 31.7

\N1 And there came to him his cozen S\ii\rr Gawaine,  
\iTha\rt was a curteous knight;  
'Why sigh you soe sore, vnckle Arthur,' he said,  
'Or who hath done thee vnright?'

\SBALLADS Child 31.8

\N1 `O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,  
\iTha\rt faire may thee beffall!  
For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,  
Thou wold not meruaile att all.

\SBALLADS Child 31.9

\N1 `Ffor when I came to Tearne Wadling,  
A bold barron there I fand,  
W\ii\rth a great club vpon his backe,  
Standing stiffe and strong.

\SBALLADS Child 31.10

\N1 `And he asked me wether I wold f+ight  
Or from him I shold begone,  
O<r] else I must him a ransome pay,  
And soe dep\iar\rt him from.

\SBALLADS Child 31.11

\N1 `To f+ight w\ii\rth him I saw noe cause;  
Methought it was not meet;  
For he was stiffe and strong w\ii\rth-all,  
His strokes were nothing sweete.

\SBALLADS Child 31.12

\N1 `Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,  
I ought to him to pay;  
I must come againe, as I am sworne,  
Vpon the New Yeers day;

\SBALLADS Child 31.13

\N1 `And I must bring him word what thing it is

. . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 31.14

\N1 Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde,  
In one soe rich array,

Toward the fore-said Tearne Wadling,  
\iTha\rt he might keepe his day.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.15  
\N1 And as he rode over a more,  
Hee see a lady where shee sate  
Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen;  
She was cladd in red scarlett.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.16  
\N1 Then there as shold haue stood her mouth,  
Then there was sett her eye;  
The other was in her forehead fast,  
The way that she might see.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.17  
\N1 Her nose was crooked and turnd outward,  
Her mouth stood foule a-wry;  
A worse formed lady than shee was,  
Neuer man saw w\ii\rth his eye.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.18  
\N1 To halch vpon him, K\iing\r Arthur,  
This lady was full faine,  
But K\iing\r Arthur had forgott his lesson,  
What he shold say againe.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.19  
\N1 `What knight art thou,' the lady sayd,  
`That will not speak to me?  
Of me be thou nothing dismayd,  
Tho I be vgly to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.20  
\N1 `For I haue halched you curteouslye,  
And you will not me againe;  
Yett I may happen S\ii\rr Knight,' shee said,  
`To ease thee of thy paine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 31.21  
\N1 `Giue thou ease me, lady,' he said,  
`Or helpe me any thing,  
Thou shalt have gentle Gawaine, my cozen,  
And marry him w\ii\rth a ring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 31.22  
\N1 `Why, if I help thee not, thou noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
Of thy owne hearts desiringe,  
Of gentle Gawaine . . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 31.23  
\N1 And when he came to the Tearne Wadling,  
The baron there cold he f+inde,  
W\ii\rth a great weapon on his backe,  
Standing stiffe and stronge.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.24  
\N1 And then he tooke K\iing\r Arthurs letters in his hands,  
And away he cold them f+ling,  
And then he puld out a good browne sword,  
And cryd himselfe a k\iing\r.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.25  
\N1 And he sayd, I have thee and thy land, Arthur,  
To doe as it pleaseth me,  
For this is not thy ransome sure,  
Therefore yeeld thee to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 31.26  
\N1 And then bespoke him noble Arthur,

And bad him hold his hand:  
 `And giue me leaue to speake my mind  
 In defence of all my land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.27  
 \N1 He said, As I came over a more,  
 I see a lady where shee sate  
 Betweene an oke and a green hollen;  
 Shee was clad in red scarlett.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.28  
 \N1 And she says a woman will haue her will,  
 And this is all her cheef desire:  
 Doe me right, as thou art a baron of sckill,  
 This is thy ransome and all thy hyer.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.29  
 \N1 He sayes, An early vengeance light on her!  
 She walkes on yonder more;  
 It was my sister that told thee this,  
 And she is a misshappen hore.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.30  
 \N1 But heer Ile make mine avow to God  
 To doe her an euill turne,  
 For an euer I may thate fowle theefe get,  
 In a fyer I will her burne.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.31  
 \N1 Sir Lancelott and S\ii\rr Steven bold,  
 They rode w\ii\rth them that day,  
 And the formost of the company  
 There rode the steward Kay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.32  
 \N1 Soe did S\ii\rr Banier and S\ii\rr Bore,  
 S\ii\rr Garrett w\ii\rth them soe gay,  
 Soe did S\ii\rr Tristeram \itha\rt gentle k\inigh\rt,  
 To the forrest fresh and gay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.33  
 \N1 And when he came to the greene forrest,  
 Vnderneath a greene holly tree,  
 Their sate that lady in red scarlet  
 \iTha\rt vnseemly was to see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.34  
 \N1 S\ii\rr Kay beheld this ladys face,  
 And looked vppon her swire;  
 `Whosoeuer kisses this lady,' he sayes,  
 `Of his kisse he stands in feare.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.35  
 \N1 S\ii\rr Kay beheld the lady againe,  
 And looked vpon her snout;  
 `Whosoeuer kisses this lady,' he saies,  
 `Of his kisse he stands in doubt.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.36  
 \N1 `Peace, coz\ien\r Kay,' then said S\ii\rr Gawaine,  
 `Amend thee of thy life;  
 For there is a knight amongst vs all  
 \iTha\rt must marry her to his wife.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.37  
 \N1 `What! wedd her to wiffe!' then said S\ii\rr Kay,  
 `In the diuells name anon!  
 Gett me a wiffe where-ere I may,  
 For I had rather be slaine!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.38

\N1 Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,  
And some tooke vp their hounds,  
And some sware thy wold not marry her  
For citty nor for towne.

\SBALLADS Child 31.39

\N1 And then be-spake him noble K\iing\r Arthur,  
And sware there by this day,

`For a litle foule sight and misliking

. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 31.40

\N1 Then shee said, Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,  
Truth as I doe say,

Wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse  
In the night or else in the day.

\SBALLADS Child 31.41

\N1 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,  
Was one soe mild of moode,

Sayes, Well I know what I wold say,  
God grant it may be good!

\SBALLADS Child 31.42

\N1 To haue thee fowle in the night  
When I w\ii\rth thee shold play--

Yet I had rather, if I might,  
Haue thee fowle in the day.

\SBALLADS Child 31.43

\N1 `What! when lords goe w\ii\rth ther feires,' shee said,

`Both to the ale and wine,  
Alas! then I must hyde my selfe,

I must not goe withinne.'

\SBALLADS Child 31.44

\N1 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,

Said, Lady, that\'s but skill;  
And because thou art my owne lady,

Thou shalt haue all thy will.

\SBALLADS Child 31.45

\N1 Then she said, Blesed be thou, gentle Gawain,

This day \itha\rt I thee see,

For as thou seest me att this time,  
From hencforth I wilbe.

\SBALLADS Child 31.46

\N1 My father was an old knight,

And yett it chanced soe

That he marryed a younge lady

\iTha\rt brought me to this woe.

\SBALLADS Child 31.47

\N1 Shee witched me, being a faire young lady,

To the greene forrest to dwell,

And there I must walke in womans liknesse,

Most like a feend of hell.

\SBALLADS Child 31.48

\N1 She witched my brother to a carlish b. . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 31.49

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`That looked soe foule, and that was wont

On the wild more to goe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.50  
 \N1 `Come kisse her, brother Kay,' then said S\ii\rr Gawaine,  
 `And amend the+: of thy liffe;  
 I sweare this is the same lady  
 \iTha\rt I marryed to my wiffe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.51  
 \N1 S\ii\rr Kay kissed that lady bright,  
 Standing vpon his f+feete;  
 He swore as he was trew knight,  
 The spice was neuer soe sweete.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.52  
 \N1 `Well, coz\ien\r Gawaine,' sayes S\ii\rr Kay,  
 `Thy chance is fallen arright,  
 For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids  
 I euer saw w\ii\rth my sight.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.53  
 \N1 `It is my fortune,' said S\ii\rr Gawaine;  
 `For my vnckle Arthurs sake  
 I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,  
 Great ioy that I may take.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.54  
 \N1 S\ii\rr Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,  
 S\ii\rr Kay tooke her by the tother,  
 They led her straight to K\iing\r Arthur,  
 As they were brother and brother.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.55  
 \N1 K\iing\r Arthur welcomed them there all,  
 And soe did Lady Geneuer his queene,  
 W\ii\rth all the knights of the Round Table,  
 Most seemly to be seene.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.56  
 \N1 K\iing\r Arthur beheld that lady faire  
 That was soe faire and bright,  
 He thanked Christ in Trinity  
 For S\ii\rr Gawaine that gentle knight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 31.57  
 \N1 Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,  
 Reioyced all that day  
 For the good chance \itha\rt hapened was  
 To S\ii\rr Gawaine and his lady gay.  
 \LBALLADS Child 32.1  
 \N1 LAT never a man a wooing wend  
 That lacketh thingis three;  
 A routh o gold, an open heart,  
 Ay fu o charity.  
 \SBALLADS Child 32.2  
 \N1 As this I speak of King Henry,  
 For he lay burd-alone;  
 An he\'s doen him to a jelly hunt\'s ha,  
 Was seven miles frae a town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 32.3  
 \N1 He chas\'d the deer now him before,  
 An the roe down by the den,  
 Till the fattest buch in a\' the f+lock  
 King Henry he has slain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 32.4  
 \N1 O he has doen him to his ha,  
 To make him beerly cheer;  
 An in it came a griesly ghost,

Steed stappin i the f+leer.  
\SBALLADS Child 32.5  
\N1 Her head hat the reef-tree o the house,  
Her middle ye mot wel span;  
He\'s thrown to her his gay mantle,  
Says, `Lady, hap your lingcan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 32.6  
\N1 Her teeth was a\' like teather stakes,  
Her nose like club or mell;  
An I ken naething she \'peard to be,  
But the f+iend that wons in hell.  
\SBALLADS Child 32.7  
\N1 `Some meat, some meat, ye King Henry,  
Some meat ye gie to me!'  
`An what meat\'s in this house, lady,  
An what ha I to gie?'  
`O ye do kill your berry-brown steed,  
An you bring him here to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 32.8  
\N1 O whan he slew his berry-brown steed,  
Wow but his heart was sair!  
Shee eat him [a\'] up, skin an bane,  
Left naething but hide an hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 32.9  
\N1 `Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
Mair meat ye gi to me!'  
`An what meat\'s in this house, lady,  
An what ha I to gi?'  
`O ye do kill your good gray-hounds,  
An ye bring them a\' to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 32.10  
\N1 O whan he slew his good gray-hounds,  
Wow but his heart was sair!  
She eat them a\' up, skin an bane,  
Left naething but hide an hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 32.11  
\N1 `Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Henry,  
Mair meat ye gi to me!'  
`An what meat\'s i this house, lady,  
An what ha I to gi?'  
`O ye do kill your gay gos-hawks,  
An ye bring them here to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 32.12  
\N1 O whan he slew his gay gos-hawks,  
Wow but his heart was sair!  
She eat them a\' up, skin an bane,  
Left naething but feathers bare.  
\SBALLADS Child 32.13  
\N1 `Some drink, some drink, now, King Henry,  
Some drink ye bring to me!'  
`O what drink\'s i this house, lady,  
That you\'re nae welcome ti?'  
`O ye sew up your horse\'s hide,  
An bring in a drink to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 32.14  
\N1 And he\'s sewd up the bloody hide,  
A puncheon o wine put in;  
She drank it a\' up at a waught,  
Left na ae drap ahin.  
\SBALLADS Child 32.15

\N1 `A bed, a bed, now, King Henry,  
 A bed you mak to me!  
 For ye maun pu the heather green,  
 An mak a bed to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 32.16  
 \N1 O pu\`d has he the heather green,  
 An made to her a bed,  
 An up has he taen his gay mantle,  
 An oer it has he spread.  
 \SBALLADS Child 32.17  
 \N1 `Tak aff your claiths, now, King Henry,  
 An lye down by my side!'  
 `O God forbid,' says King Henry,  
 `That ever the like betide;  
 That ever the f+iend that wons in hell  
 Shoud streak down by my side.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 32.18  
 \N1 Whan night was gane, and day was come,  
 An the sun shone throw the ha,  
 The fairest lady that ever was seen  
 Lay atween him an the wa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 32.19  
 \N1 `O well is me!' says King Henry,  
 `How lang\`ll this last wi me?'  
 Then out it spake that fair lady,  
 `Even till the day you dee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 32.20  
 \N1 `For I\`ve met wi mony a gentle knight  
 That\`s gien me sic a f+ill,  
 But never before wi a courteous knight  
 That ga me a\` my will.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 33A.1  
 \N1 KEMPY KAYE\`s a wooing gane,  
 Far, far ayont the sea,  
 And he has met with an auld, auld man,  
 His gudedefaythir to be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.2  
 \N1 `It\`s I\`m coming to court your daughter dear,  
 And some part of your gear:'  
 `And by my sooth,' quoth Bengoleer,  
 `She\`ll sare a man a wear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.3  
 \N1 `My dochter she\`s a thrifty lass,  
 She span seven year to me,  
 And if it were weel counted up,  
 Full three heire it would be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.4  
 \N1 `What\`s the matter wi you, my fair creature,  
 You look so pale and wan?  
 I\`m sure you was once the fairest creature  
 That ever the sun shined on.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.5  
 \N1 `Gae scrape yoursel, and gae scart yoursel,  
 And mak your brucket face clean,  
 For the wooers are to be here to nighte,  
 And your body\`s to be seen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.6  
 \N1 Sae they scrapit her, and they scartit her,  
 Like the face of an aussy pan;



Syne in cam Kempy Kay himself,  
 A clever and tall young man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.7  
 \N1 His teeth they were like tether-sticks,  
 His nose was three f+it lang,  
 Between his shouthers was ells three,  
 And tween his eyne a span.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.8  
 \N1 He led his dochter by the hand,  
 His dochter ben brought he:  
 `O is she not the fairest lass  
 That\'s in great Christendye?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.9  
 \N1 Ilka hair intil her head  
 Was like a heather-cowe,  
 And ilka louse anunder it  
 Was like a bruckit ewe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.10  
 \N1 She had tauchy teeth and kaily lips,  
 And wide lugs, fou o hair;  
 Her pouches fou o peasemeal-daighe  
 A\' hinging down her spare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.11  
 \N1 Ilka eye intil her head  
 Was like a rotten plumbe,  
 And down browed was the queyne,  
 And sairly did she gloom.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.12  
 \N1 Ilka nail upon her hand  
 Was like an iron rake,  
 And ilka tooth intil her head  
 Was like a tether-stake.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 33A.13  
 \N1 She gied to him a gravat,  
 O the auld horse\'s sheet,  
 And he gied her a gay gold ring,  
 O the auld couple-root.  
 \LBALLADS Child 33B.1  
 \N1 KEMPY KAYE is a wooing gane,  
 Far ayont the sea,  
 And there he met wi auld Goling,  
 His gudefather to be, be,  
 His gudefather to be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.2  
 \N1 `Whar are ye gaun, O Kempy Kaye,  
 Whar are ye gaun sae sune?'  
 `O I am gaun to court a wife,  
 And think na ye that\'s a weel dune?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.3  
 \N1 `An ye be gaun to court a wife,  
 As ye do tell to me,  
 \'Tis ye sall hae my Fusome Fug,  
 Your ae wife for to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.4  
 \N1 Whan auld Goling cam to the house,  
 He lookit thro a hole,  
 And there he saw the dirty drab  
 Just whisking our the coal.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.5

\N1 `Rise up, rise up my Fusome Fug,  
 And mak your foul face clean,  
 For the brawest wooer that ere ye saw  
 Is come develling doun the green.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.6  
 \N1 Up then rose the Fusome Fug,  
 To mak her foul face clean;  
 And aye she cursed her mither  
 She had na water in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.7  
 \N1 She rampit out, and she rampit in,  
 She rampit but and ben;  
 The tittles and tattles that hang frae her tail  
 Wad muck an acre o land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.8  
 \N1 She had a neis upon her face  
 Was like an auld pat-f+it;  
 Atween her neis bot an her mou  
 Was inch thick deep wi dirt.  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.9  
 \N1 She had twa een intil her head  
 War like twa-rotten plums;  
 The heavy brows hung doun her face,  
 And O I vow she glooms!  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.10  
 \N1 He gied to her a braw silk napkin,  
 Was made o\' an auld horse-brat:  
 `I ne\'er wore a silk napkin a\' my life,  
 But weel I wat Ise wear that.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.11  
 \N1 He gied to her a braw gowd ring,  
 Was made frae an auld brass pan:  
 `I neer wore a gowd ring in a\' my life,  
 But now I wat Ise wear ane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33B.12  
 \N1 Whan thir twa lovers had met thegither,  
 O kissing to get their f+ill,  
 The slaver that hang atween their twa gabs  
 Wad hae tetherd a ten year auld bill.  
 \LBALLADS Child 33C.1  
 \N1 KEMPY KAYE\'s a wooing gane,  
 And far beyond the sea, a wee  
 And there he met wi Drearylane,  
 His gay gudefather to be. a wee  
 \SBALLADS Child 33C.2  
 \N1 `Gude een, gude een,' quo Drearylane,  
 `Gude een, gude een,' quo he, a wee  
 `I\'ve come your dochter\'s love to win,  
 I kenna how it will do.' a wee  
 \SBALLADS Child 33C.3  
 \N1 `My dochter she\'s a thrifty lass,  
 She\'s spun this gay seven year,  
 And if it come to gude guiding,  
 It will be half a heer.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33C.4  
 \N1 `Rise up, rise up, ye dirty slut,  
 And wash your foul face clean;  
 The woers will be here the night  
 That suld been here yestreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 33C.5

\N1 They took him ben to the f+ire en,  
And set him on a chair;  
He looked on the lass that he loved best,  
And thought she was wondrous fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 33C.6  
\N1 The een that was in our bride\'s head  
Was like twa rotten plooms;  
She was a chaunler-chaftit quean,  
And O but she did gloom!  
\SBALLADS Child 33C.7  
\N1 The skin that was on our bride\'s breast  
Was like a saffron bag,  
And aye her hand was at her neek,  
And riving up the scabs.  
\SBALLADS Child 33C.8  
\N1 The hair that was on our bride\'s head  
Was like a heather-cow,  
And every louse that lookit out  
Was like a brockit ewe.  
\SBALLADS Child 33C.9  
\N1 Betwixd Kempy\'s shouthers was three ells,  
His nose was nine feet lang,  
His teeth they were like tether sticks,  
Between his eyne a span.  
\SBALLADS Child 33C.10  
\N1 So aye they kissed, and aye they clapped,  
I wat they kissed weel;  
The slaver that hang between their mouths  
Wad hae tethered a twa year auld bill.  
\LBALLADS Child 33D.1  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\N1 The father came unto the door,  
And keeked thro the key-hole, a wee  
And there he saw his dochter Jean,  
Sitting on a coal. a wee  
\SBALLADS Child 33D.2  
\N1 They scartit her, and scrapit her,  
Wi the hand o a rusty pan, a wee  
Her father he did all his best  
For to get her a man. a wee  
\SBALLADS Child 33D.3  
\N1 She is to the stoups gane,  
There is nae water in;  
She\'s cursed the hands and ban\'d the feet  
That did na bring it in.  
\SBALLADS Child 33D.4  
\N1 Out then spak her auld mither,  
In her bed whare she lay:  
'If there is nae water in the house,  
Gae harl her thro the lin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 33D.5  
\N1 O she is to the taipy tapples gane,  
That stood for seven year,  
And there she washed her foul face clean,  
And dried it wi a huggar.  
\SBALLADS Child 33D.6  
\N1 He\'s gien her a gay gold ring,  
Just like a cable-rope,  
And she\'s gien him a gay gravat,  
Made out o the tail o a sark.

\LBALLADS Child 33E.1

\N1 `GUD een, gud een,' says Chickmakin,  
`Ye\'re welcome here,' says Drowsy Lane;  
`I\'m comd to court your daughter Jean,  
And marry her wi yer will, a wee.'

\SBALLADS Child 33E.2

\N1 `My daughter Jean\'s a thrifty lass,  
She\'s spun these seven lang years to me,  
And gin she spin another seven,  
She\'ll munt a half an heir, a wee.'

\SBALLADS Child 33E.3

\N1 Drowsy Lane, it\'s he\'s gane hame,  
And keekit through the hole, a wee  
And there he saw his daughter Jean  
A reeking oer the coal. a wee

\SBALLADS Child 33E.4

\N1 `Get up, get up, ye dirty bitch,  
And wash yer foul face clean,  
For they are to be here the night  
That should hae been here yestreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 33E.5

\N1 Up she rose, pat on her clothes,  
She\'s washen her foul face clean;  
She cursed the hands, she ban\'d the feet,  
That wadna bring the water in.

\SBALLADS Child 33E.6

\N1 She rubbit hersel, she scrubbit hersel,  
Wi the side of a rustit pan, a wee,  
And in a little came Chickmakin,  
A braw young lad indeed was he.

\SBALLADS Child 33E.7

\N1 His teeth they were like tether-steeks,  
His nose was f+ive feet lang;  
Between his shoulders was nine yards broad,  
And between his een a span.

\SBALLADS Child 33E.8

\N1 Ilka hair into his head  
Was like a heather-cowe,  
And ilka louse that lookit out  
Was like a brookit ewe.

\SBALLADS Child 33E.9

\N1 Thae twa kissd and thae twa clapt,  
And thae twa kissd their f+ill,  
And aye the slaver between them hang  
Wad tetherd a ten-pund bull.

\SBALLADS Child 33E.10

\N1 They twa kissd and they twa clapt,  
And they gaed to their bed, a wee,  
And at their head a knocking stane  
And at their feet a mell, a wee.

\SBALLADS Child 33E.11

\N1 The auld wife she lay in her bed:  
`And gin ye\'ll do my bidding a wee,  
And gin ye\'ll do my bidding,' quoth she,  
`Yees whirl her oer the lea, a wee.'

\LBALLADS Child 33F.1

\N1 AS I cam oer yon misty muir,  
And oer yon grass-green hill,  
There I saw a campy carle  
Going to the mill.

\SBALLADS Child 33F.1r  
\N1 And bar aye yer bower door weel weel,  
And bar ay yer bower door weel.  
\SBALLADS Child 33F.2  
\N1 I lookit in at her window,  
And in at her hove hole,  
And there I saw a fousome fag,  
Cowering oer a coal.  
\SBALLADS Child 33F.3  
\N1 `Get up, get up, ye fousome fag,  
And make yer face fou clean;  
For the wooers will be here the night,  
And your body will be seen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 33F.4  
\N1 He gave her a gay cravat,  
`Twas of an auld horse-sheet;  
He gave her a gay goud ring,  
`Twas of an auld tree root.  
\SBALLADS Child 33F.5  
\N1 He laid his arms about her neck,  
They were like kipple-roots;  
And aye he kisssed her wi his lips,  
They were like meller`s hoops.  
\SBALLADS Child 33F.6  
\N1 When they were laid in marriage bed,  
And covered oer wi fail,  
The knocking mell below their heads  
Did serve them wondrous weel.  
\SBALLADS Child 33F.7  
\N1 Ilka pap into her breasts  
Was like a saffron bag,  
And aye his hand at her a . . e  
Was tearing up the scabs.  
\SBALLADS Child 33F.8  
\N1 Ilka hair into her head  
Was like a heather-cow,  
And ilka louse that lookit out  
Was like a brookit ewe.  
\LBALLADS Child 33G.1  
\N1 KING KNAPPERTY he`s a hunting gane,  
Oer hills and mountains high, high, high,  
A gude pike-staff intill his hand,  
And dulgets anew forbye, I, I, I,  
And dulgets anew forbye.  
\SBALLADS Child 33G.2  
\N1 Then he met in wi an auld woman,  
Was feeding her flocks near by, I, I, I:  
`I`m come a wooing to your daughter,  
And a very gude bargain am I, I, I.'  
\SBALLADS Child 33G.3  
\N1 And she`s awa to her wee hole house,  
Lookd in a wee chip hole,  
And there she saw her f+ilthy wee f+lag,  
Was sitting athort the coal.  
\SBALLADS Child 33G.4  
\N1 `Get up, get up, ye f+ilthy foul f+lag,  
And make your foul face clean;  
There are wooers coming to the town,  
And your foul face mauna be seen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 33G.5

\N1 Then up she raise, an awa she gaes,  
And in at the back o the door,  
And there a pig o water she saw,  
\ 'Twas seven years auld an mair.

\SBALLADS Child 33G.6

\N1 Aye she rubbed, an aye she scrubbed,  
To make her foul face clean,  
And aye she bannd the auld wife, her mither,  
For nae bringing clean water in.

\SBALLADS Child 33G.7

\N1 King Knapperty he came in at the door,  
Stood even up in the f+loor;  
Altho that she had neer seen him before,  
She kent him to be her dear.

\SBALLADS Child 33G.8

\N1 He has taen her in his arms twa,  
And kissd her, cheek and chin:  
'I neer was kissd afore in my life,  
But this night got mony ane.'

\SBALLADS Child 33G.9

\N1 He has put his hand in his pocket,  
And he\'s taen out a ring:  
Says, 'Take ye that, my dearest dear,  
It is made o the brazen pan.'

\SBALLADS Child 33G.10

\N1 She thankd him ance, she thankd him twice,  
She thankd him oer again:  
'I neer got a ring before in my life,  
But this night hae gotten ane.'

\SBALLADS Child 33G.11

\N1 These lovers bed it was well made,  
And at their hearts\' desire;  
These lovers bed it was well made,  
At the side o the kitchen f+ire.

\SBALLADS Child 33G.12

\N1 The bolster that these lovers had  
Was the mattock an the mell,  
And the covring that these lovers had  
Was the clouted cloak an pale.

\SBALLADS Child 33G.13

\N1 The draps that fell frae her twa een  
Woud have gard a froth-mill gang,  
An [the] clunkerts that hung at their heels  
Woud hae muckd an acre o land.

\SBALLADS Child 33G.14

\N1 An ilka hair that was in their head  
Was like a heather-cow,  
And ilka tenant that it containd  
Was like a linstead-bow.

\LBALLADS Child 34A.1

\N1 HER mother died when she was young,  
Which gave her cause to make great moan;  
Her father married the warst woman  
That ever lived in Christendom.

\SBALLADS Child 34A.2

\N1 She served her with foot and hand,  
In every thing that she could dee,  
Till once, in an unlucky time,  
She threw her in ower Craigy\'s sea.

\SBALLADS Child 34A.3

\N1 Says, `Lie you there, dove Isabel,  
And all my sorrows lie with thee;  
Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea,  
And borrow you with kisses three,  
Let all the world do what they will,  
Oh borrowed shall you never be!'

\SBALLADS Child 34A.4

\N1 Her breath grew strang, her hair grew lang,  
And twisted thrice about the tree,  
And all the people, far and near,  
Thought that a savage beast was she.

\SBALLADS Child 34A.5

\N1 These news did come to Kemp Owyne,  
Where he lived, far beyond the sea;  
He hasted him to Craigy\'s sea,  
And on the savage beast lookd he.

\SBALLADS Child 34A.6

\N1 Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted was about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about:  
`Come to Craigy\'s sea, and kiss with me.

\SBALLADS Child 34A.7

\N1 `Here is a royal belt,' she cried,  
`That I have found in the green sea;  
And while your body it is on,  
Drawn shall your blood never be;  
But if you touch me, tail or f+in,  
I vow my belt your death shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 34A.8

\N1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal belt he brought him wi;  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted twice about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about:

`Come to Craigy\'s sea, and kiss with me.

\SBALLADS Child 34A.9

\N1 `Here is a royal ring,' she said,  
`That I have found in the green sea;  
And while your f+inger it is on,  
Drawn shall your blood never be;  
But if you touch me, tail or f+in,  
I swear my ring your death shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 34A.10

\N1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal ring he brought him wi;  
Her breath was strang, her hair was lang,  
And twisted ance about the tree,  
And with a swing she came about:

`Come to Craigy\'s sea, and kiss with me.

\SBALLADS Child 34A.11

\N1 `Here is a royal brand,' she said,  
`That I have found in the green sea;  
And while your body it is on,  
Drawn shall your blood never be;  
But if you touch me, tail or f+in,  
I swear my brand your death shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 34A.12

\N1 He stepped in, gave her a kiss,  
The royal brand he brought him wi;  
Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,

And twisted nane about the tree,  
 And smilingly she came about,  
 As fair a woman as fair could be.  
 \LBALLADS Child 34B.1  
 \N1 COME here, come here, you freely feed,  
 An lay your head low on my knee;  
 The hardest weird I will you read  
 That eer war read to a lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.2  
 \N1 `O meikle dollour sall you dree,  
 An ay the sat seas oer ye<\'s] swim;  
 An far mair dollour sall ye dree  
 On Eastmuir craigs, or ye them clim.  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.3  
 \N1 `I wot ye\'s be a weary wight,  
 An releived sall ye never be  
 Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
 Come to the craig and thrice kiss thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.4  
 \N1 O meickle dollour did she dree,  
 An ay the sat seas oer she swam;  
 An far mair dollour did she dree  
 On Eastmuir craigs, or them she clam;  
 An ay she cried for Kempion,  
 Gin he would come till her han.  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.5  
 \N1 Now word has gane to Kempion  
 That sich a beast was in his lan,  
 An ay be sure she would gae mad  
 Gin she gat nae help frae his han.  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.6  
 \N1 `Now by my sooth,' says Kempion,  
 `This f+iery beast I<\'ll] gang to see;'  
 `An by my sooth,' says Segramour,  
 `My ae brother, I\'ll gang you wi.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.7  
 \N1 O biggit ha they a bonny boat,  
 An they hae set her to the sea,  
 An Kempion an Segramour  
 The f+iery beast he gane to see:  
 A mile afore they reachd the shore,  
 I wot she gard the red f+ire f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.8  
 \N1 `O Segramour, keep my boat af+loat,  
 An lat her no the lan so near;  
 For the wicked beast she\'ll sure gae mad,  
 An set f+ire to the land an mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.9  
 \N1 `O out o my stye I winna rise--  
 An it is na for the fear o thee--  
 Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
 Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.10  
 \N1 He\'s louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
 An he has gien her kisses ane;  
 Awa she gid, an again she came,  
 The f+ieryest beast that ever was seen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 34B.11  
 \N1 `O out o my stye I winna rise--  
 An it is na for fear o thee--



Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 34B.12  
\N1 He louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
An he has gien her kisses twa;  
Awa she gid, an again she came,  
The fieriest beast that ever you saw.  
\SBALLADS Child 34B.13  
\N1 `O out o my stye I winna rise--  
An it is na for fear o ye--  
Till Kempion, the kingis son,  
Come to the craig an thrice kiss me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 34B.14  
\N1 He\'s louted him oer the Eastmuir craig,  
An he has gien her kisses three;  
Awa she gid, an again she came,  
The fairest lady that ever coud be.  
\SBALLADS Child 34B.15  
\N1 `An by my sooth,' say<s] Kempion,  
`My ain true love--for this is she--  
O was it wolf into the wood,  
Or was it fish intill the sea,  
Or was it man, or wile woman,  
My true love, that misshapit thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 34B.16  
\N1 `It was na wolf into the wood,  
Nor was it fish into the sea,  
But it was my stepmother,  
An wae an weary mot she be.  
\SBALLADS Child 34B.17  
\N1 `O a heavier weird light her upon  
Than ever fell on wile woman;  
Her hair\'s grow rough, an her teeth\'s grow lang,  
An on her four feet sal she gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 34B.18  
\N1 `Nane sall tack pittie her upon,  
But in Wormie\'s Wood she sall ay won,  
An relieved sall she never be,  
Till St Mungo come oer the sea.'  
\LBALLADS Child 35.1  
\N1 O ALLISON GROSS, that lives in yon towr,  
The ugliest witch i the north country,  
Has trysted me ae day up till her bowr,  
An monny fair speech she made to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 35.2  
\N1 She stroaked my head, an she kembed my hair,  
An she set me down saftly on her knee;  
Says, Gin ye will be my lemman so true,  
Sae monny braw things as I woud you gi.  
\SBALLADS Child 35.3  
\N1 She showd me a mantle o red scarlet,  
Wi gouden f+lowrs an fringes fine;  
Says, Gin ye will be my lemman so true,  
This goodly gift it sal be thine.  
\SBALLADS Child 35.4  
\N1 `Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Haud far awa, an lat me be;  
I never will be your lemman sae true,  
An I wish I were out o your company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 35.5

\N1 She neist brought a sark o the saftest silk,  
Well wrought wi pearles about the ban;  
Says, Gin you will be my ain true love,  
This goodly gift you sal comman.

\SBALLADS Child 35.6

\N1 She showd me a cup of the good red gold,  
Well set wi jewls sae fair to see;  
Says, Gin you will be my lemman sae true,  
This goodly gift I will you gi.

\SBALLADS Child 35.7

\N1 `Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Had far awa, and lat me be;  
For I woudna ance kiss your ugly mouth  
For a\' the gifts that ye coud gi.'

\SBALLADS Child 35.8

\N1 She\'s turnd her right and roun about,  
An thrice she blaw on a grass-green horn,  
An she sware by the meen and the stars abeen,  
That she\'d gar me rue the day I was born.

\SBALLADS Child 35.9

\N1 Then out has she taen a silver wand,  
An she\'s turnd her three times roun an roun;  
She\'s mutterd sich words till my strength it faild,  
An I fell down senceless upon the groun.

\SBALLADS Child 35.10

\N1 She\'s turnd me into an ugly worm,  
And gard me toddle about the tree;  
An ay, on ilka Saturdays night,  
My sister Maisry came to me,

\SBALLADS Child 35.11

\N1 Wi silver bason an silver kemb,  
To kemb my heady upon her knee;  
But or I had kissd her ugly mouth,  
I\'d rather a toddled about the tree.

\SBALLADS Child 35.12

\N1 But as it fell out on last Hallow-even,  
When the seely court was ridin by,  
The queen lighted down on a gowany bank,  
Nae far frae the tree where I went to lye.

\SBALLADS Child 35.13

\N1 She took me up in her milk-white han,  
An she\'s stroakd me three times oer her knee;  
She chang\'d me again to my ain proper shape,  
An I nae mair maun toddle about the tree.

\LBALLADS Child 36.1

\N1 `I WAS but seven year auld  
When my mither she did die;  
My father married the ae warst woman  
The warld did ever see.

\SBALLADS Child 36.2

\N1 `For she has made me the laily worm,  
That lies at the f+it o the tree,  
An my sister Masery she\'s made  
The machrel of the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 36.3

\N1 `An every Saturday at noon  
The machrel comes to me,  
An she takes my laily head  
An lays it on her knee,  
She kaims it wi a siller kaim,

An washes\`t in the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 36.4  
\N1 `Seven knights hae I slain,  
Sin I lay at the f+it of the tree,  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eight ane ye should be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 36.5  
\N1 `Sing on your song, ye laily worm,  
That ye did sing to me:'  
`I never sung that song but what  
I would it sing to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 36.6  
\N1 `I was but seven year auld,  
When my mither she did die;  
My father married the ae warst woman  
The world did ever see.  
\SBALLADS Child 36.7  
\N1 `For she changed me to the laily worm,  
That lies at the f+it o the tree,  
And my sister Masery  
To the machrel of the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 36.8  
\N1 `And every Saturday at noon  
The machrel comes to me,  
An she takes my laily head  
An lays it on her knee,  
An kames it wi a siller kame,  
An washes it i the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 36.9  
\N1 `Seven knights hae I slain,  
Sin I lay at the f+it o the tree,  
An ye war na my ain father,  
The eighth ane ye shoud be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 36.10  
\N1 He sent for his lady,  
As fast as send could he:  
`Whar is my son that ye sent frae me,  
And my daughter, Lady Masery?'  
\SBALLADS Child 36.11  
\N1 `Your son is at our king\'s court,  
Serving for meat an fee,  
An your daughter\'s at our queen\'s court,  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 36.12  
\N1 `Ye lie, ye ill woman,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie;  
My son\'s the laily worm,  
That lies at the f+it o the tree,  
And my daughter, Lady Masery,  
Is the machrel of the sea!'  
\SBALLADS Child 36.13  
\N1 She has tane a siller wan,  
An gien him strokes three,  
And he has started up the bravest knight  
That ever your eyes did see.  
\SBALLADS Child 36.14  
\N1 She has taen a small horn,  
An loud an shrill blew she,  
An a\' the f+ish came her untill  
But the proud machrel of the sea:

`Ye shapeit me ance an unseemly shape,  
An ye\'s never mare shape me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 36.15  
\N1 He has sent to the wood  
For whins and for hawthorn,  
An he has taen that gay lady,  
An there he did her burn.  
\LBALLADS Child 37A.1  
\N1 TRUE THOMAS lay oer yond grassy bank,  
And he beheld a ladie gay,  
A ladie that was brisk and bold,  
Come riding oer the fernie brae.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.2  
\N1 Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
Her mantel of the velvet f+ine,  
At ilka tett of her horse\'s mane  
Hung f+ifty silver bells and nine.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.3  
\N1 True Thomas he took off his hat,  
And bowed him low down till his knee:  
`All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
For your peer on earth I never did see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.4  
\N1 `O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
`That name does not belong to me;  
I am but the queen of fair Elf+land,  
And I\'m come here for to visit thee.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.5  
\N1 `But ye maun go wi me now, Thomas,  
True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,  
For ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro weel or wae as may chance to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.6  
\N1 She turned about her milk-white steed,  
And took True Thomas up behind,  
And aye whenever her bridle rang,  
The steed f+lew swifter than the wind.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.7  
\N1 For forty days and forty nights  
He wade thro red blude to the knee,  
And he saw neither sun nor moon,  
But heard the roaring of the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.8  
\N1 O they rade on, and further on,  
Until they came to a garden green:  
`Light down, light down, ye ladie free,  
Some of that fruit let me pull to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.9  
\N1 `O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
`That fruit maun not be touched by thee,  
For a\' the plagues that are in hell  
Light on the fruit of this countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.10  
\N1 `But I have a loaf here in my lap,  
Likewise a bottle of claret wine,  
And now ere we go farther on,  
We\'ll rest a while, and ye may dine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.11  
\N1 When he had eaten and drunk his f+ill,

`Lay down your head upon my knee,'  
The lady sayd, e+:re we climb yon hill,  
And I will show you fairlies three.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.12  
\N1 `O see not ye yon narrow road,  
So thick beset wi thorns and briers?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Tho after it but few enquires.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.13  
\N1 `And see not ye that braid braid road,  
That lies across yon lillie leven?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Tho some call it the road to heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.14  
\N1 `And see not ye that bonny road,  
Which winds about the fernie brae?  
That is the road to fair Elf+land,  
Whe<re] you and I this night maun gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.15  
\N1 `But Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
Whatever you may hear or see,  
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,  
You will neer get back to your ain countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37A.16  
\N1 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,  
And till seven years were past and gone  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.  
\LBALLADS Child 37B.1  
\N1 As Thomas lay on Huntlie banks--  
A wat a weel bred man was he--  
And there he spied a lady fair,  
Coming riding down by the Eildon tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 37B.2  
\N1 The horse she rode on was dapple gray,  
And in her hand she held bells nine;  
I thought I heard this fair lady say  
These fair siller bells they should a\' be mine.  
\SBALLADS Child 37B.3  
\N1 It\'s Thomas even forward went,  
And lootit low down on his knee:  
'Weel met thee save, my lady fair,  
For thou\'rt the f+lower o this countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37B.4  
\N1 `O no, O no, Thomas,' she says,  
'O no, O no, that can never be,  
For I\'m but a lady of an unco land,  
Comd out a hunting, as ye may see.  
\SBALLADS Child 37B.5  
\N1 `O harp and carp, Thomas,' she says,  
'O harp and carp, and go wi me;  
It\'s be seven years, Thomas, and a day,  
Or you see man or woman in your ain countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37B.6  
\N1 It\'s she has rode, and Thomas ran,  
Until they cam to yon water clear;  
He\'s coosten off his hose and shon,  
And he\'s wooden the water up to the knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 37B.7  
\N1 It\'s she has rode, and Thomas ran,

Until they cam to yon garden green;  
 He\'s put up his hand for to pull down ane,  
 For the lack o food he was like to tyne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 37B.8  
 \N1 `Hold your hand, Thomas,' she says,  
 `Hold your hand, that must not be;  
 It was a\' that cursed fruit o thine  
 Beggared man and woman in your countrie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 37B.9  
 \N1 `But I have a loaf and a soup o wine,  
 And ye shall go and dine wi me;  
 And lay yer head down in my lap,  
 And I will tell ye farlies three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 37B.10  
 \N1 `It\'s dont ye see yon broad broad way,  
 That leadeth down by yon skerry fell?  
 It\'s ill\'s the man that dothe thereon gang,  
 For it leadeth him straight to the gates o hell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 37B.11  
 \N1 `It\'s dont ye see yon narrow way,  
 That leadeth down by yon lillie lea?  
 It\'s weel\'s the man that doth therein gang,  
 For it leads him straight to the heaven hie.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 37B.12  
 \N1 It\'s when she cam into the hall--  
 I wat a weel bred man was he--  
 They\'ve asked him question<s], one and all,  
 But he answered none but that fair ladie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 37B.13  
 \N1 O they speerd at her where she did him get,  
 And she told them at the Eildon tree;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \LBALLADS Child 37C.1  
 \N1 TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,  
 A ferlie he spied wi\' his ee,  
 And there he saw a lady bright,  
 Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 37C.2  
 \N1 Her shirt was o the grass-green silk,  
 Her mantle o the velvet fyne,  
 At ilka tett of her horse\'s mane  
 Hang f+fifty siller bells and nine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 37C.3  
 \N1 True Thomas, he pulld aff his cap,  
 And louted low down to his knee:  
 `All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
 For thy peer on earth I never did see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 37C.4  
 \N1 `O no, O no, Thomas,' she said,  
 `That name does not belong to me;  
 I am but the queen of fair Elf+land,  
 That am hither come to visit thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 37C.5  
 \N1 `Harp and carp, Thomas,' she said,  
 `Harp and carp along wi me,  
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
 Sure of your bodie I will be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 37C.6

\N1 `Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird shall never daunton me;'  
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,  
All underneath the Eildon Tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.7

\N1 `Now, ye maun go wi me,' she said,  
`True Thomas, ye maun go wi me,  
And ye maun serve me seven years,  
Thro weal or woe, as may chance to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.8

\N1 She mounted on her milk-white steed,  
She\'s taen True Thomas up behind,  
And aye whenever her bridle rung,  
The steed f+lew swifter than the wind.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.9

\N1 O they rade on, and farther on+-  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind+-  
Untill they reached a desart wide,  
And living land was left behind.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.10

\N1 `Light down, light down, now, True Thomas,  
And lean your head upon my knee;  
Abide and rest a little space,  
And I will shew you ferlies three.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.11

\N1 `O see ye not yon narrow road,  
So thick beset with thorns and briers?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Tho after it but few enquires.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.12

\N1 `And see not ye that braid braid road,  
That lies across that lily leven?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Tho some call it the road to heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.13

\N1 `And see not ye that bonny road,  
That winds about the fernie brae?  
That is the road to fair Elf+land,  
Where thou and I this night maun gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.14

\N1 `But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see,  
For, if you speak word in Elf+lyn land,  
Ye\'ll neer get back to your ain countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.15

\N1 O they rade on, and farther on,  
And they waded thro rivers aboon the knee,  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.16

\N1 It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern light,  
And they waded thro red blude to the knee;  
For a\' the blude that\'s shed on earth  
Rins thro the springs o that countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.17

\N1 Syne they came on to a garden green,  
And she pu\'d an apple frae a tree:  
`Take this for thy wages, True Thomas,  
It will give the tongue that can never lie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 37C.18

\N1 `My tongue is mine ain,' True Thomas said;  
`A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!  
I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
At fair or tryst where I may be.

\SBALLADS Child 37C.19

\N1 `I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye:'

`Now hold thy peace,' the lady said,  
`For as I say, so must it be.'

\SBALLADS Child 37C.20

\N1 He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair of shoes of velvet green,  
And till seven years were gane and past  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

\LBALLADS Child 38A.1

\N1 As I was walking all alone,  
Between a water and a wa,  
And there I spy\'d a wee wee man,  
And he was the least that ere I saw.

\SBALLADS Child 38A.2

\N1 His legs were scarce a shathmont\'s length,  
And thick and thimber was his thigh;  
Between his brows there was a span,  
And between his shoulders there was three.

\SBALLADS Child 38A.3

\N1 He took up a meikle stane,  
And he f+lang\'t as far as I could see;  
Though I had been a Wallace wight,  
I couldna liften\'t to my knee.

\SBALLADS Child 38A.4

\N1 `O wee wee man, but thou be strang!  
O tell me where thy dwelling be?'  
`My dwelling\'s down at yon bonny bower;  
O will you go with me and see?'

\SBALLADS Child 38A.5

\N1 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny green;  
We lighted down for to bait our horse,  
And out there came a lady f+ine.

\SBALLADS Child 38A.6

\N1 Four and twenty at her back,  
And they were a\' clad out in green;  
Though the King of Scotland had been there,  
The warst o them might haebeen his queen.

\SBALLADS Child 38A.7

\N1 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we came to yon bonny ha,  
Whare the roof was o the beaten gould,  
And the f+loor was o the cristal a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 38A.8

\N1 When we came to the stair-foot,  
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma,  
But in the twinkling of an eye,  
My wee wee man was clean awa.

\LBALLADS Child 38B.1

\N1 AS I was walking by my lane,  
Atween a water and a wa,  
There sune I spied a wee wee man,  
He was the least that eir I saw.

\SBALLADS Child 38B.2



\N1 His legs were scant a shathmont\'s length,  
And sma and limber was his thie;  
Atween his shoulders was ae span,  
About his middle war but three.

\SBALLADS Child 38B.3

\N1 He has tane up a meikle stane,  
And f+lang\'t as far as I cold see;  
Ein thouch I had been Wallace wicht,  
I dought na lift it to my knie.

\SBALLADS Child 38B.4

\N1 `O wee wee man, but ye be strang!  
Tell me whar may thy dwelling be?  
`I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir;  
O will ye gae wi me and see?'

\SBALLADS Child 38B.5

\N1 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we cam to a bonny green;  
We lichted syne to bait our steid,  
And out there cam a lady sheen.

\SBALLADS Child 38B.6

\N1 Wi four and twentie at her back,  
A\' comely cled in glistering green;  
Thouch there the King of Scots had stude,  
The warst micht weil hae been his queen.

\SBALLADS Child 38B.7

\N1 On syne we past wi wondering cheir,  
Till we cam to a bonny ha;  
The roof was o the beaten gowd,  
The f+lure was o the crystal a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 38B.8

\SBALLADS Child 38B.8

\N1 When we cam there, wi wee wee knichts  
War ladies dancing, jimp and sma,  
But in the twinkling of an eie,  
Baith green and ha war clein awa.

\LBALLADS Child 38C.1

\N1 \\'T WAS down by Carterhaugh, father,  
I walked beside the wa,  
And there I saw a wee wee man,  
The least that eer I saw.

\SBALLADS Child 38C.2

\N1 His legs were skant a shathmont lang,  
Yet umber was his thie;  
Between his brows there was ae span,  
And between his shoulders three.

\SBALLADS Child 38C.3

\N1 He\'s taen and f+lung a meikle stane,  
As far as I could see;  
I could na, had I been Wallace wight,  
Hae lifted it to my knee.

\SBALLADS Child 38C.4

`O wee wee man, but ye be strang!  
Where may thy dwelling be?'  
`It\'s down beside yon bonny bower;  
Fair lady, come and see.'

\SBALLADS Child 38C.5

\N1 On we lap, and away we rade,  
Down to a bonny green;  
We lighted down to bait our steed,  
And we saw the fairy queen.

\SBALLADS Child 38C.6

\N1 With four and twenty at her back,  
Of ladies clad in green;  
Tho the King of Scotland had been there,  
The worst might hae been his queen.

\SBALLADS Child 38C.7

\N1 On we lap, and away we rade,  
Down to a bonny ha;  
The roof was o the beaten goud,  
The f+loor was of chrystal a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 38C.8

\N1 And there were dancing on the f+loor,  
Fair ladies jimp and sma;  
But in the twinkling o an eye,  
They sainted clean awa.

\LBALLADS Child 38D.1

\N1 AS I gaed out to tak a walk,  
Atween the water and the wa,  
There I met wi a wee wee man,  
The weest man that ere I saw.

\SBALLADS Child 38D.2

\N1 Thick and short was his legs,  
And sma and thin was his thie,  
And atween his een a f+lee might gae,  
And atween his shouthers were inches three.

\SBALLADS Child 38D.3

\N1 And he has tane up a muckle stane,  
And thrown it farther than I c\ioud see;  
If I had been as strong as ere Wallace was,  
I c\ioud na lift it to my knie.

\SBALLADS Child 38D.4

\N1 `O,' quo I, 'But ye be strong!  
And O where may your dwelling be?'  
'It\'s down in to yon bonnie glen;  
Gin ye dinna believe, ye can come and see.'

\SBALLADS Child 38D.5

\N1 And we rade on, and we sped on,  
Till we cam to yon bonny glen,  
And there we lichted and louted in,  
And there we saw a dainty dame.

\SBALLADS Child 38D.6

\N1 There was four and twenty wating on her,  
And ilka ane was clad in green,  
And he had been the king of fair Scotland,  
The warst o them micht hae been his queen.

\SBALLADS Child 38D.7

\N1 There war pipers playing on ilka stair,  
And ladies dancing in ilka ha,  
But before ye c\ioud hae sadd what was that,  
The house and wee manie was awa.

\LBALLADS Child 38E.1

\N1 AS I was walking mine alone,  
Betwext the water and the wa,  
There I spied a wee wee man,  
He was the least ane that eer I saw.

\SBALLADS Child 38E.2

\N1 His leg was scarce a shaftmont lang,  
Both thick and nimble was his knee;  
Between his eyes there was a span,  
Betwixt his shoulders were ells three.

\SBALLADS Child 38E.3

\N1 This wee wee man pulled up a stone,  
He f+lang\'t as far as I could see;  
Tho I had been like Wallace strong,  
I wadna gotn\'t up to my knee.

\SBALLADS Child 38E.4

\N1 I said, Wee man, oh, but you\'re strong!  
Where is your dwelling, or where may\'t be?  
'My dwelling\'s at yon bonnie green;  
Fair lady, will ye go and see?'

\SBALLADS Child 38E.5

\N1 On we lap, and awa we rade,  
Until we came to yonder green;  
We lichtit down to rest our steed,  
And there cam out a lady soon.

\SBALLADS Child 38E.6

\N1 Four and twenty at her back,  
And every one of them was clad in green;  
Altho he had been the King of Scotland,  
The warst o them a\' micht hae been his queen.

\SBALLADS Child 38E.7

\N1 There were pipers playing in every neuk,  
And ladies dancing, jimp and sma,  
And aye the owre-turn o their tune  
Was 'Our wee wee man has been lang awa.'

\LBALLADS Child 38F.1

\N1 AS I was walking mine alane,  
Between the water and the wa,  
And oh there I spy\'d a wee wee mannie,  
The weeest mannie that ere I saw.

\SBALLADS Child 38F.2

\N1 His legs they were na a gude inch lang,  
And thick and nimble was his thie;  
Between his een there was a span,  
And between his shouthers there were ells three.

\SBALLADS Child 38F.3

\N1 I asked at this wee wee mannie  
Whare his dwelling place might be;  
The answer that he gied to me  
Was, Cum alang, and ye shall see.

\SBALLADS Child 38F.4

\N1 So we\'ll awa, and on we rade,  
Till we cam to yon bonnie green;  
We lichted down to bait our horse,  
And up and started a lady syne.

\SBALLADS Child 38F.5

\N1 Wi four and twenty at her back,  
And they were a\' weell clad in green;  
Tho I had been a crowned king,  
The warst o them might ha been my queen.

\SBALLADS Child 38F.6

\N1 So we\'ll awa, and on we rade,  
Till we cam to yon bonnie hall;  
The rafters were o the beaten gold,  
And silver wire were the kebars all.

\SBALLADS Child 38F.7

\N1 And there was mirth in every end,  
And ladies dancing, ane and a,  
And aye the owre-turn o their sang  
Was 'The wee wee mannie\'s been lang awa.'

\LBALLADS Child 38G.1

\N1 AS I gaed out to tak the air,  
Between Midmar and bonny Craigha,  
There I met a little wee man,  
The less o him I never saw.

\SBALLADS Child 38G.2

\N1 His legs were but a f+inger lang,  
And thick and nimle was his knee;  
Between his brows there was a span,  
Between his shoulders ells three.

\SBALLADS Child 38G.3

\N1 He lifted a stane sax feet in hight,  
He lifted it up till his right knee,  
And f+ifty yards and mair, I\'m sure,  
I wyte he made the stane to f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 38G.4

\N1 `O little wee man, but ye be wight!  
Tell me whar your dwelling be;'  
`I hae a bower, compactly built,  
Madam, gin ye\'ll cum and see.'

\SBALLADS Child 38G.5

\N1 Sae on we lap, and awa we rade,  
Till we come to yon little ha;  
The kipples ware o the gude red gowd,  
The reef was o the proseyla.

\SBALLADS Child 38G.6

\N1 Pipers were playing, ladies dancing,  
The ladies dancing, jimp and sma;  
At ilka turning o the spring,  
The little man was wearin\'s wa.

\SBALLADS Child 38G.7

\N1 Out gat the lights, on cam the mist,  
Ladies nor mannie mair coud see  
I turnd about, and gae a look,  
Just at the foot o\' Benachie.

\LBALLADS Child 39A.1

\N1 O I FORBID you, maidens a\  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lin is there.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.2

\N1 There\'s nane that gaes by Carterhaugh  
But they leave him a wad,  
Either their rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenhead.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.3

\N1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has broded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she\'s awa to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can hie.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.4

\N1 When she came to Carterhaugh  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.5

\N1 She had na pu\'d a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,  
Till up then started young Tam Lin,

Says, Lady, thou\'s pu nae mae.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.6

\N1 Why pu\'s thou the rose, Janet,  
And why breaks thou the wand?  
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh  
Withoutten my command?

\SBALLADS Child 39A.7

\N1 `Carterhaugh, it is my ain,  
My daddie gave it me;  
I\'ll come and gang by Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave at thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 39A.8

\N1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she is to her father\'s ha,  
As fast as she can hie.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.9

\N1 Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba,  
And out then cam the fair Janet,  
Ance the f+lower amang them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 39A.10

\SBALLADS Child 39A.10

\N1 Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the chess,  
And out then cam the fair Janet,  
As green as onie glass.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.11

\N1 Out then spak an auld grey knight,  
Lay oer the castle wa,  
And says, Alas, fair Janet, for thee  
But we\'ll be blamed a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 39A.12

\SBALLADS Child 39A.12

\N1 `Haud your tongue, ye auld fac\'d knight,  
Some ill death may ye die!  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I\'ll father nane on thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 39A.13

\N1 Out then spak her father dear,  
And he spak meek and mild;  
`And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,  
`I think thou gaes wi child.'

\SBALLADS Child 39A.14

\N1 `If that I gae wi child, father,  
Mysel maun bear the blame;  
There\'s neer a laird about your ha  
Shall get the bairn\'s name.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.15

\N1 `If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he\'s an elf+in grey,  
I wad na gie my ain true-love  
For nae lord that ye hae.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.16

\N1 `The steed that my true-love rides on  
Is lighter than the wind;  
Wi siller he is shod before,  
Wi burning gowd behind.'

\SBALLADS Child 39A.17

\N1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she\'s awa to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can hie.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.18

\N1 When she cam to Carterhaugh,  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.19

\N1 She has na pu\'d a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,  
Till up then started young Tam Lin,  
Says Lady, thou pu\'s nae mae.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.20

\N1 Why pu\'s thou the rose, Janet,  
Amang the groves sae green,  
And a\' to kill the bonie babe  
That we gat us between?

\SBALLADS Child 39A.21

\N1 `O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,' she says,  
'For\'s sake that died on tree,  
If eer ye was in holy chapel,  
Or chirstendom did see?'

\SBALLADS Child 39A.22

\N1 `Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide,  
And ance it fell upon a day  
That wae did me betide.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.23

\N1 `And ance it fell upon a day,  
A cauld day and a snell,  
When we were frae the hunting come,  
That frae my horse I fell;  
The Queen o Fairies she caught me,  
In yon green hill to dwell.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.24

\N1 `And pleasant is the fairy land,  
But, an eerie tale to tell,  
Ay at the end of seven years  
We pay a tiend to hell;  
I am sae fair and fu o f+lesh,  
I\'m feard it be mysel.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.25

\N1 `But the night is Halloween, lady,  
The morn is Hallowday;  
Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
For weel I wat ye may.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.26

\N1 `Just at the mirk and midnight hour  
The fairy folk will ride,  
And that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'

\SBALLADS Child 39A.27

\N1 `But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,  
Or how my true-love know,  
Amang sae mony unco knights  
The like I never saw?'

\SBALLADS Child 39A.28

\N1 `O first let pass the black, lady,  
And syne let pass the brown,  
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,  
Pu ye his rider down.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.29

\N1 `For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,  
And ay nearest the town;  
Because I was an earthly knight  
They gie me that renown.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.30

\N1 `My right hand will be glovd, lady,  
My left hand will be bare,  
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,  
And kaimd down shall my hair,  
And thae's the takens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.31

\N1 `They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
Into an esk and adder;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I am your bairn's father.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.32

\N1 `They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,  
And then a lion bold;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
As ye shall love your child.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.33

\N1 `Again they'll turn me in your arms  
To a red het gaud of airn;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I'll do to you nae harm.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.34

\N1 `And last they'll turn me in your arms  
Into the burning glead;  
Then throw me into well water,  
O throw me in wi speed.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.35

\N1 `And then I'll be your ain true-love,  
I'll turn a naked knight;  
Then cover me wi your green mantle,  
And cover me out o sight.'

\SBALLADS Child 39A.36

\N1 Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
And eerie was the way,  
As fair Jenny in her green mantle  
To Miles Cross she did gae.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.37

\N1 About the middle o the night  
She heard the bridles ring;  
This lady was as glad at that  
As any earthly thing.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.38

\N1 First she let the black pass by,  
And syne she let the brown;  
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,  
And pu'd the rider down.

\SBALLADS Child 39A.39

\N1 Sae weel she minded whae he did say,  
And young Tam Lin did win;

Syne coverd him wi her green mantle,  
 As blythe\'s a bird in spring.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39A.40  
 \N1 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
 Out of a bush o broom:  
 `Them that has gotten young Tam Lin  
 Has gotten a stately groom.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 39A.41  
 \N1 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
 And an angry woman was she:  
 `Shame betide her ill-far\'d face,  
 And an ill death may she die,  
 For she\'s taen awa the boniest knight  
 In a\' my companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39A.42  
 \N1 `But had I kend, Tam Lin,' she says,  
 `What now this night I see,  
 I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
 And put in twa een o tree.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 39B.1  
 \N1 I FORBID ye, maidens a\',  
 That wear goud on your gear,  
 To come and gae by Carterhaugh,  
 For young Tom Line is there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39B.2  
 \N1 There\'s nane that gaes by Carterhaugh  
 But they leave him a wad.  
 Either their things or green mantles,  
 Or else their maidenhead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39B.3  
 \N1 But Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
 A little above her knee,  
 And she has broded her yellow hair  
 A little above her bree,  
 And she has gaen for Carterhaugh,  
 As fast as she can hie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39B.4  
 \N1 When she came to Carterhaugh  
 Tom Line was at the well,  
 And there she fand his steed standing,  
 But away was himsell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39B.5  
 \N1 She hadna pu\'d a double rose,  
 A rose but only twae,  
 Till up then started young Tom Line,  
 Says, Lady, thou\'s pu nae mae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39B.6  
 \N1 Why pu\'s thou the rose, Janet?  
 Why breaks thou the wand?  
 Why comest thou to Carterhaugh  
 Withouthen my command?  
 \SBALLADS Child 39B.7  
 \N1 `Fair Carterhaugh it is my ain,  
 My daddy gave it me;  
 I\'ll come and gae by Carterhaugh,  
 And ask nae leave at thee.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 39B.8  
 \N1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
 A little aboon her knee,



And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she is on to her father\'s ha,  
As fast as she can hie.

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.9

\\N1 Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba,  
And out then came fair Janet,  
The f+lowr amang them a\'.  
\\SBALLADS Child 39B.10

\\N1 Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the chess,  
Out then came fair Janet,  
As green as ony glass.

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.11

\\N1 Out spak an auld grey-headed knight,  
Lay owre the castle wa,  
And says, Alas, fair Janet,  
For thee we\'ll be blam\'d a\'.  
\\SBALLADS Child 39B.12

\\N1 `Had your tongue, you auld grey knight,  
Some ill dead may ye die!  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I\'ll father nane on thee.'

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.13

\\N1 Out then spak her father dear,  
He spak baith thick and milde;  
`And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says,  
`I think ye gae wi childe.'

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.14

\\N1 `If that I gae wi child, father,  
Mysell bears a\' the blame;  
There\'s not a laird about your ha  
Shall get the bairnie\'s name.

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.15

\\N1 `If my lord were an earthly knight,  
As he\'s an elf+ish grey,  
I wad na gie my ain true-love  
For nae lord that ye hae.'

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.16

\\N1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she\'s away to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can hie.

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.17

\\N1 When she came to Carterhaugh,  
Tom Line was at the well,  
And there she faund his steed standing,  
But away was himsell.

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.18

\\N1 She hadna pu\'d a double rose,  
A rose but only twae,  
Till up then started young Tom Line,  
Says, Lady, thou\'s pu na mae.

\\SBALLADS Child 39B.19

\\N1 Why pu\'s thou the rose, Janet,  
Out ovr yon groves sae green,  
And a\' to kill your bonny babe,

That we gat us between?  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.20  
\N1 `O tell me, tell me, Tom,' she says,  
`For\'s sake who died on tree,  
If eer ye were in holy chapel,  
Or christendom did see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.21  
\N1 `Roxburgh he was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide,  
And ance it fell upon a day  
That wae did me betide.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.22  
\N1 `Ance it fell upon a day,  
A cauld day and a snell,  
When we were frae the hunting come,  
That from my horse I fell.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.23  
\N1 `The Queen of Fairies she came by,  
Took me wi her to dwell,  
Evn where she has a pleasant land  
For those that in it dwell,  
But at the end o seven years,  
They pay their teind to hell.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.24  
\N1 `The night it is gude Halloween,  
The fairie folk do ride,  
And they that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.25  
\N1 `But how shall I thee ken, Thomas,  
Or how shall I thee knaw,  
Amang a pack o uncouth knights  
The like I never saw?'  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.26  
\N1 `The f+irst company that passes by,  
Say na, and let them gae;  
The next company that passes by,  
Say na, and do right sae;  
The third company that passes by,  
Then I\'ll be ane o thae.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.27  
\N1 `Some ride upon a black, lady,  
And some ride on a brown,  
But I ride on a milk-whitesteed,  
And ay nearest the town:  
Because I was an earthly knight  
They gae me that renown.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.28  
\N1 `My right hand will be glovd, lady,  
My left hand will be bare,  
And thae\'s the tokens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.29  
\N1 `Then hie thee to the milk-white steed,  
And pu me quickly down,  
Cast thy green kirtle ovr me,  
And keep me frae the rain.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.30  
\N1 `They\'ll turn me in thy arms, lady,  
An adder and a snake;

But hold me fast, let me na gae,  
To be your warldly mate.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.31  
\N1 `They`'ll turn me in your arms, lady,  
A grey greyhound to girn;  
But hald me fast, let me na gae,  
The father o your bairn.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.32  
\N1 `They`'ll turn me in your arms, lady,  
A red het gad o iron;  
Then haud me fast, and be na feard,  
I`ll do to you nae harm.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.33  
\N1 `They`'ll turn me in your arms, lady,  
A mother-naked man;  
Cast your green kirtle ovr me,  
To keep me frae the rain.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.34  
\N1 `First dip me in a stand o milk,  
And then a stand o water;  
Haud me fast, let me na gae,  
I`ll be your bairnie`s father.`  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.35  
\N1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she is on to Miles Cross,  
As fast as she can hie.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.36  
\N1 The f+irst company that passd by,  
She said na, and let them gae;  
The next company that passed by,  
She said na, and did right sae;  
The third company that passed by,  
Then he was ane o thae.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.37  
\N1 She hied her to the milk-white steed,  
And pu`d him quickly down;  
She cast her green kirtle ovr him,  
To keep him frae the rain;  
Then she did all was orderd her,  
And sae recoverd him.  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.38  
\N1 Then out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush o broom:  
`They that hae gotten young Tom Line  
Hae got a stately groom.`  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.39  
\N1 Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush of rye:  
`Them that has gotten young Tom Line  
Has the best knight in my company.`  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.40  
\N1 `Had I kend, Thomas,' she says,  
`A lady wad hae borrowd thee,  
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,  
Put in twa een o tree.`  
\SBALLADS Child 39B.41  
\N1 `Had I but kend, Thomas,' she says,

`Before I came frae hame,  
I had taen out that heart o f+lesh,  
Put in a heart o stane.'

\LBALLADS Child 39C.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 SHE\R\`rS prickt hersell and prind hersell,  
By the ae light o the moon,  
And she\'s awa to Kertonha,  
As fast as she can gang.

\SBALLADS Child 39C.2

\N1 `What gars ye pu the rose, Jennet?  
What gars ye break the tree?  
What gars you gang to Kertonha  
Without the leave of me?'

\SBALLADS Child 39C.3

\N1 `Yes, I will pu the rose, Thomas,  
And I will break the tree;  
For Kertonha shoud be my ain,  
Nor ask I leave of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 39C.4

\N1 `Full pleasant is the fairy land,  
And happy there to dwell;  
I am a fairy, lyth and limb,  
Fair maiden, view me well.

\SBALLADS Child 39C.5

\N1 `O pleasant is the fairy land,  
How happy there to dwell!  
But ay at every seven years end  
We\'re a\' dung down to hell.

\SBALLADS Child 39C.6

\N1 `The morn is good Halloween,  
And our court a\' will ride;  
If ony maiden wins her man,  
Then she may be his bride.

\SBALLADS Child 39C.7

\N1 `But f+irst ye\'ll let the black gae by,  
And then ye\'ll let the brown;  
Then I\'ll ride on a milk-white steed,  
You\'ll pu me to the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 39C.8

\N1 `And f+irst, I\'ll grow into your arms  
An esk but and an edder;  
Had me fast, let me not gang,  
I\'ll be your bairn\'s father.

\SBALLADS Child 39C.9

\N1 `Next, I\'ll grow into your arms  
A toad but and an eel;  
Had me fast, let me not gang,  
If you do love me leel.

\SBALLADS Child 39C.10

\N1 `Last, I\'ll grow into your arms  
A dove but and a swan;  
Then, maiden fair, you\'ll let me go,  
I\'ll be a perfect man.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 39D.1

\N1 O ALL you ladies young and gay,  
Who are so sweet and fair,  
Do not go into Chaster\'s wood,  
For Tomlin will be there.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.2

\N1 Fair Margret sat in her bonny bower,  
Sewing her silken seam,  
And wished to be in Chaster\'s wood,  
Among the leaves so green.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.3

\N1 She let her seam fall to her foot,  
The needle to her toe,  
And she has gone to Chaster\'s wood,  
As fast as she could go.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.4

\N1 When she began to pull the f+lowers,  
She pulld both red and green;  
Then by did come, and by did go,  
Said, Fair maid, let aleene.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.5

\N1 `O why pluck you the f+lowers, lady,  
Or why climb you the tree?  
Or why come ye to Chaster\'s wood  
Without the leave of me?'

\SBALLADS Child 39D.6

\N1 `O I will pull the f+lowers,' she said,  
`Or I will break the tree,  
For Chaster\'s wood it is my own,  
I\'ll no ask leave at thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 39D.7

\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass green sleeve,  
And laid her low down on the f+lowers,  
At her he asked no leave.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.8

\N1 The lady blushed, and sourly frowned,  
And she did think great shame;  
Says, 'if you are a gentleman,  
You will tell me your name.'

\SBALLADS Child 39D.9

\N1 `First they did call me Jack,' he said,  
`And then they called me John,  
But since I lived in the fairy court  
Tomlin has always been my name.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.10

\N1 `So do not pluck that f+lower, lady,  
That has these pimples gray;  
They would destroy the bonny babe  
That we\'ve got in our play.'

\SBALLADS Child 39D.11

\N1 `O tell me, Tomlin,' she said,  
`And tell it to me soon,  
Was you ever at good church-door,  
Or got you christendoom?'

\SBALLADS Child 39D.12

\N1 `O I have been at good church-door,  
And aff her yetts within;  
I was the Laird of Foulis\'s son,  
The heir of all this land.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.13

\N1 `But it fell once upon a day,  
As hunting I did ride,  
As I rode east and west yon hill  
There woe did me betide.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.14

\N1 `O drowsy, drowsy as I was!  
Dead sleep upon me fell;  
The Queen of Fairies she was there,  
And took me to hersell.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.15

\N1 `The Elf+ins is a pretty place,  
In which I love to dwell,  
But yet at every seven years\' end  
The last here goes to hell;  
And as I am ane o f+lesh and blood,  
I fear the next be mysell.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.16

\N1 `The morn at even is Halloween;  
Our fairy court will ride,  
Throw England and Scotland both,  
Throw al the world wide;  
And if ye would me borrow,  
At Rides Cross ye may bide.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.17

\N1 `You may go into the Miles Moss,  
Between twelve hours and one;  
Take holy water in your hand,  
And cast a compass round.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.18

\N1 `The f+irst court that comes along,  
You\'ll let them all pass by;  
The next court that comes along,  
Salute them reverently.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.19

\N1 `The next court that comes along  
Is clad in robes of green,  
And it\'s the head court of them all,  
For in it rides the queen.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.20

\N1 `And I upon a milk-white steed,  
With a gold star in my crown;  
Because I am an earthly man  
I\'m next to the queen in renown.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.21

\N1 `Then seize upon me with a spring,  
Then to the ground I\'ll fa,  
And then you\'ll hear a rueful cry  
That Tomlin is awa.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.22

\N1 `Then I\'ll grow in your arms two  
Like to a savage wild;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
I\'m father of your child.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.23

\N1 `I\'ll grow into your arms two  
Like an adder or a snake;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
I\'ll be your earthly maick.

\SBALLADS Child 39D.24

\N1 `I\'ll grow into your arms two  
Like iron in strong f+ire;  
But hold me fast, let me not go,  
Then you\'ll have your desire.'

\SBALLADS Child 39D.25

\N1 She rid down to Miles Cross,  
Between twelve hours and one,  
Took holy water in her hand,  
And cast a compass round.  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.26  
\N1 The f+irst court that came along,  
She let them all pass by;  
The next court that came along  
Saluted reverently.  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.27  
\N1 The next court that came along  
Were clad in robes of green,  
When Tomlin, on a milk-white steed,  
She saw ride with the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.28  
\N1 She seized him in her arms two,  
He to the ground did fa,  
And then she heard a ruefull cry  
'Tomlin is now awa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.29  
\N1 He grew into her arms two  
Like to a savage wild;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
The father of her child.  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.30  
\N1 He grew into her arms two  
Like an adder or a snake;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He was her earthly maick.  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.31  
\N1 He grew into her arms two  
Like iron in hot f+ire;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He was her heart\'s desire.  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.32  
\N1 Then sounded out throw elphin court,  
With a loud shout and a cry,  
That the pretty maid of Chaster\'s wood  
That day had caught her prey.  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.33  
\N1 `O stay, Tomlin,' cried Elphin Queen,  
'Till I pay you your fee;'  
'His father has lands and rents enough,  
He wants no fee from thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39D.34  
\N1 `O had I known at early morn  
Tomlin would from me gone,  
I would have taken out his heart of f+lesh  
Put in a heart of stone.'  
\LBALLADS Child 39E.1  
\N1 LADY MARGARET is over gravel green,  
And over gravel grey,  
And she\'s awa to Charteris ha,  
Lang lang three hour or day.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.2  
\N1 She hadna pu\'d a f+lower, a f+lower,  
A f+lower but only ane,  
Till up and started young Tamlin,  
Says, Lady, let alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.3

\N1 She hadna pu\'d a f+lower, a f+lower,  
A f+lower but only twa,  
Till up and started young Tamlene,  
Atween her and the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.4  
\N1 `How daur you pu my f+lower, madam?  
How daur ye break my tree?  
How daur ye come to Charter\'s ha,  
Without the leave of me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.5  
\N1 `Weel I may pu the rose,' she said,  
`But I daurna break the tree;  
And Charter\'s ha is my father\'s,  
And I\'m his heir to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.6  
\N1 `If Charteris ha be thy father\'s,  
I was ance as gude mysell;  
But as I came in by Lady Kirk,  
And in by Lady Well,  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.7  
\N1 `Deep and drowsy was the sleep  
On my poor body fell;  
By came the Queen of Faery,  
Made me with her to dwell.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.8  
\N1 `But the morn at een is Halloween,  
Our fairy foks a\' do ride;  
And she that will her true-love win,  
At Blackstock she must bide.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.9  
\N1 `First let by the black,' he said,  
`And syne let by the brown;  
But when you see the milk-white steed,  
You\'ll pull his rider down.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.10  
\N1 `You\'ll pull him into thy arms,  
Let his bricht bridle fa,  
And he\'ll fa low into your arms  
Like stone in castle\'s wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.11  
\N1 `They\'ll f+irst shape him into your arms  
An adder or a snake;  
But hold him fast, let him not go,  
He\'ll be your world\'s make.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.12  
\N1 `They\'ll next shape him into your arms  
Like a wood black dog to bite;  
Hold him fast, let him not go,  
For he\'ll be your heart\'s delight.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.13  
\N1 `They\'ll next shape [him] into your arms  
Like a red-het gaud o airn;  
But hold him fast, let him not go,  
He\'s the father o your bairn.  
\SBALLADS Child 39E.14  
\N1 `They\'ll next shape him into your arms  
Like the laidliest worm of Ind;  
But hold him fast, let him not go,  
And cry aye "[Young Tamlin.]"'  
\* \* \* \* \*



\SBALLADS Child 39E.15

\N1 Lady Margaret first let by the black,  
And syne let by the brown,  
But when she saw the milk-white steed  
She pulled the rider down.

\SBALLADS Child 39E.16

\N1 She pulled him into her arms,  
Let his bright bridle fall,  
And he fell low into her arms,  
Like stone in castle's wall.

\SBALLADS Child 39E.17

\N1 They first shaped him into arms  
An adder or a snake;  
But she held him fast, let him not go,  
For he'd be her world's make.

\SBALLADS Child 39E.18

\N1 They next shaped him into her arms  
Like a wood black dog to bite;  
But she held him fast, let him not go,  
For he'd be her heart's delight.

\SBALLADS Child 39E.19

\N1 They next shaped him into her arms  
Like a red-het gaud o' airn;  
But she held him fast, let him not go,  
He'd be father o' her bairn.

\SBALLADS Child 39E.20

\N1 They next shaped him into her arms  
Like the laidliest worm o' Ind;  
But she held him fast, let him not go,  
And cried aye 'Young Tamlin.'

\SBALLADS Child 39E.21

\N1 The Queen o' Faery turned her horse about,  
Says, Adieu to thee, Tamlene!  
For if I had kent what I ken this night,  
If I had kent it yestreen,  
I wad hae taen out thy heart o' flesh,  
And put in a heart o' stane.

\LBALLADS Child 39F.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 SHE' taen her petticoat by the band,  
Her mantle owre her arm,  
And she's awa to Chester wood,  
As fast as she could run.

\SBALLADS Child 39F.2

\N1 She scarcely pulled a rose, a rose,  
She scarce pulled two or three,  
Till up there starts Thomas  
On the Lady Margaret's knee.

\SBALLADS Child 39F.3

\N1 She's taen her petticoat by the band,  
Her mantle owre her arm,  
And Lady Margaret's gane hame agen,  
As fast as she could run.

\SBALLADS Child 39F.4

\N1 Up starts Lady Margaret's sister,  
An angry woman was she:  
'If there ever was a woman wi' child,  
Margaret, you are wi'!

\SBALLADS Child 39F.5

\N1 Up starts Lady Margaret's mother,

An angry woman was she:  
`There grows ane herb in yon kirk-yard  
That will scathe the babe away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.6  
\N1 She took her petticoats by the band,  
Her mantle owre her arm,  
And she\'s gane to yon kirk-yard  
As fast as she could run.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.7  
\N1 She scarcely pulled an herb, an herb,  
She scarce pulled two or three,  
Till up starts there Thomas  
Upon this Lady Margret\'s knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.8  
\N1 `How dare ye pull a rose?' he says,  
`How dare ye break the tree?  
How dare ye pull this herb,' he says,  
`To scathe my babe away?  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.9  
\N1 `This night is Halloweve,' he said,  
`Our court is going to waste,  
And them that loves their true-love best  
At Chester bridge they\'ll meet.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.10  
\N1 `First let pass the black,' he says,  
`And then let pass the brown,  
But when ye meet the milk-white steed,  
Pull ye the rider down.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.11  
\N1 `They\'ll turn me to an eagle,' he says,  
`And then into an ass;  
Come, hold me fast, and fear me not,  
The man that you love best.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.12  
\N1 `They\'ll turn me to a f+lash of f+ire,  
And then to a naked man;  
Come, wrap you your mantle me about,  
And then you\'ll have me won.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.13  
\N1 She took her petticoats by the band,  
Her mantle owre her arm,  
And she\'s awa to Chester bridge,  
As fast as she could run.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.14  
\N1 And f+irst she did let pass the black,  
And then let pass the brown,  
But when she met the milk-white steed,  
She pulled the rider down.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.15  
\N1 They turned him in her arms an eagle,  
And then into an ass;  
But she held him fast, and feared him not,  
The man that she loved best.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.16  
\N1 They turned him into a f+lash of f+ire,  
And then into a naked man;  
But she wrapped her mantle him about,  
And then she had him won.  
\SBALLADS Child 39F.17  
\N1 `O wae be to ye, Lady Margaret,

And an ill death may you die,  
For you've robbed me of the bravest knight  
That eer rode in our company.'

\LBALLADS Child 39G.1

\N1 TAKE warning, a' ye ladies fair,  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
Come never unto Charter's woods,  
For Tam-a-line he's there.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.2

\N1 Even about that knight's middle  
O' siller bells are nine;  
Nae ane comes to Charter wood,  
And a maid returns again.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.3

\N1 Lady Margaret sits in her bower door,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
And she langd to gang to Charter woods,  
To pou the roses green.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.4

\N1 She hadna poud a rose, a rose,  
Nor broken a branch but ane,  
Till by it came him true Tam-a-line,  
Says, Ladye, lat alane.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.5

\N1 O why pou ye the rose, the rose?  
Or why brake ye the tree?  
Or why come ye to Charter woods,  
Without leave askd of me?

\SBALLADS Child 39G.6

\N1 `I will pou the rose, the rose,  
And I will brake the tree;  
Charter woods are a' my ain,  
I'll ask nae leave o thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 39G.7

\N1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And laid her low on gude green wood,  
At her he spierd nae leave.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.8

\N1 When he had got his wills of her,  
His wills as he had taen,  
He's taen her by the middle sma,  
Set her to feet again.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.9

\N1 She turnd her right and round about,  
To spier her true-love's name,  
But naething heard she, nor naething saw,  
As a' the woods grew dim.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.10

\N1 Seven days she tarried there,  
Saw neither sun nor meen;  
At length, by a sma glimmering light,  
Came thro the wood her lane.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.11

\N1 When she came to her father's court,  
As f+ine as ony queen;  
But when eight months were past and gane,  
Got on the gown o' green.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.12

\N1 Then out it speaks an eldren knight,

As he stood at the yett:  
`Our king\'s daughter, she gaes wi bairn,  
And we\'ll get a\' the wyte.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.13  
\N1 `O had your tongue, ye eldren man,  
And bring me not to shame;  
Although that I do gang wi bairn,  
Yese naeways get the blame.  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.14  
\N1 `Were my love but an earthly man,  
As he\'s an elf+in knight,  
I woudna gie my ain true love  
For a\' that\'s in my sight.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.15  
\N1 Then out it speaks her brither dear,  
He meant to do her harm:  
`There is an herb in Charter wood  
Will twine you an the bairn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.16  
\N1 She\'s taen her mantle her about,  
Her coffer by the band,  
And she is on to Charter wood,  
As fast as she coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.17  
\N1 She hadna poud a rose, a rose,  
Nor braken a branch but ane,  
Till by it came him Tam-a-Line,  
Says, Ladye, lat alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.18  
\N1 O why pou ye the pile, Margaret,  
The pile o the gravil green,  
For to destroy the bonny bairn  
That we got us between?  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.19  
\N1 O why pou ye the pile, Margaret,  
The pile o the gravil gray,  
For to destroy the bonny bairn  
That we got in our play?  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.20  
\N1 For if it be a knave-bairn,  
He\'s heir o a\' my land;  
But if it be a lass-bairn,  
In red gowd she shall gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.21  
\N1 `If my luve were an earthly man,  
As he\'s an elf+in rae,  
I coud gang bound, love, for your sake,  
A twalmonth and a day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.22  
\N1 `Indeed your love\'s an earthly man,  
The same as well as thee,  
And lang I\'ve haunted Charter woods,  
A\' for your fair bodie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.23  
\N1 `O tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line,  
O tell, an tell me true,  
Tell me this night, an mak nae lie,  
What pedigree are you?'  
\SBALLADS Child 39G.24  
\N1 `O I hae been at gude church-door,

An I\`ve got christendom;  
 I\`m the Earl o\` Forbes\` eldest son,  
 An heir ower a\` his land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.25  
 \N1 `When I was young, o three years old,  
 Muckle was made o me;  
 My step-mother put on my claithes,  
 An ill, ill sained she me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.26  
 \N1 `Ae fatal morning I went out,  
 Dreading nae injury,  
 And thinking lang, fell soun asleep,  
 Beneath an apple tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.27  
 \N1 `Then by it came the Elf+in Queen,  
 And laid her hand on me;  
 And from that time since ever I mind,  
 I\`ve been in her companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.28  
 \N1 `O Elf+in it\`s a bonny place,  
 In it fain woud I dwell;  
 But ay at ilka seven years\` end  
 They pay a tiend to hell,  
 And I\`m sae fou o f+lesh an blude,  
 I\`m sair feard for mysell.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.29  
 \N1 `O tell me, tell me, Tam-a-Line,  
 O tell, an tell me true;  
 Tell me this night, an mak nae lie,  
 What way I\`ll borrow you?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.30  
 \N1 `The morn is Halloweven night,  
 The elf+in court will ride,  
 Through England, and thro a\` Scotland,  
 And through the world wide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.31  
 \N1 `O they begin at sky setting,  
 Rides a\` the evening tide;  
 And she that will her true-love borrow,  
 [At] Miles-corse will him bide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.32  
 \N1 `Ye\`ll do you down to Miles-corse,  
 Between twall hours and ane,  
 And full your hands o holy water,  
 And cast your compass roun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.33  
 \N1 `Then the f+irst an court that comes you till  
 Is published king and queen;  
 The next an court that comes you till,  
 It is maidens mony ane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.34  
 \N1 `The next an court that comes you till  
 Is footmen, grooms and squires;  
 The next an court that comes you till  
 Is knights, and I\`ll be there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39G.35  
 \N1 `I Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,  
 A goud star on my crown;  
 Because I was an earthly knight,  
 Got that for a renown.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.36

\N1 `And out at my steed\'s right nostril,  
He\'ll breathe a fiery flame;  
Ye\'ll loot you low, and sain yourself,  
And ye\'ll be busy then.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.37

\N1 `Ye\'ll take my horse then by the head,  
And lat the bridal fa;  
The Queen o\' Elf+in she\'ll cry out,  
True Tam-a-Line\'s awa.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.38

\N1 `Then I\'ll appear in your arms  
Like the wolf that neer woud tame;  
Ye\'ll had me fast, lat me not go,  
Case we neer meet again.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.39

\N1 `Then I\'ll appear in your arms  
Like the fire that burns sae bauld;  
Ye\'ll had me fast, lat me not go,  
I\'ll be as iron cauld.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.40

\N1 `Then I\'ll appear in your arms  
Like the adder an the snake;  
Ye\'ll had me fast, lat me not go,  
I am your world\'s make.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.41

\N1 `Then I\'ll appear in your arms  
Like to the deer sae wild;  
Ye\'ll had me fast, lat me not go,  
And I\'ll father your child.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.42

\N1 `And I\'ll appear in your arms  
Like to a silken string;  
Ye\'ll had me fast, lat me not go,  
Till ye see the fair morning.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.43

\N1 `And I\'ll appear in your arms  
Like to a naked man;  
Ye\'ll had me fast, lat me not go,  
And wi you I\'ll gae hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 39G.44

\N1 Then she has done her to Miles-corse,  
Between twall hours an ane,  
And f+illed her hands o holy water,  
And kiest her compass roun.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.45

\N1 The first an court that came her till  
Was published king and queen;  
The niest an court that came her till  
Was maidens mony ane.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.46

\N1 The niest an court that came her till  
Was footmen, grooms and squires;  
The niest an court that came her till  
Was knights, and he was there.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.47

\N1 True Tam-a-Line, on milk-white steed,  
A gowd star on his crown;  
Because he was an earthly man,  
Got that for a renown.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.48

\N1 And out at the steed\'s right nostril,  
He breathd a f+iery f+lame;  
She loots her low, an sains hersell,  
And she was busy then.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.49

\N1 She\'s taen the horse then by the head,  
And loot the bridle fa;  
The Queen o Elf+in she cried out,  
'True Tam-a-Line\'s awa.'

\SBALLADS Child 39G.50

\N1 'Stay still, true Tam-a-Line,' she says,  
'Till I pay you your fee:'  
'His father wants not lands nor rents,  
He\'ll ask nae fee frae thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 39G.51

\N1 'Gin I had kent yestreen, yestreen,  
What I ken weel the day,  
I shoud taen your fu fause heart,  
Gien you a heart o clay.'

\SBALLADS Child 39G.52

\N1 Then he appeared in her arms  
Like the wolf that neer woud tame;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
Case they neer meet again.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.53

\N1 Then he appeared in her arms  
Like the f+ire burning bauld;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He was as iron cauld.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.54

\N1 And he appeared in her arms  
Like the adder an the snake;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He was her warld\'s make.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.55

\N1 And he appeared in her arms  
Like to the deer sae wild;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
He\'s father o her child.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.56

\N1 And he appeared in her arms  
Like to a silken string;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
Till she saw fair morning.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.57

\N1 And he appeared in her arms  
Like to a naked man;  
She held him fast, let him not go,  
And wi her he\'s gane hame.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.58

\N1 These news hae reachd thro a\' Scotland,  
And far ayont the Tay,  
That Lady Margaret, our king\'s daughter,  
That night had gaird her prey.

\SBALLADS Child 39G.59

\N1 She borrowed her love at mirk midnight,  
Bare her young son ere day,  
And though ye\'d search the warld wide,  
Ye\'ll nae f+ind sic a may.

\LBALLADS Child 39H.1

\N1 I FORBID ye, maidens a\',  
That wears gowd in your hair,  
To come or gang by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lane is there.

\SBALLADS Child 39H.2

\N1 I forbid ye, maidens a\',  
That wears gowd in your green,  
To come or gang by Carterhaugh,  
For fear of young Tam Lane.

\SBALLADS Child 39H.3

\N1 `Go saddle for me the black,' says Janet,  
`Go saddle for me the brown,  
And I\`ll away to Carterhaugh,  
And f+lower mysell the gown.

\SBALLADS Child 39H.4

\N1 `Go saddle for me the brown,' says Janet,  
`Go saddle for me the black,  
And I\`ll away to Carterhaugh,  
And f+lower mysel a hat.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 39H.5

\N1 She had not pulld a f+lowr, a f+lowr,  
A f+lower but only three,  
Till up there startit young Tam Lane,  
Just at bird Janet\`s knee.

\SBALLADS Child 39H.6

\N1 `Why pullst thou the herb, Janet,  
And why breaks thou the tree?  
Why put you back the bonny babe  
That\`s between you and me?'

\SBALLADS Child 39H.7

\N1 `If my child was to an earthly man,  
As it is to a wild buck rae,  
I would wake him the length of the winter\`s night,  
And the lea lang simmer\`s day.'

\SBALLADS Child 39H.8

\N1 `The night is Halloween, Janet,  
When our gude neighbours will ride,  
And them that would their true-love won  
At Blackning Cross maun bide.

\SBALLADS Child 39H.9

\N1 `Many will the black ride by,  
And many will the brown,  
But I ride on a milk-white steed,  
And ride nearest the town:  
Because I was a christened knight  
They gie me that renown.

\SBALLADS Child 39H.10

\N1 `Many will the black ride by,  
But far mae will the brown;  
But when ye see the milk-white steed,  
Grip fast and pull me down.

\SBALLADS Child 39H.11

\N1 `Take me in yer arms, Janet,  
An ask, an adder lang;  
The grip ye get ye maun haud fast,  
I\`ll be father to your bairn.

\SBALLADS Child 39H.12

\N1 `Take me in your arms, Janet,



An adder and a snake;  
The grip ye get ye maun haud fast,  
I\'ll be your warld\'s make.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 39H.13

\\N1 Up bespak the Queen of Fairies,  
She spak baith loud and high:

`Had I kend the day at noon

Tam Lane had been won from me,

\\SBALLADS Child 39H.14

\\N1 `I wad hae taen out his heart o f+lesh,  
Put in a heart o tree,

That a\' the maids o Middle Middle Mist  
Should neer hae taen Tam Lane frae me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 39H.15

\\N1 Up bespack the Queen of Fairies,

And she spak wi a loud yell:

`Aye at every seven year\'s end

We pay the kane to hell.

And the koors they hae gane round about,

And I fear it will be mysel.'

\\LBALLADS Child 39I.1

\\N1 `O I FORBID ye, maidens a\',

That wear gowd on your hair,

To come or gae by Carterhaugh,

For young Tamlane is there.

\\SBALLADS Child 39I.2

\\N1 `There\'s nane that gaes by Carterhaugh

But maun leave him a wad,

Either gowd rings, or green mantles,

Or else their maidenheid.

\\SBALLADS Child 39I.3

\\N1 `Now gowd rings ye may buy, maidens,

Green mantles ye may spin,

But, gin ye lose your maidenheid,

Ye\'ll neer get that agen.'

\\SBALLADS Child 39I.4

\\N1 But up then spak her, fair Janet,

The fairest o a\' her kin:

`I\'ll cum and gang to Carterhaugh,

And ask nae leave o him.'

\\SBALLADS Child 39I.5

\\N1 Janet has kilted her green kirtle

A little abune her knee,

And she has braided her yellow hair

A little abune her bree.

\\SBALLADS Child 39I.6

\\N1 And when she came to Carterhaugh,

She gaed beside the well,

And there she fand his steed standing,

But away was himsell.

\\SBALLADS Child 39I.7

\\N1 She hadna pu\'d a red red rose,

A rose but barely three,

Till up and starts a wee wee man,

At lady Janet\'s knee.

\\SBALLADS Child 39I.8

\\N1 Says, Why pu ye the rose, Janet?

What gars ye break the tree?

Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,

Withouten leave o me?  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.9  
 \N1 Says, Carterhaugh it is mine ain,  
 My daddie gave it me;  
 I\'ll come and gang to Carterhaugh,  
 And ask nae leave o thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.10  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 Among the leaves sae green,  
 And what they did I cannot tell,  
 The green leaves were between.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.11  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 Among the roses red,  
 And what they did I cannot say,  
 She neer returnd a maid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.12  
 \N1 When she cam to her father\'s ha,  
 She looked pale and wan;  
 They thought she\'d dreed some sair sickness,  
 Or been with some leman.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.13  
 \N1 She didna comb her yellow hair  
 Nor make meikle o her head,  
 And ilka thing that lady took  
 Was like to be her deid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.14  
 \N1 It\'s four and twenty ladies fair  
 Were playing at the ba;  
 Janet, the wightest of them anes,  
 Was faintest o them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.15  
 \N1 Four and twenty ladies fair  
 Were playing at the chess;  
 And out there came the fair Janet,  
 As green as any grass.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.16  
 \N1 Out and spak an auld grey-headed knight,  
 Lay oer the castle wa:  
 `And ever, alas! for thee, Janet,  
 But we\'ll be blamed a\`!  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.17  
 \N1 `Now haud your tongue, ye auld grey knight,  
 And an ill deid may ye die!  
 Father my bairn on whom I will,  
 I\'ll father nane on thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.18  
 \N1 Out then spak her father dear,  
 And he spak meik and mild:  
 `And ever, alas! my sweet Janet,  
 I fear ye gae with child.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.19  
 \N1 `And if I be with child, father,  
 Mysell maun bear the blame;  
 There\'s neer a knight about your ha  
 Shall hae the bairnie\'s name.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.20  
 \N1 `And if I be with child, father,  
 \'Twill prove a wondrous birth,  
 For weel I swear I\'m not wi bairn

To any man on earth.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.21

\N1 `If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he\'s an elf+in grey,  
I wadna gie my ain true love  
For nae lord that ye hae.'

\SBALLADS Child 39I.22

\N1 She prinkd hersell and prinnd hersell,  
By the ae light of the moon,  
And she\'s away to Carterhaugh,  
To speak wi young Tamlane.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.23

\N1 And when she cam to Carterhaugh,  
She gaed beside the well,  
And there she saw the steed standing,  
But away was himsell.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.24

\N1 She hadna pu\'d double rose,  
A rose but only twae,  
When up and started young Tamlane,  
Says, Lady, thou pu\'s nae mae.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.25

\N1 Why pu ye the rose, Janet,  
Within this garden grene,  
And a\' to kill the bonny babe  
That we got us between?

\SBALLADS Child 39I.26

\N1 `The truth ye\'ll tell to me, Tamlane,  
A word ye mauna lie;  
Gin eer ye was in haly chapel,  
Or sained in Christentie?'

\SBALLADS Child 39I.27

\N1 `The truth I\'ll tell to thee, Janet,  
A word I winna lie;  
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,  
As well as they did thee.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.28

\N1 `Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,  
Dunbar, Earl March, is thine;  
We loved when we were children small,  
Which yet you well may mind.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.29

\N1 `When I was a boy just turnd of nine,  
My uncle sent for me,  
To hunt and hauk, and ride with him,  
And keep him companie.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.30

\N1 `There came a wind out of the north,  
A sharp wind and a snell,  
And a deep sleep came over me,  
And frae my horse I fell.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.31

\N1 `The Queen of Fairies keppit me  
In yon green hill to dwell,  
And I\'m a fairy, lyth and limb,  
Fair ladye, view me well.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.32

\N1 `Then would I never tire, Janet,  
In Elf+ish land to dwell,  
But aye, at every seven years,

They pay the teind to hell;  
And I am sae fat and fair of f+lesh,  
I fear \'twill be mysell.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.33  
\N1 `This night is Halloween, Janet,  
The morn is Hallowday,  
And gin ye dare your true love win,  
Ye hae nae time to stay.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.34  
\N1 `The night it is good Halloween,  
When fairy folk will ride,  
And they that wad their true-love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.35  
\N1 `But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane?  
Or how shall I thee know,  
Amang so many unearthy knights,  
The like I never saw?'  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.36  
\N1 `The f+irst company that passes by,  
Say na, and let them gae;  
The next company that passes by,  
Say na, and do right sae;  
The third company that passes by,  
Then I\'ll be ane o thae.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.37  
\N1 `First let pass the black, Janet,  
And syne let pass the brown,  
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,  
And pu the rider down.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.38  
\N1 `For I ride on the milk-white steed,  
And aye nearest the town;  
Because I was a christend knight,  
They gave me that renown.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.39  
\N1 `My right hand will be gloved, Janet,  
My left hand will be bare;  
And these the tokens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.40  
\N1 `They\'ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and a snake;  
But had me fast, let me not pass,  
Gin ye wad be my maik.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.41  
\N1 `They\'ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
An adder and an ask;  
They\'ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A bale that burns fast.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.42  
\N1 `They\'ll turn me in your arms, Janet,  
A red-hot gad o airn;  
But haud me fast, let me not pass,  
For I\'ll do you no harm.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.43  
\N1 `First dip me in a stand o milk,  
And then in a stand o water;  
But had me fast, let me not pass,  
I\'ll be your bairn\'s father.

\SBALLADS Child 39I.44  
\N1 `And next they\'ll shape me in your arms  
A tod but and an eel;  
But had me fast, nor let me gang,  
As you do love me weel.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.45  
\N1 `They\'ll shape me in your arms, Janet,  
A dove but and a swan,  
And last they\'ll shape me in your arms  
A mother-naked man;  
Cast your green mantle over me,  
I\'ll be myself again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.46  
\N1 Gloomy, gloomy, was the night,  
And eiry was the way,  
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,  
To Miles Cross she did gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.47  
\N1 About the dead hour o the night  
She heard the bridles ring,  
And Janet was as glad o that  
As any earthly thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.48  
\N1 And f+irst gaed by the black black steed,  
And then gaed by the brown;  
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,  
And pu\'d the rider down.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.49  
\N1 She pu\'d him frae the milk-white steed,  
And loot the bridle fa,  
And up there raise an erlish cry,  
`He\'s won amang us a\`!'`  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.50  
\N1 They shaped him in fair Janet\'s arms  
An esk but and an adder;  
She held him fast in every shape,  
To be her bairn\'s father.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.51  
\N1 They shaped him in her arms at last  
A mother-naked man,  
She wrapt him in her green mantle,  
And sae her true love wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.52  
\N1 Up then spake the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush o broom:  
`She that has borrowd young Tamlane  
Has gotten a stately groom.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.53  
\N1 Up then spake the Queen o Fairies,  
Out o a bush o rye:  
`She\'s taen awa the bonniest knight  
In a\' my cumpanie.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.54  
\N1 `But had I kennd, Tamlane,' she says,  
`A lady wad borrowd thee  
I wad taen out thy twa grey een,  
Put in twa een o tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 39I.55  
\N1 `Had I but kennd, Tamlane,' she says,  
`Before ye came frae hame,

I wad taen out your heart o f+lesh,  
 Put in a heart o stane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39I.56  
 \N1 `Had I but had the wit yestreen  
 That I hae coft the day,  
 I\'d paid my kane seven times to hell  
 Ere you\'d been won away.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 39[J.1]  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 `The night, the night is Halloween,  
 Tommorow\'s Hallowday,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.2]  
 \N1 `The night, the night is Halloween,  
 Our seely court maun ride,  
 Thro England and thro Ireland both,  
 And a\' the warld wide.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.3]  
 \N1 `The f+irsten court that comes ye bye,  
 You\'ll lout, and let them gae;  
 The seconden court that comes you bye,  
 You\'ll hail them reverently.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.4]  
 \N1 `The thirdden court that comes you by,  
 Sae weel\'s ye will me ken,  
 For some will be on a black, a black,  
 And some will be on a brown,  
 But I will be on a bluid-red steed,  
 And will ride neist the queen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.5]  
 \N1 `The thirdden court that comes you bye,  
 Sae weel\'s ye will me ken,  
 For I\'ll be on a bluid-red steed,  
 Wi three stars on his crown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.6]  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll tak the horse head in yer hand,  
 And grip the bridle fast;  
 The Queen o Elf+in will gie a cry,  
 `True Tamas is stown awa!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.7]  
 \N1 `And I will grow in your twa hands  
 And adder and an eel;  
 But the grip ye get ye\'ll hold it fast,  
 I\'ll be father to yer chiel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.8]  
 \N1 `I will wax in your twa hans  
 As hot as any coal;  
 But if you love me as you say,  
 You\'ll think of me and thole.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.9]  
 \N1 `O I will grow in your twa hands  
 An adder and a snake;  
 The grip ye get now hold it fast,  
 And I\'ll be your world\'s mait.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[J.10]  
 \N1 `O I\'ll gae in at your gown sleeve,  
 And out at your gown hem,  
 And I\'ll stand up before thee then

A freely naked man.

\SBALLADS Child 39[J.11]

\N1 `O I\`ll gae in at your gown sleeve,  
And out at your gown hem,  
And I\`ll stand before you then,  
But claithing I\`ll hae nane.

\SBALLADS Child 39[J.12]

\N1 `Ye\`ll do you down to Carden\`s Ha,  
And down to Carden\`s stream,  
And there you\`ll see our seely court,  
As they come riding hame.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 39[J.13]

\N1 `It\`s nae wonder, my daughter Janet,  
Ture Tammass ye thought on;  
An he were a woman as he\`s a man,  
My bedfellow he should be.'

\LBALLADS Child 39[J2.1]

\N1 The maid that sits in Katherine\`s Hall,  
Clad in her robes so black,  
She has to yon garden gone,  
For f+lowers to f+lower her hat.

\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.2]

\N1 She had not pulled the red, red rose,  
A double rose but three,  
When up there starts a gentleman,  
Just at this lady\`s knee.

\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.3]

\N1 Says, Who\`s this pulls the red, red rose?  
Breaks branches off the tree?  
Or who\`s this treads my garden-grass,  
Without the leave of me?

\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.4]

\N1 `Yes, I will pull the red, red rose,  
Break branches off the tree,  
This garden in Moorcartney wood,  
Without the leave o thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.5:

\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand  
And gently laid her down,  
Just in below some shady trees  
Where the green leaves hung down.

\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.6]

\N1 `Come tell to me, kindsir,' she said,  
`What before you never told;  
Are you an earthly man?' said she,  
`A knight or a baron bold?'

\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.7]

\N1 `I\`ll tell to you, fair lady,' he said,  
`What before I neer did tell;  
I\`m Earl Douglas\`s second son,  
With the queen of the fairies I dwell.

\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.8]

\N1 `When riding through yon forest-wood,  
And by yon grass-green well,  
A sudden sleep me overtook,  
And off my steed I fell.

\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.9]

\N1 Ther queen of the fairies, being there,  
Made me with her to dwell,

And still once in the seven years  
We pay a teind to hell.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.10]  
\N1 `And because I am an earthly man,  
Myself doth greatly fear,  
For the cleverest man in all our train  
To Pluto must go this year.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.11]  
\N1 `This night is Halloween, lady,  
And the fairies they will ride;  
The maid that will her true-love win  
At Miles Cross she may bide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.12]  
\N1 `But how shall I thee ken, though, sir?  
Or how shall I thee know,  
Amang a pack o hellish wraiths,  
Before I never saw?'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.13]  
\N1 `Some rides upon a black horse, lady,  
And some upon a brown,  
But I myself on a milk-white steed,  
And I aye nearest the toun.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.14]  
\N1 `My right hand shall be covered, lady,  
My left hand shall be bare,  
And that\'s a token good enough  
That you will f+ind me there.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.15]  
\N1 `Take the Bible in your right hand,  
With God for to be your guide,  
Take holy water in thy left hand,  
And throw it on every side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.16]  
\N1 She\'s taen her mantle her about,  
A cane into her hand,  
And she has unto Miles Cross gone,  
As hard as she can gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.17]  
\N1 First she has letten the black pass by,  
And then she has letten the brown,  
But she\'s taen a fast hold o the milk-white steed,  
And she\'s pulled Earl Thomas doun.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.18]  
\N1 The queen of the fairies being there,  
Sae loud she\'s letten a cry,  
`The maid that sits in Katherine\'s Hall  
This night has gotten her prey.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.19]  
\N1 `But hadst thou waited, fair lady,  
Till about this time the morn,  
He would hae been as far from thee or me  
As the wind that blew when he was born.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.20]  
\N1 They turned him in this lady\'s arms  
Like the adder and the snake;  
She held him fast; why should she not?  
Though her poor heart was like to break.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.21]  
\N1 They turned him in this lady\'s arms  
Like two red gads of airn;



She held him fast; why should she not?  
She knew they could do her no harm.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.22]  
\N1 They turned him in this lady\'s arms  
Like to all things that was vile;  
She held him fast; why should she not?  
The father of her child.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[J2.23]  
\N1 They turned him in this lady\'s arms  
Like to a naked knight;  
She\'s taen him hame to her ain bower,  
And clothed him in armour bright.  
\LBALLADS Child 39[K.1]  
\N1 Leady Margat stands in her boor-door,  
Clead in the robes of green;  
She longed to go to Charters Woods,  
To pull the f+lowers her lean.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.2]  
\N1 She had not puld a rose, a rose,  
O not a rose but one,  
Till up it starts True Thomas,  
Said, Leady, let alone.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.3]  
\N1 `Why pull ye the rose, Marget?  
Or why break ye the tree?  
Or why come ye to Charters Woods  
Without the leave of me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.4]  
\N1 `I will pull the rose,' she said,  
`And I will break the tree,  
For Charters Woods is all my own,  
And I\'ll ask no leave of the.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.5]  
\N1 He\'s tean her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And laid her lo at the foot of the tree,  
At her he askt no leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.6]  
\N1 It fell once upon a day  
They wer a pleaying at the ba,  
And every one was reed and whyte,  
Leady Marget\'s culler was all awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.7]  
\N1 Out it speaks an elder man,  
As he stood in the gate,  
`Our king\'s daughter she gos we bern,  
And we will get the wait.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.8]  
\N1 `If I be we bern,' she said,  
`My own self beer the blame!  
There is not a man in my father\'s court  
Will get my bern\'s name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.9]  
\N1 `There grows a f+lower in Charters Woods,  
It grows on gravel greay,  
It ould destroy the boney young bern  
That ye got in your pley.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.10]  
\N1 She\'s tean her mantle her about,  
Her green glove on her hand,

And she\'s awa to Charters Woods,  
As fest as she could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.11]  
\N1 She had no puld a pile, a pile,  
O not a pile but one,  
Up it startid True Thomas,  
Said, Leady, lat alean.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.12]  
\N1 Why pull ye the pile, Marget,  
That grows on gravel green,  
For to destroy the boney young bern  
That we got us between?'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.13]  
\N1 `If it were to an earthly man,  
As [it is] to an elphan knight,  
I ould walk for my true-love\'s sake  
All the long winter\'s night.'  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.14]  
\N1 `When I was a boy of eleven years old,  
And much was made of me,  
I went out to my father\'s garden,  
Fell asleep at yon aple tree:  
The queen of Elphan [she] came by,  
And laid on her hands on me.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.15]  
\N1 `Elphan it\'s a boney place,  
In it fain wid I dwell;  
But ey at every seven years end  
We pay the teene to hell:  
I\'m so full of f+lesh and blood  
I\'m sear feart for mysel.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.16]  
\N1 `The morn\'s Hallow Even\'s night,  
When a\' our courts do ride,  
Through England and through Irland,  
Through a\' the world wide:  
And she that would her true-love borrow  
At Miles Corse she may bide.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.17]  
\N1 `The f+irst an court that ye come till,  
Ye let them a\' pass by;  
The next an court that ye come till,  
Ye hile them reverendly.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.18]  
\N1 `The next an court the ye come till,  
An therein rides the queen,  
Me upon a milk-whyte steed,  
And a gold star in my croun;  
Because I am a erle\'s soon,  
I get that for my renoun.  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.19]  
\N1 `Ye take me in your armes,  
Give me a right sear fa;  
The queen of Elphan she\'l cry out,  
True Thomas is awa!  
\SBALLADS Child 39[K.20]  
\N1 `First I\'l be in your armes  
The f+ire burning so bold;  
Ye hold me fast, let me no pass  
Till I be like iron cold.

\SBALLADS Child 39[K.21]

\N1 `Next I\`l be in your armes  
The f+ire burning so wild;  
Ye hold me fast, let me no pass,  
I\`m the father of your child.'

\SBALLADS Child 39[K.22]

\N1 The f+irst court that came her till,  
She let them a\` pass by;  
The nex an court that came her till,  
She helt them reverendly.

\SBALLADS Child 39[K.23]

\N1 The nex an court that came her till,  
And therein read the queen,  
True Thomas on a milk-whyte steed,  
A gold star in his croun;  
Because he was a earl\`s soon,  
He got that for his renoun.

\SBALLADS Child 39[K.24]

\N1 She\`s tean him in her arms,  
Geen him a right sore fa;  
The queen of Elphan she cried out,  
True Thomas is awa!

\SBALLADS Child 39[K.25]

\N1 He was into her arms  
The f+ire burning so bold;  
She held him fast, let him no pass  
Till he was like iron cold.

\SBALLADS Child 39[K.26]

\N1 He was into her arms  
The f+ire burning so wild;  
She held him fast, let him no pass,  
He was the father of her child.

\SBALLADS Child 39[K.27]

\N1 The queen of Elphan she cried out,  
An angry woman was she,  
`Let Leady Marget an her true-love be,  
She\`s bought him dearer than me.'

\LBALLADS Child 39[L.1]

\N1 I charge ye, a\` ye ladies fair,  
That wear goud in your hair,  
To come an gang bye Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lien is there.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 39[L.2]

\N1 Then Janet kiltit her green cleadin  
A wee aboon her knee,  
An she\`s gane away to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can dree.

\SBALLADS Child 39[L.3]

\N1 When Janet cam to Carterhaugh,  
Tam Lien was at the wall,  
An there he left his steed stannin,  
But away he gaed his sell.

\SBALLADS Child 39[L.4]

\N1 She had na pu\`d a red, red rose,  
A rose but only thre,  
Till up then startit young Tam Lien,  
Just at young Jenet\`s knee.

\SBALLADS Child 39[L.5]

\N1 `What gars ye pu the rose, Janet,

Briek branches frae the tree,  
 An come an gang by Carterhaugh,  
 An speir nae leave of me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[L.6]  
 \N1 `What need I speir leave o thee, Tam?  
 What need I speir leave o thee,  
 When Carterhaugh is a\' mine ain,  
 My father gae it me?'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[L.7]  
 \N1 She\'s kiltit up her green cleadin  
 A wee aboon her knee,  
 An she\'s away to her ain bower-door,  
 As fast as she can dree.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[L.8]  
 \N1 There war four-an-twentie fair ladies  
 A\' dancin in a chess,  
 An some war blue an some war green,  
 But Janet was like the gress.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[L.9]  
 \N1 There war four-an-twentie fair ladies  
 A\' playin at the ba,  
 An some war red an som wer white,  
 But Jennet was like the snaw.  
 \LBALLADS Child 39[M.1]  
 \N1 My father was a noble knight,  
 And was much gi\'n to play,  
 And I myself a bonny boy,  
 And followed him away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[M.2]  
 \N1 He rowd me in his hunting-coat  
 And layd me down to sleep,  
 And by the queen of fairies came,  
 And took me up to keep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[M.3]  
 \N1 She set me on a milk-whtie steed;  
 \'Twas o the elf+in kind;  
 His feet were shot wi beaten goud,  
 And f+leeter than the wind.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[M.4]  
 \N1 Then we raid on and on\'ard mair,  
 Oer mountain, hill and lee,  
 Till we came to a hie, hiewa,  
 Upon a mountain\'s bree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[M.5]  
 \N1 The apples hung like stars of goud  
 Out-our that wa sa f+ine;  
 I put my hand to pu down ane,  
 For want of food I thought to tine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[M.6]  
 \N1 `O had your hand, Tamas!' she said,  
 `O let that evil fruit now be!  
 It was that apple ye see there  
 Beguil\'d man and woman in your country.  
 \SBALLADS Child 39[M.7]  
 \N1 `O dinna ye see yon road, Tamas,  
 Down by yon lilie lee?  
 Blessd is the man who yon gate gaes,  
 It leads him to the heavens hie.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.8]

\N1 `And dinna ye see yon road, Tamas,  
Down by yon frosty fell?  
Curst is the man that yon gate gaes,  
For it leads to the gates of hell.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.9]

\N1 `O dinna ye see yon castle, Tamas,  
That\'s biggit between the twa,  
And theekit wi the beaten goud?  
O that\'s the fairies\' ha.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.10]

\N1 `O when ye come to the ha, Tamas,  
See that a weel-learnd boy ye be;  
They\'ll ask ye questions ane and a\  
But see ye answer nane but me.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.11]

\N1 `If ye speak to ain but me, Tamas,  
A fairie ye maun ever bide;  
But if ye speak to nane but me, Tamas,  
Ye may come to be your country\'s pride.'

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.12]

\N1 And when he came to Fairie Ha,  
I wot a weel-learnd boy was he;  
They askd him questions ane and a\  
But he answerd nane but his ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.13]

\N1 There was four-and-twenty gude knights\'-sons  
In fairie land obliged to bide,  
And of a\  
Fair Tamas was his ladie\'s pride.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.14]

\N1 There was four-and-twenty earthly boys,  
Wha all played at the ba,  
But Tamas was the bonniest boy,  
And playd the best amang them a\  
\'.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.15]

\N1 There was four-and-twenty earthly maids,  
Wha a\  
playd at the chess,  
Their colour rosy-red and white,  
Their gowns were green as grass.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.16]

\N1 `And pleasant are our fairie sports,  
We f+lie o\'er hill and dale;  
But at the end of seven years  
They pay the teen to hell.

\SBALLADS Child 39[M.17]

\N1 `And now\'s the time, at Hallowmess,  
Late on the morrow\'s even,  
And if ye miss me then, Janet,  
I\'m lost for yearis seven.'

\LBALLADS Child 39[N.1]

\N1 `Gowd rings I can buy, Thomas,  
Green mantles I can spin,  
But gin ye take my maidenheid  
I\'ll neer get that again.'

\SBALLADS Child 39[N.2]

\N1 Out and spak the queen o fairies,  
Out o a shot o wheat,  
`She that has gotten young Tamlane  
Has gotten my heart\'s delight.'

\LBALLADS Child 40.1  
\N1 I HEARD a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
An a cow low down in yon glen;  
Lang, lang will my young son greet  
Or his mither bid him come ben.  
\SBALLADS Child 40.2  
\N1 I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
An a cow low down in yon fauld;  
Lang, lang will my young son greet  
Or his mither take him frae cauld.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 40.3  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
Waken, Queen of Elfan,  
An hear your nourice moan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 40.4  
\N1 `O moan ye for your meat,  
Or moan ye for your fee,  
Or moan ye for the ither bounties  
That ladies are wont to gie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 40.5  
\N1 `I moan na for my meat,  
Nor moan I for my fee,  
Nor moan I for the ither bounties  
That ladies are wont to gie.  
\SBALLADS Child 40.6  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
But I moan for my young son  
I left in four nights auld.  
\SBALLADS Child 40.7  
\N1 `I moan na for my meat,  
Nor yet for my fee,  
But I mourn for Christen land,  
It\'s there I fain would be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 40.8  
\N1 `O nurse my bairn, nourice,' she says,  
`Till he stan at your knee,  
An ye\'s win hame to Christen land,  
Whar fain it\'s ye wad be.  
\SBALLADS Child 40.9  
\N1 `O keep my bairn, nourice,  
Till he gang by the hauld,  
An ye\'s win hame to your young son  
Ye left in four nights auld.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 40.10  
\N1 `O nourice lay your head  
Upo my knee:  
See ye na that narrow road  
Up by yon tree?  
\SBALLADS Child 40.11  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
That\'s the road the righteous goes,  
And that\'s the road to heaven.  
\SBALLADS Child 40.12  
\N1 `An see na ye that braid road,  
Down by yon sunny fell?

Yon\'s the road the wicked gae,  
An that\'s the road to hell.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 41A.1

\N1 LADY MARGARET sits in her bower door,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
She heard a note in Elmond\'s wood,  
And wishd she there had been.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.2

\N1 She loot the seam fa frae her side,  
And the needle to her tae,  
And she is on to Elmond\'s wood  
As fast as she coud gae.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.3

\N1 She hadna pu\'d a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but ane,  
Till by it came a young hind chiel,  
Says, Lady, lat alane.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.4

\N1 O why pu ye the nut, the nut,  
Or why brake ye the tree?

For I am forester o this wood:  
Ye shoud spier leave at me.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.5

\N1 `I\'ll ask leave at no living man,  
Nor yet will I at thee;  
My father is king oer a\' this realm,  
This wood belongs to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 41A.6

\N1 She hadna pu\'d a nut, a nut,  
Nor broken a branch but three,  
Till by it came him Young Akin,  
And gard her lat them be.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.7

\N1 The highest tree in Elmond\'s wood,  
He\'s pu\'d it by the reet,  
And he has built for her a bower,  
Near by a hallow seat.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.8

\N1 He\'s built a bower, made it secure  
We carbuncle and stane;  
Tho travellers were never sae nigh,  
Appearance it had nane.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.9

\N1 He\'s kept her there in Elmond\'s wood,  
For six lang years and one,  
Till six pretty sons to him she bear,  
And the seventh she\'s brought home.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.10

\N1 It fell ance upon a day,  
This guid lord went from home,  
And he is to the hunting gane,  
Took wi him his eldest son.

\SBALLADS Child 41A.11

\N1 And when they were on a guid way,  
Wi slowly pace did walk,  
The boy\'s heart being something wae,  
He thus began to talk:

\SBALLADS Child 41A.12

\N1 `A question I woud ask, father,

Gin ye woudna angry be:  
 `Say on, say on, my bonny boy,  
 Ye\'se nae be quarrelld by me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.13  
 \N1 `I see my mither\'s cheeks aye weet,  
 I never can see them dry;  
 And I wonder what aileth my mither,  
 To mourn continually.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.14  
 \N1 `Your mither was a king\'s daughter,  
 Sprung frae a high degree,  
 And she might hae wed some worthy prince,  
 Had she nae been stown by me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.15  
 \N1 `I was her father\'s cup-bearer,  
 Just at that fatal time;  
 I catchd her on a misty night,  
 Whan summer was in prime.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.16  
 \N1 `My luve to her was most sincere,  
 Her luve was great for me,  
 But when she hardships doth endure,  
 Her folly she does see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.17  
 \N1 `I\'ll shoot the buntin o the bush,  
 The linnet o the tree,  
 And bring them to my dear mither,  
 See if she\'ll merrier be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.18  
 \N1 It fell upo another day,  
 This guid lord he thought lang,  
 And he is to the hunting gane,  
 Took wi him his dog and gun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.19  
 \N1 Wi bow and arrow by his side,  
 He\'s aff, single, alane,  
 And left his seven children to stay  
 Wi their mither at hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.20  
 \N1 `O I will tell to you, mither,  
 Gin ye wadna angry be:  
 `Speak on, speak on, my little wee boy,  
 Ye\'se nae be quarrelld by me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.21  
 \N1 `As we came frae the hynd-hunting,  
 We heard f+ine music ring:  
 `My blessings on you, my bonny boy,  
 I wish I\'d been there my lane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.22  
 \N1 He\'s taen his mither by the hand,  
 His six brithers also,  
 And they are on thro Elmond\'s wood,  
 As fast as they coud go.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.23  
 \N1 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
 Wi the stratlins o their feet;  
 They wistna weel where they were gaen,  
 Till at her father\'s yate.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.24  
 \N1 `I hae nae money in my pocket,



But royal rings hae three;  
 I'll gie them you, my little young son,  
 And ye'll walk there for me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.25  
 \N1 `Ye'll gie the f+irst to the proud porter,  
 And he will lat you in;  
 Ye'll gie the next to the butler-boy,  
 And he will show you ben;  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.26  
 \N1 `Ye'll gie the third to the minstrel  
 That plays before the king;  
 He'll play success to the bonny boy  
 Came thro the wood him lane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.27  
 \N1 He gae the f+irst to the proud porter,  
 And he opend an let him in;  
 He gae the next to the butler-boy,  
 And he has shown him ben;  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.28  
 \N1 He gae the third to the minstrel  
 That playd before the king;  
 And he playd success to the bonny boy  
 Came thro the wood him lane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.29  
 \N1 Now when he came before the king,  
 Fell low down on his knee;  
 The king he turned round about,  
 And the saut tear blinded his ee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.30  
 \N1 `Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
 Gang frae my companie;  
 Ye look sae like my dear daughter,  
 My heart will birst in three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.31  
 \N1 `If I look like your dear daughter,  
 A wonder it is none;  
 If I look like your dear daughter,  
 I am her eldest son.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.32  
 \N1 `Will ye tell me, ye little wee boy,  
 Where may my Margaret be?'  
 `She's just now standing at your yates,  
 And my six brithers her wi.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.33  
 \N1 `O where are all my porter-boys  
 That I pay meat and fee,  
 To open my yates baith wide and braid?  
 Let her come in to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.34  
 \N1 When she came in before the king,  
 Fell low down on her knee;  
 `Win up, win up, my daughter dear,  
 This day ye'll dine wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.35  
 \N1 `Ae bit I canno eat, father,  
 Nor ae drop can I drink,  
 Till I see my mither and sister dear,  
 For lang for them I think.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.36  
 \N1 When she came before the queen,

Fell low down on her knee;  
`Win up, win up, my daughter dear  
This day ye\'se dine wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.37  
\N1 `Ae bit I canno eat, mither,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear sister,  
For lang for her I think.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.38  
\N1 When that these two sisters met,  
She haild her courteouslie;  
`Come ben, come ben, my sister dear,  
This day ye\'se dine wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.39  
\N1 `Ae bit I canno eat, sister,  
Nor ae drop can I drink,  
Until I see my dear husband,  
For lang for him I think.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.40  
\N1 `O where are all my rangers bold  
That I pay meat and fee,  
To search the forest far an wide,  
And bring Akin to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.41  
\N1 Out it speaks the little wee boy:  
Na, na, this maunna be;  
Without ye grant a free pardon,  
I hope ye\'ll nae him see.  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.42  
\N1 `O here I grant a free pardon,  
Well seald by my own han;  
Ye may make search for Young Akin,  
As soon as ever you can.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.43  
\N1 They searchd the country wide and braid,  
The forests far and near,  
And found him into Elmond\'s wood,  
Tearing his yellow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.44  
\N1 `Win up, win up now, Young Akin,  
Win up, and boun wi me;  
We\'re messengers come from the court,  
The king wants you to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.45  
\N1 `O lat him take frae me my head,  
Or hang me on a tree;  
For since I\'ve lost my dear lady,  
Life\'s no pleasure to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.46  
\N1 `Your head will nae be touchd, Akin,  
Nor hangd upon a tree;  
Your lady\'s in her father\'s court,  
And all he wants is thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.47  
\N1 When he came in before the king,  
Fell low down on his knee;  
`Win up, win up now, Young Akin,  
This day ye\'se dine wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 41A.48  
\N1 But as they were at dinner set,

The boy asked a boun:  
 `I wish we were in the good church,  
 For to get christendoun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.49  
 \N1 `We hae lived in guid green wood  
 This seven years and ane;  
 But a\' this time, since eer I mind,  
 Was never a church within.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.50  
 \N1 `Your asking\'s nae sae great, my boy,  
 But granted it shall be;  
 This day to guid church ye shall gang,  
 And your mither shall gang you wi.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.51  
 \N1 When unto the guid church she came,  
 She at the door did stan;  
 She was sae sair sunk down wi shame,  
 She coudna come farer ben.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.52  
 \N1 Then out it speaks the parish priest,  
 And a sweet smile gae he:  
 `Come ben, come ben, my lily f+lower,  
 Present your babes to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.53  
 \N1 Charles, Vincent, Sam and Dick,  
 And likewise James and John;  
 They calld the eldest Young Akin,  
 Which was his father\'s name.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41A.54  
 \N1 Then they staid in the royal court,  
 And livd wi mirth and glee,  
 And when her father was deead,  
 Heir of the crown was she.  
 \LBALLADS Child 41B.1  
 \N1 MAY MARGRET stood in her bouer door,  
 Kaiming doun her yellow hair;  
 She spied some nuts growin in the wud,  
 And wishd that she was there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41B.2  
 \N1 She has plaited her yellow locks  
 A little abune her bree,  
 And she has kilted her petticoats  
 A little below her knee,  
 And she\'s aff to Mulberry wud,  
 As fast as she could gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41B.3  
 \N1 She had na pu\'d a nut, a nut,  
 A nut but barely ane,  
 Till up started the Hynde Eatin,  
 Says, Lady, let thae alane!  
 \SBALLADS Child 41B.4  
 \N1 `Mulberry wuds are a\' my ain;  
 My father gied them me,  
 To sport and play when I thought lang;  
 And they sall na be tane by thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41B.5  
 \N1 And ae she pu\'d the tither berrie,  
 Na thinking o\' the skaith,  
 And said, To wrang ye, Hynde Eatin,  
 I wad be unco laith.

\SBALLADS Child 41B.6

\N1 But he has tane her by the yellow locks,  
And tied her till a tree,  
And said, For slichting my commands,  
An ill death sall ye dree.

\SBALLADS Child 41B.7

\N1 He pu\'d a tree out o the wud,  
The biggest that was there,  
And he howkit a cave monie fathoms deep,  
And put May Margret there.

\SBALLADS Child 41B.8

\N1 `Now rest ye there, ye saucie may;  
My wuds are free for thee;  
And gif I tak ye to mysell,  
The better ye\'ll like me.'

\SBALLADS Child 41B.9

\N1 Na rest, na rest May Margret took,  
Sleep she got never nane;  
Her back lay on the cauld, cauld f+loor,  
Her head upon a stane.

\SBALLADS Child 41B.10

\N1 `O tak me out,' May Margret cried,  
`O tak me hame to thee,  
And I sall be your bounden page  
Until the day I dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 41B.11

\N1 He took her out o the dungeon deep,  
And awa wi him she\'s gane;  
But sad was the day an earl\'s dochter  
Gaed hame wi Hynde Etin.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 41B.12

\N1 It fell out ance upon a day  
Hynde Etin\'s to the hunting gane,  
And he has tane wi him his eldest son,  
For to carry his game.

\SBALLADS Child 41B.13

\N1 `O I wad ask ye something, father,  
An ye wadna angry be;'  
`Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,  
Ask onie thing at me.'

\SBALLADS Child 41B.14

\N1 `My mother\'s cheeks are aft times weet,  
Alas! they are seldom dry;'  
`Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
Tho she should brast and die.

\SBALLADS Child 41B.15

\N1 `For your mother was an earl\'s dochter,  
Of noble birth and fame,  
And now she\'s wife o Hynde Etin,  
Wha neer got christendame.

\SBALLADS Child 41B.16

\N1 `But we\'ll shoot the laverock in the lift,  
The buntlin on the tree,  
And ye\'ll tak them hame to your mother,  
And see if she\'ll comforted be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 41B.17

\N1 `I wad ask ye something, mother,  
An ye wadna angry be;'

`Ask on, ask on, my eldest son,  
 Ask onie thing at me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41B.18  
 \N1 `Your cheeks they are aft times weet,  
 Alas! they\'re seldom dry;'  
 `Na wonder, na wonder, my eldest son,  
 Tho I whould brast and die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41B.19  
 \N1 `For I was ance an earl\'s dochter,  
 Of noble birth and fame,  
 And now I am the wife of Hynde Etin,  
 Wha neer got christendame.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 41C.1  
 \N1 `O WELL like I to ride in a mist,  
 And shoot in a northern win,  
 And far better a lady to steal,  
 That\'s come of a noble kin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 41C.2  
 \N1 Four an twenty fair ladies  
 Put on this lady\'s sheen,  
 And as mony young gentlemen  
 Did lead her ower the green.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41C.3  
 \N1 Yet she preferred before them all  
 Him, young Hastings the Groom;  
 He\'s coosten a mist before them all,  
 And away this lady has taen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41C.4  
 \N1 He\'s taken the lady on him behind,  
 Spared neither grass nor corn,  
 Till they came to the wood o Amonshaw,  
 Where again their loves were sworn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41C.5  
 \N1 And they hae lived in that wood  
 Full mony a year and day,  
 And were supported from time to time  
 By what he made of prey.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41C.6  
 \N1 And seven bairns, fair and f+ine,  
 There she has born to him,  
 And never was in gude church-door,  
 Nor ever got gude kirking.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41C.7  
 \N1 Ance she took harp into her hand,  
 And harped them a\' asleep,  
 Then she sat down at their couch-side,  
 And bitterly did weep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41C.8  
 \N1 Said, Seven bairns hae I born now  
 To my lord in the ha;  
 I wish they were seven greedy rats,  
 To run upon the wa,  
 And I mysel a great grey cat,  
 To eat them ane and a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 41C.9  
 \N1 For ten lang years now I hae lived  
 Within this cave of stane,  
 And never was at gude church-door,  
 Nor got no gude churching.

\SBALLADS Child 41C.10  
\N1 O then out spake her eldest child,  
And a fine boy was he:  
O hold your tongue, my mother dear;  
I'll tell you what to dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 41C.11  
\N1 Take you the youngest in your lap,  
The next youngest by the hand,  
Put all the rest of us you before,  
As you learnt us to gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 41C.12  
\N1 And go with us unto some kirk--  
You say they are built of stane--  
And let us all be christened,  
And you get gude kirking.  
\SBALLADS Child 41C.13  
\N1 She took the youngest in her lap,  
The next youngest by the hand,  
Set all the rest of them her before,  
As she learnt them to gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 41C.14  
\N1 And she has left the wood with them,  
And to the kirk has gane,  
Where the gude priest them christened,  
And gave her gude kirking.  
\LBALLADS Child 42A.1  
\N1 CLARK COLVEN and his gay ladie,  
As they walked to yon garden green,  
A belt about her middle gimp,  
Which cost Clark Colven crowns fifteen:  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.2  
\N1 `O hearken weel now, my good lord,  
O hearken weel to what I say;  
When ye gang to the wall o Stream,  
O gang nae near the well-fared may.'  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.3  
\N1 `O haud your tongue, my gay ladie,  
Tak nae sic care o me;  
For I nae saw a fair woman  
I like so well as thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.4  
\N1 He mounted on his berry-brown steed,  
And merry, merry rade he on,  
Till he came to the wall o Stream,  
And there he saw the mermaiden.  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.5  
\N1 `Ye wash, ye wash, ye bonny may,  
And ay's ye wash your sark o silk:'  
`It's a' for you, ye gentle knight,  
My skin is whiter than the milk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.6  
\N1 He's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
He's taen her by the sleeve sae green,  
And he's forgotten his gay ladie,  
And away with the fair maiden.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.7  
\N1 `Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,  
`And aye sae sair's I mean my head!'  
And merrily leugh the mermaiden,

`O win on till you be dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.8  
\N1 `But out ye tak your little pen-knife,  
And frae my sark ye shear a gare;  
Row that about your lovely head,  
And the pain ye\'ll never feel nae mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.9  
\N1 Out he has taen his little pen-knife,  
And frae her sark he\'s shorn a gare,  
Rowed that about his lovely head,  
But the pain increased mair and mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.10  
\N1 `Ohon, alas!' says Clark Colven,  
`An aye sae sair\'s I mean my head!'  
And merrily laughd the mermaiden,  
`It will ay be war till ye be dead.'  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.11  
\N1 Then out he drew his trusty blade,  
And thought wi it to be her dead,  
But she\'s become a f+ish again,  
And merrily sprang into the f+leed.  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.12  
\N1 He\'s mounted on his berry-brown steed,  
And dowy, dowy rade he home,  
And heavily, heavily lighted down  
When to his ladie\'s bower-door he came.  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.13  
\N1 `Oh, mither, mither, mak my bed,  
And, gentle ladie, lay me down;  
Oh, brither, brither, unbend my bow,  
`Twill never be bent by me again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 42A.14  
\N1 His mither she has made his bed,  
His gentle ladie laid him down,  
His brither he has unbent his bow,  
`Twas never bent by him again.  
\LBALLADS Child 42B.1  
\N1 CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame  
Were walking in the garden green;  
The belt around her stately waist  
Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds f+fifteen.  
\SBALLADS Child 42B.2  
\N1 `O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,  
Or it will cost ye muckle strife,  
Ride never by the wells of Slane,  
If ye wad live and brook your life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 42B.3  
\N1 `Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,  
Now speak nae mair of that to me;  
Did I neer see a fair woman,  
But I wad sin with her body?'  
\SBALLADS Child 42B.4  
\N1 He\'s taen leave o his gay lady,  
Nought minding what his lady said,  
And he\'s rode by the wells of Slane,  
Where washing was a bonny maid.  
\SBALLADS Child 42B.5  
\N1 `Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,  
That wash sae clean your sark of silk;'  
`And weel fa you, fair gentleman,

Your body whiter than the milk.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 42B.6

\N1 Then loud, loud cry\'d the Clerk Colvill,  
'O my head it pains me sair;'  
'Then take, then take,' the maiden said,  
'And frae my sark you\'ll cut a gare.'

\SBALLADS Child 42B.7

\N1 Then she\'s gied him a little bane-knife,  
And frae her sark he cut a share;  
She\'s ty\'d it round his whey-white face,  
But ay his head it aked mair.

\SBALLADS Child 42B.8

\N1 Then louder cry\'d the Clerk Colvill,  
'O sairer, sairer akes my head;'  
'And sairer, sairer ever will,'  
The maiden crys, 'Till you be dead.'

\SBALLADS Child 42B.9

\N1 Out then he drew his shining blade,  
Thinking to stick her where she stood,  
But she was vanishd to a f+ish,  
And swam far off, a fair mermaid.

\SBALLADS Child 42B.10

\N1 'O mother, mother, braid my hair;  
My lusty lady, make my bed;  
O brother, take my sword and spear,  
For I have seen the false mermaid.'

\LBALLADS Child 42C.1

\N1 CLERK COLIN and his mother dear  
Were in the garden green;  
The band that was about her neck  
Cost Colin pounds f+fifteen;  
The belt about her middle sae sma  
Cost twice as much again.

\SBALLADS Child 42C.2

\N1 'Forbidden gin ye wad be, love Colin,  
Forbidden gin ye wad be,  
And gang nae mair to Clyde\'s water,  
To court yon gay ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 42C.3

\N1 'Forbid me frae your ha, mother,  
Forbid me frae your bour,  
But forbid me not frae yon ladie;  
She\'s fair as ony f+lour.

\SBALLADS Child 42C.4

\N1 'Forbidden I winna be, mother,  
Forbidden I winna be,  
For I maun gang to Clyde\'s water,  
To court yon gay ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 42C.5

\N1 An he is on his saddle set,  
As fast as he could win,  
An he is on to Clyde\'s water,  
By the lee licht o the moon.

\SBALLADS Child 42C.6

\N1 An when he cam to the Clyde\'s water  
He lichted lowly down,  
An there he saw the mermaiden,  
Washin silk upon a stane.

\SBALLADS Child 42C.7



\N1 `Come down, come down, now, Clerk Colin,  
Come down an [f+ish] wi me;  
I\'ll row ye in my arms twa,  
An a foot I sanna jee.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 42C.8

\N1 `O mother, mother, mak my bed,  
And, sister, lay me doun,  
An brother, tak my bow an shoot,  
For my shooting is done.'

\SBALLADS Child 42C.9

\N1 He wasna weel laid in his bed,  
Nor yet weel fa\'en asleep,  
When up an started the mermaiden,  
Just at Clerk Colin\'s feet.

\SBALLADS Child 42C.10

\N1 `Will ye lie there an die, Clerk Colin,  
Will ye lie there an die?  
Or will ye gang to Clyde\'s water,  
To f+ish in f+llood wi me?'

\SBALLADS Child 42C.11

\N1 `I will lie here an die,' he said,  
'I will lie here an die;  
In spite o a\' the deils in hell  
I will lie here an die.'

\LBALLADS Child 43A.1

\N1 there was a knight and a lady bright,  
Had a true tryste at the broom;  
The ane gaed early in the morning,  
The other in the afternoon.

\SBALLADS Child 43A.2

\N1 And ay she sat in her mother\'s bower door,  
And ay she made her mane:  
'O whether should I gang to the Broomf+ield Hill,  
Or should I stay at hame?

\SBALLADS Child 43A.3

\N1 `For if I gang to the Broomf+ield Hill,  
My maidenhead is gone;  
And if I chance to stay at hame,  
My love will ca me mansworn.'

\SBALLADS Child 43A.4

\N1 Up then spake a witch-woman,  
Ay from the room aboon:  
'O ye may gang to the broomf+ield Hill,  
And yet come maiden hame.

\SBALLADS Child 43A.5

\N1 `For when ye gang to the Broomf+ield Hill,  
Ye\'ll f+ind your love asleep,  
With a silver belt about his head,  
And a broom-cow at his feet.

\SBALLADS Child 43A.6

\N1 `Take ye the blossom of the broom,  
The blossom it smells sweet,  
And strew it at your true-love\'s head,  
And likewise at his feet.

\SBALLADS Child 43A.7

\N1 `Take ye the rings off your f+fingers,  
Put them on his right hand,  
To let him know, when he doth awake,  
His love was at his command.'

\SBALLADS Child 43A.8

\N1 She pu\'d the broom f+lower on Hive Hill,  
And strewd on\'s white hals-bane,  
And that was to be wittering true  
That maiden she had gane.

\SBALLADS Child 43A.9

\N1 `O where were ye, my milk-white steed,  
That I hae coft sae dear,  
That wadna watch and waken me  
When there was maiden here?'

\SBALLADS Child 43A.10

\N1 `I stamped wi my foot, master,  
And gard my bridle ring,  
But na kin thing wald waken ye,  
Till she was past and gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 43A.11

\N1 `And wae betide ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
That I did love sae dear,  
That wadna watch and waken me  
When there was maiden here.'

\SBALLADS Child 43A.12

\N1 `I clapped wi my wings, master,  
And aye my bells I rang,  
And aye cry\'d, Waken, waken, master,  
Before the ladye gang.'

\SBALLADS Child 43A.13

\N1 `But haste and haste, my gude white steed,  
To come the maiden till,  
Or a\' the birds of gude green wood  
Of your f+lesh shall have their f+ill.'

\SBALLADS Child 43A.14

\N1 `Ye need na burst your gude white steed  
Wi racing oer the howm;  
Nae bird f+lies faster through the wood,  
Than she f+led through the broom.'

\LBALLADS Child 43B.1

\N1 `I\'ll wager, I\'ll wager, I\'ll wager with you  
Five hundred merks and ten,  
That a maid shanae go to yon bonny green wood,  
And a maiden return agen.'

\SBALLADS Child 43B.2

\N1 `I\'ll wager, I\'ll wager, I\'ll wager with you  
Five hundred merks and ten,  
That a maid shall go to yon bonny green wood,  
And a maiden return agen.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 43B.3

\N1 She\'s pu\'d the blooms aff the broom-bush,  
And strewd them on\'s white hass-bane:  
`This is a sign whereby you may know  
That a maiden was here, but she\'s gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 43B.4

\N1 `O where was you, my good gray steed,  
That I hae loed sae dear?  
O why did you not awaken me  
When my true love was here?'

\SBALLADS Child 43B.5

\N1 `I stamped with my foot, master,  
And gard my bridle ring,  
But you wadnae waken from your sleep

Till your love was past and gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 43B.6

\N1 `Now I may sing as dreary a sang  
As the bird sung on the brier,  
For my true love is far removd,  
And I\`ll neer see her mair.'

\LBALLADS Child 43C.1

\N1 THERE was a knight and lady bright  
Set trysts amo the broom,  
The one to come at morning ear,  
The other at afternoon.

\SBALLADS Child 43C.2

\N1 `I\`ll wager a wager wi you,' he said,  
`An hundred merks and ten,  
That ye shall not go to Broomf+ield Hills,  
Return a maiden again.'

\SBALLADS Child 43C.3

\N1 `I\`ll wager a wager wi you,' she said,  
`A hundred pounds and ten,  
That I will gang to Broomf+ield Hills,  
A maiden return again.'

\SBALLADS Child 43C.4

\N1 The lady stands in her bower door,  
And thus she made her mane:  
`O shall I gang to Broomf+ield Hills,  
Or shall I stay at hame?

\SBALLADS Child 43C.5

\N1 `If I do gang to Broomf+ield Hills,  
A maid I\`ll not return;  
But if I stay from Broomf+ield Hills,  
I\`ll be a maid mis-sworn.'

\SBALLADS Child 43C.6

\N1 Then out it speaks an auld witch-wife,  
Sat in the bower aboon:  
`O ye shall gang to Broomf+ield Hills,  
Ye shall not stay at hame.

\SBALLADS Child 43C.7

\N1 `But when ye gang to Broomf+ield Hills,  
Walk nine times round and round;  
Down below a bonny burn bank,  
Ye\`ll f+ind your love sleeping sound.

\SBALLADS Child 43C.8

\N1 `Ye\`ll pu the bloom frae aff the broom,  
Strew\`t at his head and feet,  
And aye the thicker that ye do strew,  
The sounder he will sleep.

\SBALLADS Child 43C.9

\N1 `The broach that is on your napkin,  
Put it on his breast bane,  
To let him know, when he does wake,  
That\`s true love\`s come and gane.

\SBALLADS Child 43C.10

\N1 `The rings that are on your f+ingers,  
Lay them down on a stane,  
To let him know, when he does wake,  
That\`s true love\`s come and gane.

\SBALLADS Child 43C.11

\N1 `And when ye hae your work all done,  
Ye\`ll gang to a bush o\` broom,  
And then you\`ll hear what he will say,

When he sees ye are gane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.12  
\N1 When she came to Broomf+ield Hills,  
She walkd it nine times round,  
And down below yon burn bank,  
She found him sleeping sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.13  
\N1 She pu\'d the bloom frae aff the broom,  
Strew\'d it at \'s head and feet,  
And aye the thicker that she strewd,  
The sounder he did sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.14  
\N1 The broach that was on her napkin,  
She put on his breast bane,  
To let him know, when he did wake,  
His love was come and gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.15  
\N1 The rings that were on her f+ingers,  
She laid upon a stane,  
To let him know, when he did wake,  
His love was come and gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.16  
\N1 Now when she had her work all dune,  
She went to a bush o broom,  
That she might hear what he did say,  
When he saw she was gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.17  
\N1 `O where were ye, my guid grey hound,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
Ye didna waken me frae my sleep  
When my true love was sae near?'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.18  
\N1 `I scaped wi my foot, master,  
Till a\' my collars rang,  
But still the mair that I did scrape,  
Waken woud ye nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.19  
\N1 `Where were ye, my berry-brown steed,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
That ye woudna waken me out o my sleep  
When my love was sae near?'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.20  
\N1 `I patted wi my foot, master,  
Till a\' my bridles rang,  
But still the mair that I did patt,  
Waken woud ye nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.21  
\N1 `O where were ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
That ye woudna waken me out o my sleep  
When ye sae my love near?'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.22  
\N1 `I f+lapped wi my wings, master,  
Till a\' my bells they rang,  
But still the mair that I did f+lap,  
Waken woud ye nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.23  
\N1 `O where were ye, my merry young men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
Ye woudna waken me out o\' my sleep

When my love ye did see?'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.24  
\N1 `Ye'll sleep mair on the night, master,  
And wake mair on the day;  
Gae sooner down to Broomfield Hills  
When ye've sic pranks to play.  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.25  
\N1 `If I had seen any armed men  
Come riding over the hill--  
But I saw but a fair lady  
Come quietly you until.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.26  
\N1 `O wae mat worth you, my young men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
That ye woudna waken me frae sleep  
When ye my love did see.  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.27  
\N1 `O had I waked when she was nigh,  
And o her got my will,  
I shoudna cared upon the morn  
Tho sma birds o her were fill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43C.28  
\N1 When she went out, right bitter wept,  
But singing came she hame;  
Says, I hae been at Broomfield Hills,  
And maid returnd again.  
\LBALLADS Child 43D.1  
\N1 `I\`rLL wager, I'll wager,' says Lord John,  
`A hundred merks and ten,  
That ye winna gae to the bonnie broom-fields,  
And a maid return again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43D.2  
\N1 `But I'll lay a wager wi you, Lord John,  
A' your merks oure again,  
That I'll gae alane to the bonnie broom-fields,  
And a maid return again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43D.3  
\N1 Then Lord John mounted his grey steed,  
And his hound wi his bells sae bricht,  
And swiftly he rade to the bonny broomfields,  
Wi his hawks, like a lord or knicht.  
\SBALLADS Child 43D.4  
\N1 `Now rest, now rest, my bonnie grey steed,  
My lady will soon be here,  
And I'll lay my head aneath this rose sae red,  
And the bonnie burn sae near.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43D.5  
\N1 But sound, sound was the sleep he took,  
For he slept till it was noon,  
And his lady cam at day, left a taiken and away,  
Gaed as licht as a glint o the moon.  
\SBALLADS Child 43D.6  
\N1 She strawed the roses on the ground,  
Threw her mantle on the brier,  
And the belt around her middle sae jimp,  
As a taiken that she'd been there.  
\SBALLADS Child 43D.7  
\N1 The rustling leaves flew round his head,  
And rousd him frae his dream;  
He saw by the roses, and mantle sae green,

That his love had been there and was gane.

\SBALLADS Child 43D.8

\N1 `O whare was ye, my gude grey steed,  
That I coft ye sae dear,  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

\SBALLADS Child 43D.9

\N1 `I pautit wi my foot, master,  
Garrd a\' my bridles ring,  
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
For now is the hour and time.'

\SBALLADS Child 43D.10

\N1 `Then whare was ye, my bonnie grey hound,  
That I coft ye sae dear,  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

\SBALLADS Child 43D.11

\N1 `I pautit wi my foot, master,  
Garrd a\' my bells to ring,  
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
For now is the hour and time.'

\SBALLADS Child 43D.12

\N1 `But whare was ye, my hawks, my hawks,  
That I coft ye sae dear,  
That ye didna waken your master,  
Whan ye kend that his love was here?'

\SBALLADS Child 43D.13

\N1 `O wyte na me, now, my master dear,  
I garrd a\' my young hawks sing,  
And still I cried, Waken, gude master,  
For now is the hour and time.'

\SBALLADS Child 43D.14

\N1 `Then be it sae, my wager gane,  
'Twill skaith frae meikle ill,  
For gif I had found her in bonnie broomf+ields,  
O her heart\'s blude ye\'d drunken your f+ill.'

\LBALLADS Child 43E.1

\N1 `I\'ll wager, I\'ll wager wi you, fair maid,  
Five hunder puns and ten,  
That a maid winna gae to the bonnie green bower,  
An a maid return back agen.'

\SBALLADS Child 43E.2

\N1 `I\'ll wager, I\'ll wager wi you, kin\' sir,  
Five hunder puns and ten,  
That a maid I\'ll gang to the bonnie green bower,  
An a maid return again.'

\SBALLADS Child 43E.3

\N1 But when she cam to the bonnie green bower,  
Her true-love was fast asleep;  
Sumtimes she kist his rosie, rosie lips,  
An his breath was wondrous sweet.

\SBALLADS Child 43E.4

\N1 Sometimes she went to the crown o his head,  
Sometimes to the soles o his feet,  
Sometimes she kist his rosie, rosie lips,  
An his breath was wondrous sweet.

\SBALLADS Child 43E.5

\N1 She\'s taen a ring frae her f+inger,  
Laid it upon his breast-bane;  
It was for a token that she had been there,

That she had been there, but was gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 43E.6  
\N1 `Where was you, where was ye, my merry men a`',  
That I do luve sae dear,  
That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
When my true love was here?  
\SBALLADS Child 43E.7  
\N1 `Where was ye, where was ye, my gay goshawk,  
That I do luve sae dear,  
That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
Whan my true love was here?'  
\SBALLADS Child 43E.8  
\N1 `Wi my wings I f+law, kin`' sir,  
An wi my bill I sang,  
But ye woudna waken out o yer sleep  
Till your true love was gane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43E.9  
\N1 `Where was ye, my bonnie grey steed,  
That I do luve sae dear,  
That ye didna waken me out o my sleep  
When my true love was here?'  
\SBALLADS Child 43E.10  
\N1 `I stampit wi my f+it, maister,  
And made my bridle ring,  
But ye wadna waken out o yer sleep,  
Till your true love was gane.'  
\LBALLADS Child 43F.1  
\N1 A NOBLE young squire that livd in the west,  
He courted a young lady gay,  
And as he was merry, he put forth a jest,  
A wager with her he would lay.  
\SBALLADS Child 43F.2  
\N1 `A wager with me?' the young lady reply`d,  
`I pray, about what must it be?  
If I like the humour you shan`t be deny`d;  
I love to be merry and free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43F.3  
\N1 Quoth he, `I will lay you an hundred pounds,  
A hundred pounds, aye, and ten,  
That a maid if you go to the merry broomf+ield,  
That a maid you return not again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43F.4  
\N1 `I`ll lay you that wager,' the lady she said,  
Then the money she f+lung down amain;  
`To the merry broomf+ield I`ll go a pure maid,  
The same I`ll return home again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 43F.5  
\N1 He coverd her bett in the midst of the hall  
With an hundred and ten jolly pounds,  
And then to his servant straightway he did call,  
For to bring forth his hawk and his hounds.  
\SBALLADS Child 43F.6  
\N1 A ready obedience the servant did yield,  
And all was made ready oer night;  
Next morning he went to the merry broomf+ield,  
To meet with his love and delight.  
\SBALLADS Child 43F.7  
\N1 Now when he came there, having waited a while,  
Among the green broom down he lies;  
The lady came to him, and coud not but smile,

For sleep then had closed his eyes.

\SBALLADS Child 43F.8

\N1 Upon his right hand a gold ring she secur\'d,  
Down from her own f+inger so fair,  
That when he awaked he might be assur\'d  
His lady and love had been there.

\SBALLADS Child 43F.9

\N1 She left him a posie of pleasant perfume,  
Then stept from the place where he lay;  
Then hid herself close in the besom of the broom,  
To hear what her true-love would say.

\SBALLADS Child 43F.10

\N1 He wakend and found the gold ring on his hand,  
Then sorrow of heart he was in:  
'My love has been here, I do well understand,  
And this wager I now shall not win.

\SBALLADS Child 43F.11

\N1 'O where was you, my goodly gawshawk,  
The which I have purchasd so dear?  
Why did you not waken me out of my sleep  
When the lady, my lover, was here?'

\SBALLADS Child 43F.12

\N1 'O with my bells did I ring, master,  
And eke with my feet did I run;  
And still did I cry, Pray awake, master,  
She\'s here now, and soon will be gone.'

\SBALLADS Child 43F.13

\N1 'O where was you, my gallant greyhound,  
Whose collar is f+lourishd with gold?  
Why hadst thou not wakend me out of my sleep  
When thou didst my lady behold?'

\SBALLADS Child 43F.14

\N1 'Dear master, I barkd with my mouth when she came,  
And likewise my coller I shook,  
And told you that here was the beautiful dame,  
But no notice of me then you took.'

\SBALLADS Child 43F.15

\N1 'O where was thou, my serving-man,  
Whom I have cloathed so f+ine?  
If you had wak\'d me when she was here,  
The wager then had been mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 43F.16

\N1 'In the night ye should have slept, master,  
And kept awake in the day;  
Had you not been sleeping when hither she came,  
Then a maid she had not gone away.'

\SBALLADS Child 43F.17

\N1 Then home he returnd, when the wager was lost,  
With sorrow of heart, I may say;  
The lady she laughd to f+ind her love crost,--  
This was upon midsummer-day.

\SBALLADS Child 43F.18

\N1 'O squire, I laid in the bushes conceald,  
And heard you when you did complain;  
And thus I have been to the merry broomf+ield,  
And a maid returnd back again.

\SBALLADS Child 43F.19

\N1 'Be chearful, be chearful, and do not repine,  
For now \'tis as clear as the sun,  
The money, the money, the money is mine,



The wager I fairly have won.'

\LBALLADS Child 44.1

\N1 THE lady stands in her bower door,  
As straight as willow wand;  
The blacksmith stood a little forebye,  
Wi hammer in his hand.

\SBALLADS Child 44.2

\N1 `Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,  
Into your robes o red;  
Before the morn at this same time,  
I'll gain your maidenhead.'

\SBALLADS Child 44.3

\N1 `Awa, awa, ye coal-black smith,  
Woud ye do me the wrang  
To think to gain my maidenhead,  
That I hae kept sae lang!'

\SBALLADS Child 44.4

\N1 Then she has hadden up her hand,  
And she sware by the mold,  
'I wudna be a blacksmith\'s wife  
For the full o a chest o gold.

\SBALLADS Child 44.5

\N1 `I\'d rather I were dead and gone,  
And my body laid in grave,  
Ere a rusty stock o coal-black smith  
My maidenhead shoud have.'

\SBALLADS Child 44.6

\N1 But he has hadden up his hand,  
And he sware by the mass,  
'I\'ll cause ye be my light leman  
For the hauf o that and less.'

\SBALLADS Child 44.6b

\N1 O bide, lady, bide,  
And aye he bade her bide;  
The rusty smith your leman shall be,  
For a\' your muckle pride.

\SBALLADS Child 44.7

\N1 Then she became a turtle dow,  
To f+ly up in the air,  
And he became another dow,  
And they f+lew pair and pair.

\SBALLADS Child 44.7b

\N1 O bide, lady, bide, 'C\.

\SBALLADS Child 44.8

\N1 She turnd hersell into an eel,  
To swim into yon burn,  
And he became a speckled trout,  
To gie the eel a turn.

\SBALLADS Child 44.8b

\N1 O bide, lady, bide, 'C\.

\SBALLADS Child 44.9

\N1 Then she became a duck, a duck,  
To puddle in a peel,  
And he became a rose-kaimd drake,  
To gie the duck a dreel.

\SBALLADS Child 44.9b

\N1 O bide, lady, bide, 'C\.

\SBALLADS Child 44.10

\N1 She turnd hersell into a hare,  
To rin upon yon hill,

And he became a gude grey-hound,  
 And boldly he did f+ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.10b  
 \N1 O bide, lady, bide, 'C\  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.11  
 \N1 Then she became a gay grey mare,  
 And stood in yonder slack,  
 And he became a gilt saddle,  
 And sat upon her back.  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.11b  
 \N1 Was she wae, he held her sae,  
 And still he bade her bide;  
 The rusty smith her leman was,  
 For a\' her muckle pride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.12  
 \N1 Then she became a het girdle,  
 And he became a cake,  
 And a\' the ways she turnd hersell,  
 The blacksmith was her make.  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.12b  
 \N1 Was she wae, 'C\  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.13  
 \N1 She turnd hersell into a ship,  
 To sail out ower the f+llood;  
 He ca\'ed a nail intill her tail,  
 And syne the ship she stood.  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.13b  
 \N1 Was she wae, 'C\  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.14  
 \N1 Then she became a silken plaid,  
 And stretchd upon a bed,  
 And he became a green covering,  
 And gaind her maidenhead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 44.14b  
 \N1 Was she wae, 'C\  
 \LBALLADS Child 45A.1  
 \N1 OFF an ancient story Ile tell you anon,  
 Of a notable prince \itha\rt was called K\iin\rg Iohn,  
 In England was borne, with maine and with might;  
 Hee did much wrong and mainteined litle right.  
 \SBALLADS Child 45A.2  
 \N1 This noble prince was vexed in veretye,  
 For he was angry w\ii\rth the Bishopp of Canterbury;  
 Ffor his house-keeping andhis good cheere,  
 The+: rode post for him, as you shall heare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 45A.3  
 \N1 They rode post for him verry hastilye;  
 The k\iing\r sayd the bishopp kept a better house then hee:  
 A hundred men euen, as I [have heard] say,  
 The bishopp kept in his house eu\ier\rye day,  
 And f+ifty gold chaines, w\ii\rthout any doubt,  
 In veluett coates waited the bishopp about.  
 \SBALLADS Child 45A.4  
 \N1 The bishopp, he came to the court anon,  
 Before his prince \itha\rt was called K\iing\r Iohn.  
 As soone as the bishopp the k\iing\r did see,  
 `O,' q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r, 'Bishopp, thow art welcome to mee.  
 There is noe man soe welcome to towne  
 As thou \itha\rt workes treason against my crowne'  
 \SBALLADS Child 45A.5

\N1 `My leege,' q\iuo\rth the bishopp, `I wold it were knowne  
I spend, yo\iu\rr grace, nothing but \itha\rt \itha\rt\'s my owne;  
I trust yo\iu\rr grace will doe me noe deare  
For spending my owne trew gotten geere.'

\SBALLADS Child 45A.6

\N1 `Yes,' q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r, 'Bishopp, thou must needs dye,  
Except thou can answere mee questions three;  
Thy head shalbe smitten quite from thy bodye,  
And all thy liuing remayne vnto mee.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.7

\N1 `First,' q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r, 'Tell me in this steade,  
W\ii\rth this crowne of gold heere vpon my head,  
Amongst my nobilitye, w\ii\rth ioy and much mirth,  
Lett me know w\ii\rthin one penny what I am worth.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.8

\N1 `Secondlye, tell me w\ii\rthout any dowbt  
How soone I may goe the whole world about;  
And thirdly, tell mee or eu\ier\r I stinte,  
What is the thing, bishopp, \itha\rt I doe thinke.  
Twenty dayes pardon thoust haue trulye,  
And come againe and answere mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 45A.9

\N1 The bishopp bade the k\iing\r god night att a word;  
He rode betwixt Cambridge and Oxenford,  
But neu\ier\r a doctor there was soe wise  
Cold shew him these questions or enterprise.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.10

\N1 Wherew\ii\rth the bishopp was nothing gladd,  
But in his hart was heauy and sadd,  
And hyed him home to a house in the countrye,  
To ease some p\iar\rt of his melanchollye.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.11

\N1 His halfe-brother dwelt there, was feirce and fell,  
Noe better but a shepard to the bishoppe himsell;  
The shepard came to the bishopp anon,  
Saying, My Lord, you are welcome home!

\SBALLADS Child 45A.12

\N1 `What ayles you,' q\iuo\rth the shepard, '\itha\rt you are soe sadd,  
And had wonte to haue beene soe merry and gladd?'  
`Nothing,' q\iuo\rth the bishopp, `I ayle att this time;  
Will not thee availe to know, brother mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 45A.13

\N1 `Brother,' q\iuo\rth the shepard, 'you haue heard itt,  
\iTha\rt a f+foole may teach a wisemane witt;  
Say me therfore whatsoeu\ier\r you will,  
And if I doe you noe good, Ile doe you noe ill.'

\SBALLADS Child 45A.14

\N1 Q\iuo\rth the bishop: I haue beene att the court anon,  
Before my prince is called K\iing\r Iohn,  
And there he hath charged mee  
Against his crowne w\ii\rth traitorye.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.15

\N1 If I cannott answer his misterye,  
Three questions hee hath p\iro\rpounded to mee,  
He will haue my land soe faire and free,  
And alsoe the head from my bodye.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.16

\N1 The f+irst question was, to tell him in \itha\rt stead,  
W\ii\rth the crowne of gold vpon his head,  
Amongst his nobilitye, w\ii\rth ioy and much mirth,

To lett him know w\ii\rthin one penyee what hee is worth.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.17

\N1 And secondlye, to tell him w\ii\rth-out any doubt  
How soone he may goe the whole world about;  
And thirdlye, to tell him, or ere I stint,  
What is the thinge \itha\rt he does thinke.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.18

\N1 `Brother,' qu\io\rth the shepard, 'you are a man of learninge;  
What neede you stand in doubt of soe small a thinge?  
Lend me,' q\iuo\rth the shepard, 'yo\iu\rr ministers apparrell,  
Ile ryde to the court and answeere yo\iu\rr quarrell.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.19

\N1 `Lend me yo\iu\rr serving men, say me not nay,  
W\ii\rth all yo\iu\rr best horssees \itha\rt ryd on the way;  
Ile to the court, this matter to stay;  
Ile speake w\ii\rth K\iing\r Iohn and heere what heele say.'

\SBALLADS Child 45A.20

\N1 The bishopp w\ii\rth speed p\ire\rpared then  
To sett forth the shepard with horsse and man;  
The shepard was liuely w\ii\rthout any doubt;  
I wott a royall companee came to the court.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.21

\N1 The shepard hee came to the court anon  
Before [his] prince \itha\rt was called K\iing\r Iohn.  
As soone as the k\iing\r the shepard did see,  
'O,' q\iuo\rth the king, 'Bishopp thou art welcome to me.'  
The shepard was soe like the bishopp his brother,  
The k\iing\r cold not know the one from the other.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.22

\N1 Q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r, Bishopp, thou art welcome to me  
If thou can answer me my questions three.  
Said the shepard, If it please yo\iu\rr grace,  
Show mee what the ffirst quest<i>on was.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.23

\N1 `First,' q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r, 'Tell mee in this steed,  
W\ii\rth the crowne of gold vpon my head,  
Amongst my nobilitye, w\ii\rth ioy and much mirth,  
W\ii\rthin one pennyee what I am worth.'

\SBALLADS Child 45A.24

\N1 Q\iuo\rth the shepard, To make yo\iu\rr grace noe offence,  
I thinke you are worth nine and twenty pence;  
For our L\iord\r Iesus, \itha\rt bought vs all,  
For thirty pence was sold into thrall  
Amongst the cursed Iewes, as I to you doe shewe;  
But I know Christ was one penyee better then you.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.25

\N1 Then the k\iing\r laught, and swore by St Andrew  
He was not thought to bee of such a small value.  
'Secondlye, tell mee w\ii\rth-out any doubt  
How soone I may goe the world round about.'

\SBALLADS Child 45A.26

\N1 Saies the shepard, It is noe time w\ii\rth yo\iu\rr grace to scorne,  
But rise betime w\ii\rth the sun in the morne,  
And follow his course till his vprising,  
And then you may know w\ii\rthout any leasing.

\SBALLADS Child 45A.27

\N1 And this [to] yo\iu\rr grace shall proue the same,  
You are come to the same place from whence you came;  
[In] twenty-four houres, w\ii\rth-out any doubt,  
Yo\iu\rr grace may the world goe round about;

The world round about, euen as I doe say,  
If w\ii\rth the sun you can goe the next way.  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.28  
\N1 `And thirdlye tell me or eu\ier\r I stint,  
What is the thing, bishoppe, \itha\rt I doe thinke.'  
`\iTha\rt shall I doe,' q\iuo\rth the shepard; 'For veretye,  
You thinke I am the bishopp of Canterburye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.29  
\N1 `Why, art not thou? the truth tell to me;  
For I doe thinke soe,' q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r, 'By St Marye.'  
`Not soe,' q\iuo\rth the shepard; 'The truth shalbe knowne,  
I am his poore shepard; my brother is att home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.30  
\N1 `Why,' q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r, 'if itt soe bee,  
Ile make thee bishopp here to mee.'  
`Noe, S\ii\rr,' q\iuo\rth the shepard, `I pray you be still,  
For Ile not bee bishop but against my will;  
For I am not f+itt for any such deede,  
For I can neither write nor reede.'  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.31  
\N1 `Why then,' q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r, `Ile giue thee cleere  
A pattent of three hundred pound a yeere;  
\iTha\rt I will giue thee franke and free;  
Take thee \itha\rt, shepard, for coming to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.32  
\N1 `Free p\iar\rdon Ile giue,' the k\iing\r's grace said,  
`To saue the bishopp, his land and his head;  
W\ii\rth him nor thee Ile be nothing wrath;  
Here is the p\iar\rdon for him and thee both.'  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.33  
\N1 Then the shepard he had noe more to say,  
But tooke the p\iar\rdon and rode his way:  
When he came to the bishopps place,  
The bishopp asket anon how all things was.  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.34  
\N1 `Brother,' q\iuo\rth the shepard, `I haue well sped,  
For I haue saued both yo\iu\rr land and yo\iu\rr head;  
The k\iing\r w\ii\rth you is nothing wrath,  
For heere is the p\iar\rdon for you and mee both.'  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.35  
\N1 Then the bishopes hart was of a merry cheere:  
`Brother, thy paines Ile quitt them cleare;  
For I will giue thee a patent to thee and to thine  
Of f+fifty pound a yeere, land good and f+ine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.36  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
`I will to thee noe longer croche nor creepe,  
Nor Ile serue thee noe more to keepe thy sheepe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.37  
\N1 Whereeu\ier\r wist you shepard before,  
\iTha\rt had in his head witt such store  
To pleasure a bishopp in such a like case,  
To answer three questions to the k\iing\r's grace?  
Whereeu\ier\r wist you shepard gett cleare  
Three hundred and f+fifty pound a yeere?  
\SBALLADS Child 45A.38  
\N1 I neu\ier\r hard of his fellow before.  
Nor I neu\ier\r shall: now I need to say noe more.  
I neu\ier\r knew shepard \itha\rt gott such a liuinge

But David, the shepard, \itha\rt was a k\iing\r.

\LBALLADS Child 45B.1

\N1 I\R'\rLL tell you a story, a story anon,  
Of a noble prince, and his name was King John;  
For he was a prince, and a prince of great might,  
He held up great wrongs, he put down great right.

\SBALLADS Child 45B.1r

\N1 Derry down, down hey, derry down

\SBALLADS Child 45B.2

\N1 I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury,  
And of his house-keeping and high renown,  
Which made him resort to fair London town.

\SBALLADS Child 45B.3

\N1 `How now, father abbot? `Tis told unto me  
That thou keepest a far better house than I;  
And for [thy] house-keeping and high renown,  
I fear thou has treason against my crown.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.4

\N1 `I hope, my liege, that you owe me no grudge  
For spending of my true-gotten goods:'

`If thou dost not answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy body.

\SBALLADS Child 45B.5

\N1 `When I am set so high on my steed,  
With my crown of gold upon my head,  
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

\SBALLADS Child 45B.6

\N1 `And the next question you must not f+lout,  
How long I shall be riding the world about;  
And the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell to me truly what I do think.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.7

\N1 `O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,  
For I cannot answer your grace as yet;  
But if you will give me but three days space,  
I'll do my endeavor to answer your grace.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.8

\N1 `O three days space I will thee give,  
For that is the longest day thou hast to live.  
And if thou dost not answer these questions right,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy body quite.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.9

\N1 And as the shepherd was going to his fold,  
He spy\'d the old abbot come riding along:  
`How now, master abbot? You\'r welcome home;  
What news have you brought from good King John?'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.10

\N1 `Sad news, sad news I have thee to give,  
For I have but three days space for to live;  
If I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be taken from my body.

\SBALLADS Child 45B.11

\N1 `When he is set so high on his steed,  
With his crown of gold upon his head,  
Amongst all his nobility, with joy and much mirth,  
I must tell him to one penny what he is worth.

\SBALLADS Child 45B.12

\N1 `And the next question I must not f+lout,

How long he shall be riding the world about;  
And the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him truly what he does think.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.13

\N1 `O master, did you never hear it yet,  
That a fool may learn a wiseman wit?  
Lend me but your horse and your apparel,  
I'll ride to fair London and answer the quarrel.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.14

\N1 `Now I am set so high on my steed,  
With my crown of gold upon my head,  
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,  
Now tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.15

\N1 `For thirty pence our Saviour was sold,  
Amongst the false Jews, as you have been told,  
And nine and twenty\'s the worth of thee,  
For I think thou are one penny worser than he.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.16

\N1 `And the next question thou mayst not f+lout;  
How long I shall be riding the world about.'  
`You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
Until the next morning he rises again,  
And then I am sure you will make no doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you\'l ride it about.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.17

\N1 `And the third question you must not shrink,  
But tell me truly what I do think.'  
`All that I can do, and \'twill make you merry;  
For you think I\'m the Abbot of Canterbury,  
But I\'m his poor shepherd, as you may see,  
And am come to beg pardon for he and for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.18

\N1 The king he turned him about and did smile,  
Saying, Thou shalt be the abbot the other while:  
`O no, my grace, there is no such need,  
For I can neither write nor read.'

\SBALLADS Child 45B.19

\N1 `Then four pounds a week will I give unto thee  
For this merry jest thou hast told unto me;  
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.'

\LBALLADS Child 46A.1

\N1 THE laird of Bristoll\'s daughter was in the woods walking,  
And by came Captain Wetherbourn, a servant to the king;  
And he said to his livery man, Wer\'t not against the law,  
I would tak her to mine ain bed, and lay her neist the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46A.2

\N1 `I\'m into my father\'s woods, amongst my father\'s trees,  
O kind sir, let mee walk alane, O kind sir, if you please;  
The butler\'s bell it will be rung, and I\'ll be mist awa;  
I\'ll lye into mine ain bed, neither at stock nor wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.3

\N1 `O my bonny lady, the bed it\'s not be mine,  
For I\'ll command my servants for to call it thine;  
The hangings are silk satin, the sheets are holland sma,  
And we\'s baith lye in ae bed, but you\'s lye neist the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46A.4

\N1 `And so, my bonny lady, --I do not know your name,--  
But my name\'s Captain Wetherburn, and I\'m a man of fame;

Tho your father and a\ ' his men were here, I would na stand in awe  
To tak you to mine ain bed, and lay you neist the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46A.5

\N1 `Oh my bonny, bonny lady, if you\ 'll gie me your hand,  
You shall hae drums and trumpets to sound at your command;  
Wi f+ifty men to guard you, sae weel their swords can dra,  
And wee\ 's baith lye in ae bed, but you\ 's lye neist the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.6

\N1 He\ 's mounted her upon a steid, behind his gentleman,  
And he himself did walk afoot, to had his lady on,  
With his hand about her midle sae jimp, for fear that she should fa;  
She man lye in his bed, but she\ 'll not lye neist the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46A.7

\N1 He\ 's taen her into Edinburgh, his landlady cam ben:  
'And monny bonny ladys in Edinburgh hae I seen,  
But the like of this f+ine creature my eyes they never sa;'  
'O dame bring ben a down-bed, for she\ 's lye neist the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.8

\N1 `Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, a+end dinna trouble me,  
Unless you get to my supper, and that is dishes three;  
Dishes three to my supper, tho I eat nane at a\ ',  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46A.9

\N1 `You maun get to my supper a cherry but a stane,  
And you man get to my supper a capon but a bane,  
And you man get a gentle bird that f+lies wanting the ga,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I\ 'll not lye neist the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.10

\N1 `A cherry whan in blossom is a cherry but a stane;  
A capon when he\ 's in the egg canna hae a bane;  
The dow it is a gentle bird that f+lies wanting the ga;  
And ye man lye in my bed, between me and the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.11

\N1 `Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, a+end dinna me perplex,  
Unless you tell me questions, and that is questions six;  
Tell me them as I shall ask them, and that is twa by twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I\ 'll not lye neist the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46A.12

\N1 `What is greener than the grass, what\ 's higher than the tree?  
What\ 's war than a woman\ 's wiss, what\ 's deeper than the sea?  
What bird sings f+irst, and whereupon the dew down f+irst does fa?  
Before I lye in your bed, but I\ 'll lye neist the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.13

\N1 `Virgus is greener than the grass, heaven\ 's higher than the tree;  
The deil\ 's war than a woman\ 's wish, hell\ 's deeper than the sea;  
The cock sings f+irst, on the Sugar Loaf the dew down f+irst does fa;  
And ye man lye in my bed, betweest me and the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.14

\N1 `Hold your tongue, young man,' she said, `I pray you give it oer,  
Unless you tell me questions, and that is questions four;  
Tell me them as I shall ask them, and that is twa by twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46A.15

\N1 `You man get to me a plumb that does in winter grow;  
And likewise a silk mantle that never waft gaed thro;  
A sparrow\ 's horn, a priest unborn, this night to join us twa,  
Before I lye in your bed, but I winna lye neist the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.16

\N1 `There is a plumb in my father\ 's yeard that does in winter grow;  
Likewise he has a silk mantle that never waft gaed thro;



A sparrow\'s horn, it may be found, there\'s ane in every tae,  
There\'s ane upo the mouth of him, perhaps there may be twa.

\SBALLADS Child 46A.17

\N1 `The priest is standing at the door, just ready to come in;  
Nae man could sae that he was born, to lie it is a sin;  
For a wild boar bored him mother\'s side, he out of it did fa;  
And you man lye in my bed, between me and the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46A.18

\N1 Little kent Grizey Sinclair, that morning when she raise,  
'Twas to be the hindermost of a\' her single days;  
For now she\'s Captain Wetherburn\'s wife, a man she never saw,  
And she man lye in his bed, but she\'ll not lye neist the wa.

\LBALLADS Child 46B.1

\N1 THE Lord of Rosslyn\'s daughter gaed through the wud her lane,  
And there she met Captain Wedderburn, a servant to the king.  
He said unto his livery-man, Were\'t na agen the law,  
I wad tak her to my ain bed, and lay her at the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46B.2

\N1 `I\'m walking here my lane,' she says, `amang my father\'s trees;  
And ye may lat me walk my lane, kind sir, now gin ye please.  
The supper-bell it will be rung, and I\'ll be misssd awa;  
Sae I\'ll na lie in your bed, at neither stock nor wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.3

\N1 He said, My pretty lady, I pray lend me your hand,  
And ye\'ll hae drums and trumpets always at your command;  
And f+fifty men to guard ye wi, that weel their swords can draw;  
Sae we\'ll baith lie in ae bed, and ye\'ll lie at the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46B.4

\N1 `Haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray let go my hand;  
The supper-bell it will be rung, nae langer maun I stand.  
My father he\'ll na supper tak, gif I be misssd awa;  
Sae I\'ll na lie in your bed, at neither stock nor wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.5

\N1 `O my name is Captain Wedderburn, my name I\'ll neer deny,  
And I command ten thousand men, upo yon mountains high.  
Tho your father and his men were here, of them I\'d stand na awe,  
But should tak ye to my ain bed, and lay ye neist the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.6

\N1 Then he lap aff his milk-white steed, and set the lady on,  
And a\' the way he walkd on foot, he held her by the hand;  
He held her by the middle jimp, for fear that she should fa;  
Saying, I\'ll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay thee at the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46B.7

\N1 He took her to his quartering-house, his landlady looked ben,  
Saying, Monie a pretty ladie in Edinbruch I\'ve seen;  
But sic \'na pretty ladie is not into it a\':  
Gae, mak for her a f+ine down-bed, and lay her at the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46B.8

\N1 `O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye lat me be,  
For I\'ll na lie in your bed till I get dishes three;  
Dishes three maun be dressd for me, gif I should eat them a\',  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46B.9

\N1 `\'Tis I maun hae to my supper a chicken without a bane;  
And I maun hae to my supper a cherry without a stane;  
And I maun hae to my supper a bird without a gaw,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.10

\N1 `Whan the chicken\'s in the shell, I am sure it has na bane;  
And whan the cherry\'s in the bloom, I wat it has na stane;

The dove she is a genty bird, she flees without a gaw;  
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'll be at the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.11

\N1 `O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray ye give me owre,  
For I'll na lie in your bed, till I get presents four;  
Presents four ye maun gie me, and that is twa and twa,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46B.12

\N1 `Tis I maun hae some winter fruit that in December grew;  
And I maun hae a silk mantil that waft gaed never through;  
A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn, this nicht to join us twa,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.13

\N1 `My father has some winter fruit that in December grew;  
My mither has a silk mantil the waft gaed never through;  
A sparrow's horn ye soon may find, there's ane on evry claw,  
And twa upo the gab o it, and ye shall get them a.

\SBALLADS Child 46B.14

\N1 `The priest he stands without the yett, just ready to come in;  
Nae man can say he eer was born, nae man without he sin;  
He was haill cut frae his mither's side, and frae the same let fa;  
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'se lie at the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.15

\N1 `O haud awa frae me, kind sir, I pray don't me perplex,  
For I'll na lie in your bed till ye answer questions six:  
Questions six ye maun answer me, and that is four and twa,  
Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46B.16

\N1 `O what is greener than the gress, what's higher than thae trees?  
O what is worse than women's wish, what's deeper than the seas?  
What bird craws first, what tree buds first, what first does on them  
fa?

Before I lie in your bed, at either stock or wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.17

\N1 `Death is greener than the gress, heaven higher than thae trees;  
The devil's waur than women's wish, hell's deeper than the seas;  
The cock craws first, the cedar buds first, dew first on them does  
fa;

Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed, and ye'se lie at the wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 46B.18

\N1 Little did this lady think, that morning whan she raise,  
That this was for to be the last o a' her maiden days.  
But there's na into the king's realm to be found a blither twa,  
And now she's Mrs. Wedderburn, and she lies at the wa.

\LBALLADS Child 46C.1

\N1 THE laird of Roslin's daughter walked thro the wood her lane,  
And by came Captain Wedderburn, a servant to the Queen;  
He said unto his serving man, Wer't not agaynst the law,  
I would tak her to my ain house as lady o my ha.

\SBALLADS Child 46C.2

\N1 He said, My pretty ladye, I pray give me your hand;  
You shall have drums and trumpets always at your command;  
With fifty men to guard you, that well their swords can draw,  
And I'll tak ye to my ain bed, and lay you next the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 46C.3

\N1 `I'm walking in my feyther's shaws:' quo he, My charming maid,  
I am much better than I look, so be you not afraid;  
For I serve the queen of a' Scotland, and a gentil dame is she;  
So we'se be married ere the morn, gin ye can fancy me.

\SBALLADS Child 46C.4

\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
`The sparrow shall toot on his horn, gif naething us befa,  
And I'll mak you up a down-bed, and lay you next the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 46C.5  
\N1 `Now hold away from me, kind sir, I pray you let me be;  
I wont be lady of your ha till you answer questions three;  
Questions three you must answer me, and that is one and twa,  
Before I gae to Woodland\'s house, and be lady o your ha.  
\SBALLADS Child 46C.6  
\N1 `You must get me to my supper a chicken without a bone;  
You must get me to my supper a cherry without a stone;  
You must get me to my supper a bird without a ga,  
Before I go to Woodland\'s house and be lady of your ha.'  
\SBALLADS Child 46C.7  
\N1 `When the cherry is in the bloom, I\'m sure it has no stone;  
When the chicken\'s in the shell, I\'m sure it has nae bone;  
The dove she is a gentil bird, and f+lies without a ga;  
So I\'ve answered you your questions three, and you\'re lady of my ha.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 46C.8  
\N1 `Questions three you must answer me: What\'s higher than the trees?  
And what is worse than woman\'s voice? What\'s deeper than the seas?'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 46C.9  
\N1 He answered then so readily: Heaven\'s higher than the trees;  
The devil\'s worse than woman\'s voice; hell\'s deeper than the seas;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 46C.10  
\N1 `One question still you must answer me, or you I laugh to scorn;  
Go seek me out an English priest, of woman never born;'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 46C.11  
\N1 `Oh then,' quo he, 'My young brother from mother\'s side was torn,  
And he\'s a gentil English priest, of woman never born;'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 46C.12  
\N1 Little did his lady think, that morning when she raise,  
It was to be the very last of all her mayden days;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\LBALLADS Child 47A.1  
\N1 \R\'\'rTWAS on a night, an evening bright,  
When the dew began to fa,  
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,  
Looking oer her castle wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 47A.2  
\N1 She looked east and she looked west,  
To see what she could spy,  
When a gallant knight came in her sight,  
And to the gate drew nigh.  
\SBALLADS Child 47A.3  
\N1 `You seem to be no gentleman,  
You wear your boots so wide;  
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,  
You wear the horn so syde.'

\SBALLADS Child 47A.4

\N1 `I am no cunning hunter,' he said,  
`Nor neer intend to be;  
But I am come to this castle  
To seek the love of thee.  
And if you do not grant me love,  
This night for thee I\'ll die.'

\SBALLADS Child 47A.5

\N1 `If you should die for me, sir knight,  
There\'s few for you will meane;  
For mony a better has died for me,  
Whose graves are growing green.

\SBALLADS Child 47A.6

\N1 [`But ye maun read my riddle,' she said,  
`And answer my questions three;  
And but ye read them right,' she said,  
`Gae stretch ye out and die.]

\SBALLADS Child 47A.7

\N1 `Now what is the f+lower, the ae f+irst f+lower,  
Springs either on moor or dale?  
And what is the bird, the bonnie bonnie bird,  
Sings on the evening gale?'

\SBALLADS Child 47A.8

\N1 `The primrose is the ae f+irst f+lower  
Springs either on moor or dale,  
And the thristlecock is the bonniest bird  
Sings on the evening gale.'

\SBALLADS Child 47A.9

\N1 [`But what\'s the little coin,' she said,  
`Wald buy my castle bound?  
And what\'s the little boat,' she said,  
`Can sail the world all round?']

\SBALLADS Child 47A.10

\N1 `O hey, how mony small pennies  
Make thrice three thousand pound?  
Or hey, how mony salt f+ishes  
Swim a\' the salt sea round?'

\SBALLADS Child 47A.11

\N1 `I think you maun be my match,' she said,  
`My match and something mair;  
You are the f+irst eer got the grant  
Of love frae my father\'s heir.

\SBALLADS Child 47A.12

\N1 `My father was lord of nine castles,  
My mother lady of three;  
My father was lord of nine castles,  
And there\'s nane to heir but me.

\SBALLADS Child 47A.13

\N1 `And round about a\' thae castles  
You may baith plow and saw,  
And on the f+fifteenth day of May  
The meadows they will maw.'

\SBALLADS Child 47A.14

\N1 `O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
`For loud I hear you lie;  
Your father was lord of nine castles,  
Your mother was lady of three;  
Your father was lord of nine castles,  
But ye fa heir to but three.

\SBALLADS Child 47A.15

\N1 `And round about a\' thae castles  
You may baith plow and saw,  
But on the fifteenth day of May  
The meadows will not maw.  
\SBALLADS Child 47A.16  
\N1 `I am your brother Willie,' he said,  
`I trow ye ken na me;  
I came to humble your haughty heart,  
Has gard sae mony die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47A.17  
\N1 `If ye be my brother Willie,' she said,  
`As I trow weel ye be,  
This night I\'ll neither eat nor drink,  
But gae along wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47A.18  
\N1 `O hold your tongue, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
`Again I hear you lie;  
For ye\'ve unwashen hands and ye\'ve unwashen feet,  
To gae to clay wi me.  
\SBALLADS Child 47A.19  
\N1 `For the wee worms are my bedfellows,  
And cauld clay is my sheets,  
And when the stormy winds do blow,  
My body lies and sleeps.'  
\LBALLADS Child 47B.1  
\N1 THERE was a knight, in a summer\'s night,  
Appeard in a lady\'s hall,  
As she was walking up and down,  
Looking oer her castle wall.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.2  
\N1 `God make you safe and free, fair maid,  
God make you safe and free!'  
`O sae fa you, ye courteous knight,  
What are your wills wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.3  
\N1 `My wills wi you are not sma, lady,  
My wills wi you nae sma,  
And since there\'s nane your bower within,  
Ye\'se hae my secrets a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.4  
\N1 `For here am I a courtier,  
A courtier come to thee,  
And if ye winna grant your love,  
All for your sake I\'ll dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.5  
\N1 `If that ye dee for me, sir knight,  
Few for you will make meen;  
For mony gude lord\'s done the same,  
Their graves are growing green.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.6  
\N1 `O winna ye pity me, fair maid,  
O winna ye pity me?  
O winna ye pity a courteous knight,  
Whose love is laid on thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.7  
\N1 `Ye say ye are a courteous knight,  
But I think ye are nane;  
I think ye\'re but a millar bred,  
By the colour o your claithing.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.8

\N1 `You seem to be some false young man,  
You wear your hat sae wide;  
You seem to be some false young man,  
You wear your boots sae side.'

\SBALLADS Child 47B.9

\N1 `Indeed I am a courteous knight,  
And of great pedigree;  
Nae knight did mair for a lady bright  
Than I will do for thee.

\SBALLADS Child 47B.10

\N1 `O I'll put smiths in your smithy,  
To shoe for you a steed,  
And I'll put tailors in your bower,  
To make for you a weed.

\SBALLADS Child 47B.11

\N1 `I will put cooks in your kitchen,  
And butlers in your ha,  
And on the tap o yourn father's castle  
I'll big gude corn and saw.'

\SBALLADS Child 47B.12

\N1 `If ye be a courteous knight,  
As I trust not ye be,  
Ye'll answer some o the sma questions  
That I will ask at thee.

\SBALLADS Child 47B.13

\N1 `What is the fairest f+lower, tell me,  
That grows in mire or dale?  
Likewise, which is the sweetest bird  
Sings next the nightingale?  
Or what's the f+inest thing,' she says,  
'That king or queen can wile?'

\SBALLADS Child 47B.14

\N1 `The primrose is the fairest f+lower  
That grows in mire or dale;  
The mavis is the sweetest bird  
Next to the nightingale;  
And yellow gowd's the f+inest thing  
That king or queen can wale.

\SBALLADS Child 47B.15

\N1 `Ye hae asked many questions, lady,  
I've you as many told;'

`But how many pennies round  
Make a hundred pounds in gold?

\SBALLADS Child 47B.16

\N1 `How many of the small f+ishes  
Do swim the salt seas round?  
Or what's the seemliest sight you'll see  
Into a May morning?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 47B.17

\N1 `Berry-brown ale and a birken speal,  
And wine in a horn green;  
A milk-white lace in a fair maid's dress  
Looks gay in a May morning.'

\SBALLADS Child 47B.18

\N1 `Mony's the questions I've askd at thee,  
And ye've answerd them a';  
Ye are mine, and I am thine,  
Amo the sheets sae sma.

\SBALLADS Child 47B.19

\N1 `You may be my match, kind sir,  
You may be my match and more;  
There neer was ane came sic a length  
Wi my father\'s heir before.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.20  
\N1 `My father\'s lord o nine castles,  
My mother she\'s lady ower three,  
And there is nane to heir them all,  
No never a ane but me;  
Unless it be Willie, my ae brother,  
But he\'s far ayont the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.21  
\N1 `If your father\'s laird o nine castles,  
Your mother lady ower three,  
I am Willie your ae brother,  
Was far beyond the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.22  
\N1 `If ye be Willie, my ae brother,  
As I doubt sair ye be,  
But if it\'s true ye tell me now,  
This night I\'ll gang wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.23  
\N1 `Ye\'ve ower ill washen feet, Janet,  
And ower ill washen hands,  
And ower coarse robes on your body,  
Alang wi me to gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.24  
\N1 `The worms they are my bed-fellows,  
And the cauld clay my sheet,  
And the higher that the wind does blaw,  
The sounder I do sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.25  
\N1 `My body\'s buried in Dumfermline,  
And far beyond the sea,  
But day nor night nae rest coud get,  
All for the pride o thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.26  
\N1 `Leave aff your pride, jelly Janet,' he says,  
`Use it not ony mair;  
Or when ye come where I hae been  
You will repent it sair.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.27  
\N1 `Cast aff, cast aff, sister,' he says,  
`The gowd lace frae your crown;  
For if ye gang where I hae been,  
Ye\'ll wear it laigher down.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.28  
\N1 `When ye\'re in the gude church set,  
The gowd pins in your hair,  
Ye take mair delight in your feckless dress  
Than ye do in your morning prayer.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.29  
\N1 `And when ye walk in the church-yard,  
And in your dress are seen,  
There is nae lady that sees your face  
But wishes your grave were green.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.30  
\N1 `You\'re straight and tall, handsome withall,  
But your pride owergoes your wit,  
But if ye do not your ways refrain,

In Pirie\'s chair ye\'ll sit.  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.31  
\N1 `In Pirie\'s chair you\'ll sit, I say,  
The lowest seat o hell;  
If ye do not amend your ways,  
It\'s there that ye must dwell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47B.32  
\N1 Wi that he vanishd frae her sight,  
Wi the twinkling o an eye;  
Naething mair the lady saw  
But the gloomy clouds and sky.  
\LBALLADS Child 47C.1  
\N1 ONCE there was a jolly hind squire  
Appeard in a lady\'s ha,  
And aye she walked up and down,  
Looking oer her castle wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 47C.2  
\N1 `What is your wills wi me, kind sir?  
What is your wills wi me?'  
`My wills are [not] sma wi thee, lady,  
My wills are [not] sma wi thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 47C.3  
\N1 `For here I stand a courtier,  
And a courtier come to thee,  
And if ye will not grant me your love,  
For your sake I will die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47C.4  
\N1 `If you die for my sake,' she says,  
`Few for you will make moan;  
Many better\'s died for my sake,  
Their graves are growing green.  
\SBALLADS Child 47C.5  
\N1 `You appear to be some false young man,  
You wear your hat so wide;  
You appear to be some false young man,  
You wear your boots so side.  
\SBALLADS Child 47C.6  
\N1 `An asking, asking, sir,' she said,  
`An asking ye\'ll grant me:'  
`Ask on, ask on, lady,' he said,  
`What may your asking be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 47C.7  
\N1 `What\'s the f+irst thing in f+lower,' she said,  
`That springs in mire or dale?  
What\'s the next bird that sings,' she says,  
`Unto the nightingale?  
Or what is the f+inest thing,' she says,  
`That king or queen can wile?'  
\SBALLADS Child 47C.8  
\N1 `The primrose is the f+irst in f+lower  
That springs in mire or dale;  
The thistle-throat is the next that sings  
Unto the nightingale;  
And yellow gold is the f+inest thing  
That king or queen can wile.  
\SBALLADS Child 47C.9  
\N1 `You have asked many questions, lady,  
I\'ve you as many told;'  
`But how many pennies round  
Make a hundred pounds in gold?



\SBALLADS Child 47C.10

\N1 `How many small f+ishes  
Do swim the salt seas round?  
Or what\'s the seemliest sight you\'ll see  
Into a May morning?

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 47C.11

\N1 `There\'s ale into the birken scale,  
Wine in the horn green;  
There\'s gold in the king\'s banner  
When he is f+ighting keen.'

\SBALLADS Child 47C.12

\N1 `You may be my match, kind sir,' she said,  
`You may be my match and more;  
There neer was one came such a length  
With my father\'s heir before.

\SBALLADS Child 47C.13

\N1 `My father\'s lord of nine castles,  
No body heir but me.'  
`Your father\'s lord of nine castles,  
Your mother\'s lady of three;

\SBALLADS Child 47C.14

\N1 `Your father\'s heir of nine castles,  
And you are heir to three;  
For I am William, thy ae brother,  
That died beyond the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 47C.15

\N1 `If ye be William, my ae brother,  
This night, O well is me!  
If ye be William, my ae brother,  
This night I\'ll go with thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 47C.16

\N1 `For no, for no, jelly Janet,' he says,  
`For no, that cannot be;  
You\'ve oer foul feet and ill washen hands  
To be in my company.

\SBALLADS Child 47C.17

\N1 `For the wee wee worms are my bedfellows,  
And the cold clay is my sheet,  
And the higher that the winds do blow,  
The sounder I do sleep.

\SBALLADS Child 47C.18

\N1 `Leave off your pride, jelly Janet,' he says,  
`Use it not any more;  
Or when you come where I have been  
You will repent it sore.

\SBALLADS Child 47C.19

\N1 `When you go in at yon church door,  
The red gold on your hair,  
More will look at your yellow locks  
Than look on the Lord\'s prayer.

\SBALLADS Child 47C.20

\N1 `When you go in at yon church door,  
The red gold on your crown;  
When you come where I have been,  
You\'ll wear it laigher down.'

\SBALLADS Child 47C.21

\N1 The jolly hind squire, he went away  
In the twinkling of an eye,  
Left the lady sorrowful behind,

With many bitter cry.  
\LBALLADS Child 47D.1  
\N1 THERE cam a knicht to Archerdale,  
His steed was winder sma,  
An there he spied a lady bricht,  
Luikin owre her castle wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.2  
\N1 `Ye dinna seem a gentle knicht,  
Though on horseback ye do ride;  
Ye seem to be some sutor\'s son,  
Your butes they are sae wide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.3  
\N1 `Ye dinna seem a lady gay,  
Though ye be bound wi pride;  
Else I\'d gane bye your father\'s gate  
But either taunt or gibe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.4  
\N1 He turned aboot his hie horse head,  
An awa he was boun to ride,  
But neatly wi her mouth she spak:  
Oh bide, f+ine squire, oh bide.  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.5  
\N1 `Bide, oh bide, ye hindy squire,  
Tell me mair o your tale;  
Tell me some o that wondrous lied  
Ye\'ve learnt in Archerdale.  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.6  
\N1 `What gaes in a speal?' she said,  
`What in a horn green?  
An what gaes on a lady\'s head,  
Whan it is washen clean?'  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.7  
\N1 `Ale gaes in a speal,' he said,  
`Wine in a horn green;  
An silk gaes on a lady\'s head,  
Whan it is washen clean.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.8  
\N1 About he turned his hie horse head,  
An awa he was boun to ride,  
When neatly wi her mouth she spak:  
Oh bide, f+ine squire, oh bide.  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.9  
\N1 `Bide, oh bide, ye hindy squire,  
Tell me mair o your tale;  
Tell me some o that unco lied  
You\'ve learnt in Archerdale.  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.10  
\N1 `Ye are as like my ae brither  
As ever I did see;  
But he\'s been buried in yon kirkyaird  
It\'s mair than years is three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.11  
\N1 `I am as like your ae brither  
As ever ye did see;  
But I canna get peace into my grave,  
A\' for the pride o thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 47D.12  
\N1 `Leave pride, Janet, leave pride, Janet,  
Leave pride an vanitie;  
If ye come the roads that I hae come,

Sair warned will ye be.

\SBALLADS Child 47D.13

\N1 `Ye come in by yonder kirk  
Wi the goud preens in your sleeve;  
When you\'re bracht hame to yon kirkyaird,  
You\'ll gie them a\' thier leave.

\SBALLADS Child 47D.14

\N1 `Ye come in to yonder kirk  
Wi the goud plaits in your hair;  
When you\'re bracht hame to yon kirkyaird,  
You will them a\' forbear.'

\SBALLADS Child 47D.15

\N1 He got her in her mither\'s bour,  
Puttin goud plaits in her hair;  
He left her in her father\'s gairden,  
Mournin her sins sae sair.

\LBALLADS Child 47E.1

\N1 FAIR MARGRET was a young ladye,  
An come of high degree;  
Fair Margret was a young ladye,  
An proud as proud coud be.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.2

\N1 Fair Margret was a rich ladye,  
The king\'s cousin was she;  
Fair Margaret was a rich ladye,  
An vain as vain coud be.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.3

\N1 She war\'d her wealth on the gay cleedin  
That comes frae yont the sea,  
She spent her time frae morning till night  
Adorning her fair bodye.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.4

\N1 Ae night she sate in her stately ha,  
Kaimin her yellow hair,  
When in there cum like a gentle knight,  
An a white scarf he did wear.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.5

\N1 `O what\'s your will wi me, sir knight,  
O what\'s your will wi me?  
You\'re the likest to my ae brother  
That ever I did see.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.6

\N1 `You\'re the likest to my ae brother  
That ever I hae seen,  
But he\'s buried in Dunfermline kirk,  
A month an mair bygane.'

\SBALLADS Child 47E.7

\N1 `I\'m the likest to your ae brother  
That ever ye did see,  
But I canna get rest into my grave,  
A\' for the pride of thee.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.8

\N1 `Leave pride, Margret, leave pride, Margret,  
Leave pride an vanity;  
Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,  
Sair altered ye maun be.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.9

\N1 `O ye come in at the kirk-door  
Wi the gowd plaits in your hair;  
But wud ye see what I hae seen,

Ye maun them a\' forbear.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.10

\N1 `O ye come in at the kirk-door  
Wi the gowd prins i your sleeve;  
But wad ye see what I hae seen,  
Ye maun gie them a\' their leave.

\SBALLADS Child 47E.11

\N1 `Leave pride, Margret, leave pride, Margret,  
Leave pride an vanity;  
Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,  
Sair altered ye maun be.'

\SBALLADS Child 47E.12

\N1 He got her in her stately ha,  
Kaimin her yellow hair,  
He left her on her sick sick bed,  
Sheding the saut saut tear.

\LBALLADS Child 48.1

\N1 AS I was cast in my f+f+irst sleepe,  
A dreadffull draught in my mind I drew,  
Ffor I was dreamed of a yong man,  
Some men called him yonge Andrew.

\SBALLADS Child 48.2

\N1 The moone shone bright, and itt cast a f+fayre light,  
Sayes shee, Welcome, my honey, my hart, and my sweete!  
For I haue loued thee this seuen long yeere,  
And our chance itt was wee cold neuer meete.

\SBALLADS Child 48.3

\N1 Then he tooke her in his armes two,  
And kissed her both cheeke and chin,  
And twise or thrise he pleased this may  
Before they tow did p\iar\rt in twinn.

\SBALLADS Child 48.4

\N1 Saies, Now, good s\ii\rr, you haue had yo\iu\rr will,  
You can demand no more of mee;  
Good s\ii\rr, remember what you said before,  
And goe to the church and marry mee.

\SBALLADS Child 48.5

\N1 `Ffaire maid, I cannott doe as I wold;

. . . . .

Goe home and fett thy fathers redd gold,  
And I\'le goe to the church and marry thee.

\SBALLADS Child 48.6

\N1 This ladye is gone to her f+fathers hall,  
And well she knew where his red gold lay,  
And counted f+forth f+ive hundred pound,  
Besides all other iuells and chaines:

\SBALLADS Child 48.7

Itt was well counted vpon his knee;  
\N1 And brought itt all to younge Andrew,  
Then he tooke her by the lillye white hand,  
And led her vp to an hill soe hye.

\SBALLADS Child 48.8

\N1 Shee had vpon a gowne of blacke veluett,  
(A pittiffull sight after yee shall see:)  
'Put of thy clothes, bonny wenche,' he sayes,  
'For noe f+foote further thoust gang w\ii\rth mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.9

\N1 But then shee put of her gowne of veluett,  
W\ii\rth many a salt teare from her eye,  
And in a kirtle of f+f+ine breaden silke

Shee stood beffore young Andrews eye.

\SBALLADS Child 48.10

\N1 Sais, O put off thy kirtle of silke,  
Ffor some and all shall goe with mee;  
And to my owne lady I must itt beare,  
Who I must needs loue better then thee.

\SBALLADS Child 48.11

\N1 Then shee put of her kirtle of silke,  
W\ii\rth many a salt teare still f+from her eye;  
In a peticoate of scarlett redd  
Shee stood before young Andrewes eye.

\SBALLADS Child 48.12

\N1 Saies, O put of thy peticoate,  
For some and all of itt shall goe w\ii\rth mee;  
And to my owne lady I will itt beare,  
W\ihi\rch dwells soe f+farr in a strange countrys

\SBALLADS Child 48.13

\N1 But then shee put of her peticoate,  
W\ii\rth many a salt teare still from her eye,  
And in a smocke of braue white silke  
She stood before young Andrews eye.

\SBALLADS Child 48.14

\N1 Saies, O put of thy smocke of silke,  
For some and all shall goe w\ii\rth mee;  
Vnto my owne ladye I will itt beare,  
\iTha\rt dwells soe f+farr in a strange countrys.

\SBALLADS Child 48.15

\N1 Sayes, O remember, young Andrew,  
Once of a woman you were borne;  
And f+for \itha\rt birth \itha\rt Marye bore,  
I pray you let my smocke be vpon!

\SBALLADS Child 48.16

\N1 `Yes, f+fayre ladye, I know itt well,  
Once of a woman I was borne;  
Yett f+for noe birth \itha\rt Mary bore,  
Thy smocke shall not be left here vpon.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.17

\N1 But then shee put of her head-geere f+f+ine;  
Shee hadd billaments worth a hundred pound;  
The hayre \itha\rt was vpon this bony wench head  
Couered her bodye downe to the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 48.18

\N1 Then he pulled forth a Scottish brand,  
And held itt there in his owne right hand;  
Saies, Whether wilt thou dye vpon my swords point, ladye,  
Or thow wilt goe naked home againe?

\SBALLADS Child 48.19

\N1 `Liffe is sweet,' then, 'S\ii\rr,' said shee,  
'Therefore I pray you leaue mee w\ii\rth mine;  
Before I wold dye on yo\iu\rr swords point,  
I had rather goe naked home againe.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.20

\N1 `My f+father,' shee sayes, 'is a right good erle  
As any remains in his countrys;  
If euer he doe yo\iu\rr body take,  
Yo\iu\r\'r sure to f+f+lower a gallow tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.21

\N1 `And I haue seuen brethren,' shee sayes,  
'And they are all hardy men and bold;  
Giff euer the+: doe yo\iu\rr body take,

You must neuer gang quicke ou\ier\r the mold.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.22

\N1 `If yo\iu\rr f+father be a right good erle  
As any remains in his owne countrye,  
Tush! he shall neuer by body take,  
I\'le gang soe f+fast ouer the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 48.23

\N1 `If you have seuen brethren,"] he sayes,  
`If they be neu\ier\r soe hardy or bold,  
Tush! they shall neu\ier\r my body take,  
I\'le gang soe f+fast into the Scottish mold.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.24

\N1 Now this ladye is gone to her fathers hall,  
When euery body their rest did take;  
But the Erle w\ihi\rch was her f+father  
Lay waken for his deere daughters sake.

\SBALLADS Child 48.25

\N1 `But who is \itha\rt,' her f+father can say,  
'\iTha\rt soe priuilye knowes the pinn?'  
`It\'s Hellen, yo\iu\rr owne deere daughter, f+father,  
I pray you rise and lett me in.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.26

\N1 . . . . .  
`Noe, by my hood!' q\iuo\rth her f+father then,  
`My [house] thoust neuer come w\ii\rthin,  
W\ii\rthout I had my red gold againe.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.27

\N1 `Nay, yo\iu\rr gold is gone, f+father!' said shee,  
. . . . .  
`Then naked thou came into this world,  
And naked thou shalt returne againe.'

\SBALLADS Child 48.28

\N1 `Nay! God f+forgaue his death, father,' shee sayes,  
`And soe I hope you will doe mee;'  
`Away, away, thou cursed woman,  
I pray God an ill death thou may dye!'

\SBALLADS Child 48.29

\N1 Shee stood soe long quacking on the ground  
Till her hart itt burst in three;  
And then shee f+fell dead downe in a swoond,  
And this was the end of this bonny ladye.

\SBALLADS Child 48.30

\N1 Ithe morning, when her f+father gott vpp,  
A pittyyfull sight there he might see;  
His owne deere daughter was dead, w\ii\rthout clothes,  
The teares they trickeled fast f+from his eye.

\SBALLADS Child 48.31

\N1 . . . . .  
Sais, Fye of gold, and f+fye of f+fee!  
For I sett soe much by my red gold  
\iTha\rt now itt hath lost both my daughter and mee!'

\SBALLADS Child 48.32

\N1 . . . . .  
But after this time he neere dought good day,  
But as f+lowers doth fade in the frost,  
Soe he did wast and weare away.

\SBALLADS Child 48.33

\N1 But let vs leaue talking of this ladye,  
And talke some more of young Andrew;  
Ffor f+false he was to this bonny ladye,

More pitty \itha\rt he had not beene true.

\SBALLADS Child 48.34

\N1 He was not gone a mile into the wild forrest,  
Or halfe a mile into the hart of Wales,  
But there they cougth him by such a braue wyle  
\iTha\rt hee must come to tell noe more tales.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 48.35

\N1 . . . . .

Ffull soone a wolfe did of him smell,  
And shee came roaring like a beare,  
And gaping like a f+feend of hell.

\SBALLADS Child 48.36

\N1 Soe they f+fought together like two lyons,  
And f+ire betweene them two glashet out;  
The+: raught eche other such a great rappe,  
\iTha\rt there young Andrew was slaine, well I wott.

\SBALLADS Child 48.37

\N1 But now young Andrew he is dead,  
But he was neuer buryed vnder mold,  
For ther as the wolfe devoured him,  
There lyes all this great erles gold.

\LBALLADS Child 49A.1

\N1 THERE were twa brethren in the north,  
They went to the school thegither;  
The one unto the other said,  
Will you try a warsle afore?

\SBALLADS Child 49A.2

\N1 They warsled up, they warsled down,  
Till Sir John fell to the ground,  
And there was a knife in Sir Willie\'s pouch,  
Gied him a deadlie wound.

\SBALLADS Child 49A.3

\N1 `Oh brither dear, take me on your back,  
Carry me to yon burn clear,  
And wash the blood from off my wound,  
And it will bleed nae mair.'

\SBALLADS Child 49A.4

\N1 He took him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon burn clear,  
And washd the blood from off his wound,  
But aye it bled the mair.

\SBALLADS Child 49A.5

\N1 `Oh brither dear, take me on your back,  
Carry me to yon kirk-yard,  
And dig a grave baith wide and deep,  
And lay my body there.'

\SBALLADS Child 49A.6

\N1 He\'s taen him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon kirk-yard,  
And dug a grave baith deep and wide,  
And laid his body there.

\SBALLADS Child 49A.7

\N1 `But what will I say to my father dear,  
Gin he chance to say, Willie, whar\'s John?'  
`Oh say that he\'s to England gone,  
To buy him a cask of wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 49A.8

\N1 `And what will I say to my mother dear,  
Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar\'s John?'

`Oh say that he\'s to England gone,  
To buy her a new silk gown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49A.9  
\N1 `And what will I say to my sister dear,  
Gin she chance to say, Willie, whar\'s John?'  
`Oh say that he\'s to England gone,  
To buy her a wedding ring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49A.10  
\N1 `But what will I say to her you loe dear,  
Gin she cry, Why tarries my John?'  
`Oh tell her I lie in Kirk-land fair,  
And home again will never come.'  
\LBALLADS Child 49B.1  
\N1 THERE was two little boys going to the school,  
And twa little boys they be,  
They met three brothers playing at the ba,  
And ladies dancing hey.  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.2  
\N1 `It\'s whether will ye play at the ba, brither,  
Or else throw at the stone?'  
`I am too little, I am too young,  
O brother let me alone.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.3  
\N1 He pulled out a little penknife,  
That was baith sharp and sma,  
He gave his brother a deadly wound  
That was deep, long and sair.  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.4  
\N1 He took the holland sark off his back,  
He tore it frae breast to gare,  
He laid it to the bloody wound,  
That still bled mair and mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.5  
\N1 `It\'s take me on your back, brother,' he says,  
`And carry me to yon kirk-yard,  
And make me there a very f+ine grave,  
That will be long and large.  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.6  
\N1 `Lay my bible at my head,' he says,  
`My chaunter at my feet,  
My bow and arrows by my side,  
And soundly I will sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.7  
\N1 `When you go home, brother,' he says,  
`My father will ask for me;  
You may tell him I am in Saussif town,  
Learning my lesson free.  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.8  
\N1 `When you go home, brother,' he says,  
`My mother will ask for me;  
You may tell her I am in Sausaf town,  
And I\'ll come home merrily.  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.9  
\N1 `When you go home, brother,' he says,  
`Lady Margaret will ask for me;  
You may tell her I\'m dead and in grave laid,  
And buried in Sausaff toun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49B.10  
\N1 She put the small pipes to her mouth,  
And she harped both far and near,



Till she harped the small birds off the briers,  
And her true love out of the grave.

\SBALLADS Child 49B.11  
\N1 `What\'s this? what\'s this, lady Margaret?' he says,  
\N1 `What\'s this you want of me?'  
`One sweet kiss of your ruby lips,  
That\'s all I want of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 49B.12  
\N1 `My lips they are so bitter,' he says,  
`My breath it is so strong,  
If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,  
Your days will not be long.'

\LBALLADS Child 49C.1  
\N1 THERE were twa brithers at ae scule;  
As they were coming hame,  
Then said the ane until the other  
`John, will ye throw the stane?'  
\SBALLADS Child 49C.2  
\N1 `I will not throw the stane, brither,  
I will not play at the ba;  
But gin ye come to yonder wood  
I\'ll warsle you a fa.'

\SBALLADS Child 49C.3  
\N1 The f+irsten fa young Johnie got,  
It brought him to the ground;  
The wee pen-knife in Willie\'s pocket  
Gied him a deadly wound.

\SBALLADS Child 49C.4  
\N1 `Tak aff, tak aff, my holland sark,  
And rive it frae gore to gore,  
And stap it in my bleeding wounds,  
They\'ll aiblins bleed noe more.'

\SBALLADS Child 49C.5  
\N1 He pouit aff his holland sark,  
And rave it frae gore to gore,  
And stapt it in his bleeding wounds,  
But ay they bled the more.

\SBALLADS Child 49C.6  
\N1 `O brither, tak me on your back,  
And bear me hence away,  
And carry me to Chester kirk,  
And lay me in the clay.'

\SBALLADS Child 49C.7  
\N1 `What will I say to your father,  
This night when I return?'  
`Tell him I\'m gane to Chester scule,  
And tell him no to murn.'

\SBALLADS Child 49C.8  
\N1 `What will I say to your mother,  
This nicht whan I gae hame?'  
`She wishd afore I cam awa  
That I might neer gae hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 49C.9  
\N1 `What will I say to your true-love,  
This nicht when I gae hame?'  
`Tell her I\'m dead and in my grave,  
For her dear sake alane.'

\SBALLADS Child 49C.10  
\N1 He took him upon his back  
And bore him hence away,

And carried him to Chester kirk,  
 And laid him in the clay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.11  
 \N1 He laid him in the cauld cauld clay,  
 And he cuirt him wi a stane,  
 And he\'s awa to his fathers ha,  
 Sae dowilie alane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.12  
 \N1 `You\'re welcome, dear son,' he said,  
 `You\'re welcome hame to me;  
 But what\'s come o your brither John,  
 That gade awa wi thee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.13  
 \N1 `Oh he\'s awa to Chester scule,  
 A scholar he\'ll return;  
 He bade me tell his father dear  
 About him no to murn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.14  
 \N1 `You\'re welcome hame, dear son,' she said,  
 `You\'re welcome hame to me;  
 But what\'s come o your brither John,  
 That gade awa wi thee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.15  
 \N1 `He bade me tell his mother dear,  
 This nicht when I cam hame,  
 Ye wisht before he gade awa,  
 That he might neer return.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.16  
 \N1 Then next came up his true-love dear,  
 And heavy was her moan;  
 `You\'re welcome hame, dear Will,' she said,  
 `But whare\'s your brither John?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.17  
 \N1 `O lady, cease your trouble now,  
 O cease your heavy moan;  
 He\'s dead and in the cauld cauld clay,  
 For your dear sake alone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.18  
 \N1 She ran distraught, she wept, she sicht,  
 She wept the sma brids frae the tree,  
 She wept the starns adoun frae the lift,  
 She wept the f+ish out o the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.19  
 \N1 `O cease your weeping, my ain true-love,  
 Ye but disturb my rest;'  
 `Is that my ain true lover John,  
 The man that I loe best?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49C.20  
 \N1 `\'Tis naething but my ghaist,' he said,  
 `That\'s sent to comfort thee;  
 O cease your weeping, my true-love,  
 And \'twill gie peace to me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 49D.1  
 \N1 `O WILL ye gae to the school, brother?  
 Or will ye gae to the ba?  
 Or will ye gae to the wood a-warslin,  
 To see whilk o\'s maun fa?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.2  
 \N1 `It\'s I winna gae to the school, brother,  
 Nor will I gae to the ba;

But I will gae to the wood a-warslin,  
 And it is you maun fa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.3  
 \N1 They warstled up, they warstled down,  
 The lee-lang simmer\'s day;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.4  
 \N1 `O lift me up upon your back,  
 Tak me to yon wall fair;  
 You\'ll wash my bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
 And syne they\'ll bleed nae mair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.5  
 \N1 `And ye\'ll tak aff my hollin sark,  
 And riv\'t frae gair to gair;  
 Ye\'ll stap it in my bluidy wounds,  
 And syne they\'ll bleed nae mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.6  
 \N1 He\'s liftit his brother upon his back,  
 Taen him to yon wall fair;  
 He\'s washed his bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
 But ay they bled mair and mair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.7  
 \N1 And he\'s taen aff his hollin sark,  
 And riven\'t frae gair to gair;  
 He\'s stappit it in his bluidy wounds,  
 But ay they bled mair and mair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.8  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll lift me up upon your back,  
 Tak me to Kirkland fair;  
 Ye\'ll mak my greaf baith braid and lang,  
 And lay my body there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.9  
 \N1 Ye\'ll lay my arrows at my head,  
 My bent bow at my feet,  
 My sword and buckler at my side,  
 As I was wont to sleep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.10  
 \N1 `Whan ye gae hame to your father,  
 He\'ll speer for his son John:  
 Say, ye left him into Kirkland fair,  
 Learning the school alone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.11  
 \N1 `When ye gae hame to my sister,  
 She\'ll speer for her brother John:  
 Ye\'ll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,  
 The green grass growin aboon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.12  
 \N1 `Whan ye gae hame to my true-love,  
 She\'ll speer for her lord John:  
 Ye\'ll say, ye left him in Kirkland fair,  
 But hame ye fear he\'ll never come.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.13  
 \N1 He\'s gane hame to his father;  
 He speered for his son John:  
 `It\'s I left him into Kirkland fair,  
 Learning the school alone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49D.14  
 \N1 And whan he gaed hame to his sister,  
 She speered for her brother John:

`It\'s I left him into Kirkland fair,  
The green grass growin aboon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49D.15  
\N1 And whan he gaed home to his true-love,  
She speerd for her lord John:  
`It\'s I left him into Kirkland fair,  
And hame I fear he\'ll never come.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49D.16  
\N1 `But whaten bluid\'s that on your sword, Willie?  
Sweet Willie, tell to me;'  
`O it is the bluid o my grey hounds,  
They wadna rin for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49D.17  
\N1 `It\'s nae the bluid o your hounds, Willie,  
Their bluid was never so red;  
But it is the bluid o my true-love,  
That ye hae slain indeed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49D.18  
\N1 That fair may wept, that fair may mournd,  
That fair may mournd and pin\'d:  
`When every lady looks for her love,  
I neer need look for mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49D.19  
\N1 `O whaten a death will ye die, Willie?  
Now, Willie, tell to me;'  
`Ye\'ll put me in a bottomless boat,  
And I\'ll gae sail the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49D.20  
\N1 `Whan will ye come hame again, Willie?  
Now, Willie, tell to me;'  
`Whan the sun and moon dances on the green,  
And that will never be.'  
\LBALLADS Child 49E.1  
\N1 THERE were twa brothers at the scule,  
And when they got awa,  
`It\'s will ye play at the stane-chucking,  
Or will ye play at the ba,  
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head,  
And there we\'ll warsel a fa?'  
\SBALLADS Child 49E.2  
\N1 `I winna play at the stane-chucking,  
Nor will I play at the ba;  
But I\'ll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,  
And there we\'ll warsel a fa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49E.3  
\N1 They warsled up, they warsled down,  
Till John fell to the ground;  
A dirk fell out of William\'s pouch,  
And gave John a deadly wound.  
\SBALLADS Child 49E.4  
\N1 `O lift me upon your back,  
Take me to yon well fair,  
And wash my bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
And they\'ll neer bleed nae mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49E.5  
\N1 He\'s lifted his brother upon his back,  
Taen him to yon well fair;  
He\'s wash\'d his bluidy wounds oer and oer,  
But they bleed ay mair and mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 49E.6

\N1 `Tak ye aff my holland sark,  
 And rive it gair by gair,  
 And row it in my bluidy wounds,  
 And they\'ll neer bleed nae mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.7  
 \N1 He\'s taken aff his holland sark,  
 And torn it gair by gair;  
 He\'s rowit it in his bluidy wounds,  
 But they bleed ay mair and mair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.8  
 \N1 `Tak now aff my green cleiding,  
 And row me saftly in,  
 And tak me up to yon kirk-style,  
 Whare the grass grows fair and green.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.9  
 \N1 He\'s taken aff the green cleiding,  
 And rowed him saftly in;  
 He\'s laid him down by yon kirk-style,  
 Whare the grass grows fair and green.  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.10  
 \N1 `What will ye say to your father dear,  
 When ye gae hame at een?'  
 `I\'ll say ye\'re lying at yon kirk-style,  
 Whare the grass grows fair and green.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.11  
 \N1 `O no, O no, my brother dear,  
 O you must not say so;  
 But say that I\'m gane to a foreign land,  
 Whare nae man does me know.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.12  
 \N1 When he sat in his father\'s chair,  
 He grew baith pale and wan:  
 `O what blude\'s that upon your brow?  
 O dear son, tell to me;'  
 `It is the blude of my gray steed,  
 He wadna ride wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.13  
 \N1 `O thy steed\'s blude was neer sae red,  
 Nor eer sae dear to me:  
 O what blude\'s this upon your cheek?  
 O dear son, tell to me;'  
 `It is the blude of my greyhound,  
 He wadna hunt for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.14  
 \N1 `O thy hound\'s blude was neer sae red,  
 Nor eer sae dear to me:  
 O what blude\'s this upon your hand?  
 O dear son, tell to me;'  
 `It is the blude of my gay goss-hawk,  
 He wadna f+lee for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.15  
 \N1 `O thy hawk\'s blude was neer sae red,  
 Nor eer sae dear to me:  
 O what blude\'s this upon your dirk?  
 Dear Willie, tell to me;'  
 `It is the blude of my ae brother,  
 O dule and wae is me!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 49E.16  
 \N1 `O what will ye say to your father?  
 Dear Willie, tell to me;'

`I\'ll saddle my steed, and awa I\'ll ride,  
To dwell in some far countrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 49E.17

\N1 `O when will ye come hame again?

Dear Willie, tell to me;'

`When sun and mune leap on yon hill,

And that will never be.'

\SBALLADS Child 49E.18

\N1 She turnd hersel right round about,

And her heart burst into three:

`My ae best son is deid and gane,

And my tother ane I\'ll neer see.'

\LBALLADS Child 49F.1

\N1 THERE were twa brothers in the east,

Went to the school o Ayr;

The one unto the other did say,

Come let us wrestle here.

\SBALLADS Child 49F.2

\N1 They wrestled up and wrestled down,

Till John fell to the ground;

There being a knife in Willie\'s pocket,

Gae John his deadly wound.

\SBALLADS Child 49F.3

\N1 `O is it for my gold, brother?

Or for my white monie?

Or is it for my lands sae braid,

That ye hae killed me?'

\SBALLADS Child 49F.4

\N1 `It is not for your gold,' he said,

`Nor for your white monie;

It is by the hand o accident

That I hae killed thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 49F.5

\N1 `Ye\'ll take the shirt that\'s on my back,

Rive it frae gair to gair,

And try to stop my bloody wounds,

For they bleed wonderous sair.'

\SBALLADS Child 49F.6

\N1 He\'s taen the shirt was on his back,

Reave it frae gare to gare,

And tried to stop his bleeding wounds,

But still they bled the mair.

\SBALLADS Child 49F.7

\N1 `Ye\'ll take me up upon your back,

Carry me to yon water clear,

And try to stop my bloody wounds,

For they run wonderous sair.'

\SBALLADS Child 49F.8

\N1 He\'s taen him up upon his back,

Carried him to yon water clear,

And tried to stop his bleeding wounds,

But still they bled the mair.

\SBALLADS Child 49F.9

\N1 `Ye\'ll take me up upon your back,

Carry me to yon church-yard;

Ye\'ll dig a grave baith wide and deep,

And then ye\'ll lay me there.

\SBALLADS Child 49F.10

\N1 `Ye\'ll put a head-stane at my head,

Another at my feet,

Likewise a sod on my breast-bane,  
The souner I may sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.11  
\N1 `Whenever my father asks of thee,  
Saying, What\'s become of John?  
Ye\'ll tell frae me, I\'m ower the sea,  
For a cargo of good wine.  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.12  
\N1 `And when my sweetheart asks of thee,  
Saying, What\'s become of John?  
Ye\'ll tell frae me, I\'m ower the sea,  
To buy a wedding gown.  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.13  
\N1 `And when my sister asks of thee,  
Saying, William, where is John?  
Ye\'ll tell frae me, I\'m ower the sea,  
To learn some merry sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.14  
\N1 `And when my mother asks of thee,  
Saying, William, where is John?  
Tell her I\'m buried in green Fordland,  
The grass growing ower my tomb.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.15  
\N1 He\'s taen him up upon his back,  
Carried him to yon church-yard,  
And dug a grave baith wide and deep,  
And he was buried there.  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.16  
\N1 He laid a head-stane at his head,  
Another at his feet,  
And laid a green sod on his breast,  
The souner he might sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.17  
\N1 His father asked when he came hame,  
Saying, `William, where is John?'  
Then John said, `He is ower the sea,  
To bring you hame some wine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.18  
\N1 `What blood is this upon you, William,  
And looks sae red on thee?'  
`It is the blood o my grey-hound,  
He woudna run for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.19  
\N1 `O that\'s nae like your grey-hound\'s blude,  
William, that I do see;  
I fear it is your own brother\'s blood  
That looks sae red on thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.20  
\N1 `That is not my own brother\'s blude,  
Father, that ye do see;  
It is the blood o my good grey steed,  
He woudna carry me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.21  
\N1 `O that is nae your grey steed\'s blude,  
William, that I do see;  
It is the blood o your brother John,  
That looks sae red on thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.22  
\N1 `It\'s nae the blood o my brother John,  
Father, that ye do see;

It is the blude o my good grey hawk,  
Because he woudna f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.23  
\N1 `O that is nae your grey hawk\'s blood,  
William, that I do see.'  
`Well, it\'s the blude o my brother,  
This country I maun f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.24  
\N1 `O when will ye come back again,  
My dear son, tell to me?'  
`When sun and moon gae three times round,  
And this will never be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49F.25  
\N1 `Ohon, alas! now William, my son,  
This is bad news to me;  
Your brother\'s death I\'ll aye bewail,  
And the absence o thee.'  
\LBALLADS Child 49G.1  
\N1 AS John and William were coming home one day,  
One Saturday afternoon,  
Says John to William, Come and try a f+ight,  
Or will you throw a stone?  
Or will you come down to yonder, yonder town  
Where the maids are all playing ball, ball, ball,  
Where the maids are all playing ball?  
\SBALLADS Child 49G.2  
\N1 Says William to John, I will not try a f+ight,  
Nor will I throw a stone,  
Nor will I come down to yonder town,  
Where the maids are all playing ball.  
\SBALLADS Child 49G.3  
\N1 So John took out of his pocket  
A knife both long and sharp,  
And stuck it through his brother\'s heart,  
And the blood came pouring down.  
\SBALLADS Child 49G.4  
\N1 Says John to William, Take off thy shirt,  
And tear it from gore to gore,  
And wrap it round your bleeding heart,  
And the blood will pour no more.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49G.5  
\N1 So John took off his shirt,  
And tore it from gore to gore,  
And wrapped it round his bleeding heart,  
And the blood came pouring more.  
\SBALLADS Child 49G.6  
\N1 `What shall I tell your dear father,  
When I go home to-night?'  
`You\'ll tell him I\'m dead and in my grave,  
For the truth must be told.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49G.7  
\N1 `What shall I tell your dear mother,  
When I go home to-night?'  
`You\'ll tell her I\'m dead and in my grave,  
For the truth must be told.'  
\SBALLADS Child 49G.8  
\N1 `How came this blood upon your knife?  
My son, come tell to me;'  
`It is the blood of a rabbit I have killed,  
O mother, pardon me.'



\SBALLADS Child 49G.9

\N1 `The blood of a rabbit couldnt be so pure,  
My son, come tell to me:'  
`It is the blood of a squirrel I have killed,  
O mother, pardon me.'

\SBALLADS Child 49G.10

\N1 `The blood of a squirrel couldnt be so pure,  
My son, come tell to me:'  
`It is the blood of a brother I have killed,  
O mother, pardon me.'

\LBALLADS Child 49[H.1]

\N1 Two pretty boys lived in the North,  
The went to the school so rare;  
The one unto the other said,  
We'll try some battle of war.

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.2]

\N1 The worselaid up, the worselaid down,  
Till John lay on the ground;  
A pen-knife out of William\'s pocket  
Gave John a deadly wound.

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.3]

\N1 `O is it for my gold?' he said,  
`Or for my rich monie?

Or is it for my land sa broad,  
That you have killed me?'

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.4]

\N1 `It\'s neither for your gold,' he said,  
`Or for your rich monie,  
But it is for your land sa broad  
That I have killed thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.5]

\N1 `You\'ll take [me] up upon your back,  
Carry me to Wastlen kirk-yard;  
You\'ill houk a hole large and deep,  
And lay my body there.

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.6]

\N1 `You\'ll put a good stone ou my head,  
Another at me feet,  
A good green turf upon my breast,  
That the sounder I m<a>y sleep.

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.7]

\N1 `And if my father chance to ask  
What\'s come of your brother John,

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.8]

\N1 `What blood is this upon your coat?  
I pray come tell to me;'

`It is the blood of my grey hound,  
It would not run for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.9]

\N1 `The blood of your greyhound was near so red,  
I pray come tell to me;'

`It is the blood of my black horse,  
It would not hunt for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.10]

\N1 `The blood of your black horse was near so red,  
I pray come tell to me;'

`It is the blood of my brother John,

Since better canna be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.11]

\N1 He put his foot upon a ship,  
Saying, I am gane our the sea;  
'O when will you come back again,  
I pray come tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 49[H.12]

\N1 'When the sun and the moon passes over the broom,  
That<\'s] the day you\'ll never see.'

\LBALLADS Child 50.1

\N1 O MAY she comes, and may she goes,  
Down by yon gardens green,  
And there she spied a gallant squire  
As squire had ever been.

\SBALLADS Child 50.2

\N1 And may she comes, and may she goes,  
Down by yon hollin tree,  
And there she spied a brisk young squire,  
And a brisk young squire was he.

\SBALLADS Child 50.3

\N1 'Give me your green manteel, fair maid,  
Give me your maidenhead;  
Gif ye winna gie me your green manteel,  
Gi me your maidenhead.'

\SBALLADS Child 50.4

\N1 He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And softly laid her down,  
And when he\'s lifted her up again  
Given her a silver kaim.

\SBALLADS Child 50.5

\N1 'Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir,  
Perhaps there may be nane;  
But if you be a courtier,  
You\'ll tell to me your name.'

\SBALLADS Child 50.6

\N1 'I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
But new come frae the sea;  
I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
But when I court\'ith thee.

\SBALLADS Child 50.7

\N1 'They call me Jack when I\'m abroad,  
Sometimes they call me John;  
But when I\'m in my father\'s bower  
Jock Randal is my name.'

\SBALLADS Child 50.8

\N1 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad,  
Sae loud\'s I hear ye lee!  
Ffor I\'m Lord Randal\'s yae daughter,  
He has nae mair nor me.'

\SBALLADS Child 50.9

\N1 'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny may,  
Sae loud\'s I hear ye lee!  
For I\'m Lord Randal\'s yae yae son,  
Just now come oer the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 50.10

\N1 She\'s putten her hand down by her spare,  
And out she\'s taen a knife,  
And she has putn\'t in her heart\'s bluid,  
And taen away her life.

\SBALLADS Child 50.11

\N1 And he\'s taen up his bonny sister,  
With the big tear in his een,  
And he has buried his bonny sister  
Amang the hollins green.

\SBALLADS Child 50.12

\N1 And syne he\'s hyed him oer the dale,  
His father dear to see:  
'Sing O and O for my bonny hind,  
Beneath yon hollin tree!'

\SBALLADS Child 50.13

\N1 'What needs you care for your bonny hyn?  
For it you needna care;  
There\'s aught score hyns in yonder park,  
And f+ive score hyns to spare.

\SBALLADS Child 50.14

\N1 'Four score of them are siller-shod,  
Of thae ye may get three;'  
'But O and O for my bonny hyn,  
Beneath yon hollin tree!'

\SBALLADS Child 50.15

\N1 'What needs you care for your bonny hyn?  
For it you need na care;  
Take you the best, gi me the warst,  
Since plenty is to spare.'

\SBALLADS Child 50.16

\N1 'I care na for your hyns, my lord,  
I care na for your fee;  
But O and O for my bonny hyn,  
Beneath the hollin tree!'

\SBALLADS Child 50.17

\N1 'O were ye at your sister\'s bower,  
Your sister fair to see,  
Ye\'ll think na mair o your bonny hyn  
Beneath the hollin tree.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 51A.1

\N1 LIZIE WAN sits at her father\'s bower-door,  
Weeping and making a mane,  
And by there came her father dear:  
'What ails thee, Lizzie Wan?'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.2

\N1 'I ail, and I ail, dear father,' she said,  
'And I\'ll tell you a reason for why;  
There is a child between my twa sides,  
Between my dear billy and I.'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.3

\N1 Now Lizzie Wan sits at her father\'s bower-door,  
Sighing and making a mane,  
And by there came her brother dear:  
'What ails thee, Lizzie Wan?'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.4

\N1 'I ail, I ail, dear brither,' she said,  
'And I\'ll tell you a reason for why;  
There is a child bewteen my twa sides,  
Between you, dear billy, and I.'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.5

\N1 'And hast thou tald father and mother o that?  
And hast thou tald sae o me?'

And he has drawn his gude braid sword,  
That hung down by his knee.

\SBALLADS Child 51A.6

\N1 And he has cutted aff Lizie Wan\'s head,  
And her fair body in three,  
And he\'s awa to his mothers bower,  
And sair aghast was he.

\SBALLADS Child 51A.7

\N1 `What ails thee, what ails thee, Geordy Wan?  
What ails thee sae fast to rin?  
For I see by thy ill colour  
Some fallow\'s deed thou hast done.'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.8

\N1 `Some fallow\'s deed I have done, mother,  
And I pray you pardon me;  
For I\'ve cutted aff my greyhound\'s head;  
He wadna rin for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.9

\N1 `Thy greyhound\'s bluid was never sae red,  
O my son Geordy Wan!  
For I see by thy ill colour  
Some fallow\'s deed thou hast done.'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.10

\N1 `Some fallow\'s deed I hae done, mother,  
And I pray you pardon me;  
For I hae cutted aff Lizie Wan\'s head  
And her fair body in three.'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.11

\N1 `O what wilt thou do when thy father comes hame,  
O my son Geordy Wan?'  
`I\'ll set my foot in a bottomless boat,  
And swim to the sea-ground.'

\SBALLADS Child 51A.12

\N1 `And when will thou come hame again,  
O my son Geordy Wan?'  
`The sun and the moon shall dance on the green  
That night when I come hame.'

\LBALLADS Child 51B.1

\N1 ROSIE she sat in her simmer bower,  
Greitin and making grit mane,  
When down by cam her father, saying,  
What ails thee Rosie Ann?

\SBALLADS Child 51B.2

\N1 `A deal, a deal, dear father,' she said,  
`Great reason hae I to mane,  
For there lyes a little babe in my side,  
Between me and my brither John.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.3

\N1 Rosie she sat in her simmer bower,  
Weeping and making great mane,  
And wha cam doun but her mither dear,  
Saying, What ails thee, Rosie Ann?

\SBALLADS Child 51B.4

\N1 `A deal, a deal, dear mither,' she said,  
`Great reason hae I to mane,  
For there lyes a little babe in my side,  
Between me and my brither John.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.5

\N1 Rosie she sat in her simmer bower,

Greiting and making great mane,  
And wha came doun but her sister dear,  
Saying, What ails thee, Rosie Ann?

\SBALLADS Child 51B.6

\N1 `A deal, a deal, dear sister,' she said,  
`Great reason hae I to mane,  
For there lyes a little babe in my side,  
Between me and my brither John.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.7

\N1 Rosie she sat in her simmer bower,  
Weeping and making great mane,  
And wha cam doun but her fause, fause brither,  
Saying, What ails thee, Rosie Ann?

\SBALLADS Child 51B.8

\N1 `A deal, a deal, dear brither,' she said,  
`Great reason hae I to cry,  
For there lyes a little babe in my side,  
Between yoursell and I.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.9

\N1 `Weel ye hae tauld father, and ye hae tauld mither,  
And ye hae tauld sister, a\' three;  
Syne he pulled out his wee penknife,  
And he cut her fair bodie in three.

\SBALLADS Child 51B.10

\N1 `O what blude is that on the point o your knife,  
Dear son, come tell to me?'  
`It is my horse\'s, that I did kill,  
Dear mother and fair ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.11

\N1 `The blude o your horse was neer sae red,  
Dear son, come tell to me:'  
`It is my grandfather\'s, that I hae killed,  
Dear mother and fair ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.12

\N1 `The blude o your grandfather was neer sae fresh,  
Dear son, come tell to me:'  
`It is my sister\'s, that I did kill,  
Dear mother and fair ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.13

\N1 `What will ye do when your father comes hame,  
Dear son, come tell to me?'  
`I\'ll set my foot on yon shipboard,  
And I hope she\'ll sail wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.14

\N1 `What will ye do wi your bonny bonny young wife,  
Dear son, come tell to me?'  
`I\'ll set her foot on some other ship,  
And I hope she\'ll follow me.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.15

\N1 `And what will ye do wi your wee son,  
Dear son, come tell to me?'  
`I\'ll leave him wi you, my dear mother,  
To keep in remembrance of me.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.16

\N1 `What will ye do wi your houses and lands,  
Dear son, come tell to me?'

\N1 `I\'ll leave them wi you, my dear mother,  
To keep my own babie.'

\SBALLADS Child 51B.17

\N1 `And whan will you return again,  
Dear son, come tell to me?'  
`When the sun and the mune meet on yon hill,  
And I hope that\'ll neer be.'  
\LBALLADS Child 52A.1  
\N1 THE king\'s young dochter was sitting in her window,  
Sewing at her silken seam;  
She lookt out o the bow-window,  
And she saw the leaves growing green, my luve,  
And she saw the leaves growing green.  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.2  
\N1 She stuck her needle into her sleeve,  
Her seam down by her tae,  
And she is awa to the merrie green-wood,  
To pu the nit and slae.  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.3  
\N1 She hadna pu\'t a nit at a',  
A nit but scarcely three,  
Till out and spak a braw young man,  
Saying, How daur ye bow the tree?  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.4  
\N1 `It\'s I will pu the nit,' she said,  
`And I will bow the tree,  
And I will come to the merrie green wud,  
And na ax leive o thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.5  
\N1 He took her by the middle sae sma,  
And laid her on the gerss sae green,  
And he has taen his will o her,  
And he loot her up agen.  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.6  
\N1 `Now syn ye hae got your will o me,  
Pray tell to me your name;  
For I am the king\'s young dochter,' she said,  
`And this nicht I daurna gang hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.7  
\N1 `Gif ye be the king\'s dochter,' he said,  
`I am his auldest son;  
I wish I had died on some frem isle,  
And never had come hame!  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.8  
\N1 `The f+irst time I came hame, Jeanie,  
Thou was na here nor born;  
I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had been forlorn!  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.9  
\N1 `The neist time I came hame, Jeanie,  
Thou was sittin on the nourice knee;  
And I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had never seen thee!  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.10  
\N1 `And the neist time I came hame, Jeanie,  
I met thee here alane;  
I wish my pretty ship had sunk,  
And I had neer come hame!'  
\SBALLADS Child 52A.11  
\N1 She put her hand down by her side,  
And doun into her spare,  
And she pou\'t out a wee pen-knife,  
And she wounded hersell fu sair.

\SBALLADS Child 52A.12

\N1 Hooly, hooly rase she up,  
And hooly she gade hame,  
Until she came to her father\'s parlour,  
And there she did sick and mane.

\SBALLADS Child 52A.13

\N1 `O sister, sister, mak my bed,  
O the clean sheets and strae,  
O sister, sister, mak my bed,  
Down in the parlour below.'

\SBALLADS Child 52A.14

\N1 Her father he came tripping down the stair,  
His steps they were fu slow;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' he said,  
'Ye\'re lying far ower low.'

\SBALLADS Child 52A.15

\N1 `O late yestreen, as I came hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my briest did fa!'

\SBALLADS Child 52A.16

\N1 Her mother she came tripping doun the stair,  
Her steps they were fu slow;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
'Ye\'re lying far ower low.'

\SBALLADS Child 52A.17

\N1 `O late yestreen, as I cam hame,  
Down by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my breast did fa!'

\SBALLADS Child 52A.18

\N1 Her sister came tripping doun the stair,  
Her steps they were fu slow;  
'I think, I think, Lady Jean,' she said,  
'Ye\'re lying far ower low.'

\N1 `O late yestreen, as I cam hame,

Doun by yon castil wa,  
O heavy, heavy was the stane  
That on my breast did fa!'

\SBALLADS Child 52A.19

\N1 Her brither he cam trippin doun the stair,  
His steps they were fu slow;  
He sank into his sister\'s arms,  
And they died as white as snaw.

\LBALLADS Child 52B.1

\N1 LADY MARGARET sits in her bow-window,  
Sewing her silken seam;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 52B.2

\N1 She\'s drapt the thimble at her tae,  
And her scissars at her heel,  
And she\'s awa to the merry green-wood,  
To see the leaves grow green.

\SBALLADS Child 52B.3

\N1 She had scarsely bowed a branch,  
Or plucked a nut frae the tree,  
Till up and starts a fair young man,  
And a fair young man was he.

\SBALLADS Child 52B.4

\N1 `How dare ye shake the leaves?' he said,  
`How dare ye break the tree?  
How dare ye pluck the nuts,' he said,  
`Without the leave of me?'

\SBALLADS Child 52B.5

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`Oh I know the merry green wood\'s my ain,  
And I\'ll ask the leave of nane.'

\SBALLADS Child 52B.6

\N1 He gript her by the middle sae sma,  
He gently sat her down,  
While the grass grew up on every side,  
And the apple trees hang down.

\SBALLADS Child 52B.7

\N1 She says, Young man, what is your name?  
For ye\'ve brought me to meikle shame;  
For I am the king\'s youngest daughter,  
And how shall I gae hame?

\SBALLADS Child 52B.8

\N1 `If you\'re the king\'s youngest daughter,  
It\'s I\'m his auldest son,  
And heavy heavy is the deed, sister,  
That you and I have done.'

\SBALLADS Child 52B.9

\N1 He had a penknife in his hand,  
Hang low down by his gair,  
And between the long rib and the short one  
He woundit her deep and sair.

\SBALLADS Child 52B.10

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

And fast and fast her ruddy bright blood  
Fell drapping on the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 52B.11

\N1 She took the glove off her right hand,  
And slowly slipt it in the wound,  
And slowly has she risen up,  
And slowly slipped home.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 52B.12

\N1 `O sister dear, when thou gaes hame  
Unto thy father\'s ha,  
It\'s make my bed baith braid and lang,  
Wi the sheets as white as snaw.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 52B.13

\N1 `When I came by the high church-yard  
Heavy was the stain that bruised my heel,  
. . . . . that bruised my heart,  
I\'m afraid it shall neer heal.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 52C.1

\N1 AS Annie sat into her bower,  
A thought came in her head,  
That she would gang to gude greenwood,  
Across the f+lowery mead.

\SBALLADS Child 52C.2

\N1 She hadna pu\'d a f+lower, a f+lower,  
Nor broken a branch but twa,



Till by it came a gentle squire,  
Says, Lady, come awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.3  
\N1 There\ 's nane that comes to gude greenwood  
But pays to me a tein,  
And I maun hae your maidenhead,  
Or than your mantle green.  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.4  
\N1 `My mantle\ 's o the f+inest silk,  
Anither I can spin;  
But gin you take my maidenhead,  
The like I\ 'll never f+in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.5  
\N1 He\ 's taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
There laid her low in gude greenwood,  
And at her spierd nae leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.6  
\N1 When he had got his wills o her,  
His wills as he had taen,  
She said, If you rightly knew my birth,  
Ye\ 'd better letten alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.7  
\N1 `Is your father a lord o might?  
Or baron o high degree?  
Or what race are ye sprung frae,  
That I should lat ye be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.8  
\N1 `O I am Castle Ha\ 's daughter,  
O birth and high degree,  
And if he knows what ye hae done,  
He\ 'll hang you on a tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.9  
\N1 `If ye be Castle Ha\ 's daughter,  
This day I am undone;  
If ye be Castle Ha\ 's daughter,  
I am his only son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.10  
\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie, ye jelly hind squire,  
Sae loud as I hear you lie,  
Castle Ha, he has but ae dear son,  
And he is far beyond the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.11  
\N1 `O I am Castle Ha\ 's dear son,  
A word I dinna lie;  
Yes, I am Castle Ha\ 's dear son,  
And new come oer the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.12  
\N1 `\'Twas yesterday, that fatal day,  
That I did cross the faem;  
I wish my bonny ship had sunk,  
And I had neer come hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.13  
\N1 Then dowie, dowie, raise she up,  
And dowie came she hame,  
And stripped aff her silk mantle,  
And then to bed she\ 's gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 52C.14  
\N1 Then in it came her mother dear,  
And she steps in the f+leer:

`Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
 What makes your lying here?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.15  
 \N1 `This morning fair, as I went out,  
 Near by yon castle wa,  
 Great and heavy was the stane  
 That on my foot did fa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.16  
 \N1 `Hae I nae ha\'s, hae I nae bowers,  
 Towers, or mony a town?  
 Will not these cure your bonny foot,  
 Gar you gae hale and soun?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.17  
 \N1 `Ye hae ha\'s, and ye hae bowers,  
 And towers, and mony a town,  
 But nought will cure my bonny foot,  
 Gar me gang hale and soun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.18  
 \N1 Then in it came her father dear,  
 And he trips in the f+leer:  
 `Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
 What makes your lying here?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.19  
 \N1 `This morning fair, as I went out,  
 Near by yon castle wa,  
 Great and heavy was the stane  
 That on my foot did fa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.20  
 \N1 `Hae I nae ha\'s, hae I nae bowers,  
 And towers, and mony a town?  
 Will not these cure your bonny foot,  
 Gar you gang hale and soun?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.21  
 \N1 `O ye hae ha\'s, and ye hae bowers,  
 And towers, and mony a town,  
 But nought will cure my bonny foot,  
 Gar me gang hale and soun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.22  
 \N1 Then in it came her sister Grace;  
 As she steps in the f+leer,  
 `Win up, win up, now fair Annie,  
 What makes your lying here?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.23  
 \N1 `Win up, and see your ae brother,  
 That\'s new come ower the sea;'`  
 `Ohon, alas!' says fair Annie,  
 `He spake ower soon wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52C.24  
 \N1 To her room her brother\'s gane,  
 Stroked back her yellow hair,  
 To her lips his ain did press,  
 But words spake never mair.  
 \LBALLADS Child 52D.1  
 \N1 THE lady\'s taen her mantle her middle about,  
 Into the woods she\'s gane,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.2  
 \N1 She hadna poud a f+lower o gude green-wood,  
 O never a f+lower but ane,

Till by he comes, an by he gangs,  
 Says, Lady, lat alane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.3  
 \N1 For I am forester o this wood,  
 And I hae power to pine  
 Your mantle or your maidenhead,  
 Which o the twa ye\'ll twine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.4  
 \N1 `My mantle is o gude green silk,  
 Another I can card an spin;  
 But gin ye tak my maidenhead,  
 The like I\'ll never f+in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.5  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
 And laid her low at the foot o a tree,  
 At her high kin spierd nae leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.6  
 \N1 `I am bold Burnet\'s ae daughter,  
 You might hae lat me be:'  
 `And I\'m bold Burnet\'s ae dear son,  
 Then dear! how can this dee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.7  
 \N1 `Ye lie, ye lie, ye jolly hind squire,  
 So loud\'s I hear you lie!  
 Bold Burnet has but ae dear son,  
 He\'s sailing on the sea.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.8  
 \N1 `Yesterday, about this same time,  
 My bonny ship came to land;  
 I wish she\'d sunken in the sea,  
 And never seen the strand!  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.9  
 \N1 `Heal well this deed on me, lady,  
 Heal well this deed on me!'  
 `Although I would heal it neer sae well,  
 Our God above does see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.10  
 \N1 She\'s taen her mantle her middle about,  
 And mourning went she hame,  
 And a\' the way she sighd full sair,  
 Crying, Am I to blame!  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.11  
 \N1 Ben it came her fatherdear,  
 Stout stepping on the f+lear:  
 `Win up, win up, my daughter Janet,  
 And welcome your brother here.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 52D.12  
 \N1 Up she\'s taen her milk-white hand,  
 Streakd by his yellow hair,  
 Then turnd about her bonny face,  
 And word spake never mair.  
 \LBALLADS Child 53A.1  
 \N1 IN London city was Bicham born,  
 He longd strange countries for to see,  
 But he was taen by a savage Moor,  
 Who handld him right cruely.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.2  
 \N1 For thro his shoulder he put a bore,  
 An thro the bore has pitten a tree,

An he\'s gard him draw the carts o wine,  
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.3  
\N1 He\'s casten [him] in a dungeon deep,  
Where he coud neither hear nor see;  
He\'s shut him up in a prison strong,  
An he\'s handld him right cruely.  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.4  
\N1 O this Moor he had but ae daughter,  
I wot her name was Shusy Pye;  
She\'s doen her to the prison-house,  
And she\'s calld Young Bicham one word by.  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.5  
\N1 `O hae ye ony lands or rents,  
Or citys in your ain country,  
Coud free you out of prison strong,  
An coud mantain a lady free?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.6  
\N1 `O London city is my own,  
An other citys twa or three,  
Coud loose me out o prison strong,  
An coud mantain a lady free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.7  
\N1 O she has bribed her father\'s men  
Wi meikle goud and white money,  
She\'s gotten the key o the prison doors,  
An she has set Young Bicham free.  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.8  
\N1 She\'s gi\'n him a loaf o good white bread,  
But an a f+lask o Spanish wine,  
An she bad him mind on the ladie\'s love  
That sae kindly freed him out o pine.  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.9  
\N1 `Go set your foot on good ship-board,  
An haste you back to your ain country,  
An before that seven years has an end,  
Come back again, love, and marry me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.10  
\N1 It was long or seven years had an end  
She longd fu sair her love to see;  
She\'s set her foot on good ship-board,  
An turnd her back on her ain country.  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.11  
\N1 She\'s saild up, so has she doun,  
Till she came to the other side;  
She\'s landed at Young Bicham\'s gates,  
An I hop this day she sal be his bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.12  
\N1 `Is this Young Bicham\'s gates?' says she,  
`Or is that noble prince within?'  
`He\'s up the stairs wi his bonny bride,  
An monny a lord and lady wi him.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.13  
\N1 `O has he taen a bonny bride,  
An has he clean forgotten me!'  
An sighing said that gay lady,  
I wish I were in my ain country!  
\SBALLADS Child 53A.14  
\N1 But she\'s pitten her han in her pocket,  
An gin the porter guineas three;

Says, Take ye that, ye proud porter,  
 An bid the bridegroom speak to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.15  
 \N1 O whan the porter came up the stair,  
 He\'s fa\'n low down upon his knee:  
 `Won up, won up, ye proud porter,  
 An what makes a\' this courtesy?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.16  
 `O I\'ve been porter at your gates  
 This mair nor seven years an three,  
 But there is a lady at them now  
 The like of whom I never did see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.17  
 \N1 `For on every f+inger she has a ring,  
 An on the mid-f+inger she has three,  
 An there\'s as meikle goud aboon her brow  
 As woud buy an earldome o lan to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.18  
 \N1 Then up it started Young Bicham,  
 An sware so loud by Our Lady,  
 `It can be nane but Shusy Pye,  
 That has come oer the sea to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.19  
 \N1 O quickly ran he down the stair,  
 O f+fifteen steps he has made but three;  
 He\'s tane his bonny love in his arms,  
 An a wot he kissd her tenderly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.20  
 \N1 `O hae you tane a bonny bride?  
 An hae you quite forsaken me?  
 An hae ye quite forgotten her  
 That gae you life an liberty?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.21  
 \N1 She\'s lookit oer her left shoulder  
 To hide the tears stood in her ee;  
 `Now fare thee well, Young Bicham,' she says,  
 `I\'ll strive to think nae mair on thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.22  
 \N1 `Take back your daughter, madam,' he says,  
 `An a double dowry I\'ll gi her wi;  
 For I maun marry my f+irst true love,  
 That\'s done and suffered so much for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53A.23  
 \N1 He\'s take his bonny love by the han,  
 And led her to yon fountain stane;  
 He\'s changd her name frae Shusy Pye,  
 An he\'s cald her his bonny love, Lady Jane.  
 \LBALLADS Child 53B.1  
 \N1 IN England was Young Brechin born,  
 Of parents of a high degree;  
 The selld him to the savage Moor,  
 Where they abused him maist cruellie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53B.2  
 \N1 Thro evry shoulder they bord a bore,  
 And thro evry bore they pat a tree;  
 They made him draw the carts o wine,  
 Which horse and owsn were wont to drie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53B.3  
 \N1 The pat him into prison strong,  
 Where he could neither hear nor see;

They pat him in a dark dungeon,  
Where he was sick and like to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.4  
\N1 `Is there neer an auld wife in this town  
That\`ll borrow me to be her son?  
Is there neer a young maid in this town  
Will take me for her chiefest one?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.5  
\N1 A Savoyen has an only daughter,  
I wat she\`s called Young Brichen by;  
'O sleepest thou, wakest thou, Brichen?' she says,  
'Or who is\`t that does on me cry?  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.6  
\N1 `O hast thou any house or lands,  
Or hast thou any castles free,  
That thou wadst gi to a lady fair  
That out o prison wad bring thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.7  
\N1 `O lady, Lundin it is mine,  
And other castles twa or three;  
These I wad gie to a lady fair  
That out of prison wad set me free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.8  
\N1 She\`s taen him by the milk-white hand,  
And led him to a towr sae hie,  
She\`s made him drink the wine sae reid,  
And sung to him like a mavosie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.9  
\N1 O these two lovers made a bond,  
For seven years, and that is lang,  
That he was to marry no other wife,  
And she\`s to marry no other man.  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.10  
When seven years were past and gane,  
This young lady began to lang,  
And she\`s awa to Lundin gane,  
To see if Brechin\`s got safe to land.  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.11  
\N1 When she came to Young Brechin\`s yett,  
She chappit gently at the gin;  
'Is this Young Brechin\`s yett?' she says,  
'Or is this lusty lord within?'  
'O yes, this is Lord Brechin\`s yett,  
And I wat this be his bridal een.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.12  
\N1 She\`s put her hand in her pocket,  
And thrawin the porter guineas three;  
'Gang up the stair, young man,' she says,  
'And bid your master come down to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.13  
\N1 `Bid him bring a bite o his ae best bread,  
And a bottle o his ae best wine,  
And neer forget that lady fair  
That did him out o prison bring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.14  
\N1 The porter tripped up the stair,  
And fell low down upon his knee:  
'Rise up, rise up, ye proud porter,  
What mean you by this courtesie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53B.15

\N1 `O I hae been porter at your yett  
This thirty years and a\' but three;  
There stands the fairest lady thereat  
That ever my twa een did see.

\SBALLADS Child 53B.16

\N1 `On evry f+inger she has a ring,  
On her mid-f+inger she has three;  
She\'s as much gold on her horse\'s neck  
As wad by a earldom o land to me.

\SBALLADS Child 53B.17

\N1 `She bids you send o your ae best bread,  
And a bottle o your ae best wine,  
And neer forget the lady fair  
That out o prison did you bring.'

\SBALLADS Child 53B.18

\N1 He\'s taen the table wi his foot,  
And made the cups and cans to f+lee:  
`I\'ll wager a\' the lands I hae  
That Susan Pye\'s come oer the sea.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53B.19

\N1 Then up and spak the bride\'s mother:  
`And O an ill deid may ye die!  
If ye didna except the bonny bride,  
Ye might hae ay excepted me.'

\SBALLADS Child 53B.20

\N1 `O ye are fair, and fair, madam,  
And ay the fairer may ye be!  
But the fairest day that eer ye saw,  
Ye were neer sae fair as yon lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 53B.21

\N1 O when these lovers two did meet,  
The tear it blinded baith their ee;  
`Gie me my faith and troth,' she says,  
`For now fain hame wad I be.'

\SBALLADS Child 53B.22

\N1 `Tak hame your daughter, madam,' he says,  
`She\'s neer a bit the war o me;  
Except a kiss o her bonny lips,  
Of her body I am free;  
She came to me on a single horse,  
Now I\'ll send her hame in chariots three.'

\SBALLADS Child 53B.23

\N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And he\'s led her to a yard o stane;  
He\'s changed her name frae Susan Pye,  
And calld her lusty Lady Jane.

\LBALLADS Child 53C.1

\N1 YOUNG Bekie was as brave a knight  
As ever saild the sea;  
An he\'s doen him to the court of France,  
To serve for meat and fee.

\SBALLADS Child 53C.2

\N1 He had nae been i the court of France  
A twelvemonth nor sae long,  
Til he fell in love with the king\'s daughter,  
An was thrown in prison strong.

\SBALLADS Child 53C.3

\N1 The king he had but ae daughter,  
Burd Isbel was her name;

An she has to the prison-house gane,  
 To hear the prisoner\'s mane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.4  
 \N1 `O gin a lady woud borrow me,  
 At her stirrup-foot I wood rin;  
 Or gin a widow wad borrow me,  
 I woud swear to be her son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.5  
 \N1 `Or gin a virgin woud borrow me,  
 I woud wed her wi a ring;  
 I\'d gi her ha\'s, I\'d gie her bowers,  
 The bonny towrs o Linne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.6  
 \N1 O barefoot, barefoot gaed she but,  
 An barefoot came she ben;  
 It was no for want o hose an shoone,  
 Nor time to put them on.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.7  
 \N1 But a\' for fear that her father dear  
 Had heard her making din:  
 She\'s stown the keys o the prison-house dor  
 An latten the prisoner gang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.8  
 \N1 O whan she saw him, Young Bekie,  
 Her heart was wondrous sair!  
 For the mice but an the bold rottens  
 Had eaten his yallow hair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.9  
 \N1 She\'s gien him a shaver for his beard,  
 A comber till his hair,  
 Five hunder pound in his pocket,  
 To spen, an nae to spair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.10  
 \N1 She\'s gien him a steed was good in need,  
 An a saddle o royal bone,  
 A leash o hounds o ae litter,  
 An Hector called one.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.11  
 \N1 Atween this twa a vow was made,  
 \'Twas made full solemnly,  
 That or three years was come an gane,  
 Well married they should be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.12  
 \N1 He had nae been in\'s ain country  
 A twelvemonth till an end,  
 Till he\'s forcd to marry a duke\'s daughter,  
 Or than lose a\' his land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.13  
 \N1 `Ohon, alas!' says Young Beckie,  
 `I know not what to dee;  
 For I canno win to Burd Isbel,  
 And she kensnae to come to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.14  
 \N1 O it fell once upon a day  
 Burd Isbel fell asleep,  
 An up it starts the Belly Blin,  
 An stood at her bed-feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53C.15  
 \N1 `O waken, waken, Burd Isbel,  
 How [can] you sleep so soun,



Whan this is Bekie\'s wedding day,  
An the marriage gain on?  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.16  
\N1 `Ye do ye to your mither\'s bowr,  
Think neither sin nor shame;  
An ye tak twa o your mither\'s marys,  
To keep ye frae thinking lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.17  
\N1 `Ye dress yoursel in the red scarlet,  
An your marys in dainty green,  
An ye pit girdles about your middles  
Woud buy an earldome.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.18  
\N1 `O ye gang down by yon sea-side,  
An down by yon sea-stran;  
Sae bonny will the Hollans boats  
Come rowin till your han.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.19  
\N1 `Ye set your milk-white foot aboard,  
Cry, Hail ye, Domine!  
An I shal be the steerer o\'t,  
To row you oer the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.20  
\N1 She\'s tane her till her mither\'s bowr,  
Thought neither sin nor shame,  
An she took twa o her mither\'s marys,  
To keep her frae thinking lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.21  
\N1 She dressd hersel i the red scarlet,  
Her marys i dainty green,  
And they pat girdles about their middles  
Woud buy an earldome.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.22  
\N1 An they gid down by yon sea-side,  
An down by yon sea-stran;  
Sae bonny did the Hollan boats  
Come rowin to their han.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.23  
\N1 She set her milk-white foot on board,  
Cried, Hail ye, Domine!  
An the Belly Blin was the steerer o\'t,  
To row her oer the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.24  
\N1 Whan she came to Young Bekie\'s gate,  
She heard the music play;  
Sae well she kent frae a\' she heard,  
It was his wedding day.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.25  
\N1 She\'s pitten her han in her pocket,  
Gin the porter guineas three;  
`Hae, tak ye that, ye proud porter,  
Bid the bride-groom speake to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.26  
\N1 O whan that he cam up the stair,  
He fell low down on his knee:  
He haild the king, an he haild the queen,  
An he haild him, Young Bekie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.27  
\N1 `O I\'ve been porter at your gates  
This thirty years an three;

But there\'s three ladies at them now,  
Their like I never did see.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.28  
\N1 `There\'s ane o them dressd in red scarlet,  
And twa in dainty green,  
An they hae girdles about their middles  
Woud buy an earldome.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.29  
\N1 Then out it spake the bierly bride,  
Was a\' goud to the chin;  
'Gin she be braw without,' she says,  
'We\'s be as braw within.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.30  
\N1 Then up it starts him, Young Bekie,  
An the tears was in his ee:  
'I\'ll lay my life it\'s Burd Isbel,  
Come oer the sea to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.31  
\N1 O quickly ran he down the stair,  
An whan he saw \'twas shee,  
He kindly took her in his arms,  
And kissd her tenderly.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.32  
\N1 `O hae ye forgotten, Young Bekie,  
The vow ye made to me,  
Whan I took you out o the prison strong,  
Whan ye was condemnd to die?  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.33  
\N1 `I gae you a steed was good in need,  
An a saddle o royal bone,  
A leash o hounds o ae litter,  
An Hector called one.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.34  
\N1 It was well kent what the lady said,  
That it wasnae a lee,  
For at ilka word the lady spake,  
The hound fell at her knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.35  
\N1 `Tak hame, tak hame your daughter dear,  
A blessing gae her wi,  
For I maun marry my Burd Isbel,  
That\'s come oer the sea to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53C.36  
\N1 `Is this the custom o your house,  
Or the fashion o your lan,  
To marry a maid in a May mornin,  
An send her back at even?'  
\LBALLADS Child 53D.1  
\N1 YOUNG BEACHEN was born in fair London,  
And foreign lands he langed to see;  
He was taen by the savage Moor,  
An the used him most cruellie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53D.2  
\N1 Through his showlder they pat a bore,  
And through the bore the pat a tree;  
They made him trail their ousen carts,  
And they used him most cruellie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53D.3  
\N1 The savage Moor had ae daughter,  
I wat her name was Susan Pay;

And she is to the prison house,  
 To hear the prisoner\'s moan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.4  
 \N1 He made na his moan to a stocke,  
 He made na it to a stone,  
 Bit it was to the Queen of Heaven  
 That he made his moan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.5  
 \N1 `Gin a lady wad borrow me,  
 I at her foot wad run;  
 An a widdow wad borrow me,  
 I wad become her son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.6  
 \N1 `But an a maid wad borrow me,  
 I wad wed her wi a ring;  
 I wad make her lady of haas and bowers,  
 An of the high towers of Line.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.7  
 \N1 `Sing oer yer sang, Young Beachen,' she says,  
 `Sing oer yer sang to me;'  
 `I never sang that sang, lady,  
 But I wad sing to thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.8  
 \N1 `Gin a lady wad borrow me,  
 I at her foot wad run;  
 An a widdow wad borrow me,  
 I wad become her son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.9  
 \N1 `But an a maid wad borrow me,  
 I wad wed her wi a ring;  
 I wad make her lady of haas and bowers,  
 An of the high towers of Line.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.10  
 \N1 Saftly, [saftly] gaed she but,  
 An saftlly gaed she ben,  
 It was na for want of hose nor shoon,  
 Nor time to pet them on.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.11  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 An she has staen the keys of the prison,  
 An latten Young Beachen gang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.12  
 \N1 She gae him a leaf of her white bread,  
 An a bottle of her wine,  
 She bad him mind on the lady\'s love  
 That freed him out of pine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.13  
 \N1 She gae him a steed was guid in need,  
 A saddle of the bane,  
 Five hundred pown in his pocket,  
 Bad him gae speeding hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.14  
 \N1 An a leash of guid grayhounds,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.15  
 \N1 Whan seven lang years were come and gane,  
 Shusie Pay thought lang,

An she is on to fair London,  
 As fast as she could gang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.16  
 \N1 Whan she cam to Young Beachen\'s gate,  
 . . . . .  
 `Is Young Beachan at hame,  
 Or is he in this countrie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.17  
 \N1 `He is at hame, is hear,' they said,  
 . . . . .  
 An sighan says her Susie Pay,  
 Has he quite forgotten me?  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.18  
 \N1 On every f+inger she had a ring,  
 On the middle f+inger three;  
 She gae the porter ane of them:  
 `Get a word o your lord to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.19  
 \N1 He gaed up the stair,  
 Fell low down on his knee:  
 `Win up, my proud porter,  
 What is your will wi me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.20  
 \N1 `I hae been porter at yer gate  
 This thirty year and three;  
 The fairst lady is at yer gate  
 Mine eyes did ever see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.21  
 \N1 Out spak the bride\'s mither,  
 An a haghty woman was she:  
 `If ye had na ecepted the bonny bride,  
 Ye might well ha ecepted me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.22  
 \N1 `No disparagement to you, madam,  
 Nor none unto her Grace;  
 The sole of yonr lady\'s foot  
 Is fairer than her face.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.23  
 \N1 He\'s gaen the table wi his foot,  
 And couped it wi his knee:  
 `I wad my head and a\' my land  
 \'Tis Susie Pay, come oer the sea.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.24  
 \N1 The stair was thirty steps,  
 I wat he made them three;  
 He took her in his arms twa:  
 `Susie Pay, ye\'r welcome to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.25  
 \N1 `Gie me a shive of your white bread,  
 An a bottle of your wine;  
 Dinna ye mind on the lady\'s love  
 That freed ye out of pine?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.26  
 \N1 He took her . . . . .  
 Down to yon garden green,  
 An changed her name fra Susie Pay,  
 An called her bonny Lady Jean.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.27  
 \N1 `Yer daughter came here on high horse-back,  
 She sal gae hame in coaches three,

An I sall double her tocher our,  
 She\'s nane the war o me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.28  
 \N1 `It\'s na the fashion o our countrie,  
 Nor yet o yer nane,  
 To wed a maid in the morning,  
 An send her hame at een.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53D.29  
 \N1 `It\'s na the fashion o my countrie,  
 Nor is it of my nane,  
 But I man mind on the lady\'s love  
 That freed me out of pine.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 53E.1  
 \N1 IN London was Young Beichan born,  
 He longed strange countries for to see,  
 But he was taen by a savage Moor,  
 Who handled him right cruellie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.2  
 \N1 For he viewed the fashions of that land,  
 Their way of worship viewed he,  
 But to Mahound or Termagant  
 Would Beichan never bend a knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.3  
 \N1 So in every shoulder they\'ve putten a bore,  
 In every bore they\'ve putten a tree,  
 And they have made him trail the wine  
 And spices on his fair bodie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.4  
 \N1 They\'ve casten him in a dungeon deep,  
 Where he could neither hear nor see,  
 For seven years they kept him there,  
 Till he for hunger\'s like to die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.5  
 \N1 This Moor he had but ae daughter,  
 Her name was called Susie Pye,  
 And every day as she took the air,  
 Near Beichan\'s prison she passed by.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.6  
 \N1 O so it fell upon a day  
 She heard Young Beichan sadly sing:  
 `My hounds they all go masterless,  
 My hawks they flee from tree to tree,  
 My younger brother will heir my land,  
 Fair England again I\'ll never see!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.7  
 \N1 All night long no rest she got,  
 Young Beichan\'s song for thinking on;  
 She\'s stown the keys from her father\'s head,  
 And to the prison strong is gone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.8  
 \N1 And she has opend the prison doors,  
 I wot she opend two or three,  
 Ere she could come Young Beichan at,  
 He was locked up so curiouslie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.9  
 \N1 But when she came Young Beichan before,  
 Sore wonderd he that may to see;  
 He took her for some fair captive:  
 `Fair Lady, I pray, of what countrie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53E.10

\N1 `O have ye any lands,' she said,  
`Or castles in your own countrie,  
That ye could give to a lady fair,  
From prison strong to set you free?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.11  
\N1 `Near London town I have a hall,  
With other castles two or three;  
I'll give them all to the lady fair  
That out of prison will set me free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.12  
\N1 `Give me the truth of your right hand,  
The truth of it give unto me,  
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,  
Unless it be along with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.13  
\N1 `I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,  
The truth of it I'll freely gie,  
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,  
For the kindness thou dost show to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.14  
\N1 And she has brib'd the proud warder  
Wi mickle gold and white monie,  
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,  
And she has set Young Beichan free.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.15  
\N1 She's gien him to eat the good spice-cake,  
She's gien him to drink the blood-red wine,  
She's bidden him sometimes think on her,  
That sae kindly freed him out of pine.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.16  
\N1 She's broken a ring from her f+inger,  
And to Beichan half of it gave she:  
`Keep it, to mind you of that love  
The lady bore that set you free.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.17  
\N1 `And set your foot on good ship-board,  
And haste ye back to your own countrie,  
And before that seven years have an end,  
Come back again, love, and marry me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.18  
\N1 But long ere seven years had an end,  
She longd full sore her love to see,  
For ever a voice within her breast  
Said, `Beichan has broke his vow to thee:'  
So she's set her foot on good ship-board,  
And turnd her back on her own countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.19  
\N1 She sailed east, she sailed west,  
Till to fair England's shore she came,  
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,  
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.20  
\N1 `What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?  
What news hast thou to tell to me?'  
`Such news I hear, ladie,' he says,  
`The like was never in this countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.21  
\N1 `There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
Has lasted these thirty days and three;  
Young Beichan will not bed with his bride,

For love of one that\'s yond the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.22  
\N1 She\'s put her hand in her pocket,  
Gien him the gold and white monie:  
'Hae, take ye that, my bonny boy,  
For the good news thou tellst to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.23  
\N1 When she came to Young Beichan\'s gate,  
She tirlled softly at the pin;  
So ready was the proud porter  
To open and let this lady in.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.24  
\N1 'Is this Young Beichan\'s hall,' she said,  
'O is that noble lord within?'  
'Yea, he\'s in the hall among them all,  
And this is the day o his weddin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.25  
\N1 'And has he wed anither love?  
And has he clean forgotten me?'  
And sighin said that gay ladie,  
I wish I were in my own countrie!  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.26  
\N1 And she has taen her gay gold ring,  
That with her love she brake so free;  
Says, Gie him that, ye proud porter,  
And bid the bridegroom speak to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.27  
\N1 When the porter came his lord before,  
He kneeled down low on his knee:  
'What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
Thou art so full of courtesie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.28  
\N1 'I\'ve been porter at your gates,  
It\'s thirty long years now and three;  
But there stands a lady at them now,  
The like o her did I never see.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.29  
\N1 'For on every f+inger she has a ring,  
And on her mid-f+inger she has three,  
And as meickle gold aboon her brow  
As would buy an earldom to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.30  
\N1 It\'s out then spak the bride\'s mother,  
Aye and an angry woman was shee:  
'Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,  
And twa or three of our companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.31  
\N1 'O hold your tongue, thou bride\'s mother,  
Of all your folly let me be;  
She\'s ten times fairer nor the bride,  
And all that\'s in your companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.32  
\N1 'She begs one sheave of your white bread,  
But and a cup of your red wine,  
And to remember the lady\'s love  
That last relieved you out of pine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.33  
\N1 'O well-a-day!' said Beichan then,  
'That I so soon have married thee!  
For it can be none but Susie Pye,

That sailed the sea for love of me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.34  
\N1 And quickly hied he down the stair;  
Of fifteen steps he made but three;  
He\'s taen his bonny love in his arms,  
And kist and kist her tenderlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.35  
\N1 `O hae ye taen anither bride?  
And hae ye quite forgotten me?  
And hae ye quite forgotten her  
That gave your life and libertie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.36  
\N1 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
To hide the tears stood in her ee:  
`Now fare thee well, Young Beichan,' she says,  
`I\'ll try to think no more on thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.37  
\N1 `O never, never, Susie Pye,  
For surely this can never be,  
Nor ever shall I wed but her  
That\'s done and dreed so much for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.38  
\N1 Then out and spak the forenoon bride:  
`My lord, your love it changeth soon;  
This morning I was made your bride,  
And another chose ere it be noon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.39  
\N1 O hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride,  
Ye\'re neer a whit the worse for me,  
And whan ye return to your own countrie,  
A double dower I\'ll send with thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.40  
\N1 He\'s taen Susie Pye by the white hand,  
And gently led her up and down,  
And ay as he kist her red rosy lips,  
`Ye\'re welcome, jewel, to your own.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53E.41  
\N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her to yon fountain stane;  
He\'s changed her name from Susie Pye,  
And he\'s call\'d her his bonny love, Lady Jane.  
\LBALLADS Child 53F.1  
\N1 IN the lands whre Lord Beichan was born,  
Among the stately steps of stane,  
He wore the goud at his left shoulder,  
But to the Holy Land he\'s gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 53F.2  
\N1 He was na lang in the Holy Land,  
Among the Prudents that was black,  
He was na lang in the Holy Land,  
Till the Prudent did Lord Beichan tak.  
\SBALLADS Child 53F.3  
\N1 The gard him draw baith pleugh and harrow,  
And horse and oxen twa or three;  
They cast him in a dark dungeon,  
Whare he coud neither hear nor see.  
\SBALLADS Child 53F.4  
\N1 The Prudent had a fair daughter,  
I wot they ca\'d her Susy Pye,  
And all the keys in that city



Hang at that lady by and bye.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.5

\N1 It once fell out upon a day  
That into the prison she did gae,  
And whan she cam to the prison door,  
She kneeled low down on her knee.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.6

\N1 `O hae ye ony lands, Beichan,  
Or hae ye ony castles hie,  
Whar ye wad tak a young thing to,  
If out of prison I wad let thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.7

\N1 `Fair London\'s mine, dear lady,' he said,  
`And other places twa or three,  
Whar I wad tak a young thing to,  
If out of prison ye wad let me.'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.8

\N1 O she has opened the prison door,  
And other places twa or three,  
And gien him bread, and wine to drink,  
In her own chamber privately.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.9

\N1 O then she built a bonny ship,  
And she has set it on the main,  
And she has built a bonny ship,  
It\'s for to tak Lord Beichan hame.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.10

\N1 O she\'s gaen murning up and down,  
And she\'s gaen murnin to the sea,  
Then to her father she has gane in,  
Wha spak to her right angrily.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.11

\N1 `O do ye mourn for the goud, daughter,  
Or do ye mourn for the whyte monie?  
Or do ye mourn for the English squire?  
I wat I will gar hang him hie.'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.12

\N1 `I neither mourn for the goud, father,  
Nor do I for the whyte monie,  
Nor do I for the English squire;  
And I care na tho ye hang him hie.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.13

\N1 `But I hae promised an errand to go,  
Seven lang miles ayont the sea,  
And blythe and merry I never will be  
Untill that errand you let me.'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.14

\N1 `That errand, daughter, you may gang,  
Seven long miles beyond the sea,  
Since blythe and merry you\'ll neer be  
Untill that errand I\'ll let thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.15

\N1 O she has built a bonny ship,  
And she has set it in the sea,  
And she has built a bonny ship,  
It\'s all for to tak her a long journie.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.16

\N1 And she\'s sailed a\' the summer day,  
I wat the wind blew wondrous fair;  
In sight of fair London she has come,

And till Lord Beichan\'s yett she walked.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.17

\N1 Whan she cam till Lord Beichan\'s yett,  
She rappit loudly at the pin:

`Is Beichan lord of this bonny place?

I pray ye open and let me in.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.18

\N1 `And O is this Lord Beichan\'s yett,  
And is the noble lord within?'

`O yes, it is Lord Beichan\'s yett,

He\'s wi his bride and mony a ane.'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.19

\N1 `If you\'ll gang up to Lord Beichan,

Tell him the words that I tell thee;

It will put him in mind of Susy Pye,

And the Holy Land, whareer he be.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.20

\N1 `Tell him to send one bite of bread,

It\'s and a glass of his gude red wine,

Nor to forget the lady\'s love

That loosed him out of prison strong.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53F.21

\N1 `I hae been porter at your yett,

I\'m sure this therty lang years and three,

But the fairest lady stands thereat

That evir my twa eyes did see.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.22

\N1 `On ilka f+inger she has a ring,

And on the foremost she has three;

As muckle goud is on her head

As wad buy an earldom of land to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.23

\N1 `She bids you send a bite of bread,

It\'s and a glass of your gude red wine,

Nor to forget the lady\'s love

That let you out of prison strong.'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.24

\N1 It\'s up and spak the bride\'s mother,

A weight of goud hung at her chin:

`There is no one so fair without

But there are, I wat, as fair within.'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.25

\N1 It\'s up and spak the bride hersel,

As she sat by the gude lord\'s knee:

`Awa, awa, ye proud porter,

This day ye might hae excepted me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53F.26

\N1 `Tak hence, tak hence your fair daughter,

Tak hame your daughter fair frae me;

For saving one kiss of her bonny lips,

I\'m sure of her body I am free.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.27

\N1 `Awa, awa, ye proud mither,

It\'s tak your daughter fair frae me;

For I brought her home with chariots six,

And I\'ll send her back wi coaches three.'

\SBALLADS Child 53F.28

\N1 It\'s he\'s taen the table wi his f+it,

And syne he took it wi his knee;  
He gard the glasses and wine so red,  
He gard them all in f+linders f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.29

\N1 O he\'s gane down the steps of stairs,  
And a\' the stately steps of stane,  
Until he cam to Susy Pye;

I wat the tears blinded baith their eyne.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.30

\N1 He led her up the steps of stairs,  
And a\' the stately steps of stane,  
And changed her name from Susy Pye,  
And ca\'d her lusty Lady Jane.

\SBALLADS Child 53F.31

\N1 `O fye, gar cooks mak ready meat,  
O fye, gar cooks the pots supply,  
That it may be talked of in fair London,  
I\'ve been twice married in ae day.'

\LBALLADS Child 53G.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `O WHA\R\`rS aught a\' yon f+lock o sheep,  
An wha\'s aught a\' yon f+lock o kye?  
An wha\'s aught a\' yon pretty castles,  
That you sae often do pass bye?'

\SBALLADS Child 53G.2

\N1 `They\'re a\' Lord Beekin\'s sheep,  
They\'re a\' Lord Beekin\'s kye;  
They\'re a\' Lord Beekin\'s castles,  
That you sae often do pass bye.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53G.3

\N1 He\'s tane [the] table wi his feet,  
Made cups an candlesticks to f+lee:  
`I\'ll lay my life \'tis Susy Pie,  
Come ovr the seas to marry me.'

\LBALLADS Child 53H.1

\N1 YOUNG BEICHAN was in London born,  
He was a man of hie degree;  
He past thro monie kingdoms great,  
Until he cam unto Grand Turkie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.2

\N1 He viewd the fashions of that land,  
Their way of worship viewed he,  
But unto onie of their stocks  
He wadna sae much as bow a knee:

\SBALLADS Child 53H.3

\N1 Which made him to be taken straight,  
And brought afore their hie jurie;  
The savage Moor did speak upright,  
And made him meikle ill to dree.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.4

\N1 In ilka shoulder they\'ve bord a hole,  
And in ilka hole they\'ve put a tree;  
They\'ve made him to draw carts and wains,  
Till he was sick and like to dee.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.5

\N1 But Young Beichan was a Christian born,  
And still a Christian was he;  
Which made them put him in prison strang,  
And cauld and hunger sair to dree,

And fed on nocht but bread and water,  
Until the day that he mot dee.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.6

\N1 In this prison there grew a tree,  
And it was unco stout and strang,  
Where he was chained by the middle,  
Until his life was almaist gane.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.7

\N1 The savage Moor had but ae dochter,  
And her name it was Susie Pye,  
And ilka day as she took the air,  
The prison door she passed bye.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.8

\N1 But it fell ance upon a day,  
As she was walking, she heard him sing;  
She listend to his tale of woe,  
A happy day for Young Beichan!

\SBALLADS Child 53H.9

\N1 `My hounds they all go masterless,  
My hawks they f+lee frae tree to tree,  
My youngest brother will heir my lands,  
My native land I\'ll never see.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.10

\N1 `O were I but the prison-keeper,  
As I\'m a ladie o hie degree,  
I soon wad set this youth at large,  
And send him to his ain countrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.11

\N1 She went away into her chamber,  
All nicht she never closd her ee;  
And when the morning begoud to dawn,  
At the prison door alane was she.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.12

\N1 She gied the keeper a piece of gowd,  
And monie pieces o white monie,  
To tak her thro the bolts and bars,  
The lord frae Scotland she langd to see;  
She saw young Beichan at the stake,  
Which made her weep maist bitterlie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.13

\N1 `O hae ye got onie lands,' she says,  
`Or castles in your ain countrie?  
It\'s what wad ye gie to the ladie fair  
Wha out o prison wad set you free?'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.14

\N1 `It\'s I hae houses, and I hae lands,  
Wi monie castles fair to see,  
And I wad gie a\' to that ladie gay,  
Wha out o prison wad set me free.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.15

\N1 The keeper syne brak aff his chains,  
And set Lord Beichan at libertie;  
She f+illd his pockets baith wi gowd,  
To tak him till his ain countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.16

\N1 She took him frae her father\'s prison,  
And gied to him the best o wine,  
And a brave health she drank to him:  
`I wish, Lord Beichan, ye were mine!

\SBALLADS Child 53H.17

\N1 `It\'s seven lang years I\'ll mak a vow,  
And seven lang years I\'ll keep it true;  
If ye\'ll wed wi na ither woman,  
It\'s I will wed na man but you.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.18

\N1 She\'s tane him to her father\'s port,  
And gien to him a ship o fame:

`Farewell, farewell, my Scottish lord,  
I fear I\'ll neer see you again.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.19

\N1 Lord Beichan turnd him round about,  
And lowly, lowly loutit he:

`Ere seven lang years come to an end,  
I\'ll tak you to mine ain countrie.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53H.20

\N1 Then whan he cam to Glosgow town,  
A happy, happy man was he;

The ladies a\' around him thrangd,  
To see him come frae slaverie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.21

\N1 His mother she had died o sorrow,  
And a\' his brothers were dead but he;

His lands they a\' were lying waste,  
In ruins were his castles free.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.22

\N1 Na porter there stood at his yett,  
Na human creature he could see,

Except the screeching owls and bats,  
Had he to bear him companie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.23

\N1 But gowd will gar the castles grow,  
And he had gowd and jewels free,

And soon the pages around him thrangd,  
To serve him on their bended knee.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.24

\N1 His hall was hung wi silk and satin,  
His table rung wi mirth and glee,

He soon forgot the lady fair  
That lowsd him out o slaverie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.25

\N1 Lord Beichan courted a lady gay,  
To heir wi him his lands sae free,

Neer thinking that a lady fair  
Was on her way frae Grand Turkie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.26

\N1 For Susie Pye could get na rest,  
Nor day nor nicht could happy be,

Still thinking on the Scottish lord,  
Till she was sick and like to dee.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.27

\N1 But she has builded a bonnie ship,  
Weel mannd wi seamen o hie degree,

And secretly she stept on board,  
And bid adieu to her ain countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.28

\N1 But whan she cam to the Scottish shore,  
The bells were ringing sae merrilie;

It was Lord Beichan\'s wedding day,  
Wi a lady fair o hie degree.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.29

\N1 But sic a vessel was never seen;  
The very masts were tappd wi gold,  
Her sails were made o the satin f+ine,  
Maist beautiful for to behold.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.30

\N1 But whan the lady cam on shore,  
Attended wi her pages three,  
Her shoon were of the beaten gowd,  
And she a lady of great beautie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.31

\N1 Then to the skipper she did say,  
'Can ye this answer gie to me?  
Where are Lord Beichan\'s lands sae braid?  
He surely lives in this countrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.32

\N1 Then up bespak the skipper bold,  
For he could speak the Turkish tongue:  
'Lord Beichan lives not far away;  
This is the day of his wedding.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.33

\N1 'If ye will guide me to Beichan\'s yetts,  
I will ye well reward,' said she;  
Then she and all her pages went,  
A very gallant companie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.34

\N1 When she cam to Lord Beichan\'s yetts,  
She tirl'd gently at the pin;  
Sae ready was the proud porter  
To let the wedding guests come in.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.35

\N1 'Is this Lord Beichan\'s house,' she says,  
'Or is that noble lord within?'  
'Yes, he is gane into the hall,  
With his brave bride and monie ane.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.36

\N1 'Ye\'ll bid him send me a piece of bread,  
Bot and a cup of his best wine;  
And bid him mind the lady\'s love  
That ance did lowse him out o pyne.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.37

\N1 Then in and cam the porter bold,  
I wat he gae three shouts and three:  
'The fairest lady stands at your yetts  
That ever my twa een did see.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.38

\N1 Then up bespak the bride\'s mither,  
I wat an angry woman was she:  
'You micht hae excepted our bonnie bride,  
Tho she\'d been three times as fair as she.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.39

\N1 'My dame, your daughter\'s fair enough,  
And aye the fairer mot she be!  
But the fairest time that eer she was,  
She\'ll na compare wi this ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.40

\N1 'She has a gowd ring on ilka f+inger,  
And on her mid-f+inger she has three;  
She has as meikle gowd upon her head  
As wad buy an earldom o land to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.41

\N1 `My lord, she begs some o your bread,  
Bot and a cup o your best wine,  
And bids you mind the lady\'s love  
That ance did lowse ye out o pyne.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.42

\N1 Then up and started Lord Beichan,  
I wat he made the table f+lee:  
'I wad gie a\' my yearlie rent  
'Twere Susie Pye come owre the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.43

\N1 Syne up bespak the bride\'s mother,  
She was never heard to speak sae free:  
'Ye\'ll no forsake my ae dochter,  
Tho Susie Pye has crossd the sea?'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.44

\N1 `Tak hame, tak hame, your dochter, madam,  
For she is neer the waur o me;  
She cam to me on horseback riding,  
And she sall gang hame in chariot free.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.45

\N1 He\'s tane Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,  
And led her thro his halls sae hie:  
'Ye\'re now Lord Beichan\'s lawful wife,  
And thrice ye\'re welcome unto me.'

\SBALLADS Child 53H.46

\N1 Lord Beichan prepard for another wedding,  
Wi baith their hearts sae fu o glee;  
Says, `I\'ll range na mair in foreign lands,  
Sin Susie Pye has crossd the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 53H.47

\N1 `Fy! gar a\' our cooks mak ready,  
And fy! gar a\' our pipers play,  
And fy! gar trumpets gae thro the toun,  
That Lord Beichan\'s wedded twice in a day!'

\LBALLADS Child 53I.1

\N1 IN London was Young Bechin born,  
Foreign nations he longed to see;  
He passed through many kingdoms great,  
At length he came unto Turkie.

\SBALLADS Child 53I.2

\N1 He viewed the fashions of that land,  
The ways of worship viewed he,  
But unto any of their gods  
He would not so much as bow the knee.

\SBALLADS Child 53I.3

On every shoulder they made a bore,  
In every bore they put a tree,  
Then they made him the winepress tread,  
And all in spite of his fair bodie.

\SBALLADS Child 53I.4

\N1 They put him into a deep dungeon,  
Where he could neither hear nor see,  
And for seven years they kept him there,  
Till for hunger he was like to die.

\SBALLADS Child 53I.5

\N1 Stephen, their king, had a daughter fair,  
Yet never a man to her came nigh;  
And every day she took the air,  
Near to his prison she passed by.

\SBALLADS Child 53I.6

\N1 One day she heard Young Bechin sing  
A song that pleased her so well,  
No rest she got till she came to him,  
All in his lonely prison cell.

\SBALLADS Child 53I.7

\N1 `I have a hall in London town,  
With other buildings two or three,  
And I\`ll give them all to the ladye fair  
That from this dungeon shall set me free.'

\SBALLADS Child 53I.8

\N1 She stole the keys from her dad\`s head,  
And if she oped one door ay she opened three,  
Till she Young Bechin could f+ind out,  
He was locked up so curiouslie.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53I.9

\N1 `I\`ve been a porter at your gate  
This thirty years now, ay and three;  
There stands a ladye at your gate,  
The like of her I neer did see.

\SBALLADS Child 53I.10

\N1 `On every f+inger she has a ring,  
On the mid-f+inger she has three;  
She\`s as much gold about her brow  
As would an earldom buy to me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53I.11

\N1 He\`s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
He gently led her through the green;  
He changed her name from Susie Pie,  
An he\`s called her lovely Ladye Jean.

\LBALLADS Child 53J.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 SHE\R\`\rS taen the keys frae her fadder\`s coffer,  
Tho he keeps them most sacredlie,  
And she has opend the prison strong,  
And set Young Beichan at libertie.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53J.2

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`Gae up the countrie, my chile,' she says,  
`Till your fadder\`s wrath be turned from thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53J.3

\N1 She\`s put her han intill her purse,  
And gave the porter guineas three;  
Says, `Tak ye that, ye proud porter,  
And tell your master to speak wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 53J.4

\N1 `Ye\`ll bid him bring a shower o his best love,  
But and a bottle o his wine,  
And do to me as I did to him in time past,  
And brought him out o muckle pine.'

\SBALLADS Child 53J.5

\N1 He\`s taen the table wi his foot,  
And he has keppit it wi his knee:  
`I\`ll wager my life and a\` my lan,  
It\`s Susan Pie come ower the sea.



\SBALLADS Child 53J.6

\N1 `Rise up, rise up, my bonnie bride,  
Ye\'re neither better nor waur for me;  
Ye cam to me on a horse and saddle,  
But ye may gang back in a coach and three.'

\LBALLADS Child 53K.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `There is a marriage in yonder hall,  
Has lasted thirty days and three;  
The bridegroom winna bed the bride,  
For the sake of one that\'s owre the sea.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 53K.2

\N1 `What news, what news, my brave young porter?  
What news, what news have ye for me?'  
`As beautiful a ladye stands at your gate  
As eer my two eyes yet did see.'

\SBALLADS Child 53K.3

\N1 `A slice of bread to her get ready,  
And a bottle of the best of wine;  
Not to forget that fair young ladye  
Who did release thee out of close conf+ine.'

\SBALLADS Child 53K.4

\N1 Lord Bechin in a passion f+lew,  
And rent himself like a sword in three,  
Saying, `I would give all my father\'s riches  
If my Sophia was \'cross the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 53K.5

\N1 Up spoke the young bride\'s mother,  
Who never was heard to speak so free,  
Saying, `I hope you\'ll not forget my only daughter,  
Though your Sophia be \'cross the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 53K.6

\N1 `I own a bride I\'ve wed your daughter,  
She\'s nothing else the worse of me;  
She came to me on a horse and saddle,  
She may go back in a coach and three.'

\LBALLADS Child 53L.1

\N1 LORD BATEMAN was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree;  
He shipped himself all aboard of a ship,  
Some foreign country for to see.

\SBALLADS Child 53L.2

\N1 He sailed east, he sailed west,  
Until he came to famed Turkey,  
Where he was taken and put to prison,  
Until his life was quite weary.

\SBALLADS Child 53L.3

\N1 All in this prison there grew a tree,  
O there it grew so stout and strong!  
Where he was chained all by the middle,  
Until his life was almost gone.

\SBALLADS Child 53L.4

\N1 This Turk he had one only daughter,  
The fairest my two eyes eer see;  
She steel the keys of her father\'s prison,  
And swore Lord Bateman she would let go free.

\SBALLADS Child 53L.5

\N1 O she took him to her father\'s cellar,  
And gave to him the best of wine;

And every health she drank unto him  
Was, 'I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.6  
\N1 'O have you got houses, have you got land,  
And does Northumberland belong to thee?  
And what would you give to the fair young lady  
As out of prison would let you go free?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.7  
\N1 'O I've got houses and I've got land,  
And half Northumberland belongs to me;  
And I will give it all to the fair young lady  
As out of prison would let me go free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.8  
\N1 'O in seven long years, I'll make a vow  
For seven long years, and keep it strong,  
That if you'll wed no other woman,  
O I will wed no other man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.9  
\N1 O she took him to her father's harbor,  
And gave to him a ship of fame,  
Saying, Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,  
I fear I never shall see you again.  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.10  
\N1 Now seven long years is gone and past,  
And fourteen days, well known to me;  
She packed up all her gay clothing,  
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.11  
\N1 O when she arrived at Lord Bateman's castle,  
How boldly then she rang the bell!  
'Who's there? who's there?' cries the proud young porter,  
'O come unto me pray quickly tell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.12  
\N1 'O is this here Lord Bateman's castle,  
And is his lordship here within?'  
'O yes, O yes,' cries the proud young porter,  
'He's just now taking his young bride in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.13  
\N1 'O bid him to send me a slice of bread,  
And a bottle of the very best wine,  
And not forgetting the fair young lady  
As did release him when close confine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.14  
\N1 O away and away went this proud young porter,  
O away and away and away went he,  
Until he come to Lord Bateman's chamber,  
When he went down on his bended knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.15  
\N1 'What news, what news, my proud young porter?  
What news, what news? Come tell to me:'  
'O there is the fairest young lady  
As ever my two eyes did see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.16  
\N1 'She has got rings on every f+inger,  
And on one f+inger she has got three;  
With as much gay gold about her middle  
As would buy half Northumberlee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53L.17  
\N1 'O she bids you to send her a slice of bread,  
And a bottle of the very best wine,

And not forgetting the fair young lady  
As did release you when close conf+ine.'

\SBALLADS Child 53L.18

\N1 Lord Bateman then in passion f+lew,  
And broke his sword in splinters three,  
Saying, I will give half of my father\'s land,  
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 53L.19

\N1 Then up and spoke this young bride\'s mother,  
Who never was heard to speak so free;  
Saying, You\'ll not forget my only daughter,  
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 53L.20

\N1 `O it\'s true I made a bride of your daughter,  
But she\'s neither the better nor the worse for me;  
She came to me with a horse and saddle,  
But she may go home in a coach and three.'

\SBALLADS Child 53L.21

\N1 Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,  
With both their hearts so full of glee,  
Saying, I will roam no more to foreign countries,  
Now that Sophia has crossed the sea.

\LBALLADS Child 53M.1

\N1 YOUNG BONWELL was a squire\'s ae son,  
And a squire\'s ae son was he;  
He went abroad to a foreign land,  
To serve for meat and fee.

\SBALLADS Child 53M.2

\N1 He hadna been in that country  
A twalmonth and a day,  
Till he was cast in prison strong,  
For the sake of a lovely may.

\SBALLADS Child 53M.3

\N1 `O if my father get word of this,  
At hame in his ain country,  
He\'ll send red gowd for my relief,  
And a bag o white money.

\SBALLADS Child 53M.4

\N1 `O gin an earl woud borrow me,  
At his bridle I woud rin;  
Or gin a widow woud borrow me,  
I\'d swear to be her son.

\SBALLADS Child 53M.5

\N1 `Or gin a may woud borrow me,  
I\'d wed her wi a ring,  
Infest her wi the ha\'s and bowers  
O the bonny towers o Linne.'

\SBALLADS Child 53M.6

\N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
Dame Essels she thought lang,  
And she is to the jail-house door,  
To hear Young Bondwell\'s sang.

\SBALLADS Child 53M.7

\N1 `Sing on, sing on, my bonny Bondwell,  
The sang ye sang just now:  
`I never sang the sang, lady,  
But I woud war\'t on you.

\SBALLADS Child 53M.8

\N1 `O gin my father get word o this,  
At hame in his ain country,

He\`ll send red gowd for my relief,  
And a bag o white money.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.9  
\N1 `O gin an earl woud borrow me,  
At his bridle I woud rin;  
Or gin a widow woud borrow me,  
I\`d swear to be her son.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.10  
\N1 `O gin a may woud borrow me,  
I woud wed her wi a ring,  
Infert her wi the ha\`s and bowers  
O the bonny towers o Linne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.11  
\N1 She\`s stole the keys o the jail-house door,  
Where under the bed they lay;  
She\`s opend to him the jail-house door,  
And set Young Bondwell free.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.12  
\N1 She gae\`m a steed was swift in need,  
A saddle o royal ben,  
A hunder pund o pennies round,  
Bade him gae roav an spend.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.13  
\N1 A couple o hounds o ae litter,  
And Cain they ca\`d the one;  
Twa gay gos-hawks she gae likeways,  
To keep him onthought lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.14  
\N1 When mony days were past and gane,  
Dame Essels thought fell lang,  
And she is to her lonely bower,  
To shorten her wi a sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.15  
\N1 The sang has such a melody,  
It lulld her fast asleep;  
Up starts a woman, clad in green,  
And stood at her bed-feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.16  
\N1 `Win up, win up, Dame Essels,' she says,  
`This day ye sleep ower lang;  
The morn is the squire\`s wedding day,  
In the bonny towers o Linne.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.17  
\N1 `Ye\`ll dress yoursell in the robes o green,  
Your maids in robes sae fair,  
And ye\`ll put girdles about their middles,  
Sae costly, rich and rare.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.18  
\N1 `Ye\`ll take your maries alang wi you,  
Till ye come to yon strand;  
There ye\`ll see a ship, wi sails all up,  
Come sailing to dry land.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.19  
\N1 `Ye\`ll take a wand into your hand,  
Ye\`ll stroke her round about,  
And ye\`ll take God your pilot to be,  
To drown ye\`ll take nae doubt.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.20  
\N1 Then up it raise her Dame Essels,  
Sought water to wash her hands,

But aye the faster that she washd,  
 The tears they trickling ran.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.21  
 \N1 Then in it came her father dear,  
 And in the f+loor steps he:  
 `What ails Dame Essels, my daughter dear,  
 Ye weep sae bitterlie?  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.22  
 \N1 `Want ye a small f+ish frae the f+llood,  
 Or turtle frae the sea?  
 Or is there man in a\' my realm  
 This day has offended thee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.23  
 \N1 `I want nae small f+ish frae the f+llood,  
 Nor turtle frae the sea;  
 But Young Bondwell, your ain prisoner,  
 This day has offended me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.24  
 \N1 Her father turnd him round about,  
 A solemn oath sware he:  
 `If this be true ye tell me now  
 High hanged he shall be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.25  
 \N1 `To-morrow morning he shall be  
 Hung high upon a tree:'  
 Dame Essels whisperd to hersel,  
 `Father, ye\'ve made a lie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.26  
 \N1 She dressd hersel in robes o green,  
 Her maids in robes sae fair,  
 Wi gowden girdles round their middles,  
 Sae costly, rich and rare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.27  
 \N1 She\'s taen her mantle her about,  
 A maiden in every hand;  
 They saw a ship, wi sails a\' up,  
 Come sailing to dry land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.28  
 \N1 She\'s taen a wand intill her hand,  
 And stroked her round about,  
 And she\'s taen God her pilot to be,  
 To drown she took nae doubt.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.29  
 \N1 So they saild on, and further on,  
 Till to the water o Tay;  
 There they spied a bonny little boy,  
 Was watering his steeds sae gay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.30  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my little boy,  
 What news hae ye to me?  
 Are there any weddings in this place,  
 Or any gaun to be?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.31  
 \N1 `There is a wedding in this place,  
 A wedding very soon;  
 The morn\'s the young squire\'s wedding day,  
 In the bonny towers of Linne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.32  
 \N1 O then she walked along the way  
 To see what coud be seen,

And there she saw the proud porter,  
Drest in a mantle green.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.33  
\N1 `What news, what news, porter?' she said,  
`What news hae ye to me?  
Are there any weddings in this place,  
Or any gaun to be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.34  
\N1 `There is a wedding in this place,  
A wedding very soon;  
The morn is Young Bondwell\'s wedding day,  
The bonny squire o Linne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.35  
\N1 `Gae to your master, porter,' she said,  
`Gae ye right speedilie;  
Bid him come and speak wi a maid  
That wishes his face to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.36  
\N1 The porter\'s up to his master gane,  
Fell low down on his knee;  
`Win up, win up, my porter,' he said,  
`Why bow ye low to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.37  
`I hae been porter at your yetts  
These thirty years and three,  
But fairer maids than\'s at them now  
My eyes did never see.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.38  
\N1 `The foremost she is drest in green,  
The rest in fine attire,  
Wi gowden girdles round their middles,  
Well worth a sheriff\'s hire.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.39  
\N1 Then out it speaks Bondwell\'s own bride,  
Was a\' gowd to the chin;  
`They canno be fairer thereout,' she says,  
`Than we that are therein.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.40  
\N1 `There is a difference, my dame,' he said,  
`\'Tween that lady\'s colour and yours;  
As much difference as you were a stock,  
She o the lily f+lowers.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.41  
\N1 Then out it speaks him Young Bondwell,  
An angry man was he:  
`Cast up the yetts baith wide an braid,  
These ladies I may see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.42  
\N1 Quickly up stairs Dame Essel\'s gane,  
Her maidens next her wi;  
Then said the bride, This lady\'s face  
Shows the porter\'s tauld nae lie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.43  
\N1 The lady unto Bondwell spake,  
These words pronounced she:  
O hearken, hearken, fause Bondwell,  
These words that I tell thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 53M.44  
\N1 Is this the way ye keep your vows  
That ye did make to me,

When your feet were in iron fetters,  
 Ae foot ye coudna f+lee?  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.45  
 \N1 I stole the keys o the jail-house door  
 Frae under the bed they lay,  
 And opend up the jail-house door,  
 Set you at liberty.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.46  
 \N1 Gae you a steed was swift in need,  
 A saddle o royal ben,  
 A hunder pund o pennies round,  
 Bade you gae rove an spend.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.47  
 \N1 A couple o hounds o ae litter,  
 Cain they ca\'ed the ane,  
 Twa gay gos-hawks as swift\'s eer f+lew,  
 To keep you onthought lang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.48  
 \N1 But since this day ye\'ve broke your vow,  
 For which ye\'re sair to blame,  
 And since nae mair I\'ll get o you,  
 O Cain, will ye gae hame?  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.49  
 \N1 `O Cain! O Cain!' the lady cried,  
 And Cain did her ken;  
 They baith f+lappd round the lady\'s knee,  
 Like a couple o armed men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.50  
 \N1 He\'s to his bride wi hat in hand,  
 And haild her courteouslie:  
 `Sit down by me, my bonny Bondwell,  
 What makes this courtesie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.51  
 \N1 `An asking, asking, fair lady,  
 An asking ye\'ll grant me;'  
 `Ask on, ask on, my bonny Bondwell,  
 What may your askings be?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.52  
 \N1 `Five hundred pounds to you I\'ll gie,  
 Of gowd an white monie,  
 If ye\'ll wed John, my ain cousin;  
 He looks as fair as me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.53  
 \N1 `Keep well your monie, Bondwell,' she said,  
 `Nae monie I ask o thee;  
 Your cousin John was my f+irst love,  
 My husband now he\'s be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 53M.54  
 \N1 Bondwell was married at morning ear,  
 John in the afternoon;  
 Dame Essels is lady ower a\' the bowers  
 And the high towers o Linne.  
 \LBALLADS Child 53N.1  
 \N1 IN London was Young Bichen born,  
 He longd strange lands to see;  
 He set his foot on good ship-board,  
 And he sailed over the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 53N.2  
 \N1 He had not been in a foreign land  
 A day but only three,

Till he was taken by a savage Moor,  
And they used him most cruelly.

\SBALLADS Child 53N.3

\N1 In every shoulder they put a pin,  
To every pin they put a tree;  
They made him draw the plow and cart,  
Like horse and oxen in his country.

\SBALLADS Child 53N.4

\N1 He had not servd the savage Moor  
A week, nay scarcely but only three,  
Till he has casten him in prison strong,  
Till he with hunger was like to die.

\SBALLADS Child 53N.5

\N1 It fell out once upon a day  
That Young Bichen he made his moan,  
As he lay bound in irons strong,  
In a dark and deep dungeon.

\SBALLADS Child 53N.6

\N1 `An I were again in fair England,  
As many merry day I have been,  
Then I would curb my roving youth  
No more to see a strange land.

\SBALLADS Child 53N.7

\N1 `O an I were free again now,  
And my feet well set on the sea,  
I would live in peace in my own country,  
And a foreign land I no more would see.'

\SBALLADS Child 53N.8

\N1 The savage Moor had but one daughter,  
I wot her name was Susan Py;  
She heard Young Bichen make his moan,  
At the prison-door as she past by.

\SBALLADS Child 53N.9

\N1 `O have ye any lands,' she said,  
'Or have you any money free,  
Or have you any revenues,  
To maintain a lady like me?'

\SBALLADS Child 53N.10

\N1 `O I have land in fair England,  
And I have estates two or three,  
And likewise I have revenues,  
To maintain a lady like thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 53N.11

\N1 `O will you promise, Young Bichen,' she says,  
'And keep your vow faithful to me,  
That at the end of seven years  
In fair England you\'ll marry me?

\SBALLADS Child 53N.12

\N1 `I\'ll steal the keys from my father dear,  
Tho he keeps them most secretly;  
I\'ll risk my life for to save thine,  
And set thee safe upon the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 53N.13

\N1 She\'s stolen the keys from her father,  
From under the bed where they lay;  
She opened the prison strong  
And set Young Bichen at liberty.

\SBALLADS Child 53N.14

\N1 She\'s gone to her father\'s coffer,  
Where the gold was red and fair to see;



She f+illed his pockets with good red gold,  
And she set him far upon the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.15  
\N1 `O mind you well, Young Bichen,' she says,  
`The vows and oaths you made to me;  
When you are come to your native land,  
O then remember Susan Py!'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.16  
\N1 But when her father he came home  
He missd the keys there where they lay;  
He went into the prison strong,  
But he saw Young Bichen was away.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.17  
\N1 `Go bring your daughter, madam,' he says,  
`And bring her here unto me;  
Altho I have no more but her,  
Tomorrow I\'ll gar hang her high.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.18  
\N1 The lady calld on the maiden fair  
To come to her most speedily;  
`Go up the country, my child,' she says,  
`Stay with my brother two years or three.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.19  
\N1 `I have a brother, he lives in the isles,  
He will keep thee most courteously  
And stay with him, my child,' she says,  
`Till thy father\'s wrath be turnd from thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.20  
\N1 Now will we leave young Susan Py  
A while in her own country,  
And will return to Young Bichen,  
Who is safe arrived in fair England.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.21  
\N1 He had not been in fair England  
Above years scarcely three,  
Till he has courted another maid,  
And so forgot his Susan Py.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.22  
\N1 The youth being young and in his prime,  
Of Susan Py thought not upon,  
But his love was laid on another maid,  
And the marriage-day it did draw on.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.23  
\N1 But eer the seven years were run,  
Susan Py she thought full long;  
She set her foot on good ship-board,  
And she has saild for fair England.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.24  
\N1 On every f+inger she put a ring,  
On her mid-f+inger she put three;  
She f+illd her pockets with good red gold,  
And she has sailed oer the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.25  
\N1 She had not been in fair England  
A day, a day, but only three,  
Till she heard Young Bichen was a bridegroom,  
And the morrow to be the wedding-day.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.26  
\N1 `Since it is so,' said young Susan,  
`That he has provd so false to me,

I'll hie me to Young Bichen's gates,  
And see if he minds Susan Py.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.27  
\N1 She has gone up thro London town,  
Where many a lady she there did spy;  
There was not a lady in all London  
Young Susan that could outvie.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.28  
\N1 She has calld upon a waiting-man,  
A waiting-man who stood near by:  
'Convey me to Young Bichen's gates,  
And well rewarded shals thou be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.29  
\N1 When she came to Young Bichen's gate  
She chapped loudly at the pin,  
Till down there came the proud porter;  
'Who's there,' he says, 'That would be in?'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.30  
\N1 'Open the gates, porter,' she says,  
'Open them to a lady gay,  
And tell your master, porter,' she says,  
'To speak a word or two with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.31  
\N1 The porter he has opend the gates;  
His eyes were dazzled to see  
A lady dressd in gold and jewels;  
No page nor waiting-man had she.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.32  
\N1 'O pardon me, madam,' he cried,  
'This day it is his wedding-day;  
He's up the stairs with his lovely bride,  
And a sight of him you cannot see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.33  
\N1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
And therefrom took out guineas three,  
And gave to him, saying, Please, kind sir,  
Bring down your master straight to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.34  
\N1 The porter up again has gone,  
And he fell low down on his knee,  
Saying, Master, you will please come down  
To a lady who wants you to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.35  
\N1 A lady gay stands at your gates,  
The like of her I neer did see;  
She has more gold above her eye  
Nor would buy a baron's land to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.36  
\N1 Out then spake the bride's mother,  
I'm sure an angry woman was she:  
'You're impudent and insolent,  
For ye might excepted the bride and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.37  
\N1 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye proud woman,  
I'm sure sae loud as I hear you lie;  
She has more gold on her body  
Than would buy the lands, the bride, and thee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 53N.38  
\N1 'Go down, go down, porter,' he says,  
'And tell the lady gay from me

That I\'m up-stairs wi my lovely bride,  
And a sight of her I cannot see.'

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.39

\\N1 The porter he goes down again,  
The lady waited patiently:  
'My master\'s with his lovely bride,  
And he\'ll not win down my dame to see.'

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.40

\\N1 From off her f+inger she\'s taen a ring;  
'Give that your master,' she says, 'From me,  
And tell him now, young man,' she says,  
'To send down a cup of wine to me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.41

\\N1 'Here\'s ring for you, master,' he says,  
'On her mid-f+inger she has three,  
And you are desird, my lord,' he says,  
'To send down a cup of wine with me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.42

\\N1 He hit the table with his foot,  
He kept it with his right knee:  
'I\'ll wed my life and all my land  
That is Susan Py, come o\'er the sea!'

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.43

\\N1 He has gone unto the stair-head,  
A step he took but barely three;  
He opened the gates most speedily,  
And Susan Py he there could see.

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.44

\\N1 'Is this the way, Young Bichen,' she says,  
'Is this the way you\'ve guided me?  
I relieved you from prison strong,  
And ill have you rewarded me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.45

'O mind ye, Young Bichen,' she says,  
'The vows and oaths that ye made to me,  
When ye lay bound in prison strong,  
In a deep dungeon of misery?'

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.46

\\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her into the palace fine;  
There was not a lady in all the palace  
But Susan Py did all outshine.

\\SBALLADS Child 53N.47

\\N1 The day concluded with joy and mirth,  
On every side there might you see;  
There was great joy in all England  
For the wedding-day of Susan Py.

\\LBALLADS Child 54A.1

\\N1 JOSEPH was an old man,  
and an old man was he,  
When he wedded Mary,  
in the land of Galilee.

\\SBALLADS Child 54A.2

\\N1 Joseph and Mary walked  
through an orchard good,  
Where were cherries and berries,  
so red as any blood.

\\SBALLADS Child 54A.3

\\N1 Joseph and Mary walked  
through an orchard green,

Where was berries and cherries,  
as thick as might be seen.  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.4  
\N1 O then bespoke Mary,  
so meek and so mild:  
'Pluck me one cherry, Joseph,  
for I am with child.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.5  
\N1 O then bespoke Joseph,  
with words most unkind:  
'Let him pluck thee a cherry  
that brought thee with child.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.6  
\N1 O then bespoke the babe,  
within his mother\'s womb:  
'Bow down then the tallest tree,  
for my mother to have some.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.7  
\N1 Then bowed down the highest tree  
unto his mother\'s hand;  
Then she cried, See, Joseph,  
I have cherries at command.  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.8  
\N1 O then bespake Joseph:  
'I have done Mary wrong;  
But cheer up, my dearest,  
and be not cast down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.9  
\N1 Then Mary plucked a cherry,  
as red as the blood,  
Then Mary went home  
with her heavy load.  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.10  
\N1 Then Mary took her babe,  
and sat him on her knee,  
Saying, My dear son, tell me  
what this world will be.  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.11  
\N1 'O I shall be as dead, mother,  
as the stones in the wall;  
O the stones in the streets, mother,  
shall mourn for me all.  
\SBALLADS Child 54A.12  
\N1 'Upon Easter-day, mother,  
my uprising shall be;  
O the sun and the moon, mother,  
shall both rise with me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 54B.1  
\N1 JOSEPH was an old man,  
and an old man was he,  
And he married Mary,  
the Queen of Galilee.  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.2  
\N1 When Joseph was married,  
and Mary home had brought,  
Mary proved with child,  
and Joseph knew it not.  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.3  
\N1 Joseph and Mary walked  
through a garden gay,

Where the cherries they grew  
upon every tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.4  
\N1 O then bespoke Mary,  
with words both meek and mild:  
'O gather me cherries, Joseph,  
they run so in my mind.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.5  
\N1 And then replied Joseph,  
with words so unkind:  
'Let him gather thee cherries  
that got thee with child.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.6  
\N1 O then bespoke our Saviour,  
all in his mother\'s womb:  
'Bow down, good cherry-tree,  
to my mother\'s hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.7  
\N1 The uppermost sprig  
bowed down to Mary\'s knee:  
'Thus you may see, Joseph,  
these cherries are for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.8  
\N1 'O eat your cherries, Mary,  
O eat your cherries now;  
O eat your cherries, Mary,  
that grow upon the bough.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.9  
\N1 As Joseph was a walking,  
he heard an angel sing:  
'This night shall be born  
our heavenly king.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.10  
\N1 'He neither shall be born  
in housen nor in hall,  
Nor in the place of Paradise,  
but in an ox\'s stall.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.11  
\N1 'He neither shall be clothed  
in purple nor in pall,  
But all in fair linen,  
as were babies all.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.12  
\N1 'He neither shall be rocked  
in silver nor in gold,  
But in a wooden cradle,  
that rocks on the mould.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.13  
\N1 'He neither shall be christened  
in white wine nor red,  
But with fair spring water,  
with which we were christened.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.14  
\N1 Then Mary took her young son,  
and set him on her knee:  
'I pray thee now, dear child,  
tell how this world shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54B.15  
\N1 'O I shall be as dead, mother,  
as the stones in the wall;

O the stones in the street, mother,  
shall mourn for me all.

\SBALLADS Child 54B.16

\N1 `And upon a Wednesday  
my vow I will make,  
And upon Good Friday  
my death I will take.

\SBALLADS Child 54B.17

\N1 `Upon Easter-day, mother,  
my rising shall be;  
O the sun and the moon  
shall uprise with me.

\SBALLADS Child 54B.18

\N1 ' The people shall rejoice,  
and the birds they shall sing,  
To see the uprising  
of the heavenly king.'

\LBALLADS Child 54C.1

\N1 JOSEPH was an old man,  
an old man was he,  
He married sweet Mary,  
the Queen of Galilee.

\SBALLADS Child 54C.2

\N1 As they went a walking  
in the garden so gay,  
Maid Mary spied cherries,  
hanging over yon tree.

\SBALLADS Child 54C.3

\N1 Mary said to Joseph,  
with her sweet lips so mild,  
'Pluck those cherries, Joseph,  
for to give to my child.'

\SBALLADS Child 54C.4

\N1 O then replied Joseph,  
with words so unkind,  
'I will pluck no cherries  
for to give to thy child.'

\SBALLADS Child 54C.5

\N1 Mary said to cherry-tree,  
'Bow down to my knee,  
That I may pluck cherries,  
by one, two, and three.'

\SBALLADS Child 54C.6

\N1 The uppermost sprig then  
bowed down to her knee:  
'Thus you may see, Joseph,  
these cherries are for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 54C.7

\N1 `O eat your cherries, Mary,  
O eat your cherries now,  
O eat your cherries, Mary,  
that grow upon the bough.'

\SBALLADS Child 54C.8

\N1 As Joseph was a walking  
he heard angels sing,  
'This night there shall be born  
our heavenly king.

\SBALLADS Child 54C.9

\N1 `He neither shall be born  
in house nor in hall,

Nor in the place of Paradise,  
but in an ox-stall.  
\SBALLADS Child 54C.10  
\N1 `He shall not be clothed  
in purple nor pall,  
But all in fair linen,  
as wear babies all.  
\SBALLADS Child 54C.11  
\N1 `He shall not be rocked  
in silver nor gold,  
But in a wooden cradle,  
that rocks on the mould.  
\SBALLADS Child 54C.12  
\N1 `He neither shall be christened  
in milk nor in wine,  
But in pure spring-well water,  
fresh sprung from Bethine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54C.13  
\N1 Mary took her baby,  
she dressed him so sweet;  
She laid him in a manger,  
all there for to sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 54C.14  
\N1 As she stood over him  
she heard angels sing,  
`Oh bless our dear Saviour,  
our heavenly king.'  
\LBALLADS Child 54D.1  
\N1 O JOSEPH was an old man,  
and an old man was he,  
And he married Mary,  
from the land of Galilee.  
\SBALLADS Child 54D.2  
\N1 Oft after he married her,  
how warm he were abroad,  
. . . .  
. . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 54D.3  
\N1 Then Mary and Joseph  
walkd down to the gardens cool;  
Then Mary spied a cherry,  
as red as any blood.  
\SBALLADS Child 54D.4  
\N1 `Brother Joseph, pluck the cherry,  
for I am with child.'  
`Let him pluck the cherry, Mary,  
as is father to the child.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54D.5  
\N1 Then our blessed Saviour spoke,  
from his mother\'s womb:  
`Mary shall have cherries,  
and Joseph shall have none.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54D.6  
\N1 From the high bough the cherry-tree  
bowd down to Mary\'s knee;  
Then Mary pluckt the cherry,  
by one, two, and three.  
\SBALLADS Child 54D.7  
\N1 They went a little further,  
and heard a great din:

`God bless our sweet Saviour,  
our heaven\'s love in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 54D.8  
\N1 Our Saviour was not rocked  
in silver or in gold,  
But in a wooden cradle,  
like other babes all.  
\SBALLADS Child 54D.9  
\N1 Our Saviour was not christend  
in white wine or red,  
But in some spring water,  
like other babes all.  
\LBALLADS Child 55.1  
\N1 AS I passed by a river side,  
And there as I did reign,  
In argument I chanced to hear  
A Carnal and a Crane.  
\SBALLADS Child 55.2  
\N1 The Carnal said unto the Crane,  
If all the world should turn,  
Before we had the Father,  
But now we have the Son!  
\SBALLADS Child 55.3  
\N1 `From whence does the Son come,  
From where and from what place?'  
He said, In a manger,  
Between an ox and ass.  
\SBALLADS Child 55.4  
\N1 `I pray thee,' said the Carnal,  
`Tell me before thou go,  
Was not the mother of Jesus  
Conceivd by the Holy Ghost?'  
\SBALLADS Child 55.5  
\N1 She was the purest virgin,  
And the cleanest from sin;  
She was the handmaid of our Lord  
And mother of our king.  
\SBALLADS Child 55.6  
\N1 `Where is the golden cradle  
That Christ was rocked in?  
Where are the silken sheets  
That Jesus was wrapt in?'  
\SBALLADS Child 55.7  
\N1 A manger was the cradle  
That Christ was rocked in:  
The provender the asses left  
So sweetly he slept on.  
\SBALLADS Child 55.8  
\N1 There was a star in the east land,  
So bright it did appear,  
Into King Herod\'s chamber,  
And where King Herod were.  
\SBALLADS Child 55.9  
\N1 The Wise Men soon espied it,  
And told the king on high  
A princely babe was born that night  
No king could eer destroy.  
\SBALLADS Child 55.10  
\N1 `If this be true,' King Herod said,  
`As thou tellest unto me,



This roasted cock that lies in the dish  
Shall crow full fences three.'

\SBALLADS Child 55.11

\N1 The cock soon freshly featherd was,  
By the work of God\'s own hand,  
And then three fences crowed he,  
In the dish where he did stand.

\SBALLADS Child 55.12

\N1 `Rise up, rise up, you merry men all,

-----  
The following section is missing from the  
concordance. It uses an older encoding  
method for upper case, etc.

+SEE THAT YOU READY BE;

+ALL CHILDREN UNDER TWO YEARS OLD

+NOW SLAIN THEY ALL SHALL BE.?

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.13

=1 +THEN +JESUS, AH, AND +JOSEPH,

+AND +MARY, THAT WAS SO PURE,

+THEY TRAVELLD INTO +EGYPT,

+AS YOU SHALL FIND IT SURE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.14

=1 +AND WHEN THEY CAME TO +EGYPT\*S LAND, +AMONGST THOSE FIERCE WILD  
BEASTS,

+MARY, SHE BEING WEARY,

+MUST NEEDS SIT DOWN TO REST.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.15

=1 ?+COME SIT THEE DOWN,? SAYS +JESUS,

?+COME SIT THEE DOWN BY ME,

+AND THOU SHALT SEE HOW THESE WILD BEASTS +DO COME AND WORSHIP ME.?

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.16

=1 +FIRST CAME THE LOVELY LION,

+WHICH +JESUS\*S GRACE DID BRING,

+AND OF THE WILD BEASTS IN THE FIELD

+THE LION SHALL BE KING.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.17

=1 +WE\*LL CHOOSE OUR VIRTUOUS PRINCESS

+OF BIRTH AND HIGH DEGREE,

+IN EVERY SUNDRY NATION,

+WHEREER WE COME AND SEE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.18

=1 +THEN +JESUS, AH, AND +JOSEPH,

+AND +MARY, THAT WAS UNKNOWN,

+THEY TRAVELLED BY A HUSBANDMAN,

+JUST WHILE HIS SEED WAS SOWN.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.19

=1 ?+GOD SPEED THEE, MAN,? SAID +JESUS, ?+GO FETCH THY OX AND WAIN,

+AND CARRY HOME THY CORN AGAIN

+WHICH THOU THIS DAY HAST SOWN.?

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.20

=1 +THE HUSBANDMAN FELL ON HIS KNEES,

+EVEN UPON HIS FACE:

?+LONG TIME HAST THOU BEEN LOOKED FOR,

+BUT NOW THOU ART COME AT LAST.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.21

=1 ?+AND +I MYSELF DO NOW BELIEVE

+THY NAME IS +JESUS CALLED;

+REDEEMER OF MANKIND THOU ART,

+THOUGH UNDESERVING ALL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.22  
 =1 ?+THE TRUTH, MAN, THOU HAST SPOKEN,  
 +OF IT THOU MAYST BE SURE,  
 +FOR +I MUST LOSE MY PRECIOUS BLOOD  
 +FOR THEE AND THOUSANDS MORE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.23  
 =1 ?+IF ANY ONE SHOULD COME THIS WAY,  
 +AND ENQUIRE FOR ME ALONE,  
 +TELL THEM THAT +JESUS PASSED BY  
 +AS THOU THY SEED DID SOW.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.24  
 =1 +AFTER THAT THERE CAME +KING +HEROD, +WITH HIS TRAIN SO FURIOUSLY,  
 +ENQUIRING OF THE HUSBANDMAN  
 +WHETHER +JESUS PASSED BY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.25  
 =1 ?+WHY , THE TRUTH IT MUST BE SPOKE,  
 +AND THE TRUTH IT MUST BE KNOWN;  
 +FOR +JESUS PASSED BY THIS WAY  
 +WHEN MY SEED WAS SOWN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.26  
 =1 ?+BUT NOW +I HAVE IT REAPEN,  
 +AND SOME LAID ON MY WAIN,  
 +READY TO FETCH AND CARRY  
 +INTO MY BARN AGAIN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.27  
 =1 ?+TURN BACK, ? SAYS THE CAPTAIN,  
 ?+YOUR LABOR AND MINE\*S IN VAIN;  
 +IT\*S FULL THREE QUARTERS OF A YEAR  
 +SINCE HE HIS SEED HAS SOWN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.28  
 =1 +SO +HEROD WAS DECEIVED,  
 +BY THE WORK OF +GOD\*S OWN HAND,  
 +AND FURTHER HE PROCEEDED  
 +INTO THE +HOLY +LAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.29  
 =1 +THERE\*S THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN YOUNG +WHICH FOR HIS SAKE DID DIE;  
 +DO NOT FORBID THOSE LITTLE ONES,  
 +AND DO NOT THEM DENY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 55.30  
 =1 +THE TRUTH NOW +I HAVE SPOKEN,  
 +AND THE TRUTH NOW +I HAVE SHOWN;  
 +EVEN THE +BLESSED +VIRGIN  
 +SHE\*S NOW BROUGHT FORTH A SON.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.1  
 =/ +CHILD 56 +A  
 =/ +DIVES AND +LAZARUS  
 =/ A. +SYLVESTER, +A +GARLAND OF +CHRISTMAS +CAROLS, P. 50, FROM AN OLD  
 =/ +BIRMINGHAM BROADSIDE. B. +HUSK, +SONGS OF THE +NATIVITY, P. 94, =/  
 FROM A +WORCESTERSHIRE BROADSIDE OF THE LAST CENTURY.  
 =1 ^AS IT FELL OUT UPON A DAY,  
 +RICH +DIVES HE MADE A FEAST,  
 +AND HE INVITED ALL HIS FRIENDS,  
 +AND GENTRY OF THE BEST.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.2  
 =1 +THEN +LAZARUS LAID HIM DOWN AND DOWN, +AND DOWN AT +DIVES\* DOOR:  
 ?+SOME MEAT, SOME DRINK, BROTHER +DIVES, +BESTOW UPON THE POOR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.3  
 =1 ?+THOU ART NONE OF MY BROTHER, +LAZARUS, +THAT LIES BEGGING AT MY  
 DOOR;

+NO MEAT NOR DRINK WILL +I GIVE THEE,  
 +NOR BESTOW UPON THE POOR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.4  
 =1 +THEN +LAZARUS LAID HIM DOWN AND DOWN, +AND DOWN AT +DIVE\*S WALL:  
 ?+SOME MEAT, SOME DRINK, BROTHER +DIVES, +OR WITH HUNGER STARVE +I  
 SHALL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.5  
 =1 ?+THOU ART NONE OF MY BROTHER, +LAZARUS, +THAT LIES BEGGING AT MY  
 WALL;  
 +NO MEAT NOR DRINK WILL +I GIVE THEE,  
 +BUT WITH HUNGER STARVE YOU SHALL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.6  
 =1 +THEN +LAZARUS LAID HIM DOWN AND DOWN, +AND DOWN AT +DIVE\*S GATE:  
 ?+SOME MEAT, SOME DRINK, BROTHER +DIVES, +FOR +JESUS +CHRIST SAKE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.7  
 =1 ?+THOU ART NONE OF MY BROTHER, +LAZARUS, +THAT LIES BEGGING AT MY  
 GATE;  
 +NO MEAT NOR DRINK WILL +I GIVE THEE,  
 +FOR +JESUS +CHRIST HIS SAKE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.8  
 =1 +THEN +DIVES SENT OUT HIS MERRY MEN, +TO WHIP POOR +LAZARUS AWAY;  
 +THEY HAD NO POWER TO STRIKE A STROKE,  
 +BUT FLUNG THEIR WHIPS AWAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.9  
 =1 +THEN +DIVES SENT OUT HIS HUNGRY DOGS, +TO BITE HIM AS HE LAY;  
 +THEY HAD NO POWER TO BITE AT ALL,  
 +BUT LICKED HIS SORES AWAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.10  
 =1 +AS IT FELL OUT UPON A DAY,  
 +POOR +LAZARUS SICKENED AND DIED;  
 +THEN CAME TWO ANGELS OUT OF HEAVEN  
 +HIS SOUL THEREIN TO GUIDE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.11  
 =1 ?+RISE UP, RISE UP, BROTHER +LAZARUS, +AND GO ALONG WITH ME;  
 +FOR YOU\*VE A PLACE PREPARED IN HEAVEN, +TO SIT ON AN ANGEL\*S KNEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.12  
 =1 +AS IT FELL OUT UPON A DAY,  
 +RICH +DIVES SICKENED AND DIED;  
 +THEN CAME TWO SERPENTS OUT OF HELL,  
 +HIS SOUL THEREIN TO GUIDE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.13  
 =1 ?+RISE UP, RISE UP, BROTHER +DIVES,  
 +AND GO WITH US TO SEE  
 +A DISMAL PLACE, PREPARED IN HELL,  
 +FROM WHICH THOU CANST NOT FLEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.14  
 =1 +THEN +DIVES LOOKED UP WITH HIS EYES, +AND SAW POOR +LAZARUS BLEST:  
 ?+GIVE ME ONE DROP OF WATER, BROTHER +LAZARUS, +TO QUENCH MY FLAMING  
 THIRST.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.15  
 =1 ?+OH HAD +I AS MANY YEARS TO ABIDE  
 +AS THERE ARE BLADES OF GRASS,  
 +THEN THERE WOULD BE AN END, BUT NOW  
 +HELL\*S PAINS WILL NE\*ER BE PAST.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+A.16  
 =1 ?+OH WAS +I NOW BUT ALIVE AGAIN,  
 +THE SPACE OF ONE HALF HOUR'  
 +OH THAT +I HAD MY PEACE SECURE'  
 +THEN THE DEVIL SHOULD HAVE NO POWER.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.1

=/ +CHILD 56 +B  
 =/ +DIVES AND +LAZARUS  
 =/ +FROM MEMORY, AS SUNG BY CAROL-SINGERS AT +CHRISTMAS, IN  
 +WORCESTERSHIRE, =/ AT +HAGLEY AND +HARTLEBURY, 1829-39: +F. +S. +L., IN  
 +NOTES AND +QUERIES, =/ +FOURTH +SERIES, +I+I+I, 76.  
 =1 ^AS IT FELL OUT UPON ONE DAY,  
 +RICH +DIVERUS HE MADE A FEAST,  
 +AND HE INVITED ALL HIS FRIENDS,  
 +AND GENTRY OF THE BEST.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.2  
 =1 +AND IT FELL OUT UPON ONE DAY,  
 +POOR +LAZARUS HE WAS SO POOR,  
 +HE CAME AND LAID HIM DOWN AND DOWN.  
 +EVN DOWN AT +DIVERUS\* DOOR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.3  
 =1 +SO +LAZARUS LAID HIM DOWN AND DOWN  
 +EVEN DOWN AT +DIVERUS\* DOOR:  
 ?+SOME MEAT, SOME DRINK, BROTHER +DIVERUS, +DO BESTOW UPON THE POOR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.4  
 =1 ?+THOU ART NONE OF MINE, BROTHER +LAZARUS, +LYING BEGGING AT MY DOOR:  
 +NO MEAT, NO DRINK WILL +I GIVE THEE,  
 +NOR BESTOW UPON THE POOR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.5  
 =1 +THEN +LAZARUS LAID HIM DOWN AND DOWN, +EVEN DOWN AT +DIVERUS\* WALL:  
 ?+SOME MEAT, SOME DRINK, BROTHER +DIVERUS, +OR SURELY STARVE +I SHALL.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.6  
 =1 ?+THOU ART NONE OF MINE, BROTHER +LAZARUS, +LYING BEGGING AT MY WALL;  
 +NO MEAT, NO DRINK WILL +I GIVE THEE,  
 +AND THEREFORE STARVE THOU SHALL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.7  
 =1 +THEN +LAZARUS LAID HIM DOWN AND DOWN, +EVEN DOWN AT +DIVERUS\* GATE:  
 ?+SOME MEAT, SOME DRINK, BROTHER +DIVERUS, +FOR +JESUS +CHRIST HIS  
 SAKE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.8  
 =1 ?+THOU ART NONE OF MINE, BROTHER +LAZARUS, +LYING BEGGING AT MY GATE;  
 +NO MEAT, NO DRINK WILL +I GIVE THEE,  
 +FOR +JESUS +CHRIST HIS SAKE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.9  
 =1 +THEN +DIVERUS SENT OUT HIS MERRY MEN ALL, +TO WHIP POOR +LAZARUS  
 AWAY;  
 +THEY HAD NOT POWER TO WHIP ONE WHIP,  
 +BUT THREW THEIR WHIPS AWAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.10  
 =1 +THEN +DIVERUS SENT OUT HIS HUNGRY DOGS, +TO BITE POOR +LAZARUS AWAY;  
 +THEY HAD NOT POWER TO BITE ONE BITE,  
 +BUT LICKED HIS SORES AWAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.11  
 =1 +AND IT FELL OUT UPON ONE DAY,  
 +POOR +LAZARUS HE SICKENED AND DIED;  
 +THERE CAME TWO ANGELS OUT OF HEAVEN,  
 +HIS SOUL THERETO TO GUIDE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.12  
 =1 ?+RISE UP, RISE UP, BROTHER +LAZARUS, +AND COME ALONG WITH ME;  
 +THERE IS A PLACE PREPARED IN HEAVEN,  
 +FOR TO SIT UPON AN ANGEL\*S KNEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.13  
 =1 +AND IT FELL OUT UPON ONE DAY  
 +RICH +DIVERUS HE SICKENED AND DIED;  
 +THERE CAME TWO SERPENTS OUT OF HELL,  
 +HIS SOUL THERETO TO GUIDE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 56+B.14  
 =1 ?+RISE UP, RISE UP, BROTHER +DIVERUS, +AND COME ALONG WITH ME;  
 +THERE IS A PLACE PREPARED IN HELL,  
 +FOR TO SIT UPON A SERPENT\*S KNEE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 57.1  
 =/ +CHILD 57  
 =/ +BROWN +ROBYN\*S +CONFESSION  
 =/ +BUCHAN\*S +BALLADS OF THE +NORTH OF +SCOTLAND, +I, 110.  
 +MOTHERWELL\*S =/ +M+S., P. 580.  
 =1 ^IT FELL UPON A +WODENSDAY  
 +BROWN +ROBYN\*S MEN WENT TO SEA,  
 +BUT THEY SAW NEITHER MOON NOR SUN,  
 +NOR STARLIGHT WI THEIR EE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 57.2  
 =1 ?+WE\*LL CAST KEVELS US AMANG,  
 +SEE WHA THE UNHAPPY MAN MAY BE;?  
 +THE KEVEL FELL ON +BROWN +ROBYN,  
 +THE MASTER-MAN WAS HE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 57.3  
 =1 ?+IT IS NAE WONDER,? SAID +BROWN +ROBYN, ?+ALTHO +I DINNA THRIVE,  
 +FOR WI MY MITHER +I HAD TWA BAIRNS,  
 +AND WI MY SISTER FIVE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 57.4  
 =1 ?+BUT TIE ME TO A PLANK O WUDE,  
 +AND THROW ME IN THE SEA;  
 +AND IF +I SINK, YE MAY BID ME SINK,  
 +BUT IF +I SWIM, JUST LAT ME BEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 57.5  
 =1 +THEY\*VE TYED HIM TO A PLANK O WUDE, +AND THROWN HIM IN THE SEA;  
 +HE DIDNA SINK, THO THEY BADE HIM SINK; +HE SWIMD, AND THEY BADE LAT HIM  
 BEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 57.6  
 =1 +HE HADNA BEEN INTO THE SEA  
 +AN HOUR BUT BARELY THREE,  
 +TILL BY IT CAME +OUR +BLESSED +LADY,  
 +HER DEAR YOUNG SON HER WI.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 57.7  
 =1 ?+WILL YE GANG TO YOUR MEN AGAIN,  
 +OR WILL YE GANG WI ME\$  
 +WILL YE GANG TO THE HIGH HEAVENS,  
 +WI MY DEAR SON AND ME\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 57.8  
 =1 ?+I WINNA GANG TO MY MEN AGAIN,  
 +FOR THEY WOULD BE FEARED AT MEE;  
 +BUT +I WOUD GANG TO THE HIGH HEAVENS,  
 +WI THY DEAR SON AND THEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 57.9  
 =1 ?+IT\*S FOR NAE HONOUR YE DID TO ME, +BROWN +ROBYN, +IT\*S FOR NAE GUID  
 YE DID TO MEE;  
 +BUT A\* IS FOR YOUR FAIR CONFESSION  
 +YOU\*VE MADE UPON THE SEA.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +A  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ A. +PERCY\*S +RELIQUES, 1765, +I, 71: "GIVEN FROM TWO +M+S. COPIES, =/  
 TRANSMITTED FROM +SCOTLAND." B. +HERD\*S +SCOTS +SONGS, 1769, P. 243.  
 =1 ^THE KING SITS IN +DUMFERLING TOUNE, +DRINKING THE BLUDE-REID WINE:  
 ?+O WHAR WILL +I GET GUID SAILOR,  
 +TO SAIL THIS SCHIP OF MINE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.2

=1 +UP AND SPAK AN ELDERN KNICHT,  
 +SAT AT THE KINGS RICHT KNE:  
 ?+SIR +PATRICK +SPENCE IS THE BEST SAILOR +THAT SAILS UPON THE SE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.3  
 =1 +THE KING HAS WRITTEN A BRAID LETTER, +AND SIGND IT WI HIS HAND,  
 +AND SENT IT TO +SIR +PATRICK +SPENCE,  
 +WAS WALKING ON THE SAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.4  
 =1 +THE FIRST LINE THAT +SIR +PATRICK RED, +A LOUD LAUCH LAUCHED HE;  
 +THE NEXT LINE THAT +SIR +PATRICK RED,  
 +THE TEIR BLINDED HIS EE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.5  
 =1 ?+O WHA IS THIS HAS DON THIS DEID,  
 +THIS ILL DEID DON TO ME,  
 +TO SEND ME OUT THIS TIME O\* THE YEIR,  
 +TO SAIL UPON THE SE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.6  
 =1 ?+MAK HAST, MAK HASTE, MY MIRRY MEN ALL, +OUR GUID SCHIP SAILS THE  
 MORNE:?  
 ?+O SAY NA SAE, MY MASTER DEIR,  
 +FOR +I FEIR A DEADLIE STORME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.7  
 =1 ?+LATE LATE YESTREEN +I SAW THE NEW MOONE, +WI THE AULD MOONE IN HIR  
 ARME,  
 +AND +I FEIR, +I FEIR, MY DEIR MASTER,  
 +THAT WE WILL CUM TO HARME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.8  
 =1 +O OUR +SCOTS NABLES WER RICHT LAITH +TO WEET THEIR CORK-HEILD  
 SCHOONE;  
 +BOT LANG OWRE A\* THE PLAY WER PLAYD,  
 +THEIR HATS THEY SWAM ABOONE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.9  
 =1 +O LANG, LANG MAY THEIR LADIES SIT,  
 +WI THAIR FANS INTO THEIR HAND,  
 +OR EIR THEY SE +SIR +PATRICK +SPENCE  
 +CUM SAILING TO THE LAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.10  
 =1 +O LANG, LANG MAY THE LADIES STAND,  
 +WI THAIR GOLD KEMS IN THEIR HAIR,  
 +WAITING FOR THAIR AIN DEIR LORDS,  
 +FOR THEY\*LL SE THAME NA MAIR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+A.11  
 =1 +HAF OWRE, HAF OWRE TO +ABERDOUR,  
 +IT\*S FIFTIE FADOM DEIP,  
 +AND THAIR LIES GUID +SIR +PATRICK +SPENCE, +WI THE +SCOTS LORDS AT HIS  
 FEIT.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +B  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +HERD\*S +M+S+S., +I+I, 27, +I, 49.  
 =1 ^THE KING HE SITS IN +DUMFERLING,  
 +DRINKING THE BLUDE REID WINE: +O  
 ?+O WHERE WILL +I GET A GUDE SAILOR,  
 +THAT\*L SAIL THE SHIPS O MINE\$? +O  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.2  
 =1 +UP THEN STARTED A YALLOW-HAIRD MAN, +JUST BE THE KINGS RIGHT KNEE:  
 ?+SIR +PATRICK +SPENCE IS THE BEST SAILOR +THAT EVER SAILED THE SEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.3  
 =1 +THEN THE KING HE WROTE A LANG LETTER, +AND SEALLD IT WITH HIS HAND,  
 +AND SENT IT TO +SIR +PATRICK +SPENCE,

+THAT WAS LYAND AT +LEITH +SANDS.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.4  
 =1 +WHEN +PATRICK LOOKD THE LETTER ON,  
 +HE GAE LOUD LAUGHTERS THREE;  
 +BUT AFORE HE WAN TO THE END OF IT  
 +THE TEIR BLINDIT HIS EE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.5  
 =1 ?+O WHA IS THIS HAS TALD THE KING,  
 +HAS TALD THE KING O ME\$  
 +GIF +I BUT WIST THE MAN IT WAR,  
 +HANGED SHOULD HE BE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.6  
 =1 ?+COME EAT AND DRINK, MY MERRY MEN ALL, +FOR OUR SHIPS MAUN SAIL THE  
 MORN;  
 +BLA\*D WIND, BLA\*D WEET, BLA\*D SNA OR SLEET, +OUR SHIPS MAUN SAIL THE  
 MORN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.7  
 =1 ?+ALAKE AND ALAS NOW, GOOD MASTER,  
 +FOR +I FEAR A DEIDLY STORM;  
 +FOR +I SAW THE NEW MOON LATE YESTREEN, +AND THE AULD MOON IN HER ARMS.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.8  
 =1 +THEY HAD NOT SAILD UPON THE SEA  
 +A LEAGUE BUT MERELY THREE,  
 +WHEN UGLY, UGLY WERE THE JAWS  
 +THAT ROWD UNTO THEIR KNEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.9  
 =1 +THEY HAD NOT SAILD UPON THE SEA  
 +A LEAGUE BUT MERELY NINE,  
 +WHEN WIND AND WEIT AND SNAW AND SLEIT  
 +CAME BLAWING THEM BEHIND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.10  
 =1 ?+THEN WHERE WILL +I GET A PRETTY BOY +WILL TAKE MY STEER IN HAND,  
 +TILL +I GO UP TO MY TAP-MAST,  
 +AND SEE GIF +I SEE DRY LAND\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.11  
 =1 ?+HERE AM +I, A PRETTY BOY  
 +THAT\*L TAKE YOUR STEIR IN HAND,  
 +TILL YOU GO UP TO YOUR TAP-MAST,  
 +AND SEE AN YOU SEE THE LAND.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.12  
 =1 +LAITH, LAITH WERE OUR +SCOTTICH LORDS +TO WEIT THEIR COAL-BLACK  
 SHOON;  
 +BUT YET ERE A\* THE PLAY WAS PLAYD,  
 +THEY WAT THEIR HATS ABOON.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.13  
 =1 +LAITH, LAITH WAR OUR +SCOTTISH LORDS +TO WEIT THEIR COAL-BLACK HAIR;  
 +BUT YET ERE A\* THE PLAY WAS PLAYD,  
 +THEY WAT IT EVERY HAIR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.14  
 =1 +THE WATER AT +ST +JOHNSTON\*S WALL  
 +WAS FIFTY FATHOM DEEP,  
 +AND THERE LY A\* OUR +SCOTTISH LORDS,  
 +SIR +PATRICK AT THEIR FEET.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.15  
 =1 +LANG, LANG MAY OUR LADIES WAIT  
 +WI THE TEAR BLINDING THEIR EE,  
 +AFORE THEY SEE +SIR +PATRICK\*S SHIPS  
 +COME SAILING OER THE SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+B.16  
 =1 +LANG, LANG MAY OUR LADIES WAIT,

+WI THEIR BABIES IN THEIR HANDS,  
 +AFORE THEY SEE +SIR +PATRICK +SPENCE  
 +COME SAILING TO +LEITH +SANDS.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +C  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +MOTHERWELL\*S +M+S., P. 493, "FROM THE RECITATION OF&+BUCHANAN, ALIAS  
 =/ +MRS +NOTMAN, 9 +SEPTEMBER, 1826."  
 =1 ^THE KING SAT IN +DUNFERMLINE TOUN,  
 +DRINKING THE BLUDE RED WINE:  
 ?+WHERE WILL +I GET A BOLD SAILOR,  
 +TO SAIL THIS SHIP O MINE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.2  
 =1 +OUT THEN SPAK AN AULD AULD KNICHT,  
 +WAS NIGH THE KING AKIN:  
 ?+SIR +PATRICK +SPENS IS THE BEST SAILOR +THAT EVER SAILED THE MAIN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.3  
 =1 +THE KING\*S WROTE A LARGE LETTER,  
 +SEALED IT WITH HIS OWN HAND,  
 +AND SENT IT TO +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS,  
 +WAS WALKING ON DRY LAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.4  
 =1 +THE FIRST THREE LINES HE LOOKED ON, +THE TEARS DID BLIND HIS EE;  
 +THE NEIST THREE LINES HE LOOKED ON  
 +NOT ONE WORD COULD HE SEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.5  
 =1 ?+WHA IS THIS,? +SIR +PATRICK SAYS,  
 ?+THAT\*S TAULD THE KING O ME,  
 +TO SET ME OUT THIS TIME O THE YEAR  
 +TO SAIL UPON THE SEA'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.6  
 =1 ?+YESTREEN +I SAW THE NEW NEW MUNE,  
 +AND THE AULD MUNE IN HER ARM;  
 +AND THAT IS THE SIGN SINCE WE WERE BORN +EVEN OF A DEADLY STORM.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.7  
 =1 ?+DRINK ABOUT, MY MERRY BOYS,  
 +FOR WE MAUN SAIL THE MORN;  
 +BE IT WIND, OR BE IT WEET,  
 +OR BE IT DEADLY STORM.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.8  
 =1 +WE HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE, A LEAGUE, +A LEAGUE BUT ONLY ANE,  
 +TILL CAULD AND WATRY GREW THE WIND,  
 +AND STORMY GREW THE MAIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.9  
 =1 +WE HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE, A LEAGUE, +A LEAGUE BUT ONLY TWA,  
 +TILL CAULD AND WATRY GREW THE WIND,  
 +COME HAILING OWRE THEM A\*.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.10  
 =1 +WE HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE, A LEAGUE, +A LEAGUE BUT ONLY THREE,  
 +TILL COLD AND WATRY GREW THE WIND,  
 +AND GRUMLY GREW THE SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.11  
 =1 ?+WHA WILL COME,? THE CAPTAIN SAYS,  
 ?+AND TAKE MY HELM IN HAND\$  
 +OR WHA\*LL GAE UP TO MY TOPMAST,  
 +AND LOOK FOR SOME DRY LAND\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.12  
 =1 ?+MOUNT UP, MOUNT UP, MY PRETTY BOY, +SEE WHAT YOU CAN SPY;  
 +MOUNT UP, MOUNT UP, MY PRETTY BOY,  
 +SEE IF ANY LAND WE\*RE NIGH.?



=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.13  
 =1 ?+WE\*RE FIFTY MILES FROM SHORE TO SHORE, +AND FIFTY BANKS OF SAND;  
 +AND WE HAVE ALL THAT FOR TO SAIL  
 +OR WE COME TO DRY LAND.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.14  
 =1 ?+COME DOWN, COME DOWN, MY PRETTY BOY, +I THINK YOU TARRY LANG;  
 +FOR THE SAUT SEA\*S IN AT OUR COAT-NECK +AND OUT AT OUR LEFT ARM.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.15  
 =1 ?+COME DOWN, COME DOWN, MY PRETTY BOY, +I FEAR WE HERE MAUN DIE;  
 +FOR THRO AND THRO MY GOODLY SHIP  
 +I SEE THE GREEN-WAVED SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.16  
 =1 +OUR +SCOTCH LORDS WERE ALL AFRAID  
 +TO WEET THEIR CORK-HEELED SHOON;  
 +BUT LANG OR A\* THE PLAY WAS PLAYED,  
 +THEIR HATS THEY SWAM ABUNE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.17  
 =1 +THE FIRST STEP THAT THE CAPTAIN STEPT, +IT TOOK HIM TO THE KNEE,  
 +AND THE NEXT STEP THAT THE CAPTAIN STEPPED +THEY WERE A\* DROWND IN THE  
 SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.18  
 =1 +HALF OWRE, HALF OWRE TO +ABERDOUR  
 +IT\*S FIFTY FADOMS DEEP,  
 +AND THERE LAY GOOD +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS, +AND THE +SCOTCH LORDS AT HIS  
 FEET.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.19  
 =1 +LANG MAY OUR +SCOTCH LORDS\* LADIES SIT, +AND SEW THEIR SILKEN SEAM,  
 +BEFORE THEY SEE THEIR GOOD +SCOTCH LORDS +COME SAILING OWRE THE MAIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+C.20  
 =1 +LANG LANG MAY +SIR +PATRICK\*S LADY  
 +SIT ROCKING HER AULD SON,  
 +BEFORE SHE SEES +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 +COME SAILING OWRE THE MAIN.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+D.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +D  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +MOTHERWELL\*S +M+S., P. 496, COMMUNICATED BY +KIRKPATRICK +SHARPE.  
 =1 ^THE KING SITS IN +DUMFERLING TOWN,  
 +DRINKING THE BLOOD RED WINE: +O  
 ?+WHERE WILL +I GET A GOOD SKIPPER,  
 +TO SAIL SEVEN SHIPS O MINE\$? +O  
 +WHERE WILL, ETC?P  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+D.2  
 =1 +O UP THEN SPAKE A BRA YOUNG MAN,  
 +AND A BRA YOUNG MAN WAS HE:  
 ?+SIR +ANDREW +WOOD IS THE BEST SKIPPER +THAT EVER SAILED THE SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+D.3  
 =1 +THE KING HAS WRITTEN A BRA LETTER,  
 +AND SEALD IT WI HIS HAND,  
 +AND ORDERED +SIR +ANDREW +WOOD  
 +TO COME AT HIS COMMAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+D.4  
 =1 ?+O WHA IS THIS, OR WHA IS THAT,  
 +HAS TAULD THE KING O ME\$  
 +FOR HAD HE BEEN A BETTER MAN,  
 +HE MIGHT HA TAULD A LEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+D.5  
 =1 +AS +I CAME IN BY THE +INCH, +INCH, +INCH, +I HEARD AN AULD MAN WEEP:  
 ?+SIR +ANDREW +WOOD AND A\* HIS MEN  
 +ARE DROWNED IN THE DEEP'?

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+D.6  
 =1 +O LANG LANG MAY YON LADIES STAND,  
 +THEIR FANS INTO THEIR HANDS,  
 +BEFORE THEY SEE +SIR +ANDREW +WOOD  
 +COME SAILING TO DRY LAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+D.7  
 =1 +O LAITH LAITH WERE OUR +SCOTTISH LORDS +TO WEIT THEIR CORK-HEELED  
 SHOON;  
 +BUT ERE THAT A\* THE PLAY WAS PLAID,  
 +THEY WAT THEIR HEADS ABOON.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+D.8  
 =1 +NORE-EAST, NORE-WEST FRAE +ABERDEEN +IS FIFTY FANTHOM DEEP,  
 +AND THERE LIES GOOD +SIR +ANDREW +WOOD, +AND A\* THE +SCOTTISH FLEET.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +E  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +MOTHERWELL\*S +M+S., P. 348.  
 =1 ^THE KING SITS IN +DUMFERMLINE TOUN, +SAE MERRILIE DRINKING WINE; +O  
 +SAYS, +WHARE WILL +I GET A FINE SKIPPER, +WUD SAIL THESE SHIPS OF MINE  
 \$ +O  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.2  
 =1 +OUT AND SPAK AN AULD RICH KNICHT,  
 +AND AN ILL DEATH MAY HE DIE'  
 +SAYS, +YOUNG +PATRICK IS THE BEST SKIPPER +THAT EVER SET SAIL ON SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.3  
 =1 +THE KING DID WRITE A LANG LETTER,  
 +SEALED IT WITH HIS OWN HAND,  
 +AND HE SENT IT TO +YOUNG +PATRICK,  
 +TO COME AT HIS COMMAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.4  
 =1 +WHEN +YOUNG +PATRICK READ THE LETTER LANG, +THE TEAR BLINDIT HIS EE;  
 +SAYS +WHA IS THIS, OR WHA IS THAT,  
 +THAT\*S TAULD THE KING OF ME\$  
 +ALTHO HE HAD BEEN BETTER THAN WHAT HE IS, +HE NICHT HAE ASKT LEAVE OF  
 ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.5  
 =1 ?+BUT BUSK, +O BUSK, MY MERRY MEN A\*, +O BUSK AND MAK YOU BRAW,  
 +FOR BLAW THE WIND WHAT AIRT IT WILL,  
 +OUR SHIP SHE MUST AWA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.6  
 =1 ?+DRINK, +O DRINK, MY MERRIE MEN ALL, +DRINK O THE BEER AND WINE,  
 +FOR GIN +WEDENSDAY BY TWAL O\*CLOCK  
 +WE\*LL A\* BE IN OUR LANG HAME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.7  
 =1 +OUT AND SPAK A PRETTY LITTLE BOY:  
 ?+I FEAR A DEADLIE STORM;  
 +FOR +I SAW THE NEW MUNE LATE YESTREEN, +AND THE OLD ANE IN HER ARM,  
 +AND READILIE, MAISTER,? SAID HE,  
 ?+THAT\*S THE SIGN OF A DEADLY STORM.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.8  
 =1 +AYE THEY SAT, AND AYE THEY DRANK,  
 +THEY DRANK OF THE BEER AND WINE,  
 +AND GIN +WEDENSDAY GIN TEN O\*CLOCK,  
 +THEIR HAIR WAS WAT ABUNE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.9  
 =1 ?+WHARE WULD +I GET A PRETTY LITTLE BOY, +THAT WANTS TO WIN HOSE AND  
 SHOON,  
 +WULD UP TO THE TOP OF MY MAINMAST GO,  
 +SEE IF HE COULD SPY LAND\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.10

=1 ?+O HERE AM +I, A PRETTY LITTLE BOY, +WANTS TO WIN HOSE AND SHOON;  
+I\*LL UP TO THE TOP OF YOUR MAINMAST GO, +THOUGH +I SHOULD NEER COME  
DOUN.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.11  
=1 ?+COME DOUN, COME DOUN, MY PRETTY LITTLE BOY, +I THINK THOU TARRIES  
LANG;  
+FOR THE JAWE IS COMING IN AT MY COAT-NECK, +GOING OUT AT MY RICHT  
HAND.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.12  
=1 +BUT THERE CUM A SHOUIR OUT O THE +NOREWEST, +OF DREIDFU HAIL AND  
RAIN,  
+IT MADE +YOUNG +PATRICK AND HIS MEN  
+A\* FLAT WI THE SEA FAEM.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.13  
=1 +O IS NA IT A GREAT PITYE  
+TO SEE FEATHER-BEDS ON THE MAIN\$  
+BUT IT IS A GREATER PITYE, +I THINK,  
+TO SEE MEN DOING THE SAME.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.14  
=1 +THERE\*S A BRIG AT THE BACK O +SANCT +JOHN\*S TOUN, +IT\*S FIFTY FADOM  
DEEP,  
+AND THERE LIES A\* OUR BRAU +SCOTS LORDS, +YOUNG +PATRICK\*S AT THEIR  
FEET.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.15  
=1 +YOUNG +PATRICK\*S LADY SITS AT HAME, +SHE\*S SEWING HER SILKEN SEAM;  
+AND AYE WHEN SHE LOOKS TO THE SALT SEA WAVES, ?+I FEAR HE\*LL NEER  
RETURN.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+E.16  
=1 +YOUNG +PATRICK\*S LADY SITS AT HAME  
+ROCKING HER OLDEST SON;  
+AND AYE WHEN SHE LOOKS TO THE SALT SEA WAVES, ?+I\*M FEARED HE\*LL NEER  
COME HAME.?  
==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.1  
=/ +CHILD 58 +F  
=/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
=/ +MOTHERWELL\*S +M+S., P. 153, FROM THE RECITATION OF +MRS +THOMSON.  
=1 ^THE KING HE SITS ON +DUNFERMLINE HILL, +DRINKING BAITH BEER AND  
WINE; +O  
+SAYS, +WHARE SHALL +I GET A GOOD SKIPPER, +THAT WILL SAIL THE SALT SEA  
FINE\$ +O  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.2  
=1 +BUT OUT THEN SPEAKS AN +IRISH KNIGHT, +SAT BY THE KING\*S RIGHT KNEE:  
?+SKIPPER +PATRICK IS THE BEST SKIPPER  
+THAT EVER MY EYES DID SEE.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.3  
=1 +THE KING HAS WRITTEN A LANG LETTER, +AND SEALED IT WI HIS HAND,  
+AND SENT IT TO +SKIPPER +PATRICK,  
+AS HE WALKED ALANG THE SAND.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.4  
=1 ?+O WHA IS THIS, OR WHA IS THAT,  
+THAT\*S TAULD THE KING OF ME\$  
+FOR THO IT HAD BEEN THE QUEEN HERSELL, +SHE MIGHT HAE LET IT BE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.5  
=1 ?+BUT BUSK YOU, +O BUSK, MY MERRY MEN ALL, +SAE MERRILY BUSK AND  
BOUNE,  
+FOR BLAW THE WIND WHERE EER IT WILL,  
+OUR GUDE SHIP SAILS THE MORN.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.6  
=1 ?+O NO, +O NO, OUR DEAR MASTER,  
+IT WILL BE A DEIDLY STORM;

+FOR YESTREEN +I SAW THE NEW NEW MUNE,  
 +WI THE AULD MUNE IN HER ARM;  
 +IT\*S A TOKEN, MAISTER, OR YE WERE BORN, +IT WILL BE A DEADLY STORM.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.7  
 =1 ?+BUT BUSK, +O BUSK, MY MERRIE MEN ALL, +OUR GUDE SHIP SAILS THE  
 MORN,  
 +FOR BLOW THE WIND WHEREER IT WILL,  
 +OUR GUDE SHIP SAILS THE MORN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.8  
 =1 +THEY HAD NA SAILED A DAY, A DAY,  
 +A DAY BUT SCARSELY FIVE,  
 +TILL +SKIPPER +PATRICK\*S BONNY SHIP  
 +BEGAN TO CRACK AND RIVE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.9  
 =1 +IT\*S BONNY WAS THE FEATHER BEDS  
 +THAT SWIMMED ALANG THE MAIN,  
 +BUT BONNIER WAS OUR BRAW +SCOTS LORDS, +THEY NEER RETURNED AGAIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.10  
 =1 +OUR +SCOTS LORDS THEY ARE ALL LAITH +TO WEET THEIR COAL BLACK SHOON;  
 +BUT +I TROW OR A\* THE PLAY WAS PLAYED, +THEY WAT THEIR HAIR ABUNE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.11  
 =1 +OUR LADIES MAY STAND UPON THE SAND, +KEMMING DOWN THEIR YELLOW HAIR,  
 +BUT THEY WILL NEER SEE +SKIPPER +PATRICK\*S SHIP +COME SAILING IN NAE  
 MAIR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.12  
 =1 +OUR LADIES MAY STAND UPON THE SAND  
 +WI GLOVES UPON THEIR HAND,  
 +BUT THEY WILL NEVER SEE +SKIPPER +PATRICK\*S SHIP +COME SAILING INTO THE  
 LAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.13  
 =1 +O VOUR AND O VOUR TO BONNIE +ABERDOUR +IT\*S FIFTY FADOMS DEEP;  
 +THERE YOU WILL FIND YOUNG +PATRICK LYE, +WI HIS +SCOTS LORDS AT HIS  
 HEAD.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+F.14  
 =1 +ROW OWRE, ROW OWRE TO +ABERDOUR,  
 +IT\*S FIFTY FADOM DEEP;  
 +AND THERE LIES +EARL +PATRICK +SPENS,  
 +HIS MEN ALL AT HIS FEET.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +G  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +JAMIESON\*S +POPULAR +BALLADS, +I, 157, COMMUNICATED BY +SCOTT.  
 =1 ^THE KING SITS IN +DUNFERMLIN TOWN,  
 +SAE MERRILY DRINKIN THE WINE:  
 ?+WHARE WILL +I GET A MARINER,  
 +WILL SAIL THIS SHIP O MINE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.2  
 =1 +THEN UP BESPAN A BONNY BOY,  
 +SAT JUST AT THE KING\*S KNEE:  
 ?+SIR +PATRICK +SPENCE IS THE BEST SEAMAN, +THAT EER SET FOOT ON SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.3  
 =1 +THE KING HAS WRITTEN A BRAID LETTER, +SEALD IT WI HIS AIN HAND;  
 +HE HAS SENT WORD TO +SIR +PATRICK,  
 +TO COME AT HIS COMMAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.4  
 =1 ?+O WHA IS THIS, OR WHA IS THAT,  
 +HAS TALD THE KING O ME\$  
 +FOR +I WAS NEVER A GOOD SEAMAN,  
 +NOR EVER INTEND TO BE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.5

=1 +THEY MOUNTED SAIL ON +MUNENDAY MORN, +WI A\* THE HASTE THEY MAY,  
 +AND THEY HAE LANDED IN +NORRAWAY,  
 +UPON THE +WEDNESDAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.6  
 =1 +THEY HADNA BEEN A MONTH, A MONTH  
 +IN +NORRAWAY BUT THREE,  
 +TILL LADS O +NORRAWAY BEGAN TO SAY,  
 +YE SPEND A\* OUR WHITE MONIE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.7  
 =1 ?+YE SPEND A\* OUR GOOD KINGIS GOUD,  
 +BUT AND OUR QUEENIS FEE:?  
 ?+YE LIE, YE LIE, YE LIARS LOUD,  
 +SAE WEEL\*S +I HEAR YOU LIE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.8  
 =1 ?+FOR +I BROUGHT AS MUCH WHITE MONEY +AS WILL GAIN MY MEN AND ME;  
 +I BROUGHT HALF A FOU O GOOD RED GOUD  
 +OUT OER THE SEA WITH ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.9  
 =1 ?+BE\*T WIND OR WEET, BE\*T SNAW OR SLEET, +OUR SHIPS MAUN SAIL THE  
 MORN:?  
 ?+O EVER ALACK' MY MASTER DEAR,  
 +I FEAR A DEADLY STORM.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.10  
 =1 ?+I SAW THE NEW MOON LATE YESTREEN,  
 +WI THE AULD MOON IN HER ARM;  
 +AND IF WE GANG TO SEA, MASTER,  
 +I FEAR WE\*LL SUFFER HARM.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.11  
 =1 +THEY HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE ON SEA,  
 +A LEAGUE BUT BARELY ANE,  
 +TILL ANCHORS BRAK, AND TAP-MASTS LAP;  
 +THERE CAME A DEADLY STORM.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.12  
 =1 ?+WHARE WILL +I GET A BONNY BOY  
 +WILL TAK THIR SAILS IN HAND,  
 +THAT WILL GANG UP TO THE TAP-MAST,  
 +SEE AN HE KEN DRY LAND\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.13  
 =1 +LAITH, LAITH WERE OUR GOOD +SCOTS LORDS +TO WEET THEIR LEATHERN  
 SHOON;  
 +BUT OR THE MORN AT FAIR DAY-LIGHT,  
 +THEIR HATS WERE WAT ABOON.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.14  
 =1 +MONY WAS THE FEATHER BED,  
 +THAT FLOTTERD ON THE FAEM,  
 +AND MONY WAS THE GOOD +SCOTS LORD  
 +GAED AWA THAT NEER CAM HAME,  
 +AND MONY WAS THE FATHERLESS BAIRN  
 +THAT LAY AT HAME GREETIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.15  
 =1 +IT\*S FORTY MILES TO +ABERDEEN,  
 +AND FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP;  
 +AND THERE LYES A\* OUR GOOD +SCOTS LORDS, +WI +SIR +PATRICK AT THEIR  
 FEET.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.16  
 =1 +THE LADIES CRACKT THEIR FINGERS WHITE, +THE MAIDENS TORE THEIR HAIR,  
 +A\* FOR THE SAKE O THEIR TRUE LOVES,  
 +FOR THEM THEY NEER SAW MAIR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+G.17  
 =1 +LANG, LANG MAY OUR LADIES STAND,

+WI THEIR FANS IN THEIR HAND,  
 +ERE THEY SEE +SIR +PATRICK AND HIS MEN +COME SAILING TO THE LAND.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +H  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +MINSTRELSY OF THE +SCOTTISH +BORDER, +I+I+I, 64, ED. 1803; +I, 299,  
 =/ ED. 1833; "TAKEN FROM TWO +M+S. COPIES, COLLATED WITH SEVERAL VERSES  
 =/ RECITED BY THE EDITOR\*S FRIEND, +ROBERT +HAMILTON, +ESQ.,  
 +ADVOCATE." =1 ^THE KING SITS IN +DUMFERMLINE TOWN, +DRINKING THE BLUDE-  
 RED WINE: +O  
 ?+O WHARE WILL +I GET A SKEELY SKIPPER, +TO SAIL THIS NEW SHIP OF MINE\$?  
 +O  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.2  
 =1 +O UP AND SPAKE AN ELDERN KNIGHT,  
 +SAT AT THE KING\*S RIGHT KNEE:  
 ?+SIR +PATRICK +SPENS IS THE BEST SAILOR +THAT EVER SAILED THE SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.3  
 =1 +OUR KING HAS WRITTEN A BRAID LETTER, +AND SEALD IT WITH HIS HAND,  
 +AND SENT IT TO +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS,  
 +WAS WALKING ON THE STRAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.4  
 =1 ?+TO +NOROWAY, TO +NOROWAY,  
 +TO +NOROWAY OER THE FAEM;  
 +THE KING\*S DAUGHTER OF +NOROWAY,  
 \*+TIS THOU MAUN BRING HER HAME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.5  
 =1 +THE FIRST WORD THAT +SIR +PATRICK READ, +SAE LOUD, LOUD LAUGHED HE;  
 +THE NEIST WORD THAT +SIR +PATRICK READ, +THE TEAR BLINDED HIS EE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.6  
 =1 ?+O WHA IS THIS HAS DONE THIS DEED,  
 +AND TAULD THE KING O ME,  
 +TO SEND US OUT AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR +TO SAIL UPON THE SEA\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.7  
 =1 ?+BE IT WIND, BE IT WEET, BE IT HAIL, BE IT SLEET, +OUR SHIP MUST  
 SAIL THE FAEM;  
 +THE KING\*S DAUGHTER OF +NOROWAY,  
 \*+TIS WE MUST FETCH HER HAME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.8  
 =1 +THEY HOYSED THEIR SAILS ON +MONENDAY MORN, +WI A\* THE SPEED THEY  
 MAY;  
 +THEY HAE LANDED IN +NOROWAY,  
 +UPON A +WODENSDAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.9  
 =1 +THEY HADNA BEEN A WEEK, A WEEK  
 +IN +NOROWAY BUT TWAE,  
 +WHEN THAT THE LORDS O +NOROWAY  
 +BEGAN ALOUD TO SAY:  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.10  
 =1 ?+YE +SCOTTISHMEN SPEND A\* OUR KING\*S GOUD, +AND A\* OUR QUEENIS FEE' ?  
 ?+YE LIE, YE LIE, YE LIARS LOUD,  
 +FU LOUD +I HEAR YE LIE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.11  
 =1 ?+FOR +I BROUGHT AS MUCH WHITE MONIE +AS GANE MY MEN AND ME,  
 +AND +I BROUGHT A HALF-FOU O GUDE RED GOUD +OUT OER THE SEA WI ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.12  
 =1 ?+MAKE READY, MAKE READY, MY MERRYMEN A\*, +OUR GUDE SHIP SAILS THE  
 MORN: ?  
 ?+NOW, EVER ALAKE' MY MASTER DEAR,  
 +I FEAR A DEADLY STORM'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.13

=1 ?+I SAW THE NEW MOO LATE YESTREEN,  
 +WI THE AULD MOON IN HER ARM;  
 +AND IF WE GANG TO SEA, MASTER,  
 +I FEAR WE\*LL COME TO HARM.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.14  
 =1 +THEY HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE, A LEAGUE, +A LEAGUE BUT BARELY THREE,  
 +WHEN THE LIFT GREW DARK, AND THE WIND BLEW LOUD, +AND GURLY GREW THE  
 SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.15  
 =1 +THE ANKERS BRAK, AND THE TOPMASTS LAP, +IT WAS SIC A DEADLY STORM,  
 +AND THE WAVES CAME OER THE BROKEN SHIP, +TILL A\* HER SIDES WERE TORN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.16  
 =1 ?+O WHERE WILL +I GET A GUDE SAILOR, +TO TAKE MY HELM IN HAND,  
 +TILL +I GET UP TO THE TALL TOPMAST,  
 +TO SEE IF +I CAN SPY LAND\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.17  
 =1 ?+O HERE AM +I, A SAILOR GUDE,  
 +TO TAKE THE HELM IN HAND,  
 +TILL YOU GO UP TO THE TALL TOPMAST;  
 +BUT +I FEAR YOU\*LL NEER SPY LAND.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.18  
 =1 +HE HADNA GANE A STEP, A STEP,  
 +A STEP BUT BARELY ANE,  
 +WHEN A BOUT FLEW OUT OF OUR GOODLY SHIP, +AND THE SALT SEA IT CAME IN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.19  
 =1 ?+GAE FETCH A WEB O THE SILKEN CLAITH, +ANOTHER O THE TWINE,  
 +AND WAP THEM INTO OUR SHIP\*S SIDE,  
 +AND LETNA THE SEA COME IN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.20  
 =1 +THEY FETCHED A WEB O THE SILKEN CLAITH, +ANOTHER O THE TWINE,  
 +AND THEY WAPPED THEM ROUN THAT GUDE SHIP\*S SIDE, +BUT STILL THE SEA  
 CAME IN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.21  
 =1 +O LAITH, LAITH WERE OUR GUDE +SCOTS LORDS +TO WEET THEIR CORK-HEELD  
 SHOON;  
 +BUT LANG OR A\* THE PLAY WAS PLAYD,  
 +THEY WAT THEIR HATS ABOON.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.22  
 =1 +AND MONY WAS THE FEATHER-BED  
 +THAT FLATTERED ON THE FAEM,  
 +AND MONY WAS THE GUDE LORD\*S SON  
 +THAT NEVER MAIR CAM HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.23  
 =1 +THE LADYES WRANG THEIR FINGERS WHITE, +THE MAIDENS TORE THEIR HAIR,  
 +A\* FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR TRUE LOVES,  
 +FOR THEM THEY\*LL SEE NA MAIR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.24  
 =1 +O LANG, LANG MAY THE LADYES SIT,  
 +WI THEIR FANS INTO THEIR HAND,  
 +BEFORE THEY SEE +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 +COME SAILING TO THE STRAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.25  
 =1 +AND LANG, LANG MAY THE MAIDENS SIT, +WI THEIR GOUD KAIMS IN THEIR  
 HAIR,  
 +A\* WAITING FOR THEIR AIN DEAR LOVES,  
 +FOR THEM THEY\*LL SEE NA MAIR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+H.26  
 =1 +O FORTY MILES OFF +ABERDEEN  
 \*+TIS FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP,  
 +AND THERE LIES GUDE +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS, +WI THE +SCOTS LORDS AT HIS

FEET.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.1

=/ +CHILD 58 +I

=/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS

=/ +BUCHAN\*S +BALLADS OF THE +NORTH OF +SCOTLAND, +I, 1; +MOTHERWELL\*S  
+M+S., =/ P. 550.

=1 ^THE KING SITS IN +DUMFERMLINE TOWN, +A-DRINKING AT THE WINE;

+SAYS, +WHERE WILL +I GET A GOOD SKIPPER, +WILL SAIL THE SAUT SEAS FINE\$

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.2

=1 +OUT IT SPEAKS AN ELDREN KNIGHT

+AMANG THE COMPANIE:

?+YOUNG +PATRICK +SPENS IS THE BEST SKIPPER +THAT EVER SAILED THE SEA.?

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.3

=1 +THE KING HE WROTE A BRAID LETTER,

+AND SEALD IT WI HIS RING;

+SAYS, +YE\*LL GIE THAT TO +PATRICK +SPENS, +SEE IF YE CAN HIM FIND.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.4

=1 +HE SENT THIS NOT WI AN AULD MAN,

+NOR YET A SIMPLE BOY,

+BUT THE BEST O NOBLES IN HIS TRAIN

+THIS LETTER DID CONVOY.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.5

=1 +WHEN +PATRICK LOOKD THE LETTER UPON +A LIGHT LAUGH THEN GAE HE;

+BUT ERE HE READ IT TILL AN END,

+THE TEAR BLINDED HIS EE.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.6

=1 +YE\*LL EAT AND DRINK, MY MERRY MEN A\*, +AN SEE YE BE WEELL THORN;

+FOR BLAW IT WEET, OR BLAW IT WIND,

+MY GUID SHIP SAILS THE MORN.?

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.7

=1 +THEN OUT IT SPEAKS A GUID AULD MAN, +A GUID DEATH MAT HE DEE'

?+WHATEVER YE DO, MY GUID MASTER,

+TAK +GOD YOUR GUIDE TO BEE.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.8

=1 ?+FOR LATE YESTREEN +I SAW THE NEW MOON, +THE AULD MOON IN HER ARM:?

?+OHON, ALAS'? SAYS +PATRICK +SPENS,

?+THAT BODES A DEADLY STORM.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.9

=1 ?+BUT +I MAUN SAIL THE SEAS THE MORN, +AND LIKEWISE SAE MAUN YOU;

+TO +NOROWAY, WI OUR KING\*S DAUGHTER,

+A CHOSEN QUEEN SHE\*S NOW.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.10

=1 ?+BUT +I WONDER WHO HAS BEEN SAE BASE +AS TAULD THE KING O MEE;

+EVEN THO HE WARE MY AE BRITHER,

+AN ILL DEATH MAT HE DEE'?

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.11

=1 +NOW +PATRICK HE RIGGD OUT HIS SHIP, +AND SAILED OWER THE FAEM,

+BUT MONY A DREARY THOUGHT HAD HEE,

+WHILE HEE WAS ON THE MAIN.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.12

=1 +THEY HADNA SAILED UPON THE SEA

+A DAY BUT BARELY THREE,

+TILL THEY CAME IN SIGHT O +NOROWAY,

+IT\*S THERE WHERE THEY MUST BEE.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.13

=1 +THEY HADNA STAYED INTO THAT PLACE

+A MONTH BUT AND A DAY,

+TILL HE CAUSD THE FLIP IN MUGS GAE ROUN, +AND WINE IN CANS SAE GAY.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.14

=1 +THE PIPE AND HARP SAE SWEETLY PLAYD, +THE TRUMPETS LOUDLY SOUN;



+IN EVERY HALL WHERE IN THEY STAYD,  
 +WI THEIR MIRTH DID REBOUN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.15  
 =1 +THEN OUT IT SPEAKS AN AULD SKIPPER, +AN INBEARING DOG WAS HEE:  
 ?+YE\*VE STAYD OWER LANG IN +NOROWAY,  
 +SPENDING YOUR KING\*S MONIE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.16  
 =1 +THEN OUT IT SPEAKS +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS: ?+O HOW CAN A\* THIS BEE\$  
 +I HAE A BOW O GUID RED GOWD  
 +INTO MY SHIP WI MEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.17  
 =1 ?+BUT BETIDE ME WELL, BETIDE ME WAE, +THIS DAY +I\*SE LEAVE THE SHORE,  
 +AND NEVER SPEND MY KING\*S MONIE  
 +MONG +NOROWAY DOGS NO MORE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.18  
 =1 +YOUNG +PATRICK HEE IS ON THE SEA,  
 +AND EVEN ON THE FAEM,  
 +WI FIVE-AN-FIFTY +SCOTS LORDS\* SONS,  
 +THAT LANGD TO BEE AT HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.19  
 =1 +THEY HADNA SAILD UPON THE SEA  
 +A DAY BUT BARELY THREE,  
 +TILL LOUD AND BOISTROUS GREW THE WIND, +AND STORMY GREW THE SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.20  
 =1 ?+O WHERE WILL +I GET A LITTLE WEE BOY +WILL TAK MY HELM IN HAND,  
 +TILL +I GAE UP TO MY TAPMAST,  
 +AND SEE FOR SOME DRY LAND\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.21  
 =1 +HE HADNA GANE TO HIS TAPMAST  
 +A STEP BUT BARELY THREE,  
 +ERE THRO AND THRO THE BONNY SHIP\*S SIDE +HE SAW THE GREEN HAW SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.22  
 =1 ?+THERE ARE FIVE-AN-FIFTY FEATHER BEDS +WELL PACKED IN AE ROOM;  
 +AND YE\*LL GET AS MUCKLE GUID CANVAS  
 +AS WRAP THE SHIP A\* ROUN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.23  
 =1 ?+YE\*LL PICT HER WELL, AND SPARE HER NOT, +AND MAK HER HALE AND  
 SOUN:?  
 +BUT ERE HE HAD THE WORD WELL SPOKE  
 +THE BONNY SHIP WAS DOWN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.24  
 =1 +O LAITH, LAITH WERE OUR GUID LORDS\* SONS +TO WEET THEIR MILK-WHITE  
 HANDS;  
 +BUT LANG ERE A\* THE PLAY WAS OWER,  
 +THEY WAT THEIR GOWDEN BANDS.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.25  
 =1 +O LAITH, LAITH WERE OUR +SCOTS LORDS\* SONS +TO WEET THEIR COAL-BLACK  
 SHOON;  
 +BUT LANG ERE A\* THE PLAY WAS OWER,  
 +THEY WAT THEIR HATS ABOON.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.26  
 =1 +IT\*S EVEN OWER BY +ABERDOUR  
 +IT\*S FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP,  
 +AND YONDER LIES +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS,  
 +AND A\*S MEN AT HIS FEET.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.27  
 =1 +IT\*S EVEN OWER BY +ABERDOUR,  
 +THERE\*S MONY A CRAIG AND FIN,  
 +AND YONDER LIES +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS,  
 +WI MONY A GUID LORD\*S SON.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.28  
 =1 +LANG, LANG WILL THE LADYES LOOK,  
 +INTO THEIR MORNING WEED,  
 +BEFORE THEY SEE YOUNG +PATRICK +SPENS  
 +COME SAILING OWER THE FLEED.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+I.29  
 =1 +LANG, LANG WILL THE LADYES LOOK,  
 +WI THEIR FANS IN THEIR HAND,  
 +BEFORE THEY SEE HIM +PATRICK +SPENS  
 +COME SAILING TO DRY LAND.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +J  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +MISS +HARRIS\*S +M+S., FOL. 4, FROM THE SINGING OF HER MOTHER.  
 =1 ^HIE SITS OOR KING IN +DUMFERMLINE,  
 +SITS BIRLIN AT THE WINE;  
 +SAYS, +WHARE WILL +I GET A BONNIE BOY  
 +THAT WILL SAIL THE SAUT SEAS FINE\$  
 +THAT WILL HIE OWRE TO +NORRAWAY,  
 +TO BRING MY DEAR DOCHTER HAME\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.2  
 =1 +UP IT SPAK A BONNIE BOY,  
 +SAT BY THE KING\*S AIN KNIE:  
 ?+SIR +PATRICK +SPENS IS AS GUDE A SKIPPER +AS EVER SAILED THE SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.3  
 =1 +THE KING HAS WROTE A BROAD LETTER,  
 +AND SIGNED IT WI HIS HAND,  
 +AND SENT IT TO +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS,  
 +TO READ IT GIF HE CAN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.4  
 =1 +THE FIRSSTEN LINE HE LUIKIT ON,  
 +A LICHT LAUCHTER GAE HE;  
 +BUT ERE HE READ IT TO THE END,  
 +THE TEAR BLINDIT HIS EE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.5  
 =1 ?+O WHA IS THIS, OR WHA IS THAT,  
 +HAS TAULD OOR KING O ME\$  
 +I WAD HAE GIEN HIM TWICE AS MUCKLE THANK +TO LATTEN THAT ABEE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.6  
 =1 ?+BUT EAT AN DRINK, MY MERRIE YOUNG MEN, +EAT, AN BE WEEL FORN;  
 +FOR BLAW IT WIND, OR BLAW IT WEET,  
 +OOR GUDE SHIP SAILS THE MORN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.7  
 =1 +UP IT SPAK HIS YOUNGEST SON,  
 +SAT BY +SIR +PATRICK\*S KNIE:  
 ?+I BEG YOU BIDE AT HAME, FATHER,  
 +AN +I PRAY BE RULED BY ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.8  
 =1 ?+FOR +I SAW THE NEW MUNE LATE YESTREEN, +WI THE AULD MUNE IN HER  
 ARMS;  
 +AN EVER AN ALAKE, MY FATHER DEAR,  
 +IT\*S A TOKEN O DIEDLY STORMS.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.9  
 =1 ?+IT\*S EAT AN DRINK, MY MERRIE YOUNG MEN, +EAT, AN BE WEEL FORN;  
 +FOR BLAW IT WIND, OR BLAW IT WEET,  
 +OOR GUDE SHIP SAILS THE MORN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.10  
 =1 +THEY HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE, A LEAGUE, +A LEAGUE BUT ONLY THREE,  
 +WHEN THE WHIRLIN WIND AN THE UGLY JAWS +CAM DRIVIN TO THEIR KNIE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.11

=1 +THEY HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE, A LEAGUE, +A LEAGUE BUT ONLY FIVE,  
+WHEN THE WHIRLIN WIND AN THE UGLY JAWS +THEIR GUDE SHIP BEGAN TO RIVE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.12

=1 +THEY HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE, A LEAGUE, +A LEAGUE BUT ONLY NINE,  
+WHEN THE WHIRLIN WIND AN THE UGLY JAWS +CAM DRIVIN TO THEIR CHIN.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.13

=1 ?+O WHAUR WILL +I GET A BONNIE BOY  
+WILL TAK THE STEER IN HAND,  
+TILL +I MOUNT UP TO OOR TAPMAST,  
+TO LUIK OOT FOR DRY LAND\$?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.14

=1 ?+O HERE AM +I, A BONNIE BOY,  
+WILL TAK THE STEER IN HAND,  
+TILL YOU MOUNT UP TO OOR TAPMAST,  
+TO LUIK OOT FOR DRY LAND.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.15

=1 +HE\*S GAEN UP TO THE TAPMAST,  
+TO THE TAPMAST SAE HIE;  
+HE LUIKIT AROUND ON EVERY SIDE,  
+BUT DRY LAND HE COULDNA SEE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.16

=1 +HE LUIKIT ON HIS YOUNGEST SON,  
+AN THE TEAR BLINDIT HE EE;  
+SAYS, +I WISH YOU HAD BEEN IN YOUR MOTHER\*S BOWR, +BUT THERE YOU\*LL  
NEVER BE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.17

=1 ?+PRAY FOR YOURSELS, MY MERRIE YOUNG MEN, +PRAY FOR YOURSELS AN ME,  
+FOR THE FIRST LANDEN THAT WE WILL LAND +WILL BE IN THE BODDAM O THE  
SEA.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.18

=1 +THEN UP IT RAISE THE MERMAIDEN,  
+WI THE COMB AN GLASS IN HER HAND:  
?+HERE\*S A HEALTH TO YOU, MY MERRIE YOUNG MEN, +FOR YOU NEVER WILL SEE  
DRY LAND.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.19

=1 +O LAITH, LAITH WAUR OOR GUDE +SCOTS LORDS +TO WEET THEIR CORK-HEELED  
SHOON;  
+BUT LANG, LANG ERE THE PLAY WAS PLAYED, +THEIR YELLOW LOCKS SOOMED  
ABOUT.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.20

=1 +THERE WAS +SATURDAY, AN +SABBATH DAY, +AN +MONNONDAY AT MORN,  
+THAT FEATHER-BEDS AN SILKEN SHEETS  
+CAN FLOATIN TO +KINGHORN.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.21

=1 +IT\*S OCH, OCH OWRE TO +ABERDOUR,  
+IT\*S FIFTY FADDOMS DEEP;  
+AN THERE LIE A\* OOR GUDE +SCOTS LORDS, +WI +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS AT  
THEIR FEET.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.22

=1 +O LANG, LANG WILL HIS LADY SIT,  
+WI THE FAN INTO HER HAND,  
+UNTIL SHE SEE HER AIN DEAR LORD  
+COME SAILIN TO DRY LAND.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.23

=1 +O LANG, LANG WILL HIS LADY SIT,  
+WI THE TEAR INTO HER EE,  
+AFOR SHE SEE HER AIN DEAR LORD  
+COME HIEING TO +DUNDEE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+J.24

=1 +O LANG, LANG WILL HIS LADY SIT,

+WI THE BLACK SHOON ON HER FEET,  
 +AFORE SHE SEE +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 +COME DRIVIN UP THE STREET.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +K  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +COMMUNICATED BY +MR +MURISON, AS TAKEN DOWN FROM RECITATION IN =/  
 +OLD +DEER BY +MRS +MURISON.  
 =1 ^IT\*S WHEN HE READ THE LETTER OWER  
 +A LICHT LAUCH THEN LEUCH HE;  
 +BUT LANG ERE HE WAN THE END O IT  
 +THE SAUT TEAR FILLED HIS EE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.2  
 =1 ?+O WOE BE TO THE MAN, ? HE SAYS,  
 ?+THAT\*S TAULD THE KING O ME;  
 +ALTHO HE BE MY AIN BRITHER,  
 +SOME ILL DEATH MAT HE DEE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.3  
 =1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 ?+FOR BE IT WEET, OR BE IT WIN,  
 +MY BONNIE SHIP SAILS THE MORN.?  
 ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\*  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.4  
 =1 ?+FOR LATE THE STREEN +I SAW THE NEW MEEN, +BIT AN THE AULD ANE TEE.  
 +AN IT FEARS ME SAIR, MY GOOD MAISTER,  
 +FOR A TEMPEST IN THE SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.5  
 =1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 +TILL UP IT RASE THE WIN AN STORM,  
 +AN A TEMPEST I THE SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.6  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 =1 +IT\*S THROCH AN THROU THE COMELY COG +THERE COMES THE GREEN RAW SEA.  
 ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\*  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.7  
 =1 ?+CALL UPO YOUR MEN, MAISTER,  
 +AN DINNA CALL ON ME,  
 +FOR YE DRANK THEM WEEL ERE YE TUKE THE GATE, +BUT +O NANE GAE YE ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.8  
 =1 ?+YE BEAT MY BACK, AN BEAT MY SIDES, +WHEN +I SOCHT HOSE AN SHEEN;  
 +SO CALL UPO YOUR MEN, MAISTER,  
 +AS THEY LIE DRUNK WI WINE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.9  
 =1 ?+COME DOON, COME DOON, MY BONNIE BOY, +AN TAK MY HELM IN HAN;  
 +GIN EVER WE LIVE TO GAE TO LAN,  
 +I\*LL WED YE WI MY DAUGHTER +ANN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.10  
 =1 ?+YE USED ME ILL, MY GUID MAISTER,  
 +WHEN WE WAS ON THE LAN,  
 +BUT NEVERTHELESS, MY GUDE MAISTER,  
 +I\*LL TAK YOUR HELM IN HAN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.11  
 =1 +O LAITH, LAITH WAS OOR BONNY BOYS  
 +TO WEET THEIR CORK-HEELED SHOES;  
 +BUT LANG ERE A\* THE PLAY WAS PLAYED,  
 +THEY WAT THEIR YALLOW BROOS.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.12

=1 +O LAITH, LAITH WAS OOR BONNIE BOYS  
 +TO WEET THEIR CORK-HEELED SHEEN;  
 +BUT LANG ERE A\* THE PLAY WAS PLAYED,  
 +THEY WAT THEIR HAIR ABEEN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.13  
 =1 ?+O LANG, LANG WILL MY LADY LEUK,  
 +WI THE LANTERN IN HER HAN,  
 +AFORE SHE SEE MY BONNIE SHIP  
 +COME SAILIN TO DRY LAN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+K.14  
 =1 +ATWEEN +LEITH AN +ABERDEEN  
 +LIES MONY A CRAIG AN SEA,  
 +AN THERE IT LIES YOUNG +PATRICK +SPENS, +AN MONY BONNIE BOYS HIM WI.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+L.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +L  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +MOTHERWELL\*S +NOTE-+BOOK, P. 6, +MOTHERWELL\*S +M+S., P. 156, =/ FROM  
 +MRS +GENTLES, +PAISLEY, +FEBRUARY 1825.  
 =1 ^OUR SHIP IT WAS A GUDELY SHIP,  
 +ITS TOPMAST WAS OF GOLD,  
 +AND AT EVERY TACK OF NEEDLEWORK  
 +THERE HUNG A SILVER BELL.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+L.2  
 =1 +UP STARTED THE MERMAID BY OUR SHIP, +WI THE GLASS AND THE COMB IN  
 HER HAND: ?+REEK ABOUT, REEK ABOUT, MY MERRIE MEN, +YE ARE NOT FAR FROM  
 LAND.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+L.3  
 =1 ?+YOU LIE, YOU LIE, YOU PRETTY MERMAID, +SAE LOUD AS +I HEAR YOU LIE;  
 +FOR SINCE +I HAVE SEEN YOUR FACE THIS NICHT, +THE LAND +I WILL NEVER  
 SEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+L.4  
 =1 +WE HADNA SAILED A LEAGUE BUT ANE,  
 +A LEAGUE BUT BARELY THREE,  
 +TILL ALL WE AND OUR GOODLY SHIP  
 +WAS ALL DROWNED IN THE SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+L.5  
 =1 +LANG LANG MAY OUR LADIES STAND,  
 +WI THEIR SEAMS INTO THEIR HAND,  
 +LOOKING FOR +SIR +PATRICK\*S SHIP,  
 +THAT WILL NEVER COME TO LAND.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+M.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +M  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +BUCHAN\*S +GLEANNING, P. 196, "FROM A VERY INTELLIGENT OLD MAN." =1  
 ^THERE SHALL NO MAN GO TO MY SHIP  
 +TILL +I SAY MASS AND DINE,  
 +AND TAKE MY LEAVE OF MY LADY;  
 +GO TO MY BONNY SHIP SYNE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+M.2  
 =1 +WHEN HE WAS UP AT THE TOP-MAST HEAD +AROUND COULD NAETHING SEE,  
 +BUT TERRIBLE STORM IN THE AIR ABOON,  
 +AND BELOW THE ROARING SEA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+M.3  
 =1 ?+COME DOWN, COME DOWN, MY GOOD MASTER, +YOU SEE NOT WHAT +I SEE;  
 +FOR THRO AN THRO YOUR BONNY SHIP\*S SIDE +I SEE THE GREEN SALT SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+M.4  
 =1 +LANG LANG WILL THE LADIES LOOK,  
 +WI THEIR GOWN-TAILS OWRE THEIR CROWN,  
 +BEFORE THEY SEE +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 +SAILING TO +DUMFERLINE TOWN.

==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+N.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +N  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +NOTED DOWN FROM A FEMALE SERVANT, BY +JOSEPH +ROBERTSON, +JULY, 15,  
 1829, =/ +ADVERSARIA, P. 67.  
 =1 ^OWER AND OWER BY +ABERDOUR  
 +THERE\*S MONY A CLOUDY STONE,  
 +AND THERE IS MONY A GUDE LORD\*S SON  
 +I FEAR WILL NEVER COME HOME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+N.2  
 =1 +LANG, LANG WILL HIS LADY LOOK,  
 +WI HER BABY IN HER ARMS,  
 +BUT SHE\*LL NEVER SEE +EARL +PATRICK +SPENS +COM WALKIN UP THE STRAN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+N.3  
 =1 ?+I HAVE A TABLE IN MY ROOM,  
 +IT COST ME GUINEAS NINE;  
 +I WAD SINK IT IN THE SEA  
 +FOR AE SIGHT O DRY LAN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+N.4  
 =1 ?+THERE\*S A COAST O GREEN VELVET ON MY BACK, +I GOT IT FOR MY FEE;  
 +BUT THO +I WAD GIE TEN THOUSAN PUNDS,  
 +DRY LAND +I WILL NEVER SEE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+O.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +O  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +GIBB +M+S., P. 63.  
 =1 ^BONNY WERE THE FEATHER BEDS  
 +CAM SAILIN OWER THE FAEM,  
 +BUT BONNIER WAS THE SIXTEEN LORDS  
 +GAED OUT AND NEER CAM HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+O.2  
 =1 +LANG, LANG MAY THE NOURICE SIT,  
 +WI THE BONNY BABE ON HER KNEE,  
 +ERE EVER SHE SEE HER GOOD LORD COME,  
 +TO PAY TO HER HER FEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+O.3  
 =1 +AN LANG, LANG WILL THE LADY SIT,  
 +WI THE GOWD FAN IN HER HAND,  
 +ERE EVER SHE SEE HER AIN GUDE LORD  
 +COME SKIPPING TO DRY LAND.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+P.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +P  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +KINLOCH +M+S+S, +I, 281.  
 =1 ^FU LAITH, FU LAITH WAS OUR BRAW +SCOTS LORDS +TO WEET THEIR COAL  
 BLACK SHOON;  
 +BUT ERE THE BATTLE A\* WAS FOUCHT,  
 +THEIR HATS WAR WEET ABOUN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+P.2  
 =1 +OUT AND STARTS THE MERMAIDEN,  
 +WI A FAN INTO HER HAND:  
 ?+KEEP UP YOUR HEARTS, MY MERRY MEN A\*, +FOR YE\*RE NEAR THE DRY LAND.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+P.3  
 =1 +OUT AND SPAK +EARL +PATRICK +GRAHAM, +WI THE SAUT TEAR IN HIS EE:  
 ?+NOW SIN WE\*VE SEEN THE MERMAIDEN,  
 +DRY LAND WE\*LL NEVER SEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 58+P.4  
 =1 +DOWN BELOW +DUNBARTON CASTLE,  
 +FULL FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP,  
 +THERE LIES A\* OUR BRAW +SCOTS MEN,

+EARL +PATRICK AT THEIR FEET.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+Q.1  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +Q  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +FINLAY\*S +SCOTTISH +BALLADS, +I, XIV, FROM A RECITED COPY.  
 =1 ^THEN UP AN CAM A MERMAID,  
 +WI A SILLER CUP IN HER HAN:  
 ?+SAIL ON, SAIL ON, MY GUDE +SCOTCH LORDS, +FOR YE SUNE WILL SEE DRY  
 LAN.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+Q.2  
 =1 ?+AWA, AWA, YE WIND WOMAN,  
 +AN LET YOUR FLEECHIN BE;  
 +FOR SEN YOUR FACE WE\*VE SEEN THE DAY,  
 +DRY LAN WE\*LL NEVER SEE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 58+R  
 =/ +CHILD 58 +R  
 =/ +SIR +PATRICK +SPENS  
 =/ +COMMUNICATED BY +MR +MACMATH, FROM +MR +WILLIAM +TRAQUAIR, =/ +S.  
 +S. +C., +EDINBURGH; OBTAINED ORIGINALLY IN +PERTHSIRE.  
 =1 \*^T WAS LATE, LATE ON A +SATURDAY NIGHT, +AND EARLY ON A +SUNDAY MORN,  
 +THAT ROBES OF SILK AND FEATHER BEDS  
 +CAME FLOATING TO +KEAN-+GORN.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.1  
 =/ +CHILD 59 +A  
 =/ +SIR +ALDINGAR  
 =/ +PERCY +M+S., P. 68; +HALES AND +FURNIVALL, +I, 166.  
 =1 ^OUR KING HE KEPT A FFALSE STEWARD,  
 +MEN CALLED HIM +SiR +ALDINGAR,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.2  
 =1 +HE WOLD HAUE LAYEN BY OUR COMELY QUEENE, +HER DEERE WORSHIPP TO HAUE  
 BETRAIDE;  
 +OUR QUEENE SHEE WAS A GOOD WOMAN,  
 +AND EUER MORE SAID HIM NAY.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.3  
 =1 +ALDINGAR WAS OFFENDED IN HIS MIND,  
 +WiTH HER HEE WAS NEUER CONTENT,  
 +BUT HE SOUGHT WHAT MEANES HE COLD FIND OUT, +IN A FYER TO HAUE HER  
 BRENT.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.4  
 =1 +THERE CAME A LAME LAZER TO THE Kings GATES, +A LAZAR WAS BLIND AND  
 LAME;  
 +HE TOOKE THE LAZAR VPON HIS BACKE,  
 +VPON THE QUEENES BED HE DID HIM LAY.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.5  
 =1 +HE SAID, +LYE STILL, LAZAR, WHERAS THOU LYEST; +LOOKE THOU GOE NOT  
 AWAY;  
 +ILE MAKE THEE A WHOLE MAN AND A SOUND  
 +IN TWO HOWRES OF A DAY.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.6  
 =1 +AND THEN WENT FORTH +SiR +ALDINGAR, +OUR QUEENE FOR TO BETRAY,  
 +AND THEN HE METT WITH OUR COMLYE King, +SAIES, +GOD YOU SAUE AND SEE'  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.7  
 =1 ?+IF +I HAD SPACE, AS +I HAUE GRACE, +A MESSAGE +I WOLD SAY TO THEE:?  
 ?+SAY ON, SAY ON, +SiR +ALDINGAR,  
 +SAY THOU ON AND VNTO ME.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.8  
 =1 ?+I CAN LET YOU NOW SEE ONE OF [THE] GREIUOS[EST] SIGHTS !ThaT EUER  
 +CHRISTEN King DID SEE;

+OUR QUEENE HATH CHOSEN A NEW, NEW LOUE, +SHE WILL HAUE NONE OF THEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.9  
 =1 ?+IF SHEE HAD CHOSEN A RIGHT GOOD Knight, +THE LESSE HAD BEENE HER  
 SHAME;  
 +BUT SHE HATH CHOSEN A LAZAR MAN,  
 +Which IS BOTH BLINDE AND LAME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.10  
 =1 ?+IF THIS BE TRUE, THOU +ALDINGAR,  
 !ThaT THOU DOST TELL TO ME,  
 +THEN WILL +I MAKE THEE A RICH Knight  
 +BOTH OF GOLD AND FEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.11  
 =1 ?+BUT IF IT BE FALSE, +SiR +ALDINGAR, +THAT THOU DOEST TELL TO ME,  
 +THEN LOOKE FOR NOE OTHER DEATH  
 +BUT TO BE HANGD ON A TREE.  
 +GOE WITH ME,? SAIDE OUR COMLY KING,  
 ?+THIS LAZAR FOR TO SEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.12  
 =1 +WHEN THE King HE CAME INTO THE QUEENES CHAMBER, +STANDING HER BED  
 BEFOR,  
 ?+THERE IS A LODLY LOME,? SAYS +HARRY +King, ?+FOR OUR DAME +QUEENE  
 +ELINOR'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.13  
 =1 ?+IF THOU WERE A MAN, AS THOU ART NONE, +HERE THOU SHOLDEST BE  
 SLAINE;  
 +BUT A PAIRE OF NEW GALLOWES SHALL BE BUILT, +THOUST HANG ON THEM SOE  
 HYE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.14  
 =1 ?+AND [A] FAYRE FYER THERE SHALBE BETT, +AND BRENT OUR QUEENE  
 SHALBEE:?  
 +FFORTH THEN WALKED OUR COMLYE King,  
 +AND METT WITH OUR COMLY QUEENE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.15  
 =1 +SAIES, +GOD YOU SAUE, OUR QUEENE, +MADAM, +AND +CHRIST YOU SAUE AND  
 SEE'  
 +HEERE YOU [HAUE] CHOSEN A NEW, NEW LOUE, +AND YOU WILL HAUE NONE OF  
 MEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.16  
 =1 ?+IF YOU HAD CHOSEN A RIGHT GOOD Knight, +THE LESSE HAD BEENE YOUr  
 SHAME;  
 +BUT YOU HAUE CHOSEN A LAZAR MAN,  
 +THAT IS BOTH BLIND AND LAME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.17  
 =1 ?+EUER ALACKE'? SAID OUR COMLY QUEENE, ?+SiR +ALDINGAR IS FALSE TO  
 MEE;  
 +BUT EUER ALACKE'? SAID OUR COMLY QUEENE, ?+EUER ALAS, AND WOE IS MEE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.18  
 =1 ?+I HAD THOUGHT SWEUENS HAD NEUER BEEN TRUE; +I HAUE PROOUED THEM  
 TRUE AT THE LAST;  
 +I DREAMED IN MY SWEAUEEN ON +THURSDAY AT EUENINGE, +IN MY BED WHERAS +I  
 LAY,  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.19  
 =1 ?+I DREAMED A GRYPE AND A GRIMLIE BEAST +HAD CARRYED MY CROWNE AWAY,  
 +MY GORGETT AND MY KIRTLE OF GOLDE,  
 +AND ALL MY FAIRE HEADE-GEERE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.20  
 =1 +HOW HE WOLD HAUE WORRYED ME WITH HIS TUSH, +AND BORNE ME INTO HIS  
 NEST,  
 +SAVING THERE CAME A LITTLE HAWK,  
 +FLYING OUT OF THE EAST.



=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.21  
=1 ?+SAVING THERE CAME A LITTLE HAWKE,  
+Which MEN CALL A MERLION;  
+VNTILL THE GROUND HE STROKE HIM DOWNE, !ThaT DEAD HE DID FALL DOWNE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.22  
=1 ?+GIFFE +I WERE A MAN, AS +I AM NONE, +A BATTELL +I WOULD PROUE;  
+I WOLD FIGHT WITH THAT FALSE TRAITOR;  
+ATT HIM +I CAST MY GLOUE'  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.23  
?+SEING +I AM ABLE NOE BATTELL TO MAKE, =1 +YOU MUST GRANT ME, MY LEEGE,  
A KNIGHT, +TO FIGHT WITH thaT TRAITOR, +Sir +ALDINGAR, +TO MAINTAINE ME  
IN MY RIGHT.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.24  
=1 ?+I\*LE GIUE THEE FORTY DAYES,? SAID OUR King, ?+TO SEEKE THEE A MAN  
THERIN;  
+IF THOU FIND NOT A MAN IN FORTY DAYES, +IN A HOTT FYER THOU SHALL  
BRENN.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.25  
=1 +OUR QUEENE SENT FORTH A MESSENGER;  
+HE RODE FAST INTO THE SOUTH;  
+HE RODE THE COUNTRYES THROUGH AND THROUGH, +SOE FFAR VNTO +PORTSMOUTH.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.26  
=1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
+HE COLD FIND NEVER A MAN IN THE SOUTH COUNTRY !ThaT WOLD FIGHT WITH THE  
Knight SOE KEENE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.27  
=1 +THE SECOND MESSENGER THE QUEEN FORTH SENT +RODE FAR INTO THE EAST;  
+BUT, BLESSED BE +GOD MADE SUNN AND MOONE' +HE SPED THEN ALL OF THE  
BEST.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.28  
=1 +AS HE RODE THEN BY ONE RIUER SIDE,  
+THERE HE METT WITH A LITTLE CHILD;  
+HE SEEMED NOE MORE IN A MANS LIKENESSE +THEN A CHILD OF FOUR YEERES  
OLD.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.29  
=1 +HE ASKT THE QUEENES MESSENGER HOW FAR HE RODE; +LOTH HE WAS HIM TO  
TELL;  
+THE LITTLE ONE WAS OFFENDED ATT HIM,  
+BID HIM ADEW, FARWELL.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.30  
=1 +SAID, +TURNE THOU AGAINE, THOU MESSENGER, +GREETE OUR QUEENE WELL  
FROM ME;  
+WHEN BALE IS ATT HYEST, BOOTE IS ATT NEXT; +HELPE ENOUGH THERE MAY BEE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.31  
=1 ?+BID OuR QUEENE REMEMBER WHAT SHE DID DREAME +IN HER BEDD WHERAS  
SHEE LAY;  
+SHEE DREAMED THE GRYPE AND THE GRIMLY BEAST +HAD CARRIED HER CROWNE  
AWAY;  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.32  
=1 ?+HER GORGETT AND HER KIRTLE OF GOLD, +ALSOE HER FAIRE HEAD-GEERE;  
+HE WOLD HAUE WERRYED HER WITH HIS TUSHE, +AND BORNE HER INTO HIS NEST.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.33  
=1 ?+SAVING THERE CAME A LITTLE HAWKE,  
+MEN CALL HIM A MERLYON;  
+VNTILL THE GROUND HE DID STRIKE HIM DOWNE, !ThaT DEAD HE DID FFALL  
DOWNE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.34  
=1 ?+BIDD THE QUEENE BE MERRY ATT HER HART, +EUERMORE LIGHT AND GLAD;  
+WHEN BALE IS ATT HYEST, BOOTE IS AT NEXT, +HELPE ENOUGH THERE SHALBE.?

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.35  
 =1 +THEN THE QUEENES MESSENGER RODE BACKE, +A GLADED MAN THEN WAS HEE;  
 +WHEN HE CAME BEFORE OUR QUEENE,  
 +A GLADD WOMAN THEN WAS SHEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.36  
 =1 +SHEE GAUE THE MESSENGER TWENTY POUND, +O LORD, IN GOLD AND FFEE;  
 +SAIES, +SPEND AND SPARE NOT WHILE THIS DOTHT LAST, +THEN FEITCH THOU  
 MORE OF ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.37  
 =1 +OUR QUEENE WAS PUT IN A TUNNE TO BURNE, +SHE THOUGHT NO THING BUT  
 DEATH;  
 +TH?E WERE WARE OF THE LITTLE ONE  
 +CAME RYDING FORTH OF THE EAST.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.38  
 =1 +WITH A MU . . . . .  
 +A LOUELIE CHILD WAS HEE;  
 +WHEN HE CAME TO THAT FIER,  
 +HE LIGHT THE QUEENE FULL NIGH.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.39  
 =1 +SAID, +DRAW AWAY THESE BRANDS OF FIRE +LIE BURNING BEFORE OUR  
 QUEENE,  
 +AND FEITCH ME HITHER +SiR +ALDINGAR,  
 !ThaT IS A KNIGHT SOE KEENE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.40  
 =1 +WHEN +ALDINGAR SEE thaT LITTLE ONE, +FFULL LITL OF HIM HEE THOUGHT;  
 +IF THERE HAD BEENE HALFE A HUNDRED SUCH, +OF THEM HE WOLD NOT HAUE  
 WROUGHT.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.41  
 =1 +HEE SAYD, +COME HITHER, +SiR +ALDINGAR; +THOU SEEMUST AS BIGGE AS A  
 FFOODER;  
 +I TRUST TO +GOD, ERE +I HAUE DONE WITH THEE, +GOD WILL SEND TO VS [AN]  
 AUGER.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.42  
 =1 +SAIES, +THE FIRST STROKE THAT\*S GIUEN, +SiR +ALDINGAR, +I WILL GIUE  
 VNTO THEE,  
 +AND IF THE SECOND GIUE THOU MAY,  
 +LOOKE THEN THOU SPARE NOT MEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.43  
 =1 +THE LITL ONE PULLD FORTH A WELL GOOD SWORD, +I-WIS ITT WAS ALL OF  
 GUILT;  
 +IT CAST LIGHT THERE OVER thaT FEILD,  
 +IT SHONE SOE ALL OF GUILT.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.44  
 =1 +HE STROKE THE FIRST STROKE ATT +ALDINGAR, +HE STROKE AWAY HIS LEGGS  
 BY HIS KNEE;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.45  
 =1 +SAYES, +STAND VP, STAND VP, THOU FALSE TRAITOR, +AND FIGHT VPON THY  
 FEETE;  
 +FOR AND THOU THRIUE AS THOU BEGINS,  
 +OF A HEIGHT WEE SHALBE MEETE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.46  
 =1 ?+A PREIST, A PREIST,? SAYES +ALDINGAR, ?+ME FOR TO HOUZLE AND  
 SHRIUE'  
 +A PREIST, A PREIST,? SAYES +ALDINGAR,  
 ?+WHILE +I AM A MAN LIUING A-LIUE'  
 =1 +HE THEN STEPPD OUT AT HER ROOM-DOOR, =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.47  
 =1 ?+I WOLD HAUE LAINE BY OUR COMLIE QUEENE; +TO IT SHEE WOLD NEUER  
 CONSENT;

+I THOUGHT TO HAUE BETRAYD HER TO OUR King, +IN A FYER TO HAUE HAD HER BRENT.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.48  
 =1 ?+THERE CAME A LAME LAZAR TO THE KingS GATES, +A LAZAR BOTH BLIND AND LAME;  
 +I TOOKE THE LAZAR VPON MY BACKE,  
 +IN THE +QUEENES BED +I DID HIM LAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.49  
 =1 ?+I BAD HIM, +LIE STILL, LAZAR, WHERE HE LAY, +LOOKE HE WENT NOT AWAY;  
 +I WOULD MAKE HIM A WHOLE MAN AND A SOUND +IN TWO HOURES OF A DAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.50  
 =1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 ?+EUER ALACKE'? SAYES +SIR +ALDINGAR,  
 ?+FALSING NEUER DOTH WELL;  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.51  
 =1 ?+FORGIUE, FORGIUE ME, QUEENE, +MADAM' +FOR +CHRISTS LOUE FORGIUE ME'?  
 ?+GOD FORGAUE HIS DEATH, +ALDINGAR,  
 +AND FREELY +I FORGIUE THEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.52  
 =1 ?+NOW TAKE THY WIFE, THOU +King +HARRY, +AND LOUE HER AS THOU SHOLD;  
 +THY WIFFE SHEE IS AS TRUE TO THEE  
 +AS STONE thaT LIES ON THE CASTLE WALL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+A.53  
 =1 +THE LAZAR VNDER THE GALLOW TREE  
 +WAS A PRETTY MAN AND SMALL;  
 +THE LAZAR VNDER THE GALLOW TREE  
 +WAS MADE STEWARD IN +King +HENERYS HALL.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.1  
 =/ +CHILD 59 +B  
 =/ +SIR +ALDINGAR  
 =/ +MINSTRELSY OF THE +SCOTTISH +BORDER, +I+I+I, 51, 1803.  
 +COMMUNICATED =/ TO +SCOTT BY +K. +WILLIAMSON +BURNET, OF +MONBODDO, AS WRITTEN DOWN FROM THE =/ RECITATION OF AN OLD WOMAN, LONG IN THE SERVICE OF THE +ARBUTHNOT FAMILY.  
 =1 ^THE BIRDS SANG SWEET AS ONY BELL,  
 +THE WORLD HAD NOT THEIR MAKE;  
 +THE QUEEN SHE\*S GONE TO HER CHAMBER,  
 +WITH +RODINGHAM TO TALK.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.2  
 =1 ?+I LOVE YOU WELL, MY QUEENE, MY DAME, +BOVE LAND AND RENTS SO CLEAR,  
 +AND FOR THE LOVE OF YOU, MY QUEEN,  
 +WOULD THOLE PAIN MOST SEVERE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.3  
 =1 ?+IF WELL YOU LOVE ME, +RODINGHAM,  
 +I\*M SURE SO DO +I THEE;  
 +I LOVE YOU WELL AS ANY MAN,  
 +SAVE THE KING\*S FAIR BODYE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.4  
 =1 ?+I LOVE YOU WELL, MY QUEEN, MY DAME, \*+TIS TRUTH THAT +I DO TELL;  
 +AND FOR TO LYE A NIGHT WITH YOU,  
 +THE SALT SEAS +I WOULD SAIL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.5  
 =1 ?+AWAY, AWAY, +O +RODINGHAM'  
 +YOU ARE BOTH STARK AND STOOR;  
 +WOULD YOU DEFILE THE KING\*S OWN BED,  
 +AND MAKE HIS QUEEN A WHORE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.6

=1 ?+TO-MORROW YOU\*D BE TAKEN SURE,  
+AND LIKE A TRAITOR SLAIN,  
+AND +I\*D BE BURNED AT A STAKE,  
+ALTHO +I BE THE QUEEN.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.7  
+ALL IN AN ANGRY MOOD,  
+UNTILL HE MET A LEPER-MAN,  
+JUST BY THE HARD WAY-SIDE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.8  
=1 +HE INTOXICATE THE LEPER-MAN,  
+WITH LIQUORS VERY SWEET,  
+AND GAVE HIM MORE AND MORE TO DRINK,  
+UNTIL HE FELL ASLEEP.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.9  
=1 +HE TOOK HIM IN HIS ARMS TWO,  
+AND CARRIED HIM ALONG,  
+TILL HE CAME TO THE QUEEN\*S OWN BED,  
+AND THERE HE LAID HIM DOWN.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.10  
=1 +HE THEN STEPPD OUT OF THE QUEEN\*S BOWER, +AS SWIFT AS ANY ROE,  
+TILL HE CAME TO THE VERY PLACE  
+WHERE THE KING HIMSELF DID GO.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.11  
=1 +THE KING SAID UNTO +RODINGHAM,  
+WHAT NEWS HAVE YOU TO ME\$  
+HE SAID, +YOUR QUEEN\*S A FALSE WOMAN,  
+AS +I DID PLAINLY SEE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.12  
=1 +HE HASTEND TO THE QUEEN\*S CHAMBER,  
+SO COSTLY AND SO FINE,  
+UNTIL HE CAME TO THE QUEEN\*S OWN BED,  
+WHERE THE LEPER-MAN WAS LAIN.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.13  
=1 +HE LOOKED ON THE LEPER-MAN,  
+WHO LAY ON HIS QUEEN\*S BED;  
+HE LIFTED UP THE SNAW-SHITE SHEETS,  
+AND THUS HE TO HIM SAID.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.14  
=1 ?+PLOOKY, PLOOKY ARE YOUR CHEEKS,  
+AND PLOOKY IS YOUR CHIN,  
+AND PLOOKY ARE YOUR ARMIS TWA,  
+MY BONNY QUEEN\*S LAYNE IN.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.15  
=1 ?+SINCE SHE HAS LAIN INTO YOUR ARMS, +SHE SHALL NOT LYE IN MINE;  
+SINCE SHE HAS KISSD YOUR UGSOME MOUTH, +SHE NEVER SHALL KISS MINE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.16  
=1 +IN ANGER HE WENT TO THE QUEEN,  
+WHO FELL UPON HER KNEE;  
+HE SAID, +YOU FALSE, UNCHASTE WOMAN,  
+WHAT\*S THIS YOU\*VE DONE TO ME\$  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.17  
=1 +THE QUEEN THEN TURND HERSELF ABOUT, +THE TEAR BLINDED HER EE:  
?+THERE\*S NOT A KNIGHT IN A\* YOUR COURT +DARE GIVE THAT NAME TO ME.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.18  
=1 +HE SAID, \*+TIS TRUE THAT +I DO SAY; +FOR +I A PROOF DID MAKE;  
+YOU SHALL BE TAKEN FROM MY BOWER,  
+AND BURNED AT A STAKE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.19  
=1 ?+PERHAPS +I\*LL TAKE MY WORD AGAIN,  
+AND MAY REPENT THE SAME,

+IF THAT YOU\*LL GET A +CHRISTIAN MAN  
+TO FIGHT THAT +RODINGHAM.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.20  
=1 ?+ALASS' ALASS'? THEN CRIED OUR QUEEN, ?+ALAS, AND WOE TO ME'  
+THERE\*S NOT A MAN IN ALL +SCOTLAND  
+WILL FIGHT WITH HIM FOR ME.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.21  
=1 +SHE BREATHED UNTO HER MESSENGERS,  
+SENT THEM SOUTH, EAST, AND WEST;  
+THEY COULD FIND NONE TO FIGHT WITH HIM, +NOR ENTER THE CONTEST.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.22  
=1 +SHE BREATHED ON HER MESSENGERS,  
+SHE SENT THEM TO THE NORTH;  
+AND THERE THEY FOUND +SIR +HUGH LE +BLOND, +TO FIGHT HIM HE CAME FORTH.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.23  
=1 +WHEN UNTO HIM THEY DID UNFOLD  
+THE CIRCUMSTANCE ALL RIGHT,  
+HE BADE THEM GO AND TELL THE QUEEN  
+THAT FOR HER HE WOULD FIGHT.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.24  
=1 +THE DAY CAME ON THAT WAS TO DO  
+THAT DREADFUL TRAGEDY;  
+SIR HUGH LE +BLOND WAS NOT COME UP,  
+TO FIGHT FOR OUR LADY.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.25  
=1 ?+PUT ON THE FIRE,? THE MONSTER SAID, ?+IT IS TWELVE ON THE BELL;?  
?\*+TIS SCARCELY TEN, NOW,? SAID THE KING, ?+I HEARD THE CLOCK MYSELL.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.26  
=1 +BEFORE THE HOUR THE QUEEN IS BROUGHT, +THE BURNING TO PROCEED;  
+IN A BLACK VELVET CHAIR SHE\*S SET,  
+A TOKEN FOR THE DEAD.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.27  
=1 +SHE SAW THE FLAMES ASCENDING HIGH,  
+THE TEARS BLINDED HER EE:  
?+WHERE IS THE WORTHY KNIGHT,? SHE SAID, ?+WHO IS TO FIGHT FOR ME\$?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.28  
=1 +THEN UP AND SPAK THE KING HIMSELL:  
?+MY DEAREST, HAVE NO DOUBT,  
+FOR YONDER COMES THE MAN HIMSEL,  
+AS BOLD AS EER SET OUT.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.29  
=1 +THEY THEN ADVANCED TO FIGHT THE DUEL, +WITH SWORDS OF TEMPERD STEEL;  
+TILL DOWN THE BLOOD OF +RODINGHAM  
+CAME RUNNING TO HIS HEEL.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.30  
=1 +SIR +HUGH TOOK OUT A LUSTY SWORD,  
\*+TWAS OF THE METAL CLEAR,  
+AND HE HAS PIERCED +RODINGHAM  
+TILL\*S HEART-BLOOD DID APPEAR.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.31  
=1 ?+CONFESS YOUR TREACHERY, NOW,? HE SAID, ?+THIS DAY BEFORE YOU DIE;?  
?+I DO CONFESS MY TREACHERY,  
+I SHALL NO LONGER LYE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.32  
=1 ?+I LIKE TO WICKED +HAMAN AM,  
+THIS DAY +I SHALL BE SLAIN:?  
+THE QUEEN WAS BROUGHT TO HER CHAMBER,  
+A GOOD WOMAN AGAIN.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.33  
=1 +THE QUEEN THEN SAID UNTO THE KING,

+ARBATTLE\*S NEAR THE SEA;  
 +GIVE IT UNTO THE NORTHERN KNIGHT,  
 +THAT THIS DAY FOUGHT FOR ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+B.34  
 =1 +THEN SAID THE KING, +COME HERE, +SIR +KNIGHT, +AND DRINK A GLASS OF  
 WINE,  
 +AND, IF +ARBATTLE\*S NOT ENOUGH,  
 +TO IT WE\*LL +FORDOUN JOIN.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 59+C.1  
 =/ +CHILD 59 +C  
 =/ +SIR +ALDINGAR  
 =/ +DR +JOSEPH +ROBERTSON\*S +NOTE-+BOOK, +JANUARY 1, 1830, P. 6.  
 =1 ^THEY\*VE PUTTEN HER INTO PRISON STRANG, +A TWALMON LANG AND MAIR,  
 +UNTIL THE MICE AND WILD RATTENS  
 +DID TEAR HER YALLOW HAIR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+C.2  
 =1 ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\*  
 ?+ONE SHAKE O YOUR HAN, ? SAID +RODINGHAM, ?+ONE SHAK O YOUR HAN GIE ME:?  
 ?+I CAM NA HERE FOR SHAKING HANS,  
 +BUT TO FIGHT MAIST DESPERATELIE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 59+C.3  
 =1 ?+IT\*S NAE TEN STRUCKEN ON THE CLOCK, +NOR ELEVEN ON THE BELL:?  
 ?+WE\*LL DOE ILL DEEDS ANEW ERE NIGHT,  
 +THO IT WERE STRUCKEN TWALL.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 60.1  
 =/ +CHILD 60  
 =/ +KING +ESTMERE  
 =/ A. +PERCY\*S +RELIQUES, EDITION OF 1794, +I, 64. B. +RELIQUES, =/  
 EDITION OF 1765, +I, 58.  
 =1 ^HEARKEN TO ME, GENTLEMEN,  
 +COME AND YOU SHALL HEARE;  
 +ILE TELL YOU OF TWO OF THE BOLDEST BRETHER +THAT EVER BORNE WERE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.2  
 =1 +THE TONE OF THEM WAS +ADLER +YOUNGE, +THE TOTHER WAS +KYNG +ESTMERE;  
 +THE WERE AS BOLDE MEN IN THEIR DEEDS  
 +AS ANY WERE, FARR AND NEARE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.3  
 =1 +AS THEY WERE DRINKING ALE AND WINE  
 +WITHIN HIS BROTHER\*S HALL,  
 ?+WHEN WILL YE MARRY A WYFE, BROTHER,  
 +A WYFE TO GLAD US ALL\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.4  
 =1 +THEN BESPAKE HIM +KYNG +ESTMERE,  
 +AND ANSWERED HIM HARTILYE:  
 ?+I KNOW NOT THAT LADYE IN ANY LAND,  
 +THAT\*S ABLE TO MARRYE WITH MEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.5  
 =1 ?+KYNG +ADLAND HATH A DAUGHTER, BROTHER, +MEN CALL HER BRIGHT AND  
 SHEENE;  
 +IF +I WERE KYNG HERE IN YOUR STEAD,  
 +THAT LADYE SHOLD BE MY QUEENE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.6  
 =1 +SAIES, +READE ME, READE ME, DEARE BROTHER, +THROUGHOUT MERRY  
 +ENGLAND,  
 +WHERE WE MIGHT FIND A MESSENGER  
 +BETWIXT US TOWE TO SENDE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.7  
 =1 +SAIES, +YOU SHAL RYDE YOURSELFE, BROTHER, +ILE BEARE YOU COMPANYE;  
 +MANY A MAN THROUGHE FALS MESSENGERS IS DECEIVED, +AND +I FEARE LEST SOE  
 SHOLD WEE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.8  
=1 +THUS THE RENISHT THEM TO RYDE,  
+OF TWE GOOD RENISHT STEEDS,  
+AND WHEN THE CAME TO +KING +ADLANDS HALLE, +OF REDD GOLD SHONE THEIR  
WEEDS.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.9  
=1 +AND WHEN THE CAME TO +KYNG +ADLANDS HALL, +BEFORE THE GOODLYE GATE,  
+THERE THEY FOUND GOOD +KYNG +ADLAND  
+REARING HIMSELFE THERATT.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.10  
=1 ?+NOW +CHRIST THEE SAVE, GOOD +KYNG +ADLAND; +NOW +CHRIST YOU SAVE  
AND SEE:?  
+SAYD, +YOU BE WELCOME, +KING +ESTMERE, +RIGHT HARTILYE TO MEE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.11  
=1 ?+YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER,? SAID +ADLER +YOUNGE, ?+MEN CALL HER BRIGHT  
AND SHEENE;  
+MY BROTHER WOLD MARRYE HER TO HIS WIFFE, +OF +ENGLANDE TO BE QUEENE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.12  
=1 ?+YESTERDAY WAS ATT MY DEERE DAUGHTER +THE KING HIS SONNE OF +SPAYN,  
+AND THEN SHE NICKED HIM OF NAYE,  
+AND +I DOUBT SHEELE DO YOU THE SAME.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.13  
=1 ?+THE KYNG OF +SPAYNE IS A FOULE PAYNIM, +AND \*LEEVEETH ON +MAHOUND,  
+AND PITYE IT WERE THAT FAYRE LADYE  
+SHOLD MARRYE A HEATHEN HOUND.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.14  
=1 ?+BUT GRANT TO ME,? SAYES +KYNG +ESTMERE, ?+FOR MY LOVE +I YOU PRAYE,  
+THAT +I MAY SEE YOUR DAUGHTER DEERE  
+BEFORE +I GOE HENCE AWAYE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.15  
=1 ?+ALTHOUGH ITT IS SEVEN YEERS AND MORE +SINCE MY DAUGHTER WAS IN  
HALLE,  
+SHE SHALL COME ONCE DOWNE FOR YOUR SAKE, +TO GLAD MY GUEST?ES ALLE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.16  
=1 +DOWNE THEN CAME THAT MAYDEN FAYRE,  
+WITH LADYES LACED IN PALL,  
+AND HALFE A HUNDRED OF BOLD KNIGHTES,  
+TO BRING HER [FROM] BOWRE TO HALL,  
+AND AS MANY GENTLE SQUIERS,  
+TO TEND UPON THEM ALL.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.17  
=1 +THE TALENTS OF GOLDE WERE ON HER HEAD SETTE +HANGED LOW DOWNE TO HER  
KNEE,  
+AND EVERYE RING ON HER SMALL FINGER  
+SHONE OF THE CHRYSTALL FREE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.18  
=1 +SAIES, +GOD YOU SAVE, MY DEERE MADAM, +SAIES, +GOD YOU SAVE AND SEE:  
+SAID, +YOU BE WELCOME, +KYNG +ESTMERE, +RIGHT WELCOME UNTO MEE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.19  
=1 ?+AND, IF YOU LOVE ME, AS YOU SAYE,  
+SOE WELL AND HARTILEE,  
+ALL THAT EVER YOU ARE COMEN ABOUT  
+SOONE SPED NOW ITT SHAL BEE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.20  
=1 +THEN BESPAAKE HER FATHER DEARE:  
+MY DAUGHTER, +I SAYE NAYE;  
+REMEMBER WELL THE KYNG OF +SPAYNE,  
+WHAT HE SAYD YESTERDAYE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.21  
=1 ?+HE WOLD PULL DOWNE MY HALLES AND CASTLES, +AND REAVE ME OF MY LYFE;

+I CANNOT BLAME HIM IF HE DOE,  
+IF +I REAVE HIM OF HIS WYFE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.22  
=1 ?+YOUR CASTLES AND YOUR TOWRES, FATHER, +ARE STRONGLYE BUILT ABOUTE,  
+AND THEREFORE OF THE KING HIS SONNE OF +SPAINE +WEE NEEDE NOT STANDE IN  
DOUBT.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.23  
=1 ?+PLIGHT ME YOUR TROTH, NOWE, +KYNG +ESTMERE, +BY HEAVEN AND YOUR  
RIGHTE HAND,  
+THAT YOU WILL MARRYE ME TO YOUR WYFE,  
+AND MAKE ME QUEENE OF YOUR LAND.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.24  
=1 +THEN +KYNG +ESTMERE HE PLIGHT HIS TROTH, +BY HEAVEN AND HIS RIGHTE  
HAND,  
+THAT HE WOLDE MARRYE HER TO HIS WYFE,  
+AND MAKE HER QUEENE OF HIS LAND.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.25  
=1 +AND HE TOOKE LEAVE OF THAT LADYE FAYRE, +TO GOE TO HIS OWNE  
COUNTREE,  
+TO FETCHE HIM DUKES AND LORDES AND KNIGHTES, +THAT MARRIED THE MIGHT  
BEE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.26  
=1 +THEY HAD NOT RIDDEN SCANT A MYLE,  
+A MYLE FORTHE OF THE TOWNE,  
+BUT IN DID COME THE KYNG OF +SPAYNE,  
+WITH KEMP?ES MANY ONE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.27  
=1 +BUT IN DID COME THE KYNG OF +SPAYNE, +WITH MANYE A BOLD BARONE,  
+TONE DAY TO MARRYE +KYNG +ADLANDS DAUGHTER, +TOTHER DAYE TO CARRYE HER  
HOME.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.28  
=1 +SHEE SENT ONE AFTER +KYNG +ESTMERE, +IN ALL THE SPEDE MIGHT BEE,  
+THAT HE MUST EITHER TURNE AGAINE AND FIGHTE, +OR GOE HOME AND LOOSE HIS  
LADYE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.29  
=1 +ONE WHYLE THEN THE PAGE HE WENT,  
+ANOTHER WHILE HE RANNE;  
+TILL HE HAD ORETAKEN +KING +ESTMERE,  
+I-WIS HE NEVER BLANNE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.30  
=1 ?+TYDINGS, TYDINGS, +KYNG +ESTMERE'?  
?+WHAT TYDINGES NOWE, MY BOYE\$?  
?+O TYDINGES +I CAN TELL TO YOU,  
+THAT WILL YOU SORE ANNOYE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.31  
=1 ?+YOU HAD NOT RIDDEN SCANT A MILE,  
+A MILE OUT OF THE TOWNE,  
+BUT IN DID COME THE KYNG OF +SPAYNE,  
+WITH KEMP?ES MANY A ONE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.32  
=1 ?+BUT IN DID COME THE KYNG OF +SPAYNE, +WITH MANYE A BOLD BARONE,  
+TONE DAYE TO MARRYE +KING +ADLANDS DAUGHTER, +TOTHER DAYE TO CARRY HER  
HOME.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.33  
=1 ?+MY LADYE FAYRE SHE GREETES YOU WELL, +AND EVER-MORE WELL BY MEE;  
+YOU MUST EITHER TURNE AGAINE AND FIGHTE, +OR GOE HOME AND LOOSE YOUR  
LADYE.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.34  
=1 +SAIES, +READE ME, READE ME, DEERE BROTHER, +MY READE SHALL RYSE AT  
THEE,



+WHETHER IT IS BETTER TO TURNE AND FIGHTE, +OR GOE HOME AND LOOSE MY  
LADYE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.35  
=1 ?+NOW HEARKEN TO ME,? SAYES +ADLER +YONGE, ?+AND YOUR READE MUST RISE  
AT ME;  
+I QUICKLYE WILL DEVISE A WAYE  
+TO SETTE THY LADYE FREE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.36  
=1 ?+MY MOTHER WAS A WESTERNE WOMAN,  
+AND LEARNED IN GRAMARYE,  
+AND WHEN +I LEARNED AT THE SCHOLE,  
+SOMETHING SHEE TAUGHT ITT MEE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.37  
=1 ?+THERE GROWES AN HEARBE WITHIN THIS FIELD, +AND IFF IT WERE BUT  
KNOWNE,  
+HIS COLOR, WHICH IS WHYTE AND REDD,  
+IT WILL MAKE BLACKE AND BROWNE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.38  
=1 ?+HIS COLOR, WHICH IS BROWNE AND BLACKE, +ITT WILL MAKE REDD AND  
WHYTE;  
+THAT SWORDE IS NOT IN ALL +ENGLANDE  
+UPON HIS COATE WILL BYTE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.39  
=1 ?+AND YOU SHAL BE A HARPER, BROTHER, +OUT OF THE NORTH COUNTRYE,  
+AND +ILE BE YOUR BOY, SOO FAINE OF FIGHTE, +AND BEARE YOUR HARPE BY  
YOUR KNEE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.40  
=1 ?+AND YOU SHAL BE THE BEST HARPER  
+THAT EVER TOOKE HARPE IN HAND,  
+AND +I WIL BE THE BEST SINGER  
+THAT EVER SUNG IN THIS LANDE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.41  
=1 ?+ITT SHAL BE WRITTEN IN OUR FORHEADS, +ALL AND IN GRAMMARYE,  
+THAT WE TOWE ARE THE BOLDEST MEN  
+THAT ARE IN ALL +CHRISTENTYE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.42  
=1 +AND THUS THEY RENISHT THEM TO RYDE, +OF TOW GOOD RENISHT STEEDES,  
+AND WHEN THEY CAME TO +KING +ADLANDS HALL, +OF REDD GOLD SHONE THEIR  
WEEDES.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.43  
=1 +AND WHAN THE CAME TO +KYNG +ADLANDS HALL +UNTILL THE FAYRE HALL-  
YATE,  
+THERE THEY FOUND A PROUD PORTER,  
+REARING HIMSELFE THEREATT.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.44  
=1 +SAYES, +CHRIST THEE SAVE, THOU PROUD PORTER, +SAYES, +CHRIST THEE  
SAVE AND SEE:  
?+NOWE YOU BE WELCOME,? SAYD THE PORTER, ?+OF WHAT LAND SOEVER YE BEE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.45  
=1 ?+WEE BEENE HARPERS,? SAYD +ADLER +YOUNGE, ?+COME OUT OF THE NORTHE  
COUNTRYE;  
+WEE BEENE COME HITHER UNTILL THIS PLACE +THIS PROUD WEDDINGE FOR TO  
SEE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.46  
=1 +SAYD, +AND YOUR COLOR WERE WHITE AND REDD, +AS IT IS BLACKE AND  
BROWNE,  
+I WOLDE SAYE +KING +ESTMERE AND HIS BROTHER +WERE COMEN UNTILL THIS  
TOWNE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.47  
=1 +THEN THEY PULLED OUT A RYNG OF GOLD, +LAYD ITT ON THE PORTERS ARME:

?+AND EVER WE WILL THEE, PROUD PORTER,  
 +THOW WILT SAYE US NO HARME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.48  
 =1 +SORE HE LOOKED ON +KYNG +ESTMERE,  
 +AND SORE HE HANDLED THE RYNG,  
 +THEN OPENED TO THEM THE FAYRE HALL-YATES, +HE LETT FOR NO KIND OF  
 THYNG.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.49  
 =1 +KYNG +ESTMERE HE STABLED HIS STEEDE +SOE FAYRE ATT THE HALL-BORD;  
 +THE FROTH THAT CAME FROM HIS BRYDLE BITTE +LIGHT IN +KYNG +BREMORS  
 BEARD.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.50  
 =1 +SAIES, +STABLE THY STEED, THOU PROUD HARPER, +SAIES, +STABLE HIM IN  
 THE STALLE;  
 +IT DOTN NOT BESEEME A PROUD HARPER  
 +TO STABLE HIS STEED IN A KYNGS HALLE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.51  
 =1 ?+MY LADDE HE IS SO LITHE,? HE SAID, ?+HE WILL DOE NOUGHT THAT\*S  
 MEETE;  
 +AND IS THERE ANY MAN IN THIS HALL  
 +WERE ABLE HIM TO BEATE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.52  
 =1 ?+THOU SPEAKST PROUD WORDS,? SAYES THE KING OF +SPAINE, ?+THOU  
 HARPER, HERE TO MEE;  
 +THERE IS A MAN WITHIN THIS HALLE  
 +WILL BEATE THY LADD AND THEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.53  
 =1 ?+O LET THAT MAN COME DOWNE,? HE SAID, ?+A SIGHT OF HIM WOLD +I SEE;  
 +AND WHEN HEE HATH BEATEN WELL MY LADD, +THEN HE SHALL BEATE OF MEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.54  
 =1 +DOWNE THEN CAME THE KEMPERYE MAN,  
 +AND LOOKED HIM IN THE EARE;  
 +FOR ALL THE GOLD THAT WAS UNDER HEAVEN, +HE DURST NOT NEIGH HIM NEARE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.55  
 =1 ?+AND HOW NOWE, KEMPE,? SAID THE KYNG OF +SPAINE, ?+AND HOW, WHAT  
 AILETH THEE\$?  
 +HE SAIES, +IT IS WRITT IN HIS FORHEAD, +ALL AND IN GRAMMARYE,  
 +THAT FOR ALL THE GOLD THAT IS UNDER HEAVEN, +I DARE NOT NEIGH HIM NYE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.56  
 =1 +THEN +KYNG +ESTMERE PULLD FORTH HIS HARPE, +AND PLAID A PRETTY  
 THINGE;  
 +THE LADYE UPSTART FROM THE BORDE,  
 +AND WOLD HAVE GONE FROM THE KING.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.57  
 =1 ?+STAY THY HARPE, THOU PROUD HARPER, +FOR +GODS LOVE +I PRAY THEE;  
 +FOR AND THOU PLAYES AS THOU BEGINNS,  
 +THOU\*LT TILL MY BRYDE FROM MEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.58  
 =1 +HE STROAKE UPON HIS HARPE AGAINE,  
 +AND PLAYD A PRETTY THINGE;  
 +THE LADYE LOUGH A LOUD LAUGHTER,  
 +AS SHEE SATE BY THE KING.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.59  
 =1 +SAIES, +SELL ME THY HARPE, THOU PROUD HARPER, +AND THY STRING?ES  
 ALL;  
 +FOR AS MANY GOLD NOBLES THOU SHALT HAVE +AS HEERE BEE RINGES IN THE  
 HALL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.60  
 =1 ?+WHAT WOLD YE DOE WITH MY HARPE,? HE SAYD, ?+IF +I DID SELL ITT YEE  
 \$?

?+TO PLAYE MY WIFFE AND ME A FITT,  
 +WHEN ABED TOGETHER WEE BEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.61  
 =1 ?+NOW SELL ME,? QUOTH HEE, ?THY BRYDE SOE GAY, +AS SHEE SITTS BY THY  
 KNEE;  
 +AND AS MANY GOLD NOBLES +I WILL GIVE  
 +AS LEAVES BEEN ON A TREE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.62  
 =1 ?+AND WHAT WOLD YE DOE WITH MY BRYDE SOE GAY, +IFF +I DID SELL HER  
 THEE\$  
 +MORE SEEMELYE IT IS FOR HER FAYRE BODYE +TO LYE BY MEE THEN THEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.63  
 =1 +HEE PLAYED AGAYNE BOTH LOUD AND SHRILLE, +AND +ADLER HE DID SYNG,  
 ?+O LADYE, THIS IS THY OWNE TRUE LOVE,  
 +NOE HARPER, BUT A KYNG.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.64  
 =1 ?+O LADYE, THIS IS THY OWNE TRUE LOVE, +AS PLAYNLYE THOU MAYEST SEE,  
 +AND +ILE RID THEE OF THAT FOULE PAYNIM +WHO PARTES THY LOVE AND THEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.65  
 =1 +THE LADYE LOOKED, THE LADYE BLUSHTE, +AND BLUSHTE AND LOOKT AGAYNE,  
 +WHILE +ADLER HE HATH DRAWNE HIS BRANDE, +AND HATH THE SOWDAN SLAYNE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.66  
 =1 +UP THEN ROSE THE KEMPERYE MEN,  
 +AND LOUD THEY GAN TO CRYE:  
 ?+AH' TRAYTORS, YEE HAVE SLAYNE OUR KYNG, +AND THEREFORE YEE SHALL DYE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.67  
 =1 +KYNG +ESTMERE THREWE THE HARPE ASYDE, +AND SWITH HE DREW HIS BRAND,  
 +AND +ESTMERE HE AND +ADLER +YONGE  
 +RIGHT STIFFE IN STOUR CAN STAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.68  
 =1 +AND AYE THEIR SWORDES SOE SORE CAN BYTE, +THROUGHE HELP OF GRAMARYE,  
 +THAT SOONE THEY HAVE SLAYNE THE KEMPERY MEN, +OR FORST THEM FORTH TO  
 FLEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 60.69  
 =1 +KYNG +ESTMERE TOOKE THAT FAYRE LADYE, +AND MARRIED HER TO HIS WIFFE,  
 +AND BROUGHT HER HOME TO MERRY +ENGLAND, +WITH HER TO LEADE HIS LIFE.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 61.1  
 =/ +CHILD 61  
 =/ +SIR +CAWLIN  
 =/ +PERCY +M+S., P. 368; +HALES AND +FURNIVALL, +I+I+I, 3.  
 ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\*  
 =1 ^AND IN thaT LAND DWELLS A KING  
 +WhiCh DOES BEARE THE BELL OUER ALL,  
 +AND WITH HIM THERE DWELLED A CURTEOUS Knight, +SiR +CAWLIN MEN HIM  
 CALL.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.2  
 =1 +AND HE HATH A LADYE TO HIS DAUGHTER, +OF FFASHYON SHEE HATH NOE  
 PEER;  
 +KnighTS AND LORDES THEY WOED HER BOTH, +TRUSTED TO HAUE BEENE HER  
 FEERE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.3  
 =1 +SiR +CAWLIN LOUES HER BEST OF ON?E, +BUT NOTHING DURST HEE SAY  
 +TO DISCREEUE HIS COUNCELL TO NOE MAN,  
 +BUT DEERLYE LOUED THIS MAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.4  
 =1 +TILL ITT BEFFELL VPON A DAY,  
 +GREAT DILL TO HIM WAS DIGHT;  
 +THE MAYDENS LOUE REMOUED HIS MIND,  
 +TO CARE-BED WENT THE KNIGHT.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.5

=1 +AND ONE WHILE HE SPREAD HIS ARMES HIM FFROE, +AND CRYED SO  
 PITYOUSLYE:  
 ?+FFOR THE MAYDENS LOUE thaT +I HAUE MOST MINDE +THIS DAY MAY COMFORT  
 MEE,  
 +OR ELSE ERE NOONE +I SHALBE DEAD'?  
 +THUS CAN +SiR +CAWLINE SAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.6  
 =1 +WHEN OUR ParISH MASSE thaT ITT WAS DONE, +AND OUR KING WAS BOWNE TO  
 DINE,  
 +HE SAYES, +WHERE IS +SiR +CAWLINE,  
 !ThaT WAS WONT TO SERUE ME WITH ALE AND WINE\$ =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.7  
 =1 +BUT THEN ANSWERED A CURTEOUS Knight, +FFAST HIS HANDS WRINGINGE:  
 ?+SiR +CAWLINE\*S SICKE, AND LIKE TO BE DEAD +WiTHOUT AND A GOOD  
 LEEDGINGE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.8  
 =1 ?+FFEITCH YEE DOWNE MY DAUGHTER DEERE, +SHEE IS A LEECHE FFULL FFINE;  
 +I, AND TAKE YOU DOE AND THE BAKEN BREAD, +AND DRINKE HE ON THE WINE SOE  
 RED,  
 +AND LOOKE NO DAYNTI IS FFOR HIM TO DEARE, +FOR FFULL LOTH +I WOLD HIM  
 TINE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.9  
 =1 +THIS LADYE IS GONE TO HIS CHAMBER,  
 +HER MAYDENS FFOLLOWING NYE;  
 ?+O WELL,? SHEE SAYTH, ?HOW DOTH MY LORDS?  
 ?+O SICKE'? AGAINE SAITH HEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.10  
 =1 ?+I, BUT RISE VP WIGHTLYE, MAN, FOR SHAME' +NEUER LYE HERE SOE  
 COWARDLYE'  
 +ITT IS TOLD IN MY FFATHERS HALL,  
 +FFOR MY LOUE YOU WILL DYE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.11  
 =1 ?+ITT IS FFOR YOuR LOUE, FFAYRE LADYE, !ThaT ALL THIS DILL +I DRYE;  
 +FFOR IF YOU WOLD COMFORT ME WITH A KISSE, +THEN WERE +I BROUGHT FFROM  
 BALE TO BLISSE, +NOE LONGER HERE WOLD +I LYE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.12  
 =1 ?+ALAS' SOE WELL YOU KNOW, +SiR Knight,?  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.13  
 =1 . . . . .  
 +I CANNOTT BEE YOuR PEERE:  
 ?+FFOR SOME DEEDS OF ARMES FFaine WOLD +I DOE, +TO BE YOuR BACHEELEERE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.14  
 =1 ?+VPON +ELDRIGE +HILL THERE GROWES A THORNE, +VPON THE MORES  
 BRODINGE;  
 +AND WOLD YOU, SiR KNIGHT, WAKE THERE ALL NIGHT +TO DAY OF THE OTHER  
 MORNINGS\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.15  
 =1 ?+FFOR THE ELDRIGE King, thaT IS MICKLE OF MIGHT, +WILL EXAMINE YOU  
 BEFORNE;  
 +AND THERE WAS NEUER MAN thaT BARE HIS LIFFE AWAY +SINCE THE DAY thaT +I  
 WAS BORNE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.16  
 =1 ?+BUT +I WILL FFOR YOuR SAKE, FFAIRE LADYE, +WALKE ON THE BENTS [SOE]  
 BROWNE,  
 +AND +ILE EITHER BRING YOU A READYE TOKEN, +OR +ILE NEUER COME TO YOU  
 AGAINE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.17  
 =1 +BUT THIS LADYE IS GONE TO HER CHAMBER, +HER MAYDENS FFOLLOWING

BRIGHT,  
+AND +SiR +CAWLIN\*S GONE TO THE MORES SOE BROAD, +FFOR TO WAKE THERE ALL  
NIGHT.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.18

=1 +VNTO MIDNIGHT [THAT] THE MOONE DID RISE, +HE WALKED VP AND DOWNE,  
+AND A LIGHTSOME BUGLE THEN HEARD HE BLOW, +OUER THE BENTS SOE BROWNE;  
+SAIES HEE, +AND IF CRYANCE COME VNTILL MY HART, +I AM FFARR FFROM ANY  
GOOD TOWNE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.19

=1 +AND HE SPYED, ENE A LITTLE HIM BY,  
+A FFURIOUS KING AND A FFELL,  
+AND A LADYE BRIGHT HIS BRYDLE LED,  
!ThaT SEEMLYE ITT WAS TO SEE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.20

=1 +AND SOE FAST HEE CALLED VPON +SiR +CAWLINE, +OH MAN, +I REDD THE  
FFLYE'  
+FFOR IF CRYANCE COME VNTILL THY HART,  
+I AM A-FEARD LEAST THOU MUN DYE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.21

=1 +HE SAYES, [+NO] CRYANCE COMES TO MY HART, +NOR IFAITH +I FFEARE NOT  
THEE;  
+FFOR BECAUSE THOU MINGED NOT +CHRIST BEFORE, +THEE LESSE ME DREADETH  
THEE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.22

=1 +BUT +SiR +CAWLINE HE SHOOKE A SPEARE; +THE King WAS BOLD, AND ABODE;  
+AND THE TIMBER THESE TWO CHILDREN BORE +SOE SOONE IN SUNDER SLODE;  
+FFOR THEY TOOKE AND TWO GOOD SWORDS,  
+AND THEY LAYDEN ON GOOD LOADE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.23

=1 +BUT THE ELDRIDGE King WAS MICKLE OF MIGHT, +AND STIFFLY TO THE GROUND  
DID STAND;  
+BUT +SiR +CAWLINE, WITH AN AUKWARD STROKE, +HE BROUGHT FFROM HIM HIS  
HAND,  
+I, AND FFLYING OUER HIS HEAD SOE HYE,  
[+IT] FFELL DOWNE OF THAT LAY LAND.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.24

=1 +AND HIS LADY STOOD A LITTLE THEREBY, +FFAST RINGING HER HANDS:  
?+FOR THE MAYDENS LOUE thaT YOU HAUE MOST MINDE, +SMYTE YOU MY LOrD NO  
MORE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.25

=1 ?+AND HEES NEUer COME VPON +ELDRIGE [+HILL], +HIM TO SPORT, GAMON, OR  
PLAY,  
+AND TO MEETE NOE MAN OF MIDDLE-EARTH  
+AND thaT LIUES ON +CHRISTS HIS LAY.?

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.26

=1 +BUT HE THEN VP AND thaT ELDRYGE King, +SETT HIM IN HIS SADLE AGAINE,  
+AND thaT ELDRYGE King AND HIS LADYE  
+TO THEIR CASTLE ARE THEY GONE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.27

=1 +AND HEE TOOKE THEN VP AND thaT ELDRYGE SWORD, +AS HARD AS ANY  
FFLYNT,  
+AND SOE HE DID THOSE RINGES FIUE,  
+HARDER THEN FFYER, AND BRENT.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.28

=1 +FFIRST HE PRESENTED TO THE KingS DAUGHTER +THE HAND, AND THEN THE  
SWORD,

. . . . .

. . . . .

?\* ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\*

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.29

=1 ?+BUT A SERRE BUFFETT YOU HAUE HIM GIUEN, +THE King AND THE CROWNE,?  
SHEE SAYD:  
?+I, BUT FOUR AND THIRTY STRIPES  
+COMEN BESIDE THE ROOD.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.30  
=1 +AND A GYANT THAT WAS BOTH STIFFE [AND] STRONG, +HE LOPE NOW THEM  
AMONGE,  
+AND VPON HIS SQUIER FIUE HEADS HE BARE, +VNMACKLEY MADE WAS HEE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.31  
=1 +AND HE DRANKE THEN ON THE KingS WINE, +AND HEE PUT THE CUP IN HIS  
SLEEUE,  
+AND ALL TH?E TREMBLED AND WERE WAN,  
+FFOR FEARE HE SHOLD THEM GREEFFE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.32  
=1 ?+ILL TELL THEE MINE ARRAND, King,? HE SAYES, ?+MINE ERRAND WHAT +I  
DOE HEERE;  
+FFOR +I WILL BREN THY TEMPLES HYE,  
+OR +ILE HAUE THY DAUGHTER DEERE;  
+THOU SHALT FFIND MEE A PPEARE.?  
+I, OR ELSE VPON YOND MORE SOE BROOD  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.33  
=1 +THE King HE TURNED HIM ROUND ABOUT, +LOrd, IN HIS HEART HE WAS WOE'  
+SAYS, +IS THERE NOE Knight OF THE +ROUND +TABLE +THIS MATTER WILL  
VNDERGOE\$  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.34  
=1 ?+I, AND HEE SHALL HAUE MY BROAD LANDS, +AND KEEPE THEM WELL HIS  
LIUE;  
+I, AND SOE HEE SHALL MY DAUGHTER DEERE, +TO BE HIS WEDED WIFFE.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.35  
=1 +AND THEN STOOD VP +SiR +CAWLINe,  
+HIS OWNE ERRAND FFOR TO SAY:  
?+IFAITH, +I WOLD TO +GOD, +SiR,? SAYD +SiR +CAWLINe, ?!ThaT SOLDAN +I  
WILL ASSAY.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.36  
=1 ?+GOE FFEITCH ME DOWNE MY ELDRIGE SWORD, +FFOR +I WOONE ITT ATT  
FFRAY:?  
?+BUT AWAY, AWAY'? SAYD THE HEND SOLDAN, ?+THOU TARRYEST MEE HERE ALL  
DAY'?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.37  
=1 +BUT THE HEND SOLDAN AND +SiR +CAWLINe +TH?E FFOUGHT A SUMMERS DAY;  
+NOW HAS HEE SLAINE thaT HEND SOLDAN,  
+AND BROUGHT HIS FIUE HEADS AWAY.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.38  
=1 +AND THE King HAS BETAKEN HIM HIS BROADE LANDS, +AND ALL HIS VENISON;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.39  
=1 ?+BUT TAKE YOU DOO AND YOuR LANDS [SOE] BROAD, +AND BROOKE THEM WELL  
YOuR LIFFE;  
+FFOR YOU PromISED MEE YOuR DAUGHTER DEERE, +TO BE MY WEDED WIFFE.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.40  
=1 ?+NOW BY MY FFAITH,? THEN SAYES OUR King, ?+FFOR thaT WEE WILL NOT  
STRIFFE,  
+FFOR THOU SHALT HAUE MY DAUGHTER DERE, +TO BE THY WEDED WIFFE.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.41  
=1 +THE OTHER MORNINGE +SiR +CAWLINe ROSE +BY THE DAWNING OF THE DAY,  
+AND VNTILL A GARDEN DID HE GOE  
+HIS MATTINS FFOR TO SAY;  
+AND thaT BESPYED A FFALSE STEWARD,  
+A SHAMES DEATH thaT HE MIGHT DYE'

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.42  
 =1 +AND HE LETT A LYON OUT OF A BANDE,  
 +SiR +CAWLIN FFOR TO TEARE;  
 +AND HE HAD NOE WEPON HIM VPON,  
 +NOR NOE WEPON DID WEARE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.43  
 =1 +BUT HEE TOOKE THEN HIS MANTLE OF GREENE, +INTO THE LYONS MOUTH ITT  
 THRUST;  
 +HE HELD THE LYON SOE SORE TO THE WALL  
 +TILL THE LYONS HART DID BURST.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.44  
 =1 +AND THE WATCHMEN CRYED VPON THE WALLS +AND SAYD, ?+SiR +CAWLIN\*S  
 SLAINE'  
 +AND WITH A BEAST IS NOT FFULL LITTLE,  
 +A LYON OF MICKLE MAYNE:?  
 +THEN THE KingS DAUGHTER SHEE FFELL DOWNE, ?+FOR PEERLESSE IS MY PAYNE'?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.45  
 =1 ?+O PEACE, MY LADY'? SAYES +SiR +CAWLIN, ?+I HAUE BOUGHT THY LOUE  
 FFULL DEERE;  
 +O PEACE, MY LADY'? SAYES +SiR +CAWLIN, ?+PEACE, LADY, FFOR +I AM  
 HEERE'?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 61.46  
 =1 +THEN HE DID MARRY THIS KingS DAUGHTER, +WITH GOLD AND SILUER BRIGHT,  
 +AND FIFTENE SONNES THIS LADYE BEERE  
 +TO +SiR +CAWLIN THE KNIGHT.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +A  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +MINSTRELSY OF THE +SCOTTISH +BORDER, +I+I, 102, 1802, CHIEFLY FROM  
 THE =/ RECITATION OF AN OLD WOMAN RESIDING NEAR +KIRKHILL, IN +WEST  
 +LOTHIAN.  
 =1 ?^IT\*S NARROW, NARROW, MAKE YOUR BED, +AND LEARN TO LIE YOUR LANE;  
 +FOR +I\*M GA\*N OER THE SEA, +FAIR +ANNIE, +A BRAW BRIDE TO BRING HAME.  
 +WI HER +I WILL GET GOWD AND GEAR;  
 +WI YOU +I NEER GOT NANE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.2  
 =1 ?+BUT WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD, +OR BREW MY BRIDAL ALE\$  
 +AND WHA WILL WELCOME MY BRISK BRIDE,  
 +THAT +I BRING OER THE DALE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.3  
 =1 ?+IT\*S +I WILL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD, +AND BREW YOUR BRIDAL ALE,  
 +AND +I WILL WELCOME YOUR BRISK BRIDE,  
 +THAT YOU BRING OER THE DALE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.4  
 =1 ?+BUT SHE THAT WELCOMES MY BRISK BRIDE +MAUN GANG LIKE MAIDEN FAIR;  
 +SHE MAUN LACE ON HER ROBE SAE JIMP,  
 +AND BRAID HER YELLOW HAIR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.5  
 =1 ?+BUT HOW CAN +I GANG MAIDEN-LIKE,  
 +WHEN MAIDEN +I AM NANE\$  
 +HAVE +I NOT BORN SEVEN SONS TO THEE,  
 +AND AM WITH CHILD AGAIN\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.6  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN HER YOUNG SON IN HER ARMS, +ANOTHER IN HER HAND,  
 +AND SHE\*S UP TO THE HIGHEST TOWER,  
 +TO SEE HIM COME TO LAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.7  
 =1 ?+COME UP, COME UP, MY ELDEST SON,  
 +AND LOOK OER YON SEA-STRAND,  
 +AND SEE YOUR FATHER\*S NEW-COME BRIDE,

+BEFORE SHE COME TO LAND.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.8  
 =1 ?+COME DOWN, COME DOWN, MY MOTHER DEAR, +COME FRAE THE CASTLE WA'  
 +I FEAR, IF LANGER YE STAND THERE,  
 +YE\*LL LET YOURSELL DOWN FA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.9  
 =1 +AND SHE GAED DOWN, AND FARTHER DOWN, +HER LOVE\*S SHIP FOR TO SEE,  
 +AND THE TOPMAST AND THE MAINMAST  
 +SHONE LIKE THE SILVER FREE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.10  
 =1 +AND SHE\*S GANE DOWN, AND FARTHER DOWN, +THE BRIDE\*S SHIP TO BEHOLD,  
 +AND THE TOPMAST AND THE MAINMAST  
 +THEY SHONE JUST LIKE THE GOLD.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.11  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN HER SEVEN SONS IN HER HAND, +I WOT SHE DIDNA FAIL;  
 +SHE MET +LORD +THOMAS AND HIS BRIDE,  
 +AS THEY CAME OER THE DALE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.12  
 =1 ?+YOU\*RE WELCOME TO YOUR HOUSE, +LORD +THOMAS, +YOU\*RE WELCOME TO  
 YOUR LAND;  
 +YOU\*RE WELCOME WITH YOUR FAIR LADYE,  
 +THAT YOU LEAD BY THE HAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.13  
 =1 ?+YOU\*RE WELCOME TO YOUR HA\*S, LADYE, +YOUR WELCOME TO YOUR BOWERS;  
 +YOU\*RE WELCOME TO YOUR HAME, LADYE,  
 +FOR A\* THAT\*S HERE IS YOURS.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.14  
 =1 ?+I THANK THEE, +ANNIE; +I THANK THEE, +ANNIE, +SAE DEARLY AS +I  
 THANK THEE;  
 +YOU\*RE THE LIKEST TO MY SISTER +ANNIE, +THAT EVER +I DID SEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.15  
 =1 ?+THERE CAME A KNIGHT OUT OER THE SEA, +AND STEALD MY SISTER AWAY;  
 +THE SHAME SCOUP IN HIS COMPANY,  
 +AND LAND WHEREER HE GAE'?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.16  
 =1 +SHE HANG AE NAPKIN AT THE DOOR,  
 +ANOTHER IN THE HA,  
 +AND A\* TO WIPE THE TRICKLING TEARS,  
 +SAE FAST AS THEY DID FA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.17  
 =1 +AND AYE SHE SERVED THE LANG TABLES, +WITH WHITE BREAD AND WITH WINE,  
 +AND AYE SHE DRANK THE WAN WATER,  
 +TO HAD HER COLOUR FINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.18  
 =1 +AND AYE SHE SERVED THE LANG TABLES, +WITH WHITE BREAD AND WITH  
 BROWN;  
 +AND AY SHE TURNED HER ROUND ABOUT,  
 +SAE FAST THE TEARS FELL DOWN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.19  
 =1 +AND HE\*S TAEN DOWN THE SILK NAPKIN, +HUNG ON A SILVER PIN,  
 +AND AYE HE WIPES THE TEAR TRICKLING  
 +A\* DOWN HER CHEEK AND CHIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.20  
 =1 +AND AYE HE TURN\*D HIM ROUND ABOUT,  
 +AND SMILED AMANG HIS MEN;  
 +SAYS, +LIKE YE BEST THE OLD LADYE,  
 +OR HER THAT\*S NEW COME HAME\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.21  
 =1 +WHEN BELLS WERE RUNG, AND MASS WAS SUNG, +AND A\* MEN BOUND TO BED,  
 +LORD +THOMAS AND HIS NEW-COME BRIDE



+TO THEIR CHAMBER THEY WERE GAED.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.22  
 =1 +ANNIE MADE HER BED A LITTLE FORBYE, +TO HEAR WHAT THEY MIGHT SAY;  
 ?+AND EVER ALAS'? +FAIR +ANNIE CRIED,  
 ?+THAT +I SHOULD SEE THIS DAY'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.23  
 =1 ?+GIN MY SEVEN SONS WERE SEVEN YOUNG RATS, +RUNNING ON THE CASTLE WA,  
 +AND +I WERE A GREW CAT MYSELL,  
 +I SOON WOULD WORRY THEM A\*.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.24  
 =1 ?+GIN MY SEVEN SONS WERE SEVEN YOUNG HARES, +RUNNING OER YON LILLY  
 LEE,  
 +AND +I WERE A GREW HOUND MYSELL,  
 +SOON WORRIED THEY A\* SHOULD BE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.25  
 =1 +AND WAE AND SAD +FAIR +ANNIE SAT,  
 +AND DREARIE WAS HER SANG,  
 +AND EVER, AS SHE SOBBD AND GRAT,  
 ?+WAE TO THE MAN THAT DID THE WRANG'?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.26  
 =1 ?+MY GOWN IS ON,? SAID THE NEW-COME BRIDE, ?+MY SHOES ARE ON MY FEET,  
 +AND +I WILL TO +FAIR +ANNIE\*S CHAMBER, +AND SEE WHAT GARS HER GREET.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.27  
 =1 ?+WHAT AILS YE, WHAT AILS YE, +FAIR +ANNIE, +THAT YE MAKE SIC A MOAN\$  
 +HAS YOUR WINE BARRELS CAST THE GIRDS,  
 +OR IS YOUR WHITE BREAD GONE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.28  
 =1 ?+O WHA WAS\*T WAS YOUR FATHER, +ANNIE, +OR WHA WAS\*T WAS YOUR MOTHER\$  
 +AND HAD YE ONY SISTER, +ANNIE,  
 +OR HAD YE ONY BROTHER\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.29  
 =1 ?+THE +EARL OF +WEMYSS WAS MY FATHER, +THE +COUNTESS OF +WEMYSS MY  
 MOTHER;  
 +AND A\* THE FOLK ABOUT THE HOUSE  
 +TO ME WERE SISTER AND BROTHER.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.30  
 =1 ?+IF THE +EARL OF +WEMYSS WAS YOUR FATHER, +I WOT SAE WAS HE MINE;  
 +AND IT SHALL NOT BE FOR LACK O GOWD  
 +THAT YE YOUR LOVE SALL TYNE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+A.31  
 =1 ?+FOR +I HAVE SEVEN SHIPS O MINE AIN, +A\* LOADED TO THE BRIM,  
 +AND +I WILL GIE THEM A\* TO THEE,  
 +WI FOUR TO THINE ELDEST SON:  
 +BUT THANKS TO A\* THE POWERS IN HEAVEN  
 +THAT +I GAE MAIDEN HAME'?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +B  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +JAMIESON\*S +POPULAR +BALLADS, +I+I, 376, FROM THE RECITATION OF =/  
 +MRS +ARROT, OF +ABERBROTHICK.  
 =1 ^THERE LIVD A LORD ON YON SEA-SIDE,  
 +AND HE THOUGHT ON A WILE,  
 +HOW HE WOULD GO OVER THE SAUT SEA  
 +A LADY TO BEGUILE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.2  
 =1 ?+O LEARN TO MAK YOUR BED, +HELEN,  
 +AND LEARN TO LY YOUR LANE,  
 +FOR +I\*M GAUN OVER THE SAUT SEAS  
 +A BRIGHT BRIDE TO BRING HAME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.3

=1 ?+HOW CAN +I MAK MY BED,? SHE SAYS,  
 ?+UNLESS +I MAK IT WIDE,  
 +WHAN +I HAVE SEVEN O YOUR SONS  
 +TO LIE DOWN BY MY SIDE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.4  
 =1 ?+AND THE FIRST O YOUR SEVEN SONS,  
 +HE RIDES A MILK-WHITE STEED;  
 +THE SECOND O YOUR SEVEN SONS  
 +HE WEARS A MILK-WHITE WEED.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.5  
 =1 ?+THE THIRD ANE O YOUR SEVEN SONS,  
 +HE DRAWS BAITH ALE AND WINE;  
 +THE FOURTH ANE O YOUR SEVEN SONS,  
 +HE SERVES YOU WHEN YOU DINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.6  
 =1 ?+THE FIFTH ANE O YOUR SEVEN SONS,  
 +HE CAN BAITH READ AND WRITE;  
 +AND THE SIXTH ANE O YOUR SEVEN SONS,  
 +HE IS A\* YOUR HEART\*S DELIGHT.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.7  
 =1 ?+AND THE YOUNGEST O YOUR SEVEN SONS, +HE SLEEPS ON MY BREAST-BANE;  
 +WHAN HIM AND +I LY DOWN AT NIGHT,  
 +FOR HIM REST GET +I NANE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.8  
 =1 ?+O WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +AND BREW MY BRIDAL ALE\$  
 +AND WHA WILL WELCOME MY GAE LADY,  
 +THAT +I BRING OER THE DALE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.9  
 =1 ?+AND SIN YE\*VE TAEN THE TURN IN HAND, +SEE THAT YE DO IT RIGHT,  
 +AND ILKA CHIMLY O THE HOUSE,  
 +THAT THEY BE DEARLY DIGHT.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.10  
 =1 +O A\* THE DAY SHE WASHD AND WRANG,  
 +AND A\* THE NIGHT SHE BUIK,  
 +AND SHE\*S AWA TO HER CHAMBER,  
 +TO GIE HER YOUNG SON SUCK.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.11  
 =1 ?+COME HERE, COME HERE, MY ELDEST SON, +AND SEE WHAT YE MAY SEE;  
 +FOR YONDER COMES YOUR FATHER DEAR,  
 +YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW SIDE BE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.12  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN A CAKE O THE BEST BREAD, +A BOTTLE O THE BEST WINE,  
 +AND A\* THE KEYS UPON HER ARM,  
 +AND TO THE YATES SHE\*S GAEN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.13  
 =1 ?+YE ARE WELCOME HAME, GAY LADY,? SHE SAID, ?+AND AY YE ARE WELCOME  
 HAME;  
 +AND SAE IS A\* THE GENTLEWOMEN  
 +THAT\*S WI YOU RIDDEN AND GANE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.14  
 =1 ?+YOU ARE WELCOME HAME, GAY LORD? SHE SAID, ?+AND AY YE ARE WELCOME  
 HAME;  
 +AND SAE IS A\* THE GENTLEMEN  
 +THAT\*S WI YOU RIDDEN AND GANE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.15  
 =1 +SHE SAIRD THEM UP, SHE SAIRD THEM DOWN, +SHE SAIRD THEM TILL AND  
 FRAE;  
 +BUT WHEN SHE WENT BEHIND THEIR BACKS,  
 +THE TEAR DID BLIND HER EE.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.16  
 =1 +WHAN DAY WAS GANE, AND NIGHT WAS COME, +AND A\* MAN BOUN TO BED,  
 +THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE BONNY BRIDE  
 +IN THEIR CHAMBER WAS LAID.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.17  
 =1 +BURD +HELEN AND HER SEVEN SONS  
 +LAY IN A BOWER NEAR BY;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.18  
 =1 ?+IF MY SEVEN SONS WERE SEVEN GREY RATTS, +TO RIN FRAE WA TO WA,  
 +AND +I MYSEL A GOOD GREY CAT,  
 +I WOULD BITE THEIR BACK A-TWA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.19  
 =1 ?+IF MY SEVEN SONS WERE SEVEN GREY HARES, +AND THEM TO RIN A RACE,  
 +AND +I MYSEL A GOOD GREYHOUND,  
 +I WOULD GIE THEM A CHACE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.20  
 =1 +UP AND SPAK THE BONNY BRIDE,  
 +IN CHAMBER WHERE SHE LAY:  
 ?+THERE IS A LADY IN THIS BOWER,  
 +SHE WILL GAE MAD OR DAY.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.21  
 =1 ?+LYE STILL, LYE STILL, MY BONNY BRIDE, +LYE STILL AND TAK A SLEEP;  
 +IT\*S BUT ANE O MY WINE PUNCHEONS;  
 +NAE LANGER WAD IT KEEP.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.22  
 =1 ?+KING +HENRY WAS MY FATHER DEAR,  
 +QUEEN +CATHERINE WAS MY MOTHER,  
 +LADY +ANNE SHE WAS MY SISTER DEAR,  
 +AND +FREDERICK WAS MY BROTHER.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.23  
 =1 ?+AND WHAN +I WAS SIX YEARS OF AGE,  
 +THEY CA\*D ME +MARY +MILD;  
 +I WAS STOWN FRAE MY FATHER\*S YATE,  
 +WHAN +I WAS BUT A CHILD.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.24  
 =1 +THEN UP AND SPAK THE BONNY BRIDE,  
 +BY HER LORD AS SHE LAY:  
 ?+LYE DOWN, LYE DOWN, MY DEAR SISTER,  
 +THERE\*S NAE ILL DONE FOR ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.25  
 =1 ?+O SEVEN SHIPS CONVEYD ME HERE,  
 +AND SEVEN CAME OER THE MAIN;  
 +AND FOUR O THEM SHALL STAY WI YOU,  
 +AND THREE CONVEY ME HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+B.26  
 =1 ?+BUT WHEN +I GAE HAME TO MY FATHER\*S HOUSE, +THEY WILL LAUGH ME TO  
 SCORN,  
 +TO COME AWA A WEDDED WIFE,  
 +GAE HAME A MAID THE MORN.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +C  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +MOTHERWELL\*S MANUSCRIPT, P. 351, FROM THE RECITATION OF +JANET  
 +HOLMES, =/ AN OLD WOMAN IN +KILBARCHAN, WHO DERIVED THE BALLAD FROM HER  
 MOTHER; =/ +JULY 18, 1825.  
 =1 ?^LEARN TO MAK YOU BED, HONEY,  
 +AND LEARN TO LYE YOUR LANE,  
 +FOR +I\*M GAUN OWRE THE SALT SEAS,

+A FAIR LADY TO BRING HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.2  
 =1 ?+AND WITH HER +I\*LL GET GOLD AND GEAR, +WITH THEE +I NEER GOT NANE;  
 +I TOOK YOU AS A WAAF WOMAN,  
 +I LEAVE YOU AS THE SAME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.3  
 =1 ?+WHAT AILETH THEE AT ME, MY LORD,  
 +WHAT AILETH THEE AT ME,  
 +WHEN SEVEN BONNIE SONS +I HAVE BORN,  
 +ALL OF YOUR FAIR BODIE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.4  
 =1 ?+THE ELDEST OF YOUR SEVEN SONS,  
 +HE CAN BOTH READ AND WRITE;  
 +THE SECOND OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD,  
 +CAN DO IT MORE PERFYTE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.5  
 =1 ?+THE THIRD ONE OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +HE WATERS YOUR MILK-WHITE  
 STEED;  
 +THE FOURTH ONE OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD,  
 +WITH RED GOLD SHINES HIS WEED.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.6  
 =1 ?+THE FIFTH ONE OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +HE SERVES YOU WHEN YOU DINE;  
 +THE SIXTH ONE NOW YOU DO BEHOLD,  
 +HOW HE WALKS OUT AND IN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.7  
 =1 ?+THE SEVENTH ONE OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +SUCKS HARD AT MY BREAST-  
 BANE;  
 +WHEN A\* THE HOUSE THEY ARE AT REST,  
 +FOR HIM +I CAN GET NANE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.8  
 =1 ?+AND IF YOU LEAVE ME THUS FORLORN,  
 +A WAINLESS WIFE +I\*LL BE,  
 +FOR ANYBODY\*S GOLD OR GEAR  
 +THAT IS BEYOND THE SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.9  
 =1 ?+O WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +OR WHA WILL BREW MY ALE\$  
 +OR WHA WILL COOK MY KITCHEN NEAT,  
 +OR GIVE MY MEN THEIR MEAL\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.10  
 =1 ?+FOR LOVE +I\*LL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD, +TO BREW YOUR ALE +I\*M FAIN,  
 +TO COOK YOUR KITCHEN, AS +I HAVE DONE, +TILL YOU RETURN AGAIN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.11  
 =1 ?+O WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +OR WHA WILL BREW MY ALE\$  
 +OR WHA WILL WELCOME MY BRAW BRIDE,  
 +THAT +I BRING OWRE THE DALE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.12  
 =1 ?+FOR LOVE +I\*LL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD, +FOR LOVE +I\*LL BREW YOUR  
 ALE,  
 +AND +I WILL WELCOME YOUR BRAW BRIDE  
 +THAT YOU BRING OWRE THE DALE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.13  
 =1 +HER MIND SHE KEEPED, BUT SAIR SHE WEEPD +THE TIME THAT HE WAS GANE  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.14  
 =1 ?+GO UP, GO UP, MY ELDEST SON,  
 +GO TO THE UPMOST HA,  
 +AND SEE IF YOU SEE YOUR FATHER COMING, +WITH YOUR MOTHER-TO-BE-IN-LAW.?

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.15  
 =1 ?+PUT ON, PUT ON, +O MOTHER DEAR,  
 +PUT ON YOUR GOUNS SO BRAW,  
 +FOR YONDER IS MY FATHER COMING,  
 +WITH MY MOTHER-TO-BE-IN-LAW.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.16  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN THE WHEAT-BREAD IN ONE HAND, +THE RED WINES, WHICH PLENTY  
 WERE,  
 +AND SHE\*S GANE TO THE OUTMOST GATE,  
 +AND BID THEM WELCOME THERE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.17  
 =1 ?+YOU\*RE WELCOME HERE, MY BROTHER DEAR, +YE\*RE WELCOME, BROTHER  
 +JOHN;  
 +YE\*RE WELCOME A\* MY BRETHERN DEAR,  
 +THAT HAS THIS JOURNEY GONE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.18  
 =1 ?+I THANK YOU, SISTER +ANNIE,? HE SAYS, ?+AND +I THANK YOU HEARTILIE,  
 +AND AS YOU\*VE WELCOMED HOME MYSELF,  
 +YOU\*LL WELCOME MY FAIR LADYE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.19  
 =1 ?+IF +I HAD ROSES TO MY FEET,  
 +AND RIBBONS TO MY GOWN,  
 +AND AS LEAL A MAID AS YOUR BRAW BRIDE, +I WOULD SPEAK WITHOUT A FROWN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.20  
 =1 +HE\*S GIVEN HER ROSES TO HER FEET,  
 +AND RIBBONS TO HER GOWN,  
 +AND SHE HAS WELCOMED HIS BRAW BRIDE,  
 +BUT WEEL THAT WAS HER OWN'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.21  
 =1 ?+I THANK YOU, SISTER +ANNIE,? SHE SAYS, ?+I THANK YOU HEARTILIE,  
 +AND IF +I BE SEVEN YEARS ABOUT THIS PLACE, +REWARDED YOU SHALL BE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.22  
 =1 +SHE SERVED THEM UP, SHE SERVED THEM DOWN, +AND SHE SERVED ALL THEIR  
 CRIES,  
 +AND AYE AS SHE CAME DOWN THE STAIR  
 +THE TEARS FELL FROM HER EYES.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.23  
 =1 +WHEN MASS WAS SUNG, AND ALL BELLS RUNG, +AND ALL MEN BOUNE FOR BED,  
 +THE GOOD LORD AND HIS FAIR LADY  
 +WERE IN THEIR CHAMBER LAID.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.24  
 =1 +BUT POOR +ANNIE AND HER SEVEN SONS  
 +WAS IN A ROOM HARD BY,  
 +AND AS SHE LAY SHE SIGHED AND WEPT,  
 +AND THUS BEGAN TO CRY:  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.25  
 =1 ?+O WERE MY SONS TRANSFORMED TO CATS, +TO SPEEL THIS CASTLE WA,  
 +AND +I MYSELL A RED BLOOD-HOUND  
 +THAT +I MIGHT WORRY THEM A\*'?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.26  
 =1 +THE BRIDE SHE OVERHEARING ALL,  
 +AND SAIR SHE RUED HER FATE:  
 ?+AWAUK, AWAUK, MY LORD,? SHE SAID,  
 ?+AWAUK, FOR WELL YOU MAY;  
 +FOR +THERE\*S A WOMAN IN THIS GATE  
 +THAT WILL GO MAD ERE DAY.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.27  
 =1 ?+I FEAR SHE IS A LEMAN OF THINE,  
 +AND A LEMAN MEEK AND MILD;  
 +GET UP AND PACK HER DOWN THE STAIRS,

+THO THE WOODS WERE NEER SAE WILD.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.28  
 =1 ?+O YES, SHE IS A LEMAN OF MINE,  
 +AND A LEMAN MEEK AND KIND,  
 +AND +I WILL NOT PACK HER DOWN THE STAIRS, +FOR A\* THE GEAR THAT\*S  
 THINE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.29  
 =1 ?+O WHA\*S YOUR FATHER, +ANN\$? SHE SAYS, ?+OR WHA\*S YOUR MOTHER DEAR\$  
 +OR WHA\*S YOUR SISTER, +ANN\$? SHE SAYS, ?+OR BROTHER\$ LET ME HEAR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.30  
 =1 ?+KING +EASTER HE\*S MY FATHER DEAR,  
 +THE +QUEEN MY MOTHER WAS;  
 +JOHN +ARMSTRANG, IN THE WEST-AIRT LANDS, +MY ELDEST BROTHER IS.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.31  
 =1 ?+THEN +I\*M YOUR SISTER, +ANN,? SHE SAYS, ?+AND +I\*M A FULL SISTER TO  
 THEE;  
 +YOU WERE STOLEN AWA WHEN VERY YOUNG,  
 +BY THE SAME LORD\*S TREACHERIE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.32  
 =1 ?+I\*VE SEVEN SHIPS UPON THE SEA,  
 +ALL LOADED TO THE BRIM,  
 +AND FIVE OF THEM +I\*LL GIVE TO THEE,  
 +AND TWA SHALL CARRY ME HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+C.33  
 =1 ?+MY MOTHER SHALL MAK MY TOCHER UP,  
 +WHEN +I TELL HER HOW YOU THRIVE;  
 +FOR WE NEVER KNEW WHERE YOU WAS GONE,  
 +OR IF YOU WAS ALIVE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+D.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +D  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +HERD, +THE +ANCIENT AND +MODERN +SCOTS +SONGS, 1769, P.307.  
 =1 ?^WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +AND BREW MY BRIDAL ALE\$  
 +AND WHA WILL WELCOME MY BRISK BRIDE,  
 +THAT +I BRING OER THE DALE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+D.2  
 =1 ?+I WILL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +AND BREW YOUR BRIDAL ALE,  
 +AND +I WILL WELCOME YOUR BRISK BRIDE,  
 +THAT YOU BRING OER THE DALE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+D.3  
 =1 ?+BUT SHE THAT WELCOMES MY BRISK BRIDE +MAUN GANG LIKE MAIDEN FAIR;  
 +SHE MAUN LACE ON HER ROBE SAE JIMP,  
 +AND BRAID HER YELLOW HAIR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+D.4  
 =1 ?+BUT HOW CAN +I GANG MAIDEN-LIKE,  
 +WHEN MAIDEN +I AM NANE\$  
 +HAVE +I NOT BORN SEVEN SONS TO THEE,  
 +AND AM WITH CHILD AGEN\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+D.5  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN HER YOUNG SON IN HER ARMS, +ANOTHER IN HER HAND,  
 +AND SHE\*S UP TO THE HIGHEST TOWER,  
 +TO SEE HIM COME TO LAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+D.6  
 =1 ?+YOU\*RE WELCOME TO YOUR HOUSE, MASTER, +YOU\*RE WELCOME TO YOUR LAND;  
 +YOU\*RE WELCOME WITH YOUR FAIR LADY,  
 +THAT YOU LEAD BY THE HAND.?  
 ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\*  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+D.7

=1 +AND AY SHE SERVD THE LANG TABLES,  
 +WITH WHITE BREAD AND WITH WINE,  
 +AND AY SHE DRANK THE WAN WATER,  
 +TO HAD HER COLOUR FINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+D.8  
 =1 +NOW HE\*S TAEN DOWN A SILK NAPKIN,  
 +HUNG ON THE SILVER PIN,  
 +AND AY HE WIPES THE TEARS TRICKLING  
 +ADOWN HER CHEEK AND CHIN.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +E  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +JAMIESON-+BROWN +M+S., FOL. 20; +JAMIESON\*S +POPULAR +BALLADS, +I+I,  
 371.  
 =1 ?+O ^WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +AND BREW MY BRIDAL ALE\$  
 +WHA WILL WELCOME MY BRIGHT BRIDE,  
 +THAT +I BRING OER THE DALE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.2  
 =1 ?+O +I WILL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +AN BREW YOUR BRIDAL ALE;  
 +AN +I WILL WELCOME YOUR BRIGHT BRIDE,  
 +THAT YOU BRING OER THE DALE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.3  
 =1 ?+O SHE THAT WELCOMES MY BRIGHT BRIDE +MAUN GANG LIKE MAIDEN FAIR;  
 +SHE MAUN LACE HER IN HER GREEN CLOATHIN, +AN BRAID HER YALLOW HAIR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.4  
 =1 ?+O HOW CAN +I GANG MAIDEN LIKE,  
 +WHAN MAIDEN +I AM NANE\$  
 +WHAN +I HA BORN YOU SEVEN SONS,  
 +AN AM WI BAIRN AGAIN\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.5  
 =1 +THE LADY STOOD IN HER BOWR DOOR  
 +AN LOOKIT OER THE LAN,  
 +AN THERE SHE SAW HER AIN GOOD LORD,  
 +LEADIN HIS BRIDE BY THE HAN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.6  
 =1 +SHE\*S DRESSD HER SONS I THE SCARLET RED, +HERSEL I THE DAINTY GREEN,  
 +AN THO HER CHEEK LOOKD PALE AND WAN,  
 +SHE WELL MIGHT HA BEEN A QUEEN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.7  
 =1 +SHE CALLD UPON HER ELDEST SON:  
 ?+LOOK YONDER WHAT YOU SEE;  
 +FOR YONDER COMES YOUR FATHER DEAR,  
 +YOUR STEP-MOTHER HIM WI.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.8  
 =1 ?+O YOU\*R WELCOME HAME, MY AIN GOOD LORD, +TO YOUR HA\*S BUT AN YOUR  
 BOWRS;  
 +YOU\*R WELCOME HAME, MY AIN GOOD LORD,  
 +TO YOUR CASTLES AN YOUR TOWRS:  
 +SAE IS YOUR BRIGHT BRIDE YOU BESIDE,  
 +SHE\*S FAIRER NOR THE FLOWERS.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.9  
 =1 ?+O WHATN A LADY\*S THAT\$? SHE SAYS,  
 ?+THAT WELCOMS YOU AN ME\$  
 +IF +I\*M LANG LADY ABOUT THIS PLACE,  
 +SOME GOOD +I WILL HER DEE.  
 +SHE LOOKS SAE LIKE MY SISTER +JANE,  
 +WAS STOLN I THE BOWR FRAE ME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.10

=1 +O SHE HAS SERVD THE LANG TABLES,  
 +WI THE WHITE BREAD AN THE WINE;  
 +BUT AY SHE DRANK THE WAN WATER,  
 +TO KEEP HER COLOUR FINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.11  
 =1 ?+AN SHE GID BY THE FIRST TABLE,  
 +AN LEUGH AMO THEM A\*;  
 +BUT ERE SHE REACHD THE SECOND TABLE,  
 +SHE LET THE TEARS DOWN FA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.12  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN A NAPKIN LANG AN WHITE,  
 +AN HUNG\*T UPON A PIN;  
 +IT WAS TO DRY HER WATRY EYES,  
 +AS SHE WENT OUT AND IN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.13  
 =1 +WHAN BELLS WERE RUNG, AN MASS WAS SUNG, +AN A\* MAN BOUN TO BED,  
 +THE BRIDE BUT AN THE BONNY BRIDEGROOM  
 +IN AE CHAMBER WAS LAID.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.14  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN HER HARP INTILL HER HAN, +TO HARP THIS TWA ASLEEP;  
 +AN AY AS SHE HARPED AN SHE SANG,  
 +FULL SORELY DID SHE WEEP.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.15  
 =1 ?+O SEVEN FU FAIR SONS +I HAVE BORN  
 +TO THE GOOD LORD O THIS PLACE,  
 +AN +I WISH THAT THEY WERE SEVEN HARES, +TO RUN THE CASTLE RACE,  
 +AN +I MYSEL A GOOD GRAY HOUN,  
 +AN +I WOULD GI THEM CHASE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.16  
 =1 ?+O SEVEN FU FAIR SONS +I HAVE BORN  
 +TO THE GOOD LORD O THIS HA;  
 +I WISH THAT THEY WERE SEVEN ROTTONS,  
 +TO RIN THE CASTLE WA,  
 +AN +I MYSELL A GOOD GRAY CAT,  
 +I WOT +I WOULD WORRY THEM A\*  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.17  
 =1 ?+THE EARLE O +RICHMOND WAS MY FATHER, +AN THE LADY WAS MY MOTHER,  
 +AN A\* THE BAIRNS BISIDES MYSEL  
 +WAS A SISTER AN A BROTHER.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.18  
 =1 ?+SING ON, SING ON, YE GAY LADY,  
 +I WOT YE HAE SUNG IN TIME;  
 +GIN THE EARLE O +RICHMOND WAS YOUR FATHER, +I WOT SAE WAS HE MINE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.19  
 =1 ?+RISE UP, RISE UP, MY BIERLY BRIDE; +I THINK MY BED\*S BUT CAUL;  
 +I WOULDNA HEAR MY LADY LAMENT  
 +FOR YOUR TOCHER TEN TIMES TAUL.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+E.20  
 =1 ?+O SEVEN SHIPS DID BRING YOU HERE,  
 +AN AN SAL TAK YOU HAME;  
 +THE LEVE +I\*LL KEEP TO YOUR SISTER +JANE, +FOR TOCHER SHE GAT NANE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +F  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +MOTHERWELL\*S +M+S., P. 385; +MOTHERWELL\*S +MINSTRELSY, P. 327.  
 +FROM =/ THE RECITATION OF +MRS +RULE, +PAISLEY, +AUGUST 16, 1825.  
 =1 ?^LEARN TO MAK YOUR BED, +ANNIE,  
 +AND LEARN TO LIE YOUR LANE,  
 +FOR +I MAUN OWRE THE SALT SEAS GANG,  
 +A BRISK BRIDE TO BRING HAME.



=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.2  
 =1 ?+BIND UP, BIND UP YOUR YELLOW HAIR, +AND TYE IT IN YOUR NECK,  
 +AND SEE YOU LOOK AS MAIDEN-LIKE  
 +AS THE FIRST DAY THAT WE MET.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.3  
 =1 ?+O HOW CAN +I LOOK MAIDEN-LIKE,  
 +WHEN A MAID +I\*LL NEVER BE;  
 +WHEN SEVEN BRAVE SONS +I\*VE BORN TO THEE, +AND THE EIGHTH IS IN MY  
 BODIE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.4  
 =1 ?+THE ELDEST OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD,  
 +WI RED GOLD SHINES HIS WEED;  
 +THE SECOND OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD,  
 +RIDES ON A MILK-WHITE STEED.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.5  
 =1 ?+AND THE THIRD OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +HE DRAWS YOUR BEER AND WINE,  
 +AND THE FOURTH OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD,  
 +CAN SERVE YOU WHEN YOU DINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.6  
 =1 ?+AND THE FIFT OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +HE CAN BOTH READ AND WRITE,  
 +AND THE SIXTH OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD,  
 +CAN DO IT MAIST PERFYTE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.7  
 =1 ?+AND THE SEVENT OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +SITS ON THE NURSE\*S KNEE;  
 +AND HOW CAN +I LOOK MAIDEN-LIKE,  
 +WHEN A MAID +I\*LL NEVER BE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.8  
 =1 ?+BUT WHA WILL BAKE YOUR WEDDING BREAD, +AND BREW YOUR BRIDAL ALE\$  
 +OR WHA WILL WELCOME YOUR BRISK BRIDE,  
 +THAT YOU BRING OWRE THE DALE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.9  
 =1 ?+I\*LL PUT COOKS IN MY KITCHEN,  
 +AND STEWARDS IN MY HALL,  
 +AND +I\*LL HAVE BAKERS FOR MY BREAD,  
 +AND BREWERS FOR MY ALE;  
 +BUT YOU\*RE TO WELCOME MY BRISK BRIDE,  
 +THAT +I BRING OWRE THE DALE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.10  
 =1 +HE SET HIS FUT INTO HIS SHIP,  
 +AND HIS COCK-BOAT ON THE MAIN;  
 +HE SWORE IT WOULD BE YEAR AND DAY  
 +OR HE RETURNED AGAIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.11  
 =1 +WHEN YEAR AND DAY WAS PAST AND GANE, +FAIR +ANNIE SHE THOCHT LANG,  
 +AND SHE IS UP TO HER BOWER-HEAD,  
 +TO BEHOLD BOTH SEA AND LAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.12  
 =1 ?+COME UP, COME UP, MY ELDEST SON,  
 +AND SEE NOW WHAT YOU SEE;  
 +O YONDER COMES YOUR FATHER DEAR,  
 +AND YOUR STEPMOTHER-TO-BE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.13  
 =1 ?+CAST OFF YOUR GOWN OF BLACK, MOTHER, +PUT ON YOUR GOWN OF BROWN,  
 +AND +I\*LL PUT OFF MY MOURNING WEEDS,  
 +AND WE\*LL WELCOME HIM HOME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.14  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAKEN WINE INTO HER HAND,  
 +AND SHE HAS TAKEN BREAD,  
 +AND SHE IS DOWN TO THE WATER-SIDE  
 +TO WELCOME THEM INDEED.

=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.15  
 =1 ?+YOU\*RE WELCOME, MY LORD, YOU\*RE WELCOME, MY LORD, +YOU\*RE WELCOME  
 HOME TO ME;  
 +SO IS EVERY LORD AND GENTLEMAN  
 +THAT IS IN YOUR COMPANIE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.16  
 =1 ?+YOU\*RE WELCOME, MY LADY, YOU\*RE WELCOME, MY LADY, +YOU\*RE WELCOME  
 HOME TO ME;  
 +SO IS EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN  
 +THAT\*S IN YOUR COMPANYE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.17  
 =1 ?+I THANK YOU, MY GIRL, +I THANK YOU, MY GIRL, +I THANK YOU  
 HEARTILIE;  
 +IF +I LIVE SEVEN YEARS ABOUT THIS HOUSE, +REWARDED YOU SHALL BE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.18  
 =1 +SHE SERVED THEM UP, SHE SERVED THEM DOWN, +WITH THE WHEAT BREAD AND  
 THE WINE;  
 +BY AYE SHE DRANK THE COLD WATER,  
 +TO KEEP HER COLOUR FINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.19  
 =1 +SHE SERVD THEM UP, SHE SERVD THEM DOWN, +WITH THE WHEAT BREAD AND  
 THE BEER;  
 +BY AYE SHE DRANK THE CAULD WATER,  
 +TO KEEP HER COLOUR CLEAR.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.20  
 =1 +WHEN BELLS WERE RUNG AND MASS WAS SUNG, +AND ALL WERE BOUNE FOR  
 REST,  
 +FAIR +ANNIE LAID HER SONS IN BED,  
 +AND A SORROWFUL WOMAN SHE WAS.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.21  
 =1 ?+WILL +I GO TO THE SALT, SALT SEAS, +AND SEE THE FISHES SWIM\$  
 +OR WILL +I GO TO THE GAY GREEN-WOOD,  
 +AND HEAR THE SMALL BIRDS SING\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.22  
 =1 +OUT AND SPOKE AN AGED MAN,  
 +THAT STOOD BEHIND THE DOOR:  
 ?+YE WILL NOT GO TO THE SALT, SALT SEAS, +TO SEE THE FISHES SWIM;  
 +NOR WILL YE GO TO THE GAY GREEN-WOOD,  
 +TO HEAR THE SMALL BIRDS SING.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.23  
 =1 ?+BUT YE\*LL TAKE A HARP, INTO YOUR HAND, +GO TO THE CHAMBER DOOR,  
 +AND AYE YE\*LL HARP, AND AYE YE\*LL MURN, +WITH THE SALT TEARS FALLING  
 OER.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.24  
 =1 +SHE\*S TANE A HARP INTO HER HAND,  
 +WENT TO THEIR CHAMBER DOOR,  
 +AND AYE SHE HARPD, AND AYE SHE MURND,  
 +WITH THE SALT TEARS FALLING OER.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.25  
 =1 +OUT AND SPAK THE BRISK YOUNG BRIDE, +IN BRIDE-BED WHERE SHE LAY:  
 ?+I THINK +I HEAR MY SISTER +ANNIE,  
 +AND +I WISH WEEL IT MAY;  
 +FOR A +SCOTISH LORD STAW HER AWA,  
 +AND AN ILL DEATH MAY HE DIE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.26  
 =1 ?+WHA WAS YOUR FATHER, MY GIRL,? SHE SAYS, ?+OR WHA WAS YOUR MOTHER\$  
 +OR HAD YOU EVER A SISTER DEAR,  
 +OR HAD YOU EVER A BROTHER\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.27  
 =1 ?+KING +HENRY WAS MY FATHER DEAR,

+QUEEN +EASTER WAS MY MOTHER,  
 +PRINCE +HENRY WAS MY BROTHER DEAR,  
 +AND +FANNY +FLOWER MY SISTER.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.28  
 =1 ?+IF +KING +HENRY WAS YOUR FATHER DEAR, +AND +QUEEN +EASTER WAS YOUR  
 MOTHER,  
 +AND +PRINCE +HENRY WAS YOUR BROTHER DEAR, +THEN SURELY +I\*M YOUR  
 SISTER.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.29  
 =1 ?+COME TO YOUR BED, MY SISTER DEAR,  
 +IT NEER WAS WRANGD FOR ME,  
 +BUT AN AE KISS OF HIS MERRY MOUTH,  
 +AS WE CAM OWRE THE SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.30  
 =1 ?+AWA, AWA, YE FORENOON BRIDE,  
 +AWA, AWA FRAE ME'  
 +I WUDNA HEAR MY +ANNIE GREET,  
 +FOR A\* THE GOLD +I GOT WI THEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.31  
 =1 ?+THERE WAS FIVE SHIPS OF GAY RED GOLD +CAME OWRE THE SEAS WITH ME;  
 +IT\*S TWA O THEM WILL TAKE ME HAME,  
 +AND THREE +I\*LL LEAVE WI THEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+F.32  
 =1 ?+SEVEN SHIPS O WHITE MONEY  
 +CAME OWRE THE SEAS WI ME;  
 +FIVE O THEM +I\*LL LEAVE WI THEE,  
 +AND TWA\*LL TAK ME HAME,  
 +AND MY MOTHER WILL MAK MY PORTION UP,  
 +WHEN +I RETURN AGAIN.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+G.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +G  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +COMMUNICATED BY +MISS +MARGARET +REBURN, AS CURRENT IN +COUNTY  
 +MEATH, =/ +IRELAND, 1860-70.  
 =1 ^SHE SERVED THEM UP, SHE SERVED THEM DOWN, +SHE SERVED THEM UP WITH  
 WINE,  
 +BUT STILL SHE DRANK THE CLEAR SPRING WATER, +TO KEEP HER COLOR FINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+G.2  
 =1 ?+I MUST GET UP, SHE MUST SIT DOWN,  
 +SHE MUST SIT IN MY PLACE,  
 +OR ELSE BE TORN BY WILD HORSES  
 +AND THROWN OVER THE GATES.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+G.3  
 =1 ?+YOU WONT GET UP, SHE WONT SIT DOWN, +SHE WONT SIT IN YOUR PLACE,  
 +NOR YET BE TORN BY WILD HORSES,  
 +NOR THROWN OVER THE GATES.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+G.4  
 =1 +SHE CALLED UP HER SEVEN SONS,  
 +BY ONE, BY TWO, BY THREE:  
 ?+I WISH YOU WERE ALL SEVEN GRAY-HOUNDS, +THIS NIGHT TO WORRY ME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+G.5  
 =1 ?+WHAT AILS YOU, FAIR +ELLEN\$ WHAT AILS YOU, FAIR\$ +OR WHY DO YOU  
 SIGH AND MOAN\$?  
 ?+THE HOOPS ARE OFF MY WINE HOGSHEADS,  
 +AND MY WINE IS OVERFLOWN.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+H.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +H  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +FROM +DR +THOMAS +DAVIDSON. +ABERDEENSHIRE.  
 =1 ?^BUT WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD, +AN BREW MY BRIDAL ALE,

+AND WHA WILL WELCOME MY BRIDE HAME,  
 +IS MAIR THAT +I CAN TELL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+H.2  
 =1 ?+IT\*S +I WILL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD, +AND BREW YOUR BRIDAL ALE,  
 +BUT WHA WILL WELCOME YOUR BRIDE HAME,  
 +IT\*LL NEED TAE BE YERSEL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+H.3  
 =1 +AN SHE\*S HUNG UP A SILKEN TOWEL  
 +UPON A GOLDEN PIN,  
 ...TAE WIPE HER EEN,  
 +AS SHE GAED BUT AND BEN.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +I  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +KINLOCH +M+S+S, +I, 155, +MAY, 1827. "+COMPOSED OF THREE RECITED =/  
 VERSIONS OBTAINED IN THE WEST OF +SCOTLAND." =1 ?^LEARN TO MAK YOUR BED,  
 +ANNIE,  
 +AND LEARN TO LIE YOUR LANE;  
 +FOR +I AM GAING OURE THE SAUT SEAS,  
 +A BRISK BRIDE TO BRING HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.2  
 =1 ?+WI HER +I WILL GET GOWD AND GEAR;  
 +WI THEE +I NEER GAT NANE;  
 +I GOT THEE AS A WAIF WOMAN,  
 +I\*LL LEAVE THEE AS THE SAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.3  
 =1 ?+O WHA WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +OR BREW MY BRIDAL ALE\$  
 +OR WHA WELCOME MY BRISK BRIDE,  
 +THAT +I\*LL BRING OURE THE DALE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.4  
 =1 ?+O +I WILL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +AND BREW YOUR BRIDAL ALE;  
 +BUT +I DOWNA WELCAM YOUR BRISK BRIDE  
 +THAT YE\*LL BRING FRAE THE DALE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.5  
 =1 ?+SHE THAT WELCOMES MY BRISK BRIDE,  
 +SHE MAUN TOOK MAIDEN-LIKE;  
 +SHE MAUN KAIM DOUN HER YELLOW LOCKS,  
 +AND LAY THEM IN HER NECK.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.6  
 =1 ?+O HOW CAN +I LOOK MAIDEN-LIKE,  
 +WHEN MAIDEN +I AM NANE\$  
 +FOR SEVEN SONS +I HAE BORN TO THEE,  
 +AND THE EIGHTH LIES IN MY WAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.7  
 =1 ?+BUT WHAT AILETH THEE AT ME, MY LORD, +WHAT AILETH THEE AT ME,  
 +WHAN SEVEN BRAW SONS +I\*VE BORN TO THEE, +OUT OF MY FAIR BODIE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.8  
 =1 ?+THE FIRST ANE OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +CAN BAITH READ AND WRITE;  
 +AND THE SECOND OF YOUR SONS, MY LORD,  
 +CAN DO IT MAIST PERFYTE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.9  
 =1 ?+THE THIRD ANE O YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +CAN WATER YOUR GREY STEED;  
 +AND THE FOURTH ANE O YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +CAN BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.10  
 =1 ?+THE FIFTH ANE O YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +CAN SERVE YE WHAN YE DINE;  
 +AND THE SIXTH ANE O YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +CAN BREW YOUR BRIDAL WINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.11  
 =1 ?+THE SEVENTH ANE O YOUR SONS, MY LORD, +LIES CLOSE AT MY BREIST-

BANE;  
 +WHAN A\* THE LAVE ARE FAST ASLEEP,  
 +IT\*S REST +I CAN GET NANE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.12  
 =1 +HE SET HIS FOOT INTO THE STIRRUP,  
 +HIS HAND UPON THE MANE;  
 +SAYS, +IT WILL BE YEAR AND DAY, LADIE, +ERE YE SEE ME AGAIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.13  
 =1 +WHAN HE HAD AE FOOT ON THE SEA,  
 +THE ITHIR ON DRY LAN,  
 ?+IT WILL BE YEAR AND DAY, LADIE,  
 +TILL +I COME BACK AGAIN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.14  
 =1 +WHAN YEAR AND DAY WAR PAST AND GANE, +FAIR +ANNIE SHE THOUGHT LANG;  
 +AND SHE WENT UP TO HER HIE TOWER,  
 +WI A SILK SEAM IN HER HAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.15  
 =1 +SHE LOOKIT EAST, SHE LOOKIT WEST,  
 +AND SOUTH, BELOW THE SUN,  
 +AND THERE SHE SPIED HER AIN GUDE LORD, +COMING SAILING TO THE LAN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.16  
 =1 +SHE CALLED UP HER SEVEN BRAW SONS,  
 +BY ANE, TWA, AND BY THREE:  
 ?+SEE, YONDER COMES YOUR FATHER,  
 +AND YOUR MOTHER-FOR-TO-BE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.17  
 =1 +AND SHE CALLED UP HER SERVANTS A\*:  
 ?+O COME, BEHOLD AND SEE'  
 +O YONDER COMES YOUR MASTER DEAR,  
 +AND A NEW MISTRESS BRINGS HE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.18  
 =1 ?+GAE DOUN, GAE DOUN, MY ELDEST SON, +INTO THE OUTMOST HA,  
 +AND IF YE WELCOME ANE O THEM,  
 +BE SURE TO WELCOME A\*.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.19  
 =1 +SOME RAN EAST, AND SOME RAN WEST,  
 +AND SOME RAN TO THE SEA;  
 +THERE WAS NA ANE IN A\* HIS HOUSE  
 +TO WELCOME HIS NEW LADIE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.20  
 =1 +BUT +ANNIE\*S TO HER COFFER GANE,  
 +TANE OUT A SILVER KAIM,  
 +AND SHE\*S KAIMD DOUN HER YELLOW HAIR,  
 +AS SHE A MAID HAD BEEN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.21  
 =1 +AND +ANNIE HAS KAIMD HER LANG YELLOW LOCKS, +AND LAID THEM IN HER  
 NECK;  
 +AND SHE\*S AWA TO THE SAUT, SAUT SEA,  
 +TO WELCOME HIS LADY AFF DECK.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.22  
 =1 +SHE DURST NA CA HIM HER AIN GUDE LORD, +FOR ANGERING O THE BRIDE;  
 +BUT SHE DID CA HIM MASTER DEAR,  
 +AND +I WAT HE WAS RICHT GLAD.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.23  
 =1 ?+YOU\*RE WELCOME, YOU\*RE WELCOME, MASTER,? SHE SAID, ?+TO YOUR HALLS  
 BOT AN YOUR BOUERS;  
 +AND SAE ARE A\* THIR MERRY YOUNG MEN  
 +THAT COME ALANG WITH YOU.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.24  
 =1 ?+YOU\*RE WELCOME, YOU\*RE WELCOME, FAIR LADIE, +TO YOUR HALLS BUT AN

YOUR BOUERS;  
 +AND SAE ARE A\* THIR GAY LADIES;  
 +FOR A\* THAT\*S HERE IS YOURS.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.25  
 =1 ?+I THANK YE, +I THANK YE, FAIR MAIDEN, +I THANK YE KINDLIE;  
 +IF +I BE LANG ABOUT THIS HOUSE,  
 +REWARDED YE SALL BE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.26  
 =1 ?+I HAVE A BRITHER O MINE AIN;  
 +HE\*S NEWLY COME FROM SEA;  
 +I THINK IT WAD BE A RICHT GUDE MATCH  
 +TO MARRY HIM AND THEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.27  
 =1 ?+I THANK YE, +I THANK YE, FAIR LADIE; +GIE YOUR BRITHER TO WHOM LIKE  
 YE;  
 +BUT THERE\*S NEVER ANE IN THIS WARLD  
 +MY WEDDING DAY SALL SEE:  
 +BUT ONE WORD O MY MASTER DEAR  
 +IN PRIVATE WAD +I BE.?  
 ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\* ?\*  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.28  
 =1 +THE FIRST DISH THAT FAIR +ANNIE SET DOUN, +SHE LOOKIT BAITH PALE AND  
 WAN;  
 +THE NEIST DISH THAT FAIR +ANNIE SET DOUN, +SHE WAS SCARCE ABLE TO STAN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.29  
 =1 ?+O IS THIS YOUR MISTRESS, GOOD LORD,? SHE SAYS, ?+ALTHOUGH SHE LOOKS  
 MODEST AND MILD\$  
 +THEN WE WILL HUNT HER FRAE OUR HOUSE  
 +WI DOGS AND HAWKS SAE WILD.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.30  
 =1 ?+SHE\*S NA MY MISTRESS, DEAR LADY,? HE SAYS, ?+ALTHO SHE LOOKS MODEST  
 AND MILD;  
 +NOR WILL WE HUNT HER FRAE OUR HOUSE  
 +WI DOGS AND HAWKS SAE WILD.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.31  
 =1 +WHAN BELLS WAR RUNG, AND MASS WAS SUNG, +AND A\* MEN BOUN FOR BED,  
 +THE BONNIE BRIDE AND THE BRIDEGROOM  
 +IN BRIDE\*S BED THEY WERE LAID.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.32  
 =1 +WHAN DINNER WAS PAST, AND SUPPER WAS BY, +AND A\* WERE BOUN FOR BED,  
 +FAIR +ANNIE AND HER SEVEN SONS  
 +IN A PUIR BYE-CHAMBER WAR LAID.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.33  
 =1 +FAIR +ANNIE TOOK OUT HER VIRGINALS, +AND SADLY DID SHE PLAY;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.34  
 =1 ?+O GIN MY SONS WERE YON GREY RATS,  
 +THAT CLIMB THE CASTLE-WA,  
 +AND +I MYSEL A BLOODY GREY CAT,  
 +I\*D RISE AND WORRY THEM A\*?.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.35  
 =1 +THEN OUT AND SPAK THE BONNY BRIDE,  
 +IN BRIDE\*S BED WHARE SHE LAY:  
 ?+I THINK THIS IS LIKE MY SISTER +ANNE, +THAT DOTH SAE SADLY PLAY.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.36  
 =1 ?+LIE STILL, LIE STILL, MY GAY LADIE, +LIE STILL AND SLEEP A WEE;  
 +IT\*S NATHING BUT AN AULD SERVANT,  
 +THAT WAILLETH SAE FOR ME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.37

=1 ?+O GIN MY SEVEN SONS WERE SEVEN YOUNG HARES, +THAT RIN ROUND THE  
 CASTLE WA,  
 +AND +I MYSEL A BLUIDY GREWHUND,  
 +I WAD RISE AND WORRY THEM A\*.\*?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.38  
 =1 +THE NEW BRIDE WAUKENIT IN THE NICHT, +AND BLEW UPON HER HORN:  
 ?+I THINK +I HEAR MY SISTER\*S VOICE,  
 +THAT WAS STOWN FRAE US A BAIRN.\*?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.39  
 =1 ?+SLEEP ON, SLEEP ON, DEAR LADY,\* HE SAYS, ?+IT\*S YON MAIDEN IN HER  
 DREAM,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.40  
 =1 ?+O WHA WAS EER THY FATHER, FAIR MAID, +OR WHA WAS EER THY MITHER\$  
 +OR WHA WAS EER THY AE SISTER,  
 +OR WHA WAS EER THY BRITHER\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.41  
 =1 ?+KING +HENRY WAS MY FATHER,\* SHE SAID, ?+QUEEN +ELINORE WAS MY  
 MITHER;  
 +FAIR +MARION WAS MY AE SISTER,  
 +EARL +ROBERT WAS MY BRITHER.\*?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.42  
 =1 ?+SIN +KING +HENRY WAS YOUR FATHER, FAIR MAID, +AND +QUEEN +ELINORE  
 YOUR MITHER,  
 +O +I AM EEN YOUR AE SISTER,  
 +AND YE ARE JUST THE ITHER.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.43  
 =1 ?+COME TO YOUR BED, FAIR +ANNIE,\* SHE SAID, ?+COME TO YOUR BED FULL  
 SUNE;  
 +I MAY WEEL SAY, +I DAUR WEEL SAY,  
 +THERE IS NA EVIL DUNE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.44  
 =1 ?+SEVEN SHIPS OF GOLD DID BRING ME HERE, +BUT ANE SHALL TAK ME HAME;  
 +SIX +I WILL LEAVE TO MY SISTER +ANNE,  
 +TO BRING UP HER CHILDREN YOUNG.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+I.45  
 =1 ?+BUT WHAN +I GANG TO MY FATHER\*S HA, +AND TIRL ON THE PIN,  
 +THE MEANEST IN A\* MY FATHER\*S HOUSE  
 +WILL CA ME A FORSAKEN ANE.\*?  
 =^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.1  
 =/ +CHILD 62 +J  
 =/ +FAIR +ANNIE  
 =/ +BUCHAN\*S +M+S+S, +I, 66.  
 =1 ?^LEARN, +O LEARN, +FAIR +ANNIE,\* HE SAID, ?+O LEARN TO LIE YOUR  
 LANE;  
 +FOR +I AM GOING OWER THE SEA,  
 +TO WOO AND TO BRING HAME  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.2  
 =1 ?+A BRIGHTER AND A FAIRER DAME  
 +THAN EVER YE HAE BEEN;  
 +FOR +I AM GOING OWER THE SEA,  
 +TO CHUSE AND BRING HER HAME.\*?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.3  
 =1 ?+WHAT AILETH THEE, MY AIN GUDE LORD, +WHAT AILETH THEE AT ME\$  
 +FOR SEVEN BRAW SONS HAE +I BORN  
 +UNTO YOUR FAIR BODIE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.4  
 =1 ?+THE ELDEST O YOUR SONS, MY LORD,  
 +IS HEIR O A\* YOUR LAND;

+THE SECOND O YOUR BRAW YOUNG SONS  
 +HE RISES AT YOUR RIGHT HAND.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.5  
 =1 ?+THE THIRD O YOUR BRAW YOUNG SONS  
 +HE SERVES YOU WHEN YOU DINE;  
 +THE FOURTH O YOUR BRAW SONS, MY LORD,  
 +HE BRING TO YOU THE WINE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.6  
 =1 ?+THE FIFTH O YOUR BRAW YOUNG SONS  
 +RIGHT WELL CAN USE THE PEN;  
 +THE SIXTH O YOUR BRAW YOUNG SONS,  
 +HE\*S TRAVELLING BUT AND BEN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.7  
 =1 ?+THE SEVENTH O YOUR BRAW YOUNG SONS, +HE LIES ON MY BREAST-BANE,  
 +THE FAIREST FLOWER AMO THEM A\*,  
 +THAT LAY MY SIDES BETWEEN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.8  
 =1 ?+BUT +I AM GOING OWER THE SEA,  
 +TO WOO AND TO BRING HAME  
 +A LADY WI SOME GOWD AND GEAR;  
 +WI YOU +I NEVER GOT NANE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.9  
 =1 ?+YE STAW ME AWA IN TWALL YEARS AULD, +YE SOUGHT NAE GOWD WI ME;  
 +YE PUT ME TO THE SCHOOLS O +AYR  
 +FOR FULLY YEARS THREE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.10  
 =1 ?+BUT WHA\*LL BE COOK IN YOUR KITCHEN, +AND BUTLER IN YOUR HA\$  
 +AND WHA WILL GOVERN YOUR MERRY YOUNG MEN, +WHEN YE ARE FAR AWA\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.11  
 =1 ?+O YE\*LL BE COOK IN MY KITCHEN,  
 +AND BUTLER IN MY HA,  
 +AND YE\*LL WAIT ON MY MERRY YOUNG MEN,  
 +AND SERVE THEM ANE AND A\*?.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.12  
 =1 ?+BUT WHA WILL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD, +AND WHA WILL BREW YOUR ALE\$  
 +AND WHA WILL WELCOME THAT LADY  
 +THAT YE BRING OWER THE DALE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.13  
 =1 ?+O YE WILL BAKE MY BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +AND YE WILL BREW MY ALE,  
 +AND YE WILL WELCOME THAT LADY  
 +THAT +I BRING OWER THE DALE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.14  
 =1 ?+YE\*LL BAKE BREAD, AND YE\*LL BREW ALE, +FOR THREE SCORE KNIGHTS AND  
 TEN;  
 +THAT DAY MONTH +I GANG AWA,  
 +THE SAME DAY +I\*LL COME AGAIN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.15  
 =1 ?+O +I WILL BAKE YOUR BRIDAL BREAD,  
 +AND +I WILL BREW YOUR ALE;  
 +BUT OH, TO WELCOME ANOTHER WOMAN  
 +MY HEART WILL NAE BE HALE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.16  
 =1 ?+YE WILL PUT ROSES IN YOUR HAIR,  
 +AND RIBBONS IN YOUR SHEEN,  
 +AND YE WILL LOOK FAIR MAIDEN LIKE,  
 +THOUGH MAIDEN YE BE NANE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.17  
 =1 ?+O +I\*LL PUT ROSES IN MY HAIR,  
 +AND RIBBONS IN MY SHEEN,



+AND MAY BE LOOK AS MAIDEN-LIKE  
 +AS THE BRIDE YE BRING HAME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.18  
 =1 +TWO OF HIS SONS HE SENT BEFORE,  
 +AND TWO RADE BY HIS SIDE,  
 +AND THREE HE LEFT AT HAME WI HER,  
 +SHE WAS THE BRIGHTEST BRIDE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.19  
 =1 +AS SHE WAS GAZING HER AROUND,  
 +TO VIEW THE RURAL PLAIN,  
 +AND THERE SHE SAW THE BRIDAL FOLK,  
 +MERRILY COMING HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.20  
 =1 ?+COME HERE, COME HERE, MY BOYS A\*,  
 +YE SEE NOT WHAT +I SEE;  
 +FOR HERE +I SEE YOUR FAIR FATHER,  
 +AND A STEP-MOTHER TO THEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.21  
 =1 ?+O SHALL +I CALL HIM HONEY, +SANDY, +HUSBAND, OR MY GUDE LORD\$  
 +OR SHALL +I CALL HIM MY GUDE MASTER,  
 +LET WELL OR WOE BETIDE\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.22  
 =1 ?+YE WINNA CALL HIM HONEY, MOTHER,  
 +FOR ANGERING O THE BRIDE;  
 +BUT YE\*LL CALL HIM YOUR GUDE MASTER,  
 +LET WELL OR WOE BETIDE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.23  
 =1 +SHE BUSKD HER BONNY BOYS IN BLACK,  
 +HERSELF IN SIMPLE GREEN,  
 +A KAIM O GOWD UPON HER HAIR,  
 +AS MAIDEN SHE HAD BEEN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.24  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN THE WHITE BREAD IN HER LAP, +THE WINE GLASS IN HER HAND,  
 +AND SHE\*S GANE OUT UPO THE GREEN,  
 +TO WELCOME THE BRIDE HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.25  
 =1 +SHE WOULDNA CA HIM HER AIN GUDE LORD, +FOR ANGERING O THE BRIDE:  
 ?+YE\*RE WELCOME HAME, MY GUDE MASTER,  
 +YOUR LANDS LIE BRAID AND WIDE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.26  
 =1 ?+O FAIR MAT FA YOU, +FAIR +ANNIE,  
 +SAE WELL\*S YE\*VE WELCOMD ME;  
 +YE MIGHT HAE WELCOMD MY NEW BRIDE;  
 +SOME GIFT TO YOU SHE\*LL GIE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.27  
 =1 ?+YE\*RE WELCOME HAME, YE NEW-COME BRIDE, +TO YOUR HA\*S AND YOUR  
 BOWERS;  
 +YE\*RE WELCOME HAME, MY LADY GAY,  
 +YE\*RE WHITER THAT THE FLOWERS.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.28  
 =1 ?+O WHA IS THIS,? THE BRIDE DID SAY, ?+SAE WELL THAT WELCOMES ME\$  
 +IF +I\*M LANG LADY O THIS PLACE  
 +SOME GIFT TO HER +I\*LL GIE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.29  
 =1 ?+SHE\*S LIKEST TO MY DEAR SISTER  
 +THAT EER MY EYES DID SEE;  
 +A LANDIT LORD STAW HER AWA,  
 +AN ILL DEATH MAT HE DIE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.30  
 =1 ?+I HAE A BROTHER HERE THIS DAY,

+FAIRER YE NEER DID SEE;  
 +AND +I WOUD THINK NAE ILL A MATCH  
 +UNTO THIS FAIR LADIE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.31  
 =1 ?+YE\*LL WED YOUR BROTHER ON A STOCK, +SAE DO YE ON A STANE;  
 +I\*LL WED ME TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN,  
 +FOR +I\*LL NEER WED A MAN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.32  
 =1 +SHE SERVD THE FOOTMEN O THE BEER,  
 +THE NOBLES O THE WINE;  
 +BUT NANE DID CROSS HER PALE, PALE LIPS, +FOR CHANGING O HER MIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.33  
 =1 +WHEN SHE CAME IN UNTO THE ROOM  
 +SHE LEUCH AMO THEM A\*,  
 +BUT WHEN SHE TURND HER BACK ABOUT  
 +SHE LOOT THE SAUT TEARS FA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.34  
 =1 +SHE HANGED UP A SILKEN CLOATH  
 +UPON A SILLER PIN;  
 +IT WAS TO DRY HER TWA BLUE EYES,  
 +AS SHE WENT OUT AND IN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.35  
 =1 +HER HEART WI SORROW SAIR WAS FILLD, +HER BREAST WI MILK RAN OUT;  
 +SHE AFT WENT OT A QUIET CHAMBER,  
 +AND LET HER YOUNG SON SUCK.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.36  
 =1 ?+THERE IS A WOMAN IN THIS HOUSE  
 +THIS DAY HAS SERVED ME;  
 +BUT +I\*LL RISE UP, LET HER SIT DOWN,  
 +SHE\*S ATE, THAT +I MAY SEE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.37  
 =1 ?+O WHA IS THIS,? THE BRIDE COUD SAY, ?+THAT SERVES THIS DAY SAE WELL  
 \$  
 +AND WHAT MEANS A\* THIS BONNY BOYS,  
 +THAT FOLLOW AT HER HEEL\$?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.38  
 =1 ?+THIS IS MY SISTER, +FAIR +ANNIE,  
 +THAT SERVES THIS DAY SAE WELL,  
 +AND THESE ARE A\* HER BAULD BROTHERS,  
 +THAT FOLLOW AT HER HEEL.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.39  
 =1 +THEN OUT IT SPEAKS THE NEW-COME BRIDE, +WAS FULL O JEALOUSIE:  
 ?+I FEAR THERE\*S SOMETHING NEW, MY LORD, +YE MEAN TO HIDE FRAE ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.40  
 =1 ?+BUT IF SHE BE YOUR LIGHT LEMAN  
 +HAS ME SAIR BEGUILD,  
 +SHE SHALL GAE OUT AT MY WINDOW,  
 +AND RANGE THE WOODS SAE WILD.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.41  
 =1 +WHEN DAY WAS DANE, AND NIGHT DREW ON, +AND A\* MAN BOUND FOR BED,  
 +THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE NEW-COME BRIDE  
 +IN AE CHAMBER WERE LAID.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.42  
 =1 +THE LADY BEING LEFT ALONE,  
 +NURSING HER FAIR YOUNG SON,  
 +SHE HAS TAEN UP HER GUDE LORD\*S HARP,  
 +SHE HARPED AND SHE SUNG.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.43  
 =1 ?+SEVEN BRAW SONS HAE +I BORN  
 +TO THE LORD O THIS PLACE;

+I WISH THEY WERE SEVEN HARES  
 +TO RUN THE CASTLE RACE,  
 +AND +I MYSEL A GUDE GREYHOUND,  
 +TO GIE THEM A\* A CHACE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.44  
 =1 ?+LIE NEAR, LIE NEAR, MY AIN GUDE LORD, +LIE NEAR AND SPEAK WI ME;  
 +THERE IS A WOMAN IN THE HOUSE,  
 +SHE WILL BE WILD ERE DAY.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.45  
 =1 ?+LIE STILL, LIE STILL, MY NEW-COME BRIDE, +LIE STILL AND TAKE YOUR  
 REST;  
 +THE PALE\*S OUT O MY WINE-PUNCHEON,  
 +AND LANG IT WINNA REST.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.46  
 =1 +SHE HELD THE HARP STILL IN HER HAND, +TO HARP THEM BAITH ASLEEP,  
 +AND AYE SHE HARPED AND SHE SANG,  
 +AND SAUT TEARS SHE DID WEEP.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.47  
 =1 ?+SEVEN BRAW SONS HAE +I BORN  
 +TO THE GUDE LORD O THIS HA;  
 +I WISH THAT THEY WERE SEVEN BROWN RATS, +TO CLIMB THE CASTLE WA,  
 +AND +I MYSEL A GUDE GREY CAT,  
 +TO TAKE THEM ANE AND A\*.\*?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.48  
 =1 ?+LIE NEAR, LIE NEAR, MY AIN GUDE LORD, +LIE NEAR AND SPEAK WI ME;  
 +THERE IS A WOMAN IN THIS HOUSE,  
 +SHE WILL BE WILD ERE DAY.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.49  
 =1 ?+LIE YOND, LIE YOND, MY NEW-COME BRIDE, +MY SHEETS ARE WONDEROUS  
 CAULD;  
 +I WOULDNA HEAR MY LOVE\*S LAMENT  
 +FOR YOUR GOWD TEN THOUSAND FAULD.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.50  
 =1 ?+O WAE BE TO YOU, YE FAUSE LORD,  
 +SOME ILL DEATH MAT YE DIE'  
 +FOR THAT\*S THE VOICE O MY SISTER +ANN, +WAS STOWN FRAE YONT THE SEA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.51  
 =1 ?+FAIR MAT FA YE, YE BUIRDLY BRIDE,  
 +A GUDE DEATH MAT YE DIE'  
 +FOR THAT\*S THE VOICE O YOUR SISTER +ANN, +WAS STOWN FRAE YONT THE SEA;  
 +I CAME SEEKING +ANNIE\*S TOCHER,  
 +I WAS NOT SEEKING THEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.52  
 =1 ?+SEVEN GUDE SHIPS +I HAE BROUGHT HERE, +IN SEVEN +I\*SE GAE HAME;  
 +AND A\* THE GOWD THAT +I BROUGHT HERE,  
 +IT\*S A\* GANG BACK AGAIN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.53  
 =1 ?+SEVEN SHIPS THEY BROUGHT YOU HERE, +BUT YE\*LL GANG HAME IN ANE;  
 +YE\*LL LEAVE THE REST TO TOCHER +ANN,  
 +FOR WI HER +I GOT NANE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.54  
 =1 ?+SEVEN SHIPS THEY BROUGHT ME HERE,  
 +BUT +I\*LL GANG HAME IN ANE;  
 +I\*LL GET MY SISTER\*S ELDEST SON  
 +TO HAE ME MAIDEN HAME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.55  
 =1 ?+MY FATHER WANTS NOT GOWD NOR GEAR, +HE WILL GET ME A MAN;  
 +AND HAPPY, HAPPY WILL HE BE  
 +TO HEAR O HIS DAUGHTER +ANN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 62+J.56

=1 ?+I HAE MY SHEEN UPON MY FEET,  
 +MY GLOVES UPON MY HAND,  
 +AND YE\*LL COME TO YOUR BED, +ANNIE,  
 +FOR +I\*VE DANE YOU NAE WRANG.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.1  
 =/ +CHILD 63 +A  
 =/ +CHILD +WATERS  
 =/ +PERCY +M+S., P. 274; +HALES AND +FURNIVALL, +I+I, 269.  
 =1 ^CHILDE +WATTERS IN HIS STABLE STOODE, +AND STROAKET HIS MILKE-WHITE  
 STEEDE;  
 +TO HIM CAME A FFAIRE YOUNG LADYE  
 +AS ERE DID WEARE WOMANS WEE<DE].  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.2  
 =1 +SAIES, +CHRIST YOU SAUE, GOOD +CHYLD +WATERS' +SAYES, +CHRIST YOU  
 SAUE AND SEE'  
 +MY GIRDLE OF GOLD, WHICH WAS TOO LONGE, +IS NOW TO SHORT FFOR MEE.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.3  
 =1 ?+AND ALL IS WITH ONE CHYLD OF YOURS, +I FFEELE STURRE ATT MY SIDE;  
 +MY GOWNE OF GREENE, IT IS TO STRAYGHT; +BEFORE IT WAS TO WIDE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.4  
 =1 ?+IF THE CHILD BE MINE, +FAIRE +ELLEN,? HE SAYD, ?+BE MINE, AS YOU  
 TELL MEE,  
 +TAKE YOU +CHESHIRE AND +LANCASHIRE BOTH, +TAKE THEM YOUr OWNE TO BEE.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.5  
 =1 ?+IF THE CHILD BE MINE, +FFAIRE +ELLEN,? HE SAID, ?+BE MINE, AS YOU  
 DOE SWEARE,  
 +TAKE YOU +CHESHIRE AND +LANCASHIRE BOTH, +AND MAKE thaT CHILD YOUr  
 HEYRE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.6  
 =1 +SHEE SAIES, +I HAD RATHER HAUE ONE KISSE, +CHILD +WATERS, OF THY  
 MOUTH,  
 +THEN +I WOLD HAUE +CHESHIRE AND +LANCASHIRE BOTH, !ThaT LYES BY NORTH  
 AND SOUTH.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.7  
 =1 ?+AND +I HAD RATHER HAUE A TWINKLING, +CHILD +WATERS, OF YOUr EYE,  
 +THEN +I WOLD HAUE +CHESHIRE AND +LANCASHIRE BOTH, +TO TAKE THEM MINE  
 OUNE TO BEE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.8  
 =1 ?+TO-MORROW, +ELLEN, +I MUST FORTH RYDE +SOE FFARR INTO THE NORTH  
 COUNTRYE;  
 +THE FFAIREST LADY thaT +I CAN FFIND,  
 +ELLEN, MUST GOE WITH MEE.?  
 ?+AND EUER +I PRAY YOU, +CHILD +WATTERS, +YOUr FFOOTPAGE LET ME BEE'?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.9  
 =1 ?+IF YOU WILL MY FFOOTPAGE BE, +ELLEN, +AS YOU DOE TELL ITT MEE,  
 +THEN YOU MUST CUTT YOUR GOWNNE OF GREENE +AN INCHE ABOUE YOUr KNEE.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.10  
 =1 ?+SOE MUST YOU DOE YOUr YELLOW LOCKES, +ANOTHER INCH ABOUE YOUr EYE;  
 +YOU MUST TELL NOE MAN WHAT IS MY NAME; +MY FFOOTPAGE THEN YOU SHALL  
 BEE.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.11  
 =1 +ALL THIS LONG DAY +CHILD +WATERS RODE, +SHEE RAN BARE FFOOTE BY HIS  
 SIDE;  
 +YETT WAS HE NEUer SOE CURTEOUS A Knight +TO SAY, +ELLEN, WILL YOU RYDE\$  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.12  
 =1 +BUT ALL THIS DAY +CHILD +WATERS RODE, +SHEE RAN BARFFOOTE THOROW THE  
 BROOME;  
 +YETT HE WAS NEUer SOE CURTEOUS A Knight +AS TO SAY, +PUT ON YOUr  
 SHOONE.  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.13

=1 ?+RIDE SOFTLYE,? SHEE SAID, ?+CHILD +WATTERS; +WHY DOE YOU RYDE SOE  
 FFAST\$  
 +THE CHILD WHICH IS NO MANS BUT YOURS  
 +MY BODYE ITT WILL BURST.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.14  
 =1 +HE SAYES, +SEES THOU YONDER WATER, +ELLEN, !ThaT FFLOWES FROM BANKE  
 TO BRIM\$  
 ?+I TRUST TO GOD, +CHILD +WATTERS,? SHEE SAID, ?+YOU WILL NEUER SEE MEE  
 SWIME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.15  
 =1 +BUT WHEN SHEE CAME TO THE WATERS SIDE, +SHEE SAYLED TO THE CHINNE:  
 ?+EXCEPT THE LOrd OF HEAUEN BE MY SPEED, +NOW MUST +I LEARNE TO SWIME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.16  
 =1 +THE SALT WATERS BARE VP +ELLENS CLOTHES, +OUR +LADYE BARE VPP HE<R]  
 CHINNE,  
 +AND +CHILD +WATERS WAS A WOE MAN, GOOD +LOrd, +TO SSEE +FAIRE +ELLEN  
 SWIME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.17  
 =1 +AND WHEN SHEE OUER THE WATER WAS,  
 +SHEE THEN CAME TO HIS KNEE:  
 +HE SAID, +COME HITHER, +FFAIRE +ELLEN, +LOE YONDER WHAT +I SEE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.18  
 =1 ?+SEEST THOU NOT YONDER HALL, +ELLEN\$ +OF REDD GOLD SHINE THE YATES;  
 +THERE\*S FOUR AND TWENTY FFAYRE LADYES, +THE FFAIREST IS MY WORDLYE  
 MAKE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.19  
 =1 ?+SEEST THOU NOT YONDER HALL, +ELLEN\$ +OF REDD GOLD SHINETH THE  
 TOWER;  
 +THERE IS FOUR AND TWENTY FFAIRE LADYES, +THE FAIREST IS MY PARAMOURE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.20  
 =1 ?+I DOE SEE THE HALL NOW, +CHILD +WATTERS, !ThaT OF REDD GOLD SHINETH  
 THE YATES;  
 +GOD GIUE GOOD THEN OF YouR SELFE,  
 +AND OF YouR WORDLYE MAKE'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.21  
 =1 ?+I DOE SEE THE HALL NOW, +CHILD +WATTERS, !ThaT OF REDD GOLD SHINETH  
 THE YATES;  
 +GOD GIUE GOOD THEN OF YouR SELFE,  
 +AND OF YouR PARAMOURE'?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.22  
 =1 +THERE WERE FOUR AND TWENTY LADYES,  
 +WERE PLAYING ATT THE BALL,  
 +AND +ELLEN, WAS THE FFAIREST LADYE,  
 +MUST BRING HIS STEED TO THE STALL.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.23  
 =1 +THERE WERE FOUR AND TWENTY FAIRE LADYES +WAS PLAYING ATT THE CHESSE;  
 +AND +ELLEN, SHEE WAS THE FFAIREST LADYE, +MUST BRING HIS HORSSE TO  
 GRASSE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.24  
 =1 +AND THEN BESPAKE +CHILD +WATERS SISTER, +AND THESE WERE THE WORDS  
 SAID SHEE:  
 +YOU HAUE THE PRETTYEST FFOOTPAGE, BROTHER, !ThaT EUER +I SAW WiTh MINE  
 EYE;  
 +THAT EUER +I SAW WITH MINE EYE;  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.25  
 =1 ?+BUT thaT HIS BELLY IT IS SOE BIGG, +HIS GIRDLE GOES WONDEROUS HYE;  
 +AND EUer +I PRAY YOU, +CHILD +WATTERS,  
 +LET HIM GOE INTO THE CHAMBER WiTh MEE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.26  
 =1 ?+IT IS MORE MEETE FOR A LITTLE FFOOTPAGE, !ThaT HAS RUN THROUGH

MOSSE AND MIRE,  
+TO TAKE HIS SUPPER VPON HIS KNEE  
+AND SITT DOWNE BY THE KITCHIN FYER,  
+THEN TO GOE INTO THE CHAMBER WITH ANY LADYE +THAT WEARES SOE [RICH]  
ATTYRE.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.27  
=1 +BUT WHEN TH?E HAD SUPPED EUERY ONE, +TO BEDD THEY TOOK THE WAY;  
+HE SAYD, +COME HITHER, MY LITTLE FOOTPAGE, +HARKEN WHAT +I DOE SAY.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.28  
=1 +AND GOE THEE DOWNE INTO YONDER TOWNE, +AND LOW INTO THE STREET;  
+THE FFAIREST LADYE thaT THOU CAN FIND, +HYER HER IN MINE ARMES TO  
SLEEPE,  
+AND TAKE HER VP IN THINE ARMES TWO,  
+FOR FILINGE OF HER FFEETE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.29  
=1 +ELLEN IS GONE INTO THE TOWNE,  
+AND LOW INTO THE STREETE;  
+THE FAIREST LADYE thaT SHEE COLD FIND  
+SHEE HYRED IN HIS ARMES TO SLEEPE,  
+AND TOOKE HER IN HER ARMES TWO,  
+FOR FILING OF HER FFEETE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.30  
=1 ?+I PRAY YOU NOW, GOOD +CHILD +WATERS, !ThaT +I MAY CREEPE IN ATT  
YOUr BEDDS FEETE; +FOR THERE IS NOE PLACE ABOUT THIS HOUSE +WHERE +I MAY  
SAY A SLEEPE.?  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.31  
=1 +THIS [NIGHT] AND ITT DROUE ON AFFTERWARD +TILL ITT WAS NEERE THE  
DAY:  
+HE SAYD, +RISE VP, MY LITL FFOOTE-PAGE, +AND GIUE MY STEED CORNE AND  
HAY;  
+AND SOE DOE THOU THE GOOD BLACKE OATES, !ThaT HE MAY CARRY ME THE  
BETTER AWAY.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.32  
=1 +AND VP THEN ROSE +FFAIRE +ELLEN,  
+AND GAUE HIS STEED CORNE AND HAY,  
+AND SOE SHEE DID AND THE GOOD BLACKE OATES, !ThaT HE MIGHT CARRY HIM  
THE BETTER AWAY.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.33  
=1 +SHEE LAYNED HER BACKE TO THE MANGER SIDE, +AND GREIUOUSLYE DID  
GROANE;  
+AND thaT BEHEARD HIS MOTHER DEERE,  
+AND HEARD HER MAKE HER MOANE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.34  
=1 +SHEE SAID, +RISE VP, THOU +CHILD +WATERS, +I THINKE THOU ART A  
CURSED MAN;  
+FOR YONDER IS A GHOST IN THY STABLE,  
!ThaT GREIUOUSLYE DOTH GROANE,  
+OR ELSE SOME WOMAN LABOURES OF CHILD,  
+SHEE IS SOE WOE BEGONE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.35  
=1 +BUT VP THEN ROSE +CHILD +WATERS,  
+AND DID ON HIS SHIRT OF SILKE;  
+THEN HE PUT ON HIS OTHER CLOTHES  
+ON HIS BODY AS WHITE AS MILKE.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.36  
=1 +AND WHEN HE CAME TO THE STABLE-DORE, +FULL STILL thaT HEE DID STAND,  
!ThaT HEE MIGHT HEARE NOW +FAIRE +ELLEN, +THAT HEE MIGHT HEARE NOW  
+FAIRE +ELLEN, +HOW SHEE MADE HER MONAND.  
=\*\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.37  
=1 +SHEE SAID, +LULLABYE, MY OWNE DEERE CHILD' +LULLABYE, DEERE CHILD,

DEERE'

+I WOULD THY FATHER WERE A KING,  
+THY MOTHER LAYD ON A BEERE'  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+A.38  
=1 ?+PEACE NOW,? HE SAID, ?GOOD +FAIRE +ELLEN, +AND BE OF GOOD CHEERE,  
+I THEE PRAY,  
+AND THE BRIDALL AND THE CHURCHING BOTH, +THEY SHALL BEE VPON ONE DAY.?  
==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.1  
=/ +CHILD 63 +B  
=/ +CHILD +WATERS  
=/ A. +JAMIESON\*S +BROWN +M+S., FOL. 22, TAKEN DOWN FROM +MRS +BROWN\*S  
=/ RECITATION BEFORE 1783. B. +A. +FRASER +TYTLER\*S +BROWN +M+S., +NO  
9, =/ AS RECITED BY +MRS +BROWN IN 1800.  
=1 ?+I ^WARN YE ALL, YE GAY LADIES,  
+THAT WEAR SCARLET AN BROWN,  
+THAT YE DINNA LEAVE YOUR FATHER\*S HOUSE, +TO FOLLOW YOUNG MEN FRAE  
TOWN.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.2  
=1 ?+O HERE AM +I, A LADY GAY,  
+THAT WEARS SCARLET AN BROWN,  
+YET +I WILL LEAVE MY FATHER\*S HOUSE,  
+AN FOLLOW +LORD +JOHN FRAE THE TOWN.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.3  
=1 +LORD +JOHN STOOD IN HIS STABLE-DOOR, +SAID HE WAS BOUND TO RIDE;  
+BURD +ELLEN STOOD IN HER BOWR-DOOR,  
+SAID SHE\*D RIN BY HIS SIDE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.4  
=1 +HE\*S PITTEN ON HIS CORK-HEELD SHOONE, +AN FAST AWA RADE HE;  
+SHE\*S CLADE HERSEL IN PAGE ARRAY,  
+AN AFTER HIM RAN SHE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.5  
=1 +TILL THEY CAME TILL A WAN WATER,  
+AN FOLKS DO CA IT CLYDE;  
+THEN HE\*S LOOKIT OER HIS LEFT SHOULDER, +SAYS, +LADY, CAN YE WIDES  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.6  
=1 ?+O +I LEARNT IT I MY FATHER HOUSE,  
+AN +I LEARNT IT FOR MY WEAL,  
+WENNEER +I CAME TO A WAN WATER,  
+TO SWIM LIKE ONY EEL.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.7  
=1 +BUT THE FIRSTIN STAP THE LADY STAPPIT, +THE WATER CAME TIL HER KNEE;  
?+OHON, ALAS'? SAID THE LADY,  
?+THIS WATER\*S OER DEEP FOR ME.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.8  
=1 +THE NEXTIN STAP THE LADY STAPPIT,  
+THE WATER CAME TILL HER MIDDLE;  
+AN SIGHIN SAYS THAT GAY LADY,  
+I\*VE WAT MY GOUDEN GIRDLE  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.9  
=1 +THE NEXTIN STAP THE LADY STAPPIT,  
+THE WATER CAME TILL HER PAP;  
+AN THE BAIRN THAT WAS IN HER TWA SIDES +FOR CAUL BEGANE TO QUAKE.  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.10  
=1 ?+LYE STILL, LYE STILL, MY AIN DEAR BABE, +YE WORK YOUR MITHER WAE;  
+YOUR FATHER RIDES ON HIGH HORSE-BACK,  
+CARES LITTLE FOR US TWAE.?  
=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.11  
=1 +O ABOUT THE MIDST O +CLYDEN WATER  
+THERE WAS A YEARD-FAST STANE;  
+HE LIGHTLY TURND HIS HORSE ABOUT,

+AN TOOKE HER ON HIM BEHIN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.12  
 =1 ?+O TELL ME THIS NOW, GOOD +LORD +JOHN, +AN A WORD YE DINNA LEE,  
 +HOW FAR IT IS TO YOUR LODGIN,  
 +WHARE WE THIS NIGHT MAUN BEŞ?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.13  
 =1 ?+O SEE YOU NAE YON CASTLE, +ELLEN,  
 +THAT SHINES SAE FAIR TO SEEŞ  
 +THERE IS A LADY IN IT, +ELLEN,  
 +WILL SUNDER YOU AN ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.14  
 =1 ?+THERE IS A LADY IN THAT CASTLE  
 +WILL SUNDER YOU AND +I:?  
 ?+BETIDE ME WELL, BETIDE ME WAE,  
 +I SAL GO THERE AN TRY.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.15  
 =1 ?+O MY DOGS SAL EAT THE GOOD WHITE BREAD, +AN YE SAL EAT THE BRAN;  
 +THEN WILL YE SIGH, AN SAY, ALAS'  
 +THAT EVER +I WAS A MAN'?'  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.16  
 =1 ?+O +I SAL EAT THE GOOD WHITE BREAD, +AN YOUR DOGS SAL EAT THE BRAN;  
 +AN +I HOPE TO LIVE AN BLESS THE DAY,  
 +THAT EVER YE WAS A MAN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.17  
 =1 ?+O MY HORSE SAL EAT THE GOOD WHITE MEAL, +AN YE SAL EAT THE CORN;  
 +THEN WILL YE CURSE THE HEAVY HOUR  
 +THAT EVER YOUR LOVE WAS BORN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.18  
 =1 ?+O +I SAL EAT THE GOOD WHITE MEAL,  
 +AN YOUR HORSE SAL EAT THE CORN;  
 +AN +I AY SALL BLESS THE HAPPY HOUR  
 +THAT EVER MY LOVE WAS BORN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.19  
 =1 +O FOUR AN TWENTY GAY LADIES  
 +WELCOMD +LORD +JOHN TO THE HA,  
 +BUT A FAIRER LADY THAN THEM A\*  
 +LED HIS HORSE TO THE STABLE STA.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.20  
 =1 +AN FOUR AN TWENTY GAY LADIES  
 +WELCOMD +LORD +JOHN TO THE GREEN,  
 +BUT A FAIRER LADY THAN THEM A\*  
 +AT THE MANGER STOOD ALANE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.21  
 =1 +WHAN BELLS WERE RUNG, AN MASS WAS SUNG, +AR A\* MEN BOUN TO MEAT,  
 +BURD +ELLEN AT A BYE-TABLE  
 +AMO THE FOOT-MEN WAS SET.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.22  
 =1 ?+O EAT AN DRINK, MY BONNY BOY,  
 +THE WHITE BREAD AN THE BEER:?  
 ?+THE NEVER A BIT CAN +I EAT OR DRINK,  
 +MY HEART\*S SAE FULL OF FEAR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.23  
 =1 ?+O EAT AN DRINK, MY BONNY BOY,  
 +THE WHITE BREAD AN THE WINE:?  
 ?+O +I CANNA EAT NOR DRINK, MASTER,  
 +MY HEART\*S SAE FULL OF PINE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.24  
 =1 +BUT OUT IT SPAKE +LORD +JOHN\*S MOTHER, +AN A WISE WOMAN WAS SHE:  
 ?+WHARE MET YE WI THAT BONNY BOY,  
 +THAT LOOKS SAE SAD ON THEEŞ



=\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.25  
 =1 ?+SOMETIMES HIS CHEEK IS ROSY RED,  
 +AN SOMETIMES DEADLY WAN;  
 +HE\*S LIKER A WOMAN BIG WI BAIRN,  
 +THAN A YOUNG LORD\*S SERVING MAN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.26  
 =1 ?+O IT MAKES ME LAUGH, MY MOTHER DEAR, +SIC WORDS TO HEAR FRAE THEE;  
 +HE IS A SQUIRE\*S AE DEAREST SON,  
 +THAT FOR LOVE HAS FOLLOWD ME.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.27  
 =1 ?+RISE UP, RISE UP, MY BONNY BOY,  
 +GI MY HORSE CORN AN HAY:?  
 ?+O THAT +I WILL, MY MASTER DEAR,  
 +AS QUICKLY AS +I MAY.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.28  
 =1 +SHE\*S TAEN THE HAY UNDER HER ARM,  
 +THE CORN INTILL HER HAN,  
 +AN SHE\*S GANE TO THE GREAT STABLE,  
 +AS FAST AS EER SHE CAN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.29  
 =1 ?+O ROOM YE ROUN, MY BONNY BROUN STEEDS, +O ROOM YE NEAR THE WA;  
 +FOR THE PAIN THAT STRIKES ME THRO MY SIDES +FULL SOON WILL GAR ME FA.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.30  
 =1 +SHE\*S LEAND HER BACK AGAINST THE WA; +STRONG TRAVAIL SEIZD HER ON;  
 +AN EVEN AMO THE GREAT HORSE FEET  
 +BURD +ELLEN BROUGHT FORTH HER SON.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.31  
 =1 +LORD +JOHN\*<S] MITHER INTILL HER BOWR +WAS SITTING ALL ALONE,  
 +WHAN, I THE SILENCE O THE NIGHT,  
 +SHE HEARD FAIR +ELLEN\*S MOAN.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.32  
 =1 ?+WON UP, WON UP, MY SON,? SHE SAYS, ?+GO SE HOW A\* DOES FARE;  
 +FOR +I THINK +I HEAR A WOMAN\*S GROANS, +AN A BAIRN GREETING SAIR.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.33  
 =1 +O HASTILY HE GAT HIM UP,  
 +STAYD NEITHER FOR HOSE NOR SHOONE,  
 +AN HE\*S DOEN HIM TO THE STABLE-DOOR,  
 +WI THE CLEAR LIGHT O THE MOON.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.34  
 =1 +HE STRACK THE DOOR HARD WI HIS FOOT, +AN SAE HAS HE WI HIS KNEE,  
 +AN IRON LOCKS AN IRON BARS  
 +INTO THE FLOOR FLUNG HE:  
 ?+BE NOT AFRAID, +BURD +ELLEN,? HE SAYS, ?+THER\*S NANE COME IN BUT ME.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.35  
 =1 +UP HE HAS TAEN HIS BONNY YOUNG SON, +AN GARD WASH HIM WI THE MILK;  
 +AN UP HAS HE TAEN HIS FAIR LADY,  
 +GARD ROW HER IN THE SILK.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+B.36  
 =1 ?+CHEER UP YOUR HEART, +BURD +ELLEN,? HE SAYS, ?+LOOK NAE MAIR SAD  
 NOR WAE;  
 +FOR YOUR MARRIAGE AN YOUR KIRKIN TOO  
 +SAL BAITH BE IN AE DAY.?  
 ==^BALLADS +CHILD 63+C.1  
 =/ +CHILD 63 +C  
 =/ +CHILD +WATERS  
 =/ +KINLOCH\*S ANNOTATED COPY OF HIS +ANCIENT +SCOTTISH +BALLADS, =/  
 +KINLOCH +M+S+S, +I+V, 180.  
 =1 ?^THE CORN IS TURNING RIPE, +LORD +JOHN, +THE NUTS ARE GROWING FU,  
 +AND YE ARE BOUND FOR YOUR AIN COUNTRIE, +FAIN WAD +I GO WI YOU.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+C.2

=1 ?+WI ME, +MARGRET, WI ME, +MARGRET,  
 +WHAT WAD YE DO WI ME\$  
 +I\*VE MAIR NEED O A PRETTY LITTLE BOY,  
 +TO WAIT UPON MY STEED.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+C.3  
 =1 ?+IT\*S +I WILL BE YOUR PRETTY LITTLE BOY, +TO WAIT UPON YOUR STEED;  
 +AND ILKA TOWN THAT WE COME TO,  
 +A PACK OF HOUNDS +I\*LL LEAD.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+C.4  
 =1 ?+MY HOUNDS WILL EAT O THE BREAD O WHEAT, +AND YE OF THE BREAD OF  
 BRAN;  
 +AND THEN YOU WILL SIT AND SIGH,  
 +THAT EER YE LOED A MAN.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+C.5  
 =1 +THE FIRST WATER THAT THEY CAM TO,  
 +I THINK THEY CALL IT +CLYDE,  
 +HE SAFTLY UNTO HER DID SAY,  
 +LADY +MARGRET, WILL YE RIDE\$  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+C.6  
 =1 +THE FIRST STEP THAT SHE STEPPIT IN, +SHE STEPPIT TO THE KNEE;  
 +SAYS, +WAE BE TO YE, WAEFU WATER,  
 +FOR THROUGH YE +I MAUN BE.  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+C.7  
 =1 +THE SECOND STEP THAT SHE STEPPIT IN, +SHE STEPPIT TO THE MIDDLE,  
 +AND SIGHD, AND SAID, +LADY +MARGRET,  
 ?+I\*VE STAIND MY GOWDEN GIRDLE.?  
 =\*^BALLADS +CHILD 63+C.8  
 =1 +THE THIRD STEP THAT SHE STEPPIT IN,

-----  
 She steppit to the neck;  
 The pretty babe within her sides,  
 The could it garrd it squake.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.9  
 \N1 `Lie still my babe, lie still my babe,  
 Lie still as lang\'s ye may,  
 For your father rides on horseback high,  
 Cares little for us twae.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.10  
 \N1 It\'s whan she cam to the other side,  
 She sat doun on a stane;  
 Says, Them that made me, help me now,  
 For I am far frae hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.11  
 \N1 `How far is it frae your mither\'s bouer,  
 Gude Lord John tell to me?'  
 `It\'s therty miles, Lady Margaret,  
 It\'s therty miles and three:  
 And yese be wed to ane o her serving men,  
 For yese get na mair o me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.12  
 \N1 Then up bespak the wylie parrot,  
 As it sat on the tree,  
 `Ye lee, ye lee, Lord John,' it said,  
 `Sae loud as I hear ye lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.13  
 \N1 `Ye say it\'s therty miles frae your mither\'s bouer,  
 Whan it\'s but barely three;  
 And she\'ll neer be wed to a serving man,

For she'll be your ain ladie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.14  
 \N1 ['O dinna ye see yon bonnie castle,  
 Lies on yon sunny lea?  
 And yese get ane o my mither's men,  
 For yese get na mair o me.']  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.15  
 \N1 ['We'll see I yon bonnie castle,  
 Lies on yon sunny lea,  
 But Ise neer hae nane o your mither's men,  
 Tho I never gat mair o thee.']  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.16  
 \N1 [Whan he cam to the porter's yett  
 He tirded at the pin,  
 And wha sae ready as the bauld porter  
 To open and lat him in.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.17  
 \N1 Monie a lord and fair ladie  
 Met Lord John in the closs,  
 But the bonniest face amang them a'  
 Was hauding Lord John's horse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.18  
 \N1 [Monie a lord and lady bricht  
 Met Lord John on the green,  
 But the bonniest boy amang them a'  
 Was standing by, him leen.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.19  
 \N1 Monie a lord and gay ladie  
 Sat dining in the ha,  
 But the bonniest face that was there  
 Was waiting on them a'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.20  
 \N1 O up bespak Lord John's sister,  
 A sweet young maid was she:  
 `My brither has brought a bonnie young page,  
 His like I neer did see;  
 But the red flits fast frae his cheek,  
 And the tear stands in his ee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.21  
 \N1 But up bespak Lord John's mither,  
 She spak wi meikle scorn:  
 `He's liker a woman gret wi bairn,  
 Than onie waiting-man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.22  
 \N1 `It's ye'll rise up, my bonnie boy,  
 And gie my steed the hay:'  
 `O that I will, my dear master,  
 As fast as I can gae.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.23  
 \N1 She took the hay aneath her arm,  
 The corn intil her hand,  
 But atween the stable-door and the staw,  
 Lady Margret made a stand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.24  
 \N1 [Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a' men boun for bed,  
 Lord John, mither, and sister gay  
 In ae bour they were laid.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.25  
 \N1 [Lord John had na weel gat aff his claise,

Nor was he weel laid doun,  
 Till his mither heard a bairn greet,  
 And a woman\'s heavy moan.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.26  
 \N1 ['Win up, win up, Lord John,' she said,  
 `Seek neither hose nor shoon;  
 For I\'ve heard a bairn loud greet,  
 And a woman\'s heavy moan.']  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.27  
 \N1 [Lord John raise, put on his claise,  
 Sought neither hose nor shoon,  
 Atween the ha and the stable-door  
 He made na a step but ane.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.28  
 \N1 `O open the door, Lady Margaret,  
 O open and let me in;  
 I want to see if my steed be fed,  
 Or my grey-hounds f+it to rin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.29  
 \N1 `I\'ll na open the door, Lord John,' she said,  
 `I\'ll na open it to thee,  
 Till ye grant to me my ae request,  
 And a puir ane it\'s to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.30  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll gie to me a bed in an outhouse,  
 For my young son and me,  
 And the meanest servant in a\' the place,  
 To wait on him and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.31  
 \N1 [He\'s tane the door wi his f+it,  
 And he keppt it wi his knee,  
 He made the door o double deals  
 In splinters soon to f+lee.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.32  
 \N1 [`An askin, an askin, grant me, Lord John,  
 An askin ye\'ll grant me;  
 The meanest maid about the place  
 To bring a glass o water to me.']  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.33  
 \N1 `I grant, I grant, Lady Margret,' he said,  
 `A\' that, and mair frae me,  
 The very best bed in a\' the place  
 To your young son and thee,  
 And my mither, and my sister dear,  
 To wait on him and thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.34  
 \N1 `And a\' thae lands, and a\' thae rents,  
 They shall be his and thine;  
 Our wedding and our kirking day,  
 They shall be all in ane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63C.35  
 \N1 And he has tane Lady Margaret,  
 And rowd her in the silk,  
 And he has tane his ain young son,  
 And washd him in the milk.  
 \LBALLADS Child 63D.24  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 Lord John rose, put on his clothes,  
 Sought neither stockens nor shoon,  
 An between the ha and the stable

He made not a step but one.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63D.25  
 \N1 `O open, open, to me, Burd Ellen,  
 O open an let me in:'  
 `O yes, O yes, will I, Lord John,  
 But not till I can win;  
 O yes, will I, Lord John,' she says,  
 `But I\'m lyin wi your young son.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63D.26  
 \N1 He\'s taen the door wi his foot,  
 An he kepped it wi his knee;  
 He made the door of double deals  
 In splinders soon to f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63D.27  
 \N1 `An askin ye\'ll grant me, Lord John,  
 An askin ye\'ll grant me;  
 May the meanest maid about the place  
 Bring a glass o water to me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63D.28  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue, Burd Ellen,' he said,  
 `Lat a\' your askins be;  
 For the best maid about the house  
 Shall bring a glass o wine to thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63D.29  
 \N1 `An the best bed about it a',  
 For my young son an thee;  
 My mother and my ae sister  
 Sal bear you company.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63D.30  
 \N1 `Your marriage an your kirkin day  
 They sal be both in ane,  
 An a\' these ha\'s an bowers, Burd Ellen,  
 They sal be yours an mine.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 63E.1  
 \N1 `I BEG you bide at hame, Margaret,  
 An sew your silken seam;  
 If ye waur in the wide Hielands,  
 Ye wald be owre far frae hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.2  
 \N1 `I winna bide a hame,' she said,  
 `Nor sew my silken seam;  
 For if I waur in the wide Hielands,  
 I wald no be owre far frae hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.3  
 \N1 `My steed sall drink the blude-red wine,  
 An you the water wan;  
 I\'ll mak you sigh, an say, alace,  
 That ever I loed a man!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.4  
 \N1 `Though your steed does drink the blude-red wine,  
 An me the water wan,  
 Yet will I sing, an merry be,  
 That ever I loed a man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.5  
 \N1 `My hounds shall eat the bread o wheat,  
 An you the bread o bran;  
 I\'ll mak you sigh, an say, alace,  
 That ever you loed Lord John!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.6  
 \N1 `Though your hounds do eat the bread o wheat,

An me the bread o bran,  
 Yet will I sing, an merrie be,  
 That ever I loed Lord John.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.7  
 \N1 He turned about his high horse head,  
 An awa he was boun to ride;  
 She kilted up her green clieden,  
 An after him she gaed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.8  
 \N1 Whan they cam to that water  
 Whilk a\' man ca the Clyde,  
 He turned about his high horse head,  
 Said, Ladie, will you ride?  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.9  
 \N1 `I learnt it in my mother\'s bour,  
 I wish I had learnt it weel,  
 That I could swim this wan water  
 As weel as f+ish or eel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.10  
 \N1 Whan at the middle o that water,  
 She sat doon on a stone;  
 He turned about his high horse head,  
 Says, Ladie, will ye loup on?  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.11  
 \N1 `I learnt in my mother\'s bour,  
 I wish I had learnt it better,  
 That I culd swim this wan water  
 As weel as eel or otter.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.12  
 \N1 He has taen the narrow ford,  
 An she has taen the wide;  
 Lang, lang ere he was at the middle,  
 She was sittin at the ither side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.13  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 Wi sighen said that Fair Margaret,  
 Alace, I\'m far frae hame!  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.14  
 \N1 `Hoo many miles is\'t to your castle?  
 Noo Lord John, tell to me;  
 `Hoo many miles is\'t to my castle?  
 It\'s thirty miles an three.'  
 Wi sighen said that Fair Margaret,  
 It\'ll never be gane by me!  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.15  
 \N1 But up it spak the wily bird,  
 As it sat on the tree,  
 `Rin on, rin on noo, Fair Margaret,  
 It scarcely miles is three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.16  
 \N1 Whan they cam to the wide Hielands,  
 An lichted on the green,  
 Every an spak Erse to anither,  
 But Margaret she spak nane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63E.17  
 \N1 Whan they waur at table set,  
 An birlin at the best,  
 Margaret set at a bye-table,  
 An fain she wald hain rest.

\SBALLADS Child 63E.18

\N1 `Oh mither, mither, mak my bed  
Wi clean blankets an sheets,  
An lay my futeboy at my feet,  
The sounder I may sleep.'

\SBALLADS Child 63E.19

\N1 She has made Lord John his bed,  
Wi clean blankets an sheets,  
An laid his futeboy at his feet,  
But neer a wink culd he sleep.

\SBALLADS Child 63E.20

\N1 `Win up, win up noo, Fair Margaret,  
An see that my steed has meat;  
See that his corn is in his travisse,  
Nor lyin amang his feet.'

\SBALLADS Child 63E.21

\N1 Slowly, slowly rase she up,  
An slowly put she on,  
An slowly gaed she doon the stair,  
Aye makin a heavy moan.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 63E.22

\N1 `An asken, an asken, gude Lord John,  
I pray you grant it me;  
For the warst bed in a\' your hoose,  
To your young son an me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63E.23

\N1 `Your asken is but sma, Margaret,  
Sune grantet it shall be;  
For the best bed in a\' my hoose  
Is owre little for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 63E.24

\N1 `An asken, an asken, gude Lord John,  
I pray you grant it me;  
For the warst ale in a\' your hoose,  
That ye wald gie to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63E.25

\N1 `Your asken is but sma, Margaret,  
Sune grantet it sall be;  
For the best wine in a\' my hoose  
Is owre little for thee.

\SBALLADS Child 63E.26

\N1 `But cheer up your heart noo, Fair Margaret,  
For, be it as it may,  
Your kirken an your fair weddin  
Sall baith be on one day.'

\LBALLADS Child 63F.1

\N1 LORD THOMAS stands in his stable-door,  
Seeing his steeds kaimd down;  
Lady Ellen sits at her bower-door,  
Sewing her silver seam.

\SBALLADS Child 63F.2

\N1 `O will ye stay at hame, Ellen,  
And sew your silver seam?  
Or will ye to the rank highlands?  
For my lands lay far frae hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 63F.3

\N1 `I winna stay at hame, Lord Thomas,  
And sew my silver seam;  
But I\'ll gae to the rank highlands,

Tho your lands lay far frae hame.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 63F.4

\N1 `An asking, an asking, Lord Thomas,  
I pray thee grant it me;  
How many miles into your fair tower,  
And house where you would be?'

\SBALLADS Child 63F.5

\N1 `Your asking fair, lady Ellen,' he says,  
`Shall now be granted thee;  
For to my castle where it stands  
Is thirty miles and three:'  
`O wae is me,' says Lady Ellen,  
`It will never be run by me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63F.6

\N1 But up and spak the wily pyot,  
That sat upon the tree:  
`Sae loud, sae loud, ye fause, fause knight,  
Sae loud as I hear you lie!

\SBALLADS Child 63F.7

\N1 `For to your dwelling-house,' it says,  
`Of miles it\'s scantly three:'  
`O weel is me,' says Lady Ellen;  
`It shall be run by me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 63F.8

\N1 `O mither, mither, mak my bed,  
And mak it braid and wide,  
And lay my little page at my feet,  
Whatever may betide.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 63F.9

\N1 `An asking, an asking, Lord Thomas,  
I pray thee grant it me;  
O grant me a cup of cold water,  
Between my young son and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63F.10

\N1 `What you do ask, Lady Ellen,  
Shall soon be granted thee;  
The best bread and the best wine,  
Between my young son and thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 63F.11

\N1 `I ask again, my good Lord Thomas,  
I ask again of thee;  
The poorest cot-house in your land,  
Between my young son and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63F.12

\N1 `Your asking now, dear Lady Ellen,  
I quickly grant to thee;  
The best bower about my tower,  
Between my young son and thee.'

\LBALLADS Child 63G.1

\N1 THE knight he stands in stable-door,  
Says he, I will go ride;  
The lady\'s kilted her gay cloathing,  
And ran low by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.2

\N1 He has ridden, and she has run,  
Till they came to yon water wan;  
He has ridden, and she has run,



Like to his waiting man.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.3

\N1 He has ridden, and she has run,  
Till they came on to Clyde;  
The knight he rode on high horseback,  
But the lady she bot wide.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.4

\N1 The first step that the lady stepped,  
She stept into the knee;  
The bairn that was between her sides  
There he gied spartles three.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.5

\N1 `Lie still, lie still, my bonny boy,  
Ye work your mother woe;  
Your father rides on high horseback,  
Cares little for us two.'

\SBALLADS Child 63G.6

\N1 The nextand step that lady stepped,  
She stept into the pap;  
The bairn that was between her sides  
There spartled and he lap.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.7

\N1 `Ly still, ly still, my bonny boy,  
You work your mother\'s woe;  
Your father rides on high horseback,  
Cares little for us two.'

\SBALLADS Child 63G.8

\N1 In the middle of that water  
There stands a yird-fast stone;  
He turnd his horse head back again,  
Said, Lady, loup ye on.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.9

\N1 She hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
O never a mile but ane,  
Till she grew sick, and so weary  
She couldna ride nor gang.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.10

\N1 `Ride on, ride on, my gay lady,  
You see not what I see;  
For yonder is my father\'s castle,  
A little beyond the lee,  
And ye\'ll get ane of my father\'s men,  
But, lady, neer lippen on me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63G.11

\N1 There were four and twenty bonny ladies  
Led Willie frae bower to ha,  
But the bonniest lady among them a\  
Led his steed to the sta.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.12

\N1 When they were at the table set,  
And sitting at their dine,  
Out it spake his mother dear,  
And she spake aye in time.

\SBALLADS Child 63G.13

\N1 `Sometimes your boy\'s red, Willie,  
And other times he\'s wan;  
He looks like a woman wi bairn,  
But no ways like a man.'

\SBALLADS Child 63G.14

\N1 `Win up, win up, my bonny boy,

Go look your master\'s steed;  
 See that his meat be at his head,  
 And not among his feet.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63G.15  
 \N1 O healy, healy raise she up,  
 And healy gaed she down,  
 And healy opend the stable-door,  
 And as healy gaed she in,  
 And even among that big horse feet  
 She bear her dear young son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63G.16  
 \N1 As Willie\'s mother was walking alone,  
 Between the bower and ha,  
 She thought she heard a bairn\'s greet  
 And lady\'s moan in the sta.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63G.17  
 \N1 `Gude make ye safe, my ae son Willie,  
 Gude keep ye safe frae harm;  
 Ye might hae chosen a lighter foot-boy  
 Than a women in travilling.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63G.18  
 \N1 He hit the table wi his foot,  
 He kept it wi his knee,  
 Till silver cups and silver spoons  
 Into the f+loor did f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63G.19  
 \N1 There was f+fifteen steps into that stair,  
 I wat he made them a\' but three;  
 He\'s to the stable gane in haste,  
 And a\' to see his gay lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63G.20  
 \N1 `I am not come o sic low kin,  
 Nor yet sic low degree,  
 That you needed to banish me frae your sight,  
 That ye left nae woman wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63G.21  
 \N1 `I wish I\'d drunken the wan water  
 When I did drink the wine,  
 Or when I left my lady gay,  
 And her at sic a time.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63G.22  
 \N1 `But up ye\'ll take my dear young son,  
 And wash him wi the milk,  
 And up ye\'ll take my lady gay  
 And row her in the silk;  
 For her kirking and her fair wedding  
 Shall baith stand in ae day.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 63H.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 `TURN back, turn back, O Burd Alone,  
 For the water\'s both broad and long:'  
 First she went into the shoulders,  
 And sine unto the chin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63H.2  
 \N1 `How far is it to your hall, Lord John?  
 How far is it? I pray of thee:'  
 `The nearest way unto my hall  
 Is thirty miles and three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63H.3  
 \N1 `Turn back, turn back, O Burd Alone,

Ye\`ll sink before ye win owre:'  
`I am too big with bairn,' she says,  
`To sink or I win owre.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.4  
\N1 `Turn back, turn back, O Burd Alone,  
Turn back, I pray of thee;  
For I\`ve got a wife and seven bairns,  
I like far better than thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.5  
\N1 And then spak a wild parrot,  
Sat high upon the tree:  
`Gang on, gang on, O Burd Alone,  
[He likes nane better nor thee.]  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.6  
\N1 `For Lord John has neither wife nor bairns,  
He likes better than thee,  
And the nearest way to Lord John\`s hall  
Is only short miles three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.7  
\N1 When she was come to Lord John\`s hall,  
Lords, knights and ladies braw  
Was there to welcome them hame;  
But the bravest in the ha,  
She waited at Lord John\`s back,  
Serving the tables a\`.  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.8  
\N1 When she was laid into her bed,  
Amang the servants a\` ilk ane,  
The mother heard a babie greet,  
And a lady make a heavy maen.  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.9  
\N1 `Rise up, rise up, Lord John,' she said,  
`Bind on thy hose and shoon;  
Thow might hae got some other lady  
Then a lady big wi bairn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.10  
\N1 Lord John awa to the hay-loft,  
Where his lady lay;  
`O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,  
`O rise and let me in;  
It\`s I have got no loves without,  
But I\`ve got one within.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.11  
\N1 `I ask three favours of you, Lord John,  
I ask three favours of thee;  
I ask a bottle of your sma, sma beer,  
For your old son and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.12  
\N1 `O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,  
`O rise and let me in;  
My wine and gin is at your command,  
And that of my old son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.13  
\N1 `The next favour I ask of you, Lord John,  
The next favour I ask of thee,  
Is the meanest room in all your house,  
For your young son and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 63H.14  
\N1 `The next favour I ask of you, Lord John,  
The next favour I ask of thee,

Is the meanest maid in a\' your house,  
 To wait on your yong son and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63H.15  
 \N1 `O rise, O rise, my love,' he says,  
 `O rise and let me in;  
 For thy bridal and thy banquet day  
 Shall both be held in ane.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 63I.1  
 \N1 LORD JOHN stands in his stable-door,  
 Just on his way to ride;  
 Lady Ellen stands in her bower-door,  
 Says, Bide, Lord John, abide!  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 63I.2  
 \N1 He did ride, and she did run,  
 A lief-lang simmer\'s day,  
 Until they came till a wan water,  
 That a\' man did ca Tay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63I.3  
 \N1 The f+irst step that she steppit in,  
 She steppit tae the cweet;  
 An sichan said that gay lady,  
 I fear this water\'s deep!  
 \SBALLADS Child 63I.4  
 \N1 The next step that she steppit in,  
 She steppit tae the knee;  
 An sichan said that gay lady,  
 This water\'s deep for me!  
 \SBALLADS Child 63I.5  
 \N1 Lord John hield down his high horse head,  
 Said, Lady, will ye ride?  
 `O no! O no! kind sir,' she said,  
 `I\'ll rather choose tae wide.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63I.6  
 \N1 The next step that she steppit in,  
 She steppit tae the chin;  
 An sichan said that gay lady,  
 I\'ll wide nae farrer in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63I.7  
 \N1 The f+irsten town that they cam till,  
 She got a leash o huns tae lead,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 63I.8  
 \N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 An a\' was ready tae dine,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 63I.9  
 \N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 An a\' were bound for bed,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \LBALLADS Child 63J.1  
 \N1 THE knight stands in his stable-door,  
 Says he, I will gae ride;  
 A lady stands in her bower-door,  
 Says, I\'ll ride by your side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.2

\N1 `Ye shall not follow me, Burd Helen,  
Except ye do this deed;  
That is, to saddle to me my horse,  
And bridle to me my steed,  
And every town that ye come to,  
A liesh o hounds to lead.'

\SBALLADS Child 63J.3

\N1 `I will saddle to you your horse,  
Sae will I bridle your steed;  
And every town that we come to,  
A liesh o hounds I\'ll lead.'

\SBALLADS Child 63J.4

\N1 Take warning a\', ye maidens fair,  
That wear scarlet and brown;  
In virtue leave your lammis beds,  
To follow knights frae town.

\SBALLADS Child 63J.5

\N1 `My dogs shall eat the white bread, Helen,  
And you the dust and bran;  
And you will sigh, and say, alas!  
That eer our loves began.'

\SBALLADS Child 63J.6

\N1 `Your dogs may eat the gude white bread,  
And I the dust and bran;  
Yet will I sing, and say, well\'s me,  
That eer our loves began.'

\SBALLADS Child 63J.7

\N1 `My horse shall drink the gude red wine,  
And you the water wan;  
And then you\'ll sigh, and say, alas!  
That eer our loves began.'

\SBALLADS Child 63J.8

\N1 `Your horse may drink the gude red wine,  
And I the water wan;  
But yet I\'ll sing, and say, well\'s me,  
That eer our loves began.'

\SBALLADS Child 63J.9

\N1 Then Willie lap on his white steed,  
And straight awa did ride;  
Burd Helen, drest in men\'s array,  
She walked by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 63J.10

\N1 But he was neer sae lack a knight  
As ance woud bid her ride,  
And she was neer sae mean a may  
As ance woud bid him bide.

\SBALLADS Child 63J.11

\N1 Sweet Willie rade, Burd Helen ran,  
A livelang summer\'s tide,  
Until she came to wan water,  
For a\' men ca\'s it Clyde.

\SBALLADS Child 63J.12

\N1 The f+irst an step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the knee;  
'Ohon, alas!' said that fair maid,  
'This water\'s nae for me!'

\SBALLADS Child 63J.13

\N1 The next an step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the pap;  
The babe within her sides twa,

Could water gart it quack.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.14  
\N1 `Lie still, lie still, my bonny bairn,  
For a\' this winna dee;  
Your father rides on high horseback,  
Minds neither you nor me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.15  
\N1 In the midst of Clyde\'s water,  
There stands a yird-fast stone;  
There he leant him ower his saddle-bow,  
And set that lady on,  
And brought her to the other side,  
Then set her down again.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.16  
\N1 `O see ye not yon goodly towers,  
And gowd towers stand sae hie?  
There is a lady in yonder bower  
Will sinder you and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.17  
\N1 `I wish nae ill to your lady,  
She neer wishd nane to me;  
But I wish the maid maist o your love  
That drees far mair for thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.18  
\N1 `I wish nae ill to your lady,  
She neer comes in my thought;  
But I wish the maid maist o your love  
That dearest hae you bought.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.19  
\N1 Four an twenty gay ladies  
Led Willie thro bower and ha;  
But the fairest lady amo them a\  
Led his horse to the sta.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.20  
\N1 Four an twenty gay ladies  
Were a\' at dinner set;  
Burd Helen sat at a by-table,  
A bit she coudna eat.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.21  
\N1 Out it spake her Dow Isbel,  
A skilly dame was she:  
`O whare got ye this f+ine foot-page  
Ye\'ve brought along wi thee?  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.22  
\N1 `Sometimes his colour waxes red,  
Sometimes it waxes wan;  
He is liker a woman big wi bairn  
Nor be a waiting man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.23  
\N1 `Win up, win up, my boy,' he says,  
`At my bidding to be,  
And gang and supper my gude steed,  
See he be litterd tee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.24  
\N1 Then she is into stable gane,  
Shut tee the door wi a pin,  
And even amang Willie\'s horse feet  
Brought hame her bonny young son.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.25  
\N1 When day was gane, and night was come,

And a\' man bound for bed,  
Sweet Willie and Dow Isbel  
In ae chamber were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.26  
\N1 They hadna been well lien down,  
Nor yet well faen asleep,  
Till up it wakens Sweet Willie,  
And stood at Dow Isbel\'s feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.27  
\N1 `I dreamd a dreary dream this night,  
I wish it may be for guid;  
Some rogue hae broke my stable-door,  
And stown awa my steed.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.28  
\N1 `Win up, win up now, Dow Isbel,  
At my bidding to be,  
And ye\'ll gae to my stable-door,  
See that be true or lie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.29  
\N1 When she gaed to the stable-door,  
She heard a grievous groan;  
She thought she heard a bairn greet,  
But and a woman\'s moan.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.30  
\N1 `When I was in my bigly bower,  
I wore but what I would;  
This night I\'m lighter \'mang Willie\'s horse feet,  
I fear I\'ll die for cold.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.31  
\N1 `When I was in my bigly bower,  
I wore gold to my tae;  
This night I\'m lighter mang Willie\'s horse feet,  
And fear I\'ll die or day.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.32  
\N1 `When I was in my bigly bower,  
I wore scarlet and green;  
This night I\'m lighter mang Willie\'s horse feet,  
And fear I\'ll die my lane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.33  
\N1 Dow Isbel now came tripping hame,  
As fast as gang coud she;  
`I thought your page was not a man,  
Ye brought along wi thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.34  
\N1 `As I gaed to your stable, Willie,  
I heard a grievous groan;  
I thought I heard a bairn greet,  
But and a woman\'s moan.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.35  
\N1 `She said, when in her bigly bower,  
She wore but what she would;  
But this night is lighter mang your horse feet,  
And fears she\'ll die for cold.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.36  
\N1 `She said, when in her bigly bower,  
She wore gold to her tae;  
But this night is lighter mang your horse feet,  
And fears she\'ll die or day.  
\SBALLADS Child 63J.37  
\N1 `Win up, win up, now Sweet Willie,

At my bidding to be,  
 And speak some comfort to the maid,  
 That\'s dreed sae much for thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.38  
 \N1 He is to the stable door gane,  
 As fast as gang coud he;  
 `O open, O open, Burd Helen,' he says,  
 `Ye\'ll open the door to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.39  
 \N1 `That was never my mother\'s custom,  
 And hope it\'s never be mine,  
 A knight into her companie,  
 When she drees a\' her pine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.40  
 \N1 `O open the door, Burd Helen,' he says,  
 `O open the door to me;  
 For as my sword hangs by my gair,  
 I\'ll gar it gang in three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.41  
 \N1 `How can I open, how shall I open,  
 How can I open to thee,  
 When lying amang your great steed\'s feet,  
 Your young son on my knee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.42  
 \N1 He hit the door then wi his foot,  
 Sae did he wi his knee,  
 Till doors o deal, and locks o steel,  
 In splinters gart he f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.43  
 \N1 `An asking, asking, Sweet Willie,  
 An asking ye\'ll grant me;  
 The warst in bower in a\' your towers,  
 For thy young son and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.44  
 \N1 `Your asking\'s nae sae great, Burd Helen,  
 But granted it shall be;  
 The best in bower in a\' my towers,  
 For my young son and thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.45  
 \N1 `An asking, asking, sweet Willie,  
 An asking ye\'ll grant me;  
 The warst an woman about your bowers,  
 To wait on him and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.46  
 \N1 `The best an woman about my bowers,  
 To wait on him and thee,  
 And that\'s my sister Dow Isbel,  
 And a gude woman is she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.47  
 \N1 `Ye will take up my little young son,  
 And wash him wi the milk;  
 And ye\'ll take up my gay lady,  
 And row her in the silk.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.48  
 \N1 `Be favourable to my lady,  
 Be favourable, if ye may;  
 Her kirking and her fair wedding  
 Shall baith stand on ae day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63J.49  
 \N1 `There is not here a woman living



But her shall be my bride,  
 And all is for the fair speeches  
 I got frae her at Clyde.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 63[K.1]  
 \N1 Willie was a harper guid,  
 He was a harper f+ine;  
 He harped the burds out of the tree,  
 The f+ish out of the f+llood,  
 The milk out of a woman\'s brist  
 That bab had never nean.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.2]  
 \N1 He harped out, an he harped in,  
 Till he harped them a\' aslep,  
 Unless it was her Fair Elen,  
 An she stood on her feett.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.3]  
 \N1 Willie stod in stabile dor,  
 He said he wad ride,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.4]  
 \N1 `Na women mane gae we me, Hellen,  
 Na women mane gaie we me  
 Bat them that will saddle my hors,  
 An bridell my steed,  
 An elky toun that I come to  
 A lish of hons mane lead.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.5]  
 \N1 `I will saddle yer hors, Willie,  
 An I will bridel yer steed,  
 An elky toun att we come tell  
 A leash of honds will lead.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.6]  
 \N1 `The dogs sall eat the gued f+ite bread,  
 An ye the doue+: pran,  
 An ye sall bliss, an na curse,  
 That ever ye lied a man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.7]  
 \N1 `The dogs sall eat the whit bread,  
 An me the doue+: pran,  
 An I will bliss, an na curs,  
 That ear I loved a man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.8]  
 \N1 She has saddled his hors,  
 An she has bridled his stead,  
 An ealky toun att they came throu  
 A lish of honds did lead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.9]  
 \N1 The dogs did eatt the whit bread,  
 An her the douey pran,  
 An she did bliss, an she did na curs,  
 That ever she loyed a man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.10]  
 \N1 Fan they came to yon wan water  
 That a\' man caas Clayd,  
 He louked over his left shoder,  
 Says, Ellen, will ye ride?  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.11]  
 \N1 `I learned it in my medder\'s bour,  
 I wiss I had learned it better,

Fan I came to wane water  
 To sume as dos the otter.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.12]  
 \N1 `I learned in my midder\'s bour,  
 I watt I learned it well,  
 Fan I came to wan water,  
 To sume as dos the ell.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.13]  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 Or the knight was in the middell of the water,  
 The lady was in the eather side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.14]  
 \N1 She leaned her back to a stane,  
 Gaa a call opon:  
 `O my back is right sore,  
 An I sae farr frae hame!  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.15]  
 \N1 `Hou monny mill ha ye to rid,  
 An hou mony I to rine?'  
 `Fifty mill ha I to rid,  
 Fifty you to rine,  
 An by that time I dou supos  
 Ye will be a dead woman.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.16]  
 \N1 Out spak a bonny burd,  
 Sate on yon tree,  
 `Gaa on, fair Ellen,  
 Ye ha scarcly milles three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.17]  
 \N1 Four-an-tuenty bony ladys  
 Mett Willie in the closs,  
 Bat the fairest lady among them a\  
 Took Willie frae his horse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.18]  
 \N1 Four-an-trenty bonny ladys  
 Lead Willie to the table,  
 Bat the fairest lady among them a\  
 Led his hors to the stable.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.19]  
 \N1 She leaned betuen the gray folle an the waa,  
 An gae a call opon;  
 `O my back is fue sore,  
 An I sae far fra home!  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.20]  
 \N1 `Fan I was in my father\'s bour,  
 I ware goud to my hell;  
 Bat nou I am among Willie\'s hors feet,  
 An the call it will me kell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.21]  
 \N1 `Fan I was in my midder\'s bour  
 I wear goud to my head;  
 Bat nou I am among Willie\'s hors feet,  
 And the calle will be my dead.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 63[K.22]  
 \N1 `Fatten a heavey horse-boy, my son Willie,  
 Is this ye ha brought to me?  
 Some times he grous read, read,  
 An some times pail an wane;  
 He louks just leak a woman we bairn,

An no weis es leak a man.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.23]

\N1 `Gett up, my heavey hors-boy,  
Gie my hors corn an hay;'  
`By my soth,' says her Fair Ellen,  
`Bat as fast as I may.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.24]

\N1 `I dreamed a dream san the straine,  
Gued read a\' dreams to gued!  
I dreamed my stable-dor was opned  
An stoun was my best steed.  
Ye gae, my sister,  
An see if the dream be gued.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.25]

\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .

She thought she hard a baby greet,  
Bat an a lady mone.

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.26]

\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .

`I think I hard a baby greet,  
Bat an a lady mone.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.27]

\N1 `A askend, Wikllie,' she says,  
`An ye man grant it me;  
The warst room in a\' yer house  
To your young son an me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.28]

\N1 [`Ask on, Fair Ellen,  
Ye\'r sure yer asken is free;]  
The best room in a\' my house  
To yer young son an ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.29]

\N1 `[A] asken, Willie,' she sayes,  
`An ye will grant it me;  
The smallest bear in yer house  
To [yer] young son an me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.30]

\N1 `Ask on, Fair Ellen,  
Ye\'r sure your asken is free;  
The best bear in my house  
[To yer young son an ye.]

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.31]

\N1 `The best bear in my house  
Is the black bear an the wine,  
An ye sall haa that, Fair Ellen,  
To you an yer young son.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.32]

\N1 `[A] askent, Willie,' she says,  
`An ye will grant [it] me;  
The warst maid in yer house  
To wait on yer young son an me.'

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.33]

\N1 `The best maid in my house  
Is my sister Meggie,  
An ye sall ha her, Fair Ellen,  
To wait on yer young son an ye.

\SBALLADS Child 63[K.34]

\N1 `Chire up, Fair Ellen,

Chire up, gin ye may;  
Yer kirking an yer fair weding  
Sall baith stand in ae day.'  
\LBALLADS Child 64A.1  
\N1 `YE maun gang to your father, Janet,  
Ye maun gang to him soon;  
Ye maun gang to your father, Janet,  
In case that his days are dune.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.2  
\N1 Janet\'s awa to her father,  
As fast as she could hie:  
`O what\'s your will wi me, father?  
O what\'s your will wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.3  
\N1 `My will wi you, Fair Janet,' he said,  
`It is both bed and board;  
Some say that he loe Sweet Willie,  
But ye maun wed a French lord.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.4  
\N1 `A French lord maun I wed, father?  
A French lord maun I wed?  
Then, by my sooth,' quo Fair Janet,  
`He\'s neer enter my bed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.5  
\N1 Janet\'s awa to her chamber,  
As fast as she could go;  
Wha\'s the f+irst ane that tapped there,  
But Sweet Willie her jo?  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.6  
\N1 `O we maun part this love, Willie,  
That has been lang between;  
There\'s a French lord coming oer the sea,  
To wed me wi a ring;  
There\'s a French lord coming oer the sea,  
To wed and tak me hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.7  
\N1 `If we maun part this love, Janet,  
It causeth mickle woe;  
If we maun part this love, Janet,  
It makes me into mourning go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.8  
\N1 `But ye maun gang to your three sisters,  
Meg, Marion, and Jean;  
Tell them to come to Fair Janet,  
In case that her days are dune.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.9  
\N1 Willie\'s awa to his three sisters,  
Meg, Marion, and Jean:  
`O haste, and gang to Fair Janet,  
I fear that her days are dune.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.10  
\N1 Some drew to them their silken hose,  
Some drew to them their shoon,  
Some drew to them their silk manteils,  
Their covering to put on,  
And they\'re awa to Fair Janet,  
By the hie light o the moon.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.11  
\N1 `O I have born this babe, Willie,

Wi mickle toil and pain;  
Take hame, take hame, your babe, Willie,  
For nurse I dare be nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.12  
\N1 He\'s tane his young son in his arms,  
And kisst him cheek and chin,  
And he\'s awa to his mother\'s bower,  
By the hie light o the moon.  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.13  
\N1 `O open, open, mother,' he says,  
`O open, and let me in;  
The rain rains on my yellow hair,  
And the dew drops oer my chin,  
And I hae my young son in my arms,  
I fear that his days are dune.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.14  
\N1 With her f+ingers lang and sma  
She lifted up the pin,  
And with her arms lang and sma  
Received the baby in.  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.15  
\N1 `Gae back, gae back now, Sweet Willie,  
And comfort your fair lady;  
For where ye had but ae nourice,  
Your young son shall hae three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.16  
\N1 Willie he was scarce awa,  
And the lady put to bed,  
Whan in and came her father dear:  
`Make haste, and busk the bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.17  
\N1 `There\'s a sair pain in my head, father,  
There\'s a sair pain in my side;  
And ill, O ill, am I, father,  
This day for to be a bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.18  
\N1 `O ye maun busk this bonny bride,  
And put a gay mantle on;  
For she shall wed this auld French lord,  
Gin she should die the morn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.19  
\N1 Some put on the gay green robes,  
And some put on the brown;  
But Janet put on the scarlet robes,  
To shine foremost throw the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.20  
\N1 And some they mounted the black steed,  
And some mounted the brown;  
But Janet mounted the milk-white steed,  
To ride foremost throw the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.21  
\N1 `O wha will guide your horse, Janet?  
O wha will guide him best?'  
`O wha but Willie, my true-love?  
He kens I loe him best.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64A.22  
\N1 And when they cam to Marie\'s kirk,  
To tye the haly ban,  
Fair Janet\'s cheek looked pale and wan,  
And her colour gaed an cam.

\SBALLADS Child 64A.23

\N1 When dinner it was past and done,  
And dancing to begin,  
'O we'll go take the bride's maidens,  
And we'll go fill the ring.'

\SBALLADS Child 64A.24

\N1 O ben than cam the auld French lord,  
Saying, Bride, will ye dance with me?  
'Awa, awa, ye auld French lord,  
Your face I downa see.'

\SBALLADS Child 64A.25

\N1 O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,  
He cam with ane advance:  
'O I'll go tak the bride's maidens,  
And we'll go tak a dance.'

\SBALLADS Child 64A.26

\N1 'I've seen ither days wi you, Willie,  
And so has mony mae,  
Ye would hae danced wi me mysel,  
Let a' my maidens gae.'

\SBALLADS Child 64A.27

\N1 O ben than cam now Sweet Willie,  
Saying, Bride, will ye dance wi me?  
'Aye, by my sooth, and that I will,  
Gin my back should break in three.'

\SBALLADS Child 64A.28

\N1 She had nae turned her throw the dance,  
Throw the dance but thrice,  
When she fell doun at Willie's feet,  
And up did never rise.

\SBALLADS Child 64A.29

\N1 Willie's taen the key of his coffer,  
And gien it to his man:  
'Gae hame, and tell my mother dear  
My horse he has me slain;  
Bid her be kind to my young son,  
For father he has nane.'

\SBALLADS Child 64A.30

\N1 The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,  
And the tither in Marie's quire;  
Out of the tane there grew a birk,  
And the tither a bonny brier.

\LBALLADS Child 64B.1

\N1 'IF you do love me weel, Willie,  
Ye'll shew to me truelie;  
Ye'll build to me a bonnie ship,  
And set her on the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 64B.2

\N1 He did love her very weel,  
He shewed to her trulie;  
He builded her a bonnie ship,  
And set her on the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 64B.3

\N1 They had not sailed one league, one league,  
One league but only three,  
Till sharp, sharp showers fair Janet took,  
She grew sick and like to die.

\SBALLADS Child 64B.4

\N1 'If you do love me weel, Willie,  
Ye'll shew to me trulie;

Ye'll tak me to my mother's bower,  
Whare I was wont to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.5  
\N1 He did love her very weel,  
He shewed to her trulye;  
He took her to her mother's bower,  
Whare she was wont to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.6  
\N1 `It's ye'll stand up at my richt side,  
You will on tiptaes stand,  
Until you hear your auld son weep,  
But an you Janet mourn.  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.7  
\N1 `Come take your auld son in your arms,  
He is both large and lang;  
Come take your auld son in your arms,  
And for a nourice gang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.8  
\N1 He is to his mother's bowers,  
An hour or it struck nine:  
`I have a babe into my arms,  
He'll die nor nouricing.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.9  
\N1 `Goe home, go home, my son,' she says,  
`And mak thy Jenny blythe;  
If ae nurse winna sere her son,  
It's I'll provide him f+ive.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.10  
\N1 Fair Janet was nae weel lichter,  
Nor weel doun on her side,  
Till ben and cam her father dear,  
Saying, Wha will busk our bride?  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.11  
\N1 Ben and cam her brethren dear,  
Saying, Wha will busk our bride?  
And wha will saddle our bride's horse?  
Whom ahint will she ride?  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.12  
\N1 `Hold your tongue, my brethren dear,  
And let your folly be,  
For I'm sae fair and full of hair  
Sma busking will serve me.  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.13  
\N1 `Hold your tongue, my brethren dear,  
And let your folly be,  
For I will ride behint William,  
He will best wait on me.  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.14  
\N1 `Willie, lay the saddle saft,  
And lead the bridle soun,  
And when we come to Mary's Kirk,  
Ye'll set me hooly doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.15  
\N1 Supper scarslie was owre,  
Nor musick weel fa'n to,  
Till ben and cam the bride's brethren,  
Saying, Bride, ye'll dance wi me:  
`Awa, awa, my brethren dear,  
For dancing's no for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64B.16

\N1 Ben and came her ain bridegroom,  
 Saying, Bride, ye'll dance wi me;  
 She says, Awa, awa, ye southland dog,  
 Your face I downa see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64B.17

\N1 Ben and cam then Sweet Willie,  
 Saying, Bride, ye'll dance wi me:  
 `Oh I will dance the f+loor once owre,  
 Tho my heart should break in three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64B.18

\N1 `Oh no, oh no,' said Sweet William,  
 `Let no such things eer be;  
 But I will cut my glove in two,  
 And I'll dance for thee and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64B.19

\N1 She hadna danced the f+loor once owre,  
 I'm sure she hadna thrice,  
 Till she fell in a deadly swound,  
 And from it neer did rise.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64B.20

\N1 Out and spak her ain bridegroom,  
 And an angry man was he:  
 `This day she has gien me the gecks,  
 Yet she must bear the scorn;  
 There's not a bell in merry Linkum  
 Shall ring for her the morn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64B.21

\N1 Out and spoke then Sweet William,  
 And a sorry man was he:  
 `Altho she has gien you the gecks,  
 She will not bear the scorn;  
 There's not a bell in merry Linkum  
 But shall ring for her the morn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64B.22

\N1 There was not a bell in merry Linkum  
 But they tinkled and they rang,  
 And a' the birds that f+lew above,  
 They changed their notes and sang.  
 \LBALLADS Child 64C.1

\N1 LIVD ance twa luvvers in yon dale,  
 And they luvd ither weel;  
 Frae evning late to morning aire  
 Of luvving luvd their f+ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.2

\N1 `Now, Willie, gif you luve me weel,  
 As sae it seems to me,  
 Gar build, gar build a bonny schip,  
 Gar build it speedilie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.3

\N1 `An\R \rwe wLl saL the sea sae g-reen,  
 Unto some far countrie,  
 Or we'll sail to some bonie isle,  
 Stands lanely midst the sea.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.4

\N1 But lang or ere the schip was built,  
 Or deckd, or rigged out,  
 Came sick a pain in Annet's back  
 That down she coud na lout.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.5

\N1 `Now, Willie, gif ye luve me weel,



As sae it seems to me,  
 O haste, haste, bring me to my bowr,  
 And my bowr-maidens three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.6  
 \N1 He\'s taen her in his arms twa,  
 And kissd her, cheik and chin;  
 He\'s brocht her to her ain sweet bowr,  
 But nae bowr-maid was in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.7  
 \N1 `Now leave my bower, Willie,' she said,  
 `Now leave me to my lane;  
 When she was travelling.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.8  
 \N1 He\'s stepped three steps down the stair,  
 Upon the marble stane;  
 Sae loud\'s he heard his young son\'s greet,  
 But and his lady\'s mane!  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.9  
 \N1 `Now come, now come, Willie,' she said,  
 `Tak your young son frae me,  
 And hie him to your mother\'s bower,  
 With speed and privacie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.10  
 \N1 He\'s taen his young son in his arms,  
 He\'s kissd him, cheik and chin;  
 He\'s hied him to his mother\'s bower,  
 By th\' ae light of the moon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.11  
 \N1 And with him came the bold barone,  
 And he spake up wi pride:  
 `Gar seek, gar seek the bower-maidens,  
 Gar busk, gar busk the bryde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.12  
 \N1 `My maidens, easy with my back,  
 And easy with my side;  
 O set my saddle saft, Willie,  
 I am a tender bryde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.13  
 \N1 When she came to the burrow-town,  
 They gied her a broch and ring,  
 And when she came to . . . ,  
 They had a fair wedding.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.14  
 \N1 O up then spake the norland lord,  
 And blinkit wi his ee:  
 `I trow this lady\'s born a bairn,'  
 Then laucht loud laughters three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.15  
 \N1 And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,  
 And he spake up wi pryde:  
 `Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,  
 I will dance wi the bryde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.16  
 \N1 `Now had your tongue, my lord,' she said,  
 `Wi dancing let me be;  
 I am sae thin in f+lesh and blude,  
 Sma dancing will serve me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.17  
 \N1 But she\'s taen Willie be the hand,  
 The tear blinded her ee:

`But I wad dance wi my true-luve,  
 But bursts my heart in three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.18  
 \N1 She\'s taen her bracelet frae her arm,  
 Her garter frae her knee:  
 `Gie that, gie that to my young son,  
 He\'ll neer his mother see.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 64C.19  
 \N1 `Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,  
 Gar deal, gar deal the wyne;  
 This day hath seen my true-love\'s death,  
 This nicht shall witness myne.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 64D.1  
 \N1 `IT never was my mother\'s fashion,  
 As little will\'t be mine,  
 For to hae gay lords within my room  
 When ladies are travailing.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.2  
 \N1 Lord William was scarsely down the stair,  
 A step but only ane,  
 Till he heard his auld son gie a cry,  
 And his lady a heavy maen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.3  
 \N1 `Turn back, turn back, Lord William,' she says,  
 `Take thy auld son in thy coat-neuk,  
 And see and reach thy mother\'s bowers  
 Twa hours before day comes.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.4  
 \N1 He\'s awa wi his auld son in his coat-neuk,  
 As fast as he can run,  
 And there he\'s reached his mother\'s bowers,  
 Twa hours before day came.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.5  
 \N1 `O rise, O rise, my mother dear,  
 O rise and let me in,  
 For I\'ve my auld son in my coat-neuk,  
 And he shivers at the chin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.6  
 \N1 `Ye\'re welcome hame to me, Lord William,  
 And so is thy auld son;  
 It\'s where ye had but ae nourice,  
 Thy auld son he\'ll hae four.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.7  
 \N1 His lady was scarsely in her bed,  
 Nor well faln owre asleep,  
 When four and twenty knights and lords  
 Came for the bride at last.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.8  
 \N1 They dressed her up, they dressed her down,  
 They dressed her wondrous f+ine,  
 And just before her ain bedside  
 She lost her colour clean.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.9  
 \N1 `Be hooly wi my head, maidens,  
 Be hooly wi my hair,  
 For it was washen late last night,  
 And now it\'s very sair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.10  
 \N1 Out then spoke a southern lord,

And oh but he spak bauld:  
 `She is the likest that bore a child  
 That eer my eyes did see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.11  
 \N1 Up then spak her auld, auld father,  
 And oh he spoke in time:  
 `She neer bore a child since her birth  
 Except it was yestreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.12  
 \N1 Out then spoke a northern lord:  
 `It\'s bride, will ye dance wi me?'  
 `Oh no, oh no, you northland lord,  
 It\'s dancing\'s no for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.13  
 \N1 Out then spoke a southland lord:  
 `It\'s bride, will ye dance wi me?'  
 `Oh no, oh no, you southland lord,  
 I would as lief chuse to die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.14  
 \N1 Out then spoke her ain bridegroom:  
 `O bride, will ye dance wi me?'  
 `Oh no, oh no, my ain bridegroom,  
 It\'s dancing\'s no for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.15  
 Oh yes, I\'ll dance, dear Willie,' she said,  
 \N1 Out then spoke her ain Willy,  
 And oh he spoke fu f+ine:  
 `O bride, O bride, will ye dance wi me,'  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.16  
 \N1 `Oh yes, oh yes, Willie,' she said,  
 `It\'s I will dance with thee;  
 Oh yes, I\'ll dance, dear Willie,' she said,  
 `Tho my back it gaes in three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64D.17  
 \N1 She leaned her head on Willie\'s breast,  
 And her back unto the wa:  
 `O there\'s the key of my coffer,  
 And pay weel the nouriss fee,  
 And aye when ye look on your auld son,  
 Ye may aye think on me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 64E.1  
 \N1 WILLIE and Fair Janet  
 Sat a\' day on yon hill;  
 And Janet she took sair pains,  
 And O but she grew ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64E.2  
 \N1 `Fetch a woman to me, Willie,  
 O fetch a woman to me,  
 For without the help of woman, Willie,  
 Surely I will dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64E.3  
 \N1 `O tie a napkin on my face,  
 That naething I may see,  
 And what can a woman do, Janet,  
 But I will do for thee?'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 64E.4  
 \N1 She was na scarcely brought to bed,  
 Nor yet laid on her side,

Till in and cam her father there,  
 Crying, Fy, gae busk the bride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64E.5  
 \N1 `A wearyed bride am I, father,  
 A wearyed bride am I;  
 Must I gae wed that southlan lord,  
 And let Sweet Willie abe?'  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 64E.6  
 \N1 `Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,  
 What shall your cleeding be;  
 Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,  
 And I will gie it to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 64E.7  
 \N1 `Whether will you hae it of the berry brown,  
 Or of the holland green;  
 Or will you hae it of the crimson red,  
 Most lovely to be seen?'

\SBALLADS Child 64E.8  
 \N1 `I will not hae\'t of the berry brown,  
 Nor yet o the holly green;  
 But I will hae\'t of the crimson red,  
 Most lovely to be seen.'

\SBALLADS Child 64E.9  
 \N1 `Now chuse, now chuse now, Fair Janet,  
 What man you\'ll ride behind:'  
 `O wha sae f+itting as Sweet Willie?  
 He\'ll f+it my saddle f+ine.'

\SBALLADS Child 64E.10  
 \N1 O they rode on, and they rode on,  
 Till they cam to Merrrytown green;  
 But Sweet Willie and Fair Janet  
 Cam aye hoolie ahin.

\SBALLADS Child 64E.11  
 \N1 O whan they cam to Merrrytown,  
 And lighted on the green,  
 Monie a bluidy aith was sworn  
 That our bride was wi bairn.

\SBALLADS Child 64E.12  
 \N1 Out and spake the bonny bride,  
 And she swore by her f+ingers ten:  
 `If eer I was wi bairn in my life,  
 I was lighter sin yestreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 64E.13  
 \N1 Up and raise he the bridegroom,  
 Says, Bride, will ye dance wi me?  
 `Dance on, dance on, bridegroom,' she says,  
 `For I\'ll dance nane wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 64E.14  
 \N1 Up and raise her father then,  
 Says, Bride, will ye dance wi me?  
 `Dance on, my father,' she replied,  
 `I pray thee let me be.'

\SBALLADS Child 64E.15  
 \N1 Then up and raise he Sweet Willie,  
 And he had meikle pride:  
 `I\'ll lay my gloves in the bride\'s han,  
 And I\'ll dance for the bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 64E.16  
 \N1 `O no, O no, O Sweet Willie,

O no, that shall na be;  
 For I will dance wi thee, Willie,  
 Tho my back should fa in three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64E.17  
 \N1 She had na run a reel, a reel,  
 A reel but barely three,  
 Till pale and wan grew Fair Janet,  
 And her head took Willie\'s knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64E.18  
 \N1 Out and spake then the bridegroom,  
 And he spake wi great scorn:  
 `There\'s not a bell in Merrytown kirk  
 Shall ring for her the morn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64E.19  
 \N1 Out and spak he Sweet Willie,  
 And his heart was almost gane:  
 `\'Tis a the bells in Merrytown kirk  
 Shall ring for her the morn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64E.20  
 \N1 Willie was buried in Mary\'s kirk,  
 etc\., etc\., etc\  
 \LBALLADS Child 64F.1  
 \N1 HEY, love Willie, and how, love Willie,  
 And Willie my love shall be;  
 They\'re thinking to sinder our lang love, Willie;  
 It\'s mair than man can dee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.2  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll mount me quickly on a steed,  
 A milk-white steed or gray,  
 And carry me on to gude greenwood,  
 Before that it be day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.3  
 \N1 He mounted her upon a steed,  
 He chose a steed o gray;  
 He had her on to gude greenwood,  
 Before that it was day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.4  
 \N1 `O will ye gang to the cards, Meggie?  
 Or will ye gang wi me?  
 Or will ye hae a bower-woman,  
 To stay ere it be day?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.5  
 \N1 `I winna gang to the cards,' she said,  
 `Nor will I gae wi thee,  
 Nor will I hae a bower-woman,  
 To spoil my modestie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.6  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll gie me a lady at my back,  
 An a lady me befor,  
 An a midwife at my twa sides,  
 Till your young son be born.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.7  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll do me up, and further up,  
 To the top o yon greenwood tree;  
 For every pain myself shall hae,  
 The same pain ye maun drie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.8  
 \N1 The f+irst pain that did strike Sweet Willie,  
 It was into the side;  
 Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,

These pains are ill to bide!  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.9  
\N1 The nextan pain that strake Sweet Willie,  
It was into the back;  
Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,  
These pains are women\'s wreck!  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.10  
\N1 The nextan pain that strake Sweet Willie,  
It was into the head;  
Then sighing sair said Sweet Willie,  
I fear my lady\'s dead!  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.11  
\N1 Then he\'s gane on, and further on,  
At the foot o yon greenwood tree;  
There he got his lady lighter,  
Wi his young son on her knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.12  
\N1 Then he\'s taen up his little young son,  
And kissd him, cheek and chin,  
And he is on to his mother,  
As fast as he could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.13  
\N1 `Ye will take in my son, mother,  
Gie him to nurses nine;  
Three to wauk, and three to sleep,  
And three to fanf between.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.14  
\N1 Then he has left his mother\'s house,  
And frae her he has gane,  
And he is back to his lady,  
And safely brought her hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.15  
\N1 Then in it came her father dear,  
Was belted in a brand:  
`It\'s nae time for brides to lye in bed,  
When the bridegroom\'s send\'s in town.  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.16  
\N1 `There are four-and-twenty noble lords  
A\' lighted on the green;  
The fairest knight amang them a\  
He must be your bridegroom.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.17  
\N1 `O wha will shoe my foot, my foot?  
And wha will glove my hand?  
And wha will prin my sma middle,  
Wi the short prin and the lang?'  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.18  
\N1 Now out it speaks him Sweet Willie,  
Who knew her troubles best:  
`It is my duty for to serve,  
As I\'m come here as guest.  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.19  
\N1 `Now I will shoe your foot, Maisry,  
And I will glove your hand,  
And I will prin your sma middle,  
Wi the sma prin and the lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 64F.20  
\N1 `Wha will saddle my steed,' she says,  
`And gar my bridle ring?  
And wha will hae me to gude church-door,

This day I\'m ill about?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.21  
 \N1 `I will saddle your steed, Maisry,  
 And gar your bridle ring,  
 And I\'ll hae you to gude church-door,  
 And safely set you down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.22  
 \N1 `O healy, healy take me up,  
 And healy set me down,  
 And set my back until a wa,  
 My foot to yird-fast stane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.23  
 \N1 He healy took her frae her horse,  
 And healy set her down,  
 And set her back until a wa,  
 Her foot to yird-fast stane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.24  
 \N1 When they had eaten and well drunken,  
 And a\' had thornd f+ine,  
 The bride\'s father he took the cup,  
 For to serve out the wine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.25  
 \N1 Out it speaks the bridegroom\'s brother,  
 An ill death mat he die!  
 `I fear our bride she\'s born a bairn,  
 Or else has it a dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.26  
 \N1 She\'s taen out a Bible braid,  
 And deeply has she sworn;  
 `If I hae born a bairn,' she says,  
 `Sin yesterday at morn,  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.27  
 \N1 `Or if I\'ve born a bairn,' she says,  
 `Sin yesterday at noon,  
 There\'s nae a lady amang you a\  
 That woud been here sae soon.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.28  
 \N1 Then out it spake the bridegroom\'s man,  
 Mischance come ower his heel!  
 `Win up, win up, now bride,' he says,  
 `And dance a shamefu reel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.29  
 \N1 Then out it speaks the bride hersell,  
 And a sorry heart had she:  
 `Is there nae ane amang you a\  
 Will dance this dance for me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.30  
 \N1 Then out it speaks him Sweet Willie,  
 And he spake aye thro pride:  
 `O draw my boots for me, bridegroom,  
 Or I dance for your bride.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.31  
 \N1 Then out it spake the bride hersell:  
 O na, this maunna be;  
 For I will dance this dance mysell,  
 Tho my back shoud gang in three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 64F.32  
 \N1 She hadna well gane thro the reel,  
 Nor yet well on the green,  
 Till she fell down at Willie\'s feet

As cauld as ony stane.

\SBALLADS Child 64F.33

\N1 He\'s taen her in his arms twa,  
And haed her up the stair;  
Then up it came her jolly bridegroom,  
Says, What\'s your business there?

\SBALLADS Child 64F.34

\N1 Then Willie lifted up his foot,  
And dang him down the stair,  
And brake three ribs o the bridegroom\'s side,  
And a word he spake nae mair.

\SBALLADS Child 64F.35

\N1 Nae meen was made for that lady,  
When she was lying dead;  
But a\' was for him Sweet Willie,  
On the f+ields for he ran mad.

\LBALLADS Child 64G.1

\N1 `WILL you marry the southland lord,  
A queen of fair England to be?  
Or will you burn for Sweet Willie,  
The morn upon yon lea?'

\SBALLADS Child 64G.2

\N1 `I will marry the southland lord,  
Father, sen it is your will;  
But I\'d rather it were my burial-day,  
For my grave I\'m going till.

\SBALLADS Child 64G.3

\N1 `O go, O go now, my bower-wife,  
O go now hastilie,  
O go now to Sweet Willie\'s bower,  
And bid him cum speak to me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 64G.4

\N1 And he is to his mother\'s bower,  
As fast as he could rin:

`Open, open, my mother dear,  
Open, and let me in.

\SBALLADS Child 64G.5

\N1 `For the rain rains on my yellow hair,  
The dew stands on my chin,  
And I have something in my lap,  
And I wad fain be in.'

\SBALLADS Child 64G.6

\N1 `O go, O go now, Sweet Willie,  
And make your lady blithe,  
For wherever you had ae nourice,  
Your young son shall hae f+ive.'

\SBALLADS Child 64G.7

\N1 Out spak Annet\'s mother dear,  
An she spak a word o\' pride;  
Says, Whare is a\' our bride\'s maidens,  
They\'re no busking the bride?

\SBALLADS Child 64G.8

\N1 `O haud your tongue, my mother dear,  
Your speaking let it be,  
For I\'m sae fair and full o f+lesh  
Little busking will serve me.'

\SBALLADS Child 64G.9

\N1 Out an spak the bride\'s maidens,  
They spak a word o pride;



Says, Whare is a\' the f+ine cleiding?  
It\'s we maun busk the bride.

\SBALLADS Child 64G.10

\N1 `Deal hooly wi my head, maidens,  
Deal hooly wi my hair;  
For it was washen late yestreen,  
And it is wonder sair.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 64G.11

\N1 And Willie swore a great, great oath,  
And he swore by the thorn,  
That she was as free o a child that night  
As the night that she was born.

\SBALLADS Child 64G.12

\N1 `Ye hae gien me the gowk, Annet,  
But I\'ll gie you the scorn;  
For there\'s no a bell in a\' the town  
Shall ring for you the morn.'

\SBALLADS Child 64G.13

\N1 Out and spak then Sweet Willie:  
Sae loud\'s I hear you lie!  
There\'s no a bell in a\' the town  
But shall ring for Annet and me.

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 65A.1

\N1 THE young lords o the north country  
Have all a wooing gone,  
To win the love of Lady Maisry,  
But o them she woud hae none.

\SBALLADS Child 65A.2

\N1 O they hae courted Lady Maisry  
Wi a\' kin kind of things;  
An they hae sought her Lady Maisry  
Wi brotches an wi\' rings.

\SBALLADS Child 65A.3

\N1 An they ha sought her Lady Maisry  
Frae father and frae mother;  
An they ha sought her Lady Maisry  
Frae sister an frae brother.

\SBALLADS Child 65A.4

\N1 An they ha followd her Lady Maisry  
Thro chamber an thro ha;  
But a\' that they coud say to her,  
Her answer still was Na.

\SBALLADS Child 65A.5

\N1 `O had your tongues, young men,' she says,  
`An think nae mair o me;  
For I\'ve gien my love to an English lord,  
An think nae mair o me.'

\SBALLADS Child 65A.6

\N1 Her father\'s kitchy-boy heard that,  
An ill death may he dee!  
An he is on to her brother,  
As fast as gang coud he.

\SBALLADS Child 65A.7

\N1 `O is my father an my mother well,  
But an my brothers three?  
Gin my sister Lady Maisry be well,  
There\'s naething can ail me.'

\SBALLADS Child 65A.8

\N1 `Your father and your mother is well,  
But an your brothers three;  
Your sister Lady Maisry\'s well,  
So big wi bairn gangs she.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.9  
\N1 `Gin this be true you tell to me,  
My mailison light on thee!  
But gin it be a lie you tell,  
You sal be hangit hie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.10  
\N1 He\'s done him to his sister\'s bowr,  
Wi meikle doole an care;  
An there he saw her Lady Maisry,  
Keming her yallow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.11  
\N1 `O wha is aught that bairn,' he says,  
`That ye sae big are wi'  
And gin ye winna own the truth,  
This moment ye sall dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.12  
\N1 She turnd her right an roun about,  
An the kem fell frae her han;  
A trembling seizd her fair body,  
An her rosy cheek grew wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.13  
\N1 `O pardon me, my brother dear,  
An the truth I\'ll tell to thee;  
My bairn it is to Lord William,  
An he is betrothd to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.14  
\N1 `O coud na ye gotten dukes, or lords,  
Intill your ain country,  
That ye draw up wi an English dog,  
To bring this shame on me?  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.15  
\N1 `But ye maun gi up the English lord,  
Whan youre young babe is born;  
For, gin you keep by him an hour langer,  
Your life sall be forlorn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.16  
\N1 `I will gi up this English blood,  
Till my young babe be born;  
But the never a day nor hour langer,  
Tho my life should be forlorn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.17  
\N1 `O whare is a\' my merry young men,  
Whom I gi meat and fee,  
To pu the thistle and the thorn,  
To burn this wile whore wi?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.18  
\N1 `O whare will I get a bonny boy,  
To help me in my need,  
To rin wi hast to Lord William,  
And bid him come wi speed?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.19  
\N1 O out it spake a bonny boy,  
Stood by her brother\'s side:  
`O I would rin your errand, lady,  
Oer a\' the world wide.  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.20

\N1 `Aft have I run your errands, lady,  
Whan blawn baith win and weet;  
But now I'll rin your errand, lady,  
Wi sat tears on my cheek.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.21  
\N1 O whan he came to broken briggs,  
He bent his bow and swam,  
An whan he came to the green grass growin,  
He slackd his shoone and ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.22  
\N1 O whan he came to Lord William's gates,  
He baed na to chap or ca,  
But set his bent bow till his breast,  
An lightly lap the wa;  
An, or the porter was at the gate,  
The boy was i the ha.  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.23  
\N1 `O is my biggins broken, boy?  
Or is my towers won?  
Or is my lady lighter yet,  
Of a dear daughter or son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.24  
\N1 `Your biggin is na broken, sir,  
Nor is your towers won;  
But the fairest lady in a' the lan  
For you this day maun burn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.25  
\N1 `O saddle me the black, the black,  
Or saddle me the brown;  
O saddle me the swiftest steed  
That ever rade frae a town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.26  
\N1 Or he was near a mile awa,  
She heard his wild horse sneeze:  
`Mend up the f+ire, my false brother,  
It's na come to my knees.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.27  
O whan he lighted at the gate,  
She heard his bridle ring:  
`Mend up the f+ire, my false brother,  
It's far yet frae my chin.  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.28  
\N1 `Mend up the f+ire to me, brother,  
Mend up the f+ire to me;  
For I see him comin hard an fast  
Will soon men't up to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.29  
\N1 `O gin my hands had been loose, Willy,  
Sae hard as they are boun,  
I would have turnd me frae the glead,  
And castin out your young son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.30  
\N1 `O I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
Your father an your mother;  
An I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
Your sister an your brother.  
\SBALLADS Child 65A.31  
\N1 `An I'll gar burn for you, Maisry,  
The chief of a' your kin;  
An the last bonf+ire that I come to,

Myself I will cast in.'  
\LBALLADS Child 65B.1  
\N1 IN came her sister,  
Stepping on the f+loor;  
Says, It\'s telling me, my sister Janet,  
That you\'re become a whore.  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.2  
\N1 `A whore, sister, a whore, sister?  
That\'s what I\'ll never be;  
I\'m no so great a whore, sister,  
As liars does on me lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.3  
\N1 In came her brother,  
Stepping on the f+loor;  
Says, It\'s telling me, my sister Janet,  
That you\'re become a whore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.4  
\N1 `A whore, brother, a whore, brother?  
A whore I\'ll never be;  
I\'m no so bad a woman, brother,  
As liars does on me lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.5  
\N1 In came her mother,  
Stepping on the f+loor:  
`They are telling me, my daughter,  
That you\'re so soon become a whore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.6  
\N1 `A whore, mother, a whore, mother?  
A whore I\'ll never be;  
I\'m only with child to an English lord,  
Who promised to marry me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.7  
\N1 In came her father,  
Stepping on the f+loor;  
Says, They tell me, my daughter Janet,  
That you are become a whore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.8  
\N1 `A whore, father, a whore, father?  
A whore I\'ll never be;  
I\'m but with child to an English lord,  
Who promised to marry me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.9  
\N1 Then in it came an old woman,  
The lady\'s nurse was she,  
And ere she could get out a word  
The tear blinded her ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.10  
\N1 `Your father\'s to the f+ire, Janet,  
Your brother\'s to the whin;  
All for to kindle a bold bonf+ire,  
To burn your body in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.11  
\N1 `Where will I get a boy,' she said,  
`Will gain gold for his fee,  
That would run unto fair England  
For thy good lord to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.12  
\N1 `O I have here a boy,' she said,  
`Will gain gold to his fee,  
For he will run to fair England

For thy good lord to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.13  
\N1 Now when he found a bridge broken,  
He bent his bow and swam,  
And when he got where grass did grow,  
He slacked it and ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.14  
\N1 And when he came to that lord\'s gate,  
Stopt not to knock or call,  
But set his bent bow to his breast  
And lightly leapt the wall;  
And ere the porter could open the gate,  
The boy was in the hall,  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.15  
\N1 In presence of that noble lord,  
And fell down on his knee:  
'What is it, my boy,' he cried,  
'Have you brought unto me?  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.16  
\N1 'Is my building broke into?  
Or is my towers won?  
Or is my true-love delivered  
Of daughter or of son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.17  
\N1 'Your building is not broke,' he cried,  
'Nor is your towers won,  
Nor is your true-love delivered  
Of daughter nor of son;  
But if you do not come in haste,  
Be sure she will be gone.  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.18  
\N1 'Her father is gone to the f+ire,  
Her brother to the whin,  
To kindle up a bold bonf+ire,  
To burn her body in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.19  
\N1 'Go saddle to me the black,' he cried,  
'And do it very soon;  
Get unto me the swiftest horse  
That ever rade from the town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.20  
\N1 The f+irst horse that he rade upon,  
For he was raven black,  
He bore him far, and very far,  
But failed in a slack.  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.21  
\N1 The next horse that he rode upon,  
He was a bonny brown;  
He bore him far, and very far,  
But did at last fall down.  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.22  
\N1 The next horse that he rode upon,  
He as the milk was white;  
Fair fall the mare that foaled that foal.  
Took him to Janet\'s sight!  
\SBALLADS Child 65B.23  
\N1 And boots and spurs, all as he was,  
Into the f+ire he lap,  
Got one kiss of her comely mouth,  
While her body gave a crack.

\SBALLADS Child 65B.24

\N1 `O who has been so bold,' he says,  
`This bonf+ire to set on?  
Or who has been so bold,' he says,  
`Her body for to burn?'

\SBALLADS Child 65B.25

\N1 `O here are we,' her brother said,  
`This bonf+ire who set on;  
And we have been so bold,' he said,  
`Her body for to burn.'

\SBALLADS Child 65B.26

\N1 `O I'll cause burn for you, Janet,  
Your father and your mother;  
And I'll cause die for you, Janet,  
Your sister and your brother.

\SBALLADS Child 65B.27

\N1 `And I'll cause mony back be bare,  
And mony shed be thin,  
And mony wife be made a widow,  
And mony ane want their son.'

\LBALLADS Child 65C.1

\N1 BEN came to her father dear,  
Stepping upon the f+loor;  
Says, It's told me, my daughter Janet,  
That you're now become a whore.

\SBALLADS Child 65C.2

\N1 `A whore, father, a whore, father?  
That's what I'll never be,  
Tho I am with bairn to an English lord,  
That f+irst did marry me.'

\SBALLADS Child 65C.3

\N1 Soon after spoke her bower-woman,  
And sorely did she cry:  
`Oh woe is me, my lady fair,  
That ever I saw this day!

\SBALLADS Child 65C.4

\N1 `For your father's to the f+ire, Janet,  
Your brother's to the whin,  
Even to kindle a bold bonef+ire,

\SBALLADS Child 65C.5

\N1 `Where will I get a bonnie boy,  
Will win gold to his fee,  
That will run on to fair England  
For my good lord to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 65C.6

\N1 `Oh here am I, your waiting-boy,  
Would win gold to my fee,  
And will carry any message for you,  
By land or yet by sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 65C.7

\N1 And when he fand the bridges broke,  
He bent his bow and swam,  
But when he fand the grass growing,  
He slacked it and ran.

\SBALLADS Child 65C.8

\N1 And when he came to that lord's gate,  
Stopt not to knock nor call,  
But set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly lap the wall.

\SBALLADS Child 65C.9

\N1 And ere the porter was at the gate  
The boy was in the hall,  
And in that noble lord\'s presence  
He on his knee did fall.  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.10  
\N1 `O is my biggins broken?' he said,  
`Or is my towers won?  
Or is my lady lighter yet,  
Of daughter of or son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.11  
\N1 `Your biggins are not broken,' he said,  
`Nor is your towers won,  
Nor is your lady lighter yet,  
Of daughter or of son;  
But if you stay a little time  
Her life it will be gone.  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.12  
\N1 `For her father\'s gone to the f+ire,  
Her brother to the whin,  
Even to kindle a bold bonf+ire,  
To burn her body in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.13  
\N1 `Go saddle for me in haste,' he cried,  
`A brace of horses soon;  
Go saddle for me the swiftest steeds  
That ever rode to a town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.14  
\N1 The f+irst steed that he rade on,  
For he was as jet black,  
He rode him far, and very far,  
But he fell down in a slack.  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.15  
\N1 The next steed that he rode on,  
For he was a berry brown;  
He bore him far, and very far,  
But at the last fell down.  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.16  
\N1 The next steed that he rode on,  
He was as milk so white;  
Fair fall the mare that foaled the foal  
Took him to Janet\'s lyke!  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.17  
\N1 But boots and spurs, all as he was,  
Into the f+ire he lap,  
Took ae kiss of her comely mouth,  
While her body gave a crack.  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.18  
\N1 `O who has been so bold,' he said,  
`This bonf+ire to set on?  
Or who has been so bold,' he cried,  
`My true-love for to burn?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.19  
\N1 Her father cried, I\'ve been so bold  
This bonf+ire to put on;  
Her brother cried, We\'ve been so bold  
Her body for to burn.  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.20  
\N1 `Oh I shall hang for you, Janet,  
Your father and your brother;  
And I shall burn for you, Janet,

Your sister and your mother.  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.21  
\N1 `Oh I shall make many bed empty,  
And many shed be thin,  
And many a wife to be a widow,  
And many one want their son.  
\SBALLADS Child 65C.22  
\N1 `Then I shall take a cloak of cloth,  
A staff made of the wand,  
And the boy who did your errand run  
Shall be heir of my land.'  
\LBALLADS Child 65D.1  
\N1 LADY MARGERY was her mother\'s ain daughter,  
And her father\'s only heir,  
And she\'s away to Strawberry Castle,  
To learn some unco lair.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.2  
\N1 She hadna been in Strawberry Castle  
A year but only three,  
Till she has proved as big with child,  
As big as woman could be.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.3  
\N1 Word has to her father gone,  
As he pat on his shoon,  
That Lady Margery goes wi child,  
Unto some English loon.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.4  
\N1 Word has to her mother gane,  
As she pat on her gown,  
That Lady Margery goes wi child,  
Unto some English loon.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.5  
\N1 The father he likes her ill,  
The mother she likes her waur,  
But her father he wished her in a f+ire strang,  
To burn for ever mair.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.6  
\N1 `Will ye hae this auld man, Lady Margery,  
To be yeer warldly make?  
Or will ye burn in f+ire strang,  
For your true lover\'s sake?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.7  
\N1 `I wanna hae that old, old man  
To be my worldly make,  
But I will burn in f+ire strang,  
For my true lover\'s sake.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.8  
\N1 `O who will put of the pot?  
O who will put of the pan?  
And who will build a bale-f+ire,  
To burn her body in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.9  
\N1 The brother took of the pot,  
The sister took of the pan,  
And her mother builded a bold bale-f+ire,  
To burn her body in.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.10  
\N1 `O where will I get a bony boy  
That will run my errand soon?



That will run to Strawberry Castle,  
And tell my love to come soon?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.11  
\N1 But then started up a little boy,  
Near to that lady\'s kin:  
'Often have I gane your errands, madam,  
But now it is time to rin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.12  
\N1 O when he came to Strawberry Castle,  
He tirded at the pin;  
There was nane sae ready as that lord himsell  
To let the young body in.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.13  
\N1 'O is my towers broken?  
Or is my castle wone?  
Or is my lady Margery lighter  
Of a daughter or a son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.14  
\N1 'Your towers are not broken,  
Nor is your castle wone;  
But the fairest lady of a\' the land  
For thee this day does burn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.15  
\N1 'Go saddle for me the black, black horse,  
Go saddle to me the brown;  
Go saddle to me as swift a steed  
As ever man rade on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.16  
\N1 They saddled to him the black horse,  
They saddled to him the brown;  
They\'ve saddled to him as swift a steed  
As ever man rade on.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.17  
\N1 He put his foot into the stirrup,  
He bounded for to ride;  
The silver buttons lap of his breast,  
And his nose began to bleed.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.18  
\N1 He bursted f+fifteen gude stout steeds,  
And four o them were dappled gray,  
And the little foot-page ran aye before,  
Crying, Mend it, an ye may!  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.19  
\N1 When he came to the bale-f+ire,  
He lighted wi a glent,  
Wi black boots and clean spurs,  
And through the f+ire he went.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.20  
\N1 He laid ae arm about her neck,  
And the other beneath her chin;  
He thought to get a kiss o her,  
But her middle it gade in twain.  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.21  
\N1 'But who has been so false,' he said,  
'And who has been sae cruel,  
To carry the timber from my ain wood  
To burn my dearest jewel?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65D.22  
\N1 'But I\'ll burn for ye, Lady Margery,  
Yeer father and yeer mother;

And I\`ll burn for ye, Lady Margery,  
 Yeer sister and yeer brother.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65D.23  
 \N1 `I\`ll do for ye, Lady Margery,  
 What never was done for nane;  
 I\`ll make many lady lemanless,  
 And many a clothing thin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65D.24  
 \N1 `And I\`ll burn for yeer sake, Lady Margery,  
 The town that yeer burnt in,  
 And [make] many a baby fatherless,  
 That\`s naething o the blame.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 65E.1  
 \N1 LADY MARJORY was her mother\`s only daughter,  
 Her father\`s only heir, O  
 And she is awa to Strawberry Castle,  
 To get some unco lair. O  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.2  
 \N1 She had na been in Strawberry Castle  
 A twelve month and a day,  
 Till Lady Marjory she gaes wi child,  
 As big as she can gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.3  
 \N1 Word is to her father gone,  
 Before he got on his shoon,  
 That Lady Marjory she gaes wi child,  
 And it is to an Irish groom.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.4  
 \N1 But word is to her mother gane,  
 Before that she gat on her gown,  
 That Lady Marjorie she goes wi child,  
 To a lord of high renown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.5  
 \N1 `O wha will put on the pot?' they said,  
 `Or wha will put on the pan?  
 Or wha will put on a bauld, bauld f+ire,  
 To burn Lady Marjorie in?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.6  
 \N1 Her father he put on the pot,  
 Her sister put on the pan,  
 And her brother he put on a bauld, bauld f+ire,  
 To burn Lady Marjorie in;  
 And her mother she sat in a golden chair,  
 To see her daughter burn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.7  
 \N1 `But where will I get a pretty little boy,  
 That will win hose and shoon,  
 That will go quickly to Strawberry Castle  
 And bid my lord come doun?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.8  
 \N1 `O here am I a pretty boy,  
 That\`ll win hose and shoon,  
 That will rin quickly to Strawberry Castle,  
 And bid thy lord come doun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.9  
 \N1 O when he came to broken brigs,  
 He bent his bow and swam,  
 And when he came to good dry land,  
 He let down his foot and ran.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65E.10

\N1 When he came to Strawberry Castle,  
He tirl'd at the pin;  
None was so ready as the gay lord himsell  
To open and let him in.  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.11  
\N1 `O is there any of my towers burnt?  
Or any of my castles broken?  
Or is Lady Marjorie brought to bed,  
Of a daughter or a son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.12  
\N1 `O there is nane of thy towers burnt,  
Nor nane of thy castles broken,  
But Lady Marjorie is condemned to die,  
To be burnt in a fire of oaken.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.13  
\N1 `O gar saddle to me the black,' he said,  
'Gar saddle to me the brown;  
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That eer carried a man from town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.14  
\N1 He left the black into the slap,  
The brown into the brae,  
But fair fa that bonny apple-gray  
That carried this gay lord away!  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.15  
\N1 He took a little horn out of his pocket,  
And he blew 't both loud and shrill,  
And the little life that was in her,  
She hearkend to it full weel.  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.16  
\N1 `Beet on, beet on, my brother dear,  
I value you not one straw,  
For yonder comes my own true-love,  
I hear his horn blaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.17  
\N1 `Beet on, beet on, my father dear,  
I value you not a pin,  
For yonder comes my own true-love,  
I hear his bridle ring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.18  
\N1 But when he came into the place,  
He lap unto the wa;  
He thought to get a kiss o her bonny lips,  
But her body fell in twa.  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.19  
\N1 `Oh vow, oh vow, oh vow,' he said,  
'Oh vow but ye've been cruel!  
Ye've taken the timber out of my own wood  
And burnt my ain dear jewel.  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.20  
\N1 `Now for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,  
I'll burn both father and mother;  
And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,  
I'll burn both sister and brother.  
\SBALLADS Child 65E.21  
\N1 `And for thy sake, Lady Marjorie,  
I'll burn both kith and kin;  
But I will remember the pretty little boy  
That did thy errand rin.'  
\LBALLADS Child 65F.1

\N1 FAIR MARJORY\R\'\rS gaen into the school,  
Between six and seven,  
An she\'s come back richt big wi bairn,  
Between twalve and eleven.

\SBALLADS Child 65F.2

\N1 It\'s out then sprung her mither dear,  
Stood stately on the f+lure:

`Ye\'re welcum back, young Marjory,  
But ye\'re sune becum a hure.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.3

\N1 `I\'m not a hure, mither,' she said,  
`Nor ever intend to be;

But I\'m wi child to a gentleman,  
An he swears he\'ll marry me.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.4

\N1 [It\'s out then sprung her father dear,  
Stood stately on the f+lure:

`Ye\'re welcum back, young Marjory,  
But ye\'re sune becum a hure.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.5

\N1 `I\'m not a hure, father,' she said,  
`Nor ever intend to be;

But I\'m wi child to a gentleman,  
An he swears he will marry me.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.6

\N1 It\'s out then sprung her brother dear,  
Stood stately on the f+lure:

`Ye\'re welcum back, young Marjory,  
But ye\'re sune becum a hure.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.7

\N1 `I\'m not a hure, brother,' she said,  
`Nor ever intend to be;

But I\'m wi child to a gentleman,  
An he swears he will marry me.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.8

\N1 It\'s out then sprung her sister dear,  
Stood stately on the f+lure:

`Ye\'re welcum back, young Marjory,  
But ye\'re sune becum a hure.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.9

\N1 `I\'m not a hure, sister,' she said,  
`Nor ever intend to be;]

Ye\'re but a young woman, sister,  
An ye shuld speak sparinlie.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.10

\N1 Her father\'s to the grene-wude gaen,  
Her brither\'s to the brume;

An her mither sits in her gowden chair,  
To see her dochter burn.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 65F.11

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

The sister she culd do naething,  
And she sat down to greet.

\SBALLADS Child 65F.12

\N1 `Oh whare will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose an shoon,  
That wull rin to Strawberry Castle for me,  
And bid my true-love come?'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.13

\N1 It\'s out than spak a bonny boy,  
That stude richt at her knee:  
'It\'s I wull rin your errand, ladie,  
Wi the saut tear i my ee.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.14

\N1 It\'s whan he cam to broken brigg,  
He bent his bow an swam,  
An whan he cam whare green grass grew,  
Set doon his feet an ran.

\SBALLADS Child 65F.15

\N1 An whan he cam to Strawberry Castle,  
He thirled at the pin,  
An aye sae ready as the porter was  
To rise and let him in.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 65F.16

\N1 'Gae saddle to me the black,' he says,  
'Gae saddle to me the broun;  
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That eer set fute on grun.'

\SBALLADS Child 65F.17

\N1 It\'s f+irst he burst the bonny black,  
An syne the bonny broun,  
But the dapple-gray rade still away,  
Till he cam to the toun.

\SBALLADS Child 65F.18

\N1 An aye he rade, an aye he rade,  
An aye away he f+lew,  
Till the siller buttons f+lew off his coat;  
He took out his horn an blew.

\SBALLADS Child 65F.19

\N1 An aye he blew, an aye he blew,  
He blew baith loud an shrill,  
An the little life that Marjory had,  
She heard his horn blaw weel.

\SBALLADS Child 65F.20

\N1 'Beik on, beik on, cruel mither,' she said,  
'For I value you not a straw;  
For if ever I heard my love in my life,  
He\'s comin here awa.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 65F.21

\N1 When he cam unto the f+lames  
He jump in, butes and a\';  
He thocht to hae kissd her red rosy lips,  
But her body broke in twa.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 65F.22

\N1 I\'ll burn for thy sake, Marjory,  
The toun that thou lies in;  
An I\'ll mak the baby fatherless,  
For I\'ll throw mysel therein.

\LBALLADS Child 65G.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 'MY father was the f+irst good man  
Who tied me to a stake;  
My mother was the f+irst good woman  
Who did the f+ire make.

\SBALLADS Child 65G.2

\N1 `My brother was the next good man  
Who did the f+ire fetch;  
My sister was the next good woman  
Who lighted it with a match.  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.3  
\N1 `They blew the f+ire, they kindled the f+ire,  
Till it did reach my knee:  
"[O mother, mother, quench the f+ire!  
The smoke will smother me.]"  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.4  
\N1 `O had I but my little foot-page,  
My errand he would run;  
He would run unto gay London,  
And bid my lord come home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.5  
\N1 Then there stood by her sister\'s child,  
Her own dear sister\'s son:  
`O many an errand I\'ve run for thee,  
And but this one I\'ll run.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.6  
\N1 He ran, where the bridge was broken down  
He bent his bow and swam;  
He swam till he came to the good green turf,  
He up on his feet and ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.7  
\N1 He ran till he came at his uncle\'s hall;  
His uncle sat at his meat:  
`Good mete, good mete, good uncle, I pray,  
O if you knew what I\'d got to say,  
How little would you eat!'  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.8  
\N1 `O is my castle broken down,  
Or is my tower won?  
Or is my gay lady brought o bed,  
Of a daughter or a son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.9  
\N1 `Your castle is not broken down,  
Your tower it is not won;  
Your gay lady is not brought to bed,  
Of a daughter or a son.  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.10  
\N1 `But she has sent you a gay gold ring,  
With a posy round the rim,  
To know, if you have any love for her,  
You\'ll come to her burning.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.11  
\N1 He called down his merry men all,  
By one, by two, by three;  
He mounted on his milk-white steed,  
To go to Margery.  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.12  
\N1 They blew the f+ire, they kindled the f+ire,  
Till it did reach her head:  
`O mother, mother, quench the f+ire!  
For I am nearly dead.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65G.13  
\N1 She turned her head on her left shoulder,  
Saw her girdle hang on the tree:  
`O God bless them that gave me that!  
They\'ll never give more to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 65G.14

\N1 She turned her head on her right shoulder,  
Saw her lord come riding home:  
'O quench the f+ire, my dear mother!  
For I am nearly gone.'

\SBALLADS Child 65G.15

\N1 He mounted off his milk-white steed,  
And into the f+ire he ran,  
Thinking to save his gay ladye,  
But he had staid too long.

\LBALLADS Child 65H.1

\N1 THERE stands a stane in wan water,  
It\'s lang ere it grew green;  
Lady Maisry sits in her bower door,  
Sewing at her silken seam.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.2

\N1 Word\'s gane to her mother\'s kitchen,  
And to her father\'s ha,  
That Lady Maisry is big wi bairn+-  
And her true-love\'s far awa.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.3

\N1 When her brother got word of this,  
Then f+iercely looked he:  
'Betide me life, betide me death,  
At Maisry\'s bower I\'se be.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.4

\N1 'Gae saddle to me the black, the black,  
Gae saddle to me the brown;  
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,  
To hae me to the town.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.5

\N1 When he came to Maisry\'s bower,  
He turnd him round about,  
And at a little shott-window,  
He saw her peeping out.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.6

\N1 'Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,  
God make you safe and free!'  
'Gude morrow, gude morrow, my brother dear,  
What are your wills wi me?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.7

\N1 'What\'s come o a\' your green claithing,  
Was ance for you too side?  
And what\'s become o your lang stays,  
Was ance for you too wide?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.8

\N1 'O he that made my claithing short,  
I hope he\'ll make them side;  
And he that made my stays narrow,  
I hope he\'ll make them wide.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.9

\N1 'O is it to a lord o might,  
Or baron o high degree?  
Or is it to any o your father\'s boys,  
Rides in the chase him wi?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.10

\N1 'It\'s no to any Scottish lord,  
Nor baron o high degree;  
But English James, that little prince,  
That has beguiled me.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.11

\N1 `O was there not a Scots baron  
That could hae f+itted thee,  
That thus you\'ve lovd an Englishman,  
And has affronted me?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.12

\N1 She turnd her right and round about,  
The tear blinded her ee:  
'What is the wrang I\'ve done, brother,  
Ye look sae f+ierce at me?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.13

\N1 `Will ye forsake that English blude,  
When your young babe is born?'  
'I\'ll nae do that, my brother dear,  
Tho I shoud be forlorn.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.14

\N1 `I\'se cause a man put up the f+ire,  
Anither ca in the stake,  
And on the head o yon high hill  
I\'ll burn you for his sake.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.15

\N1 `O where are all my wall-wight men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
For to hew down baith thistle and thorn,  
To burn that lady wi?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.16

\N1 Then he has taen her, Lady Maisry,  
And fast he has her bound;  
And he causd the f+iercest o his men  
Drag her frae town to town.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.17

\N1 Then he has causd ane of his men  
Hew down baith thistle and thorn;  
She carried the peats in her petticoat-lap,  
Her ainsell for to burn.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.18

\N1 Then ane pat up this big bauld f+ire,  
Anither ca\'d in the stake;  
It was to burn her Lady Maisry,  
All for her true-love\'s sake.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.19

\N1 But it fell ance upon a day,  
Prince James he thought full lang;  
He minded on the lady gay  
He left in fair Scotland.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.20

\N1 `O where will I get a little wee boy,  
Will win gowd to his fee,  
That will rin on to Adam\'s high tower,  
Bring tidings back to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.21

\N1 `O here am I, a little wee boy,  
Will win gowd to my fee,  
That will rin on to Adam\'s high tower,  
Bring tidings back to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.22

\N1 Then he is on to Adam\'s high tower,  
As fast as gang coud he,  
And he but only wan in time  
The fatal sight to see.



\SBALLADS Child 65H.23

\N1 He sat his bent bow to his breast,  
And ran right speedilie,  
And he is back to his master,  
As fast as gang coud he.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.24

\N1 `What news, what news, my little wee boy?  
What news hae ye to me?'  
`Bad news, bad news, my master dear,  
Bad news, as ye will see.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.25

\N1 `Are ony o my biggins brunt, my boy?  
Or ony o my towers won?  
Or is my lady lighter yet,  
O dear daughter or son?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.26

\N1 `There\'s nane o your biggins brunt, master,  
Nor nane o your towers won,  
Nor is your lady lighter yet,  
O dear daughter nor son.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.27

\N1 `There\'s an has been [put up] a big bauld f+ire,  
Anither ca\'d in the stake,  
And on the head o yon high hill,  
They\'re to burn her for your sake.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.28

\N1 `Gae saddle to me the black, the black,  
Gae saddle to me the brown;  
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,  
To hae me to the town.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.29

\N1 Ere he was three miles near the town,  
She heard his horse-foot patt:  
`Mend up the f+ire, my fause brother,  
It scarce comes to my pap.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.30

\N1 Ere he was twa miles near the town,  
She heard his bridle ring:  
`Mend up the f+ire, my fause brother,  
It scarce comes to my chin.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.31

\N1 `But look about, my fause brother,  
Ye see not what I see;  
I see them coming here, orlang  
Will mend the f+ire for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.32

\N1 Then up it comes him little Prince James,  
And f+iercely looked he:  
`I\'se make my love\'s words very true  
She said concerning me.

\SBALLADS Child 65H.33

\N1 `O wha has been sae bauld,' he said,  
`As put this bonf+ire on?  
And wha has been sae bauld,' he said,  
`As put that lady in?'

\SBALLADS Child 65H.34

\N1 Then out it spake her brother then,  
He spoke right furiouslie;  
Says, I\'m the man that put her in:  
Wha dare hinder me?

\SBALLADS Child 65H.35  
\N1 `If my hands had been loose,' she said,  
`As they are fastly bound,  
I woud hae looted me to the ground,  
Gien you up your bonny young son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65H.36  
\N1 `I will burn, for my love\'s sake,  
Her father and her mother;  
And I will burn, for my love\'s sake,  
Her sister and her brother.  
\SBALLADS Child 65H.37  
\N1 `And I will burn, for my love\'s sake,  
The whole o a\' her kin;  
And I will burn, for my love\'s sake,  
Thro Linkum and thro Lin.  
\SBALLADS Child 65H.38  
\N1 `And mony a bed will I make toom,  
And bower will I make thin;  
And mony a babe shall thole the f+ire,  
For I may enter in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65H.39  
\N1 Great meen was made for Lady Maisry,  
On that hill whare she was slain;  
But mair was for her ain true-love,  
On the f+ields for he ran brain.  
\LBALLADS Child 65I.1  
\N1 THERE lived a lady in Scotland,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.1r  
\N1 Hey my love and ho my joy  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.1  
\N2 There lived a lady in Scotland,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.1r  
\N2 Who dearly loved me  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.1  
\N3 There lived a lady in Scotland,  
An she\'s fa\'n in love wi an Englishman,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.1r  
\N3 And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt in Dundee  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.2  
\N1 The father unto the daughter came,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.2r  
\N1 Who dearly loved me  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.2  
\N2 Saying, Will you forsake that Englishman?  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.3  
\N1 `If you will not that Englishman forsake,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.3r  
\N1 Who dearly loved me  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.3  
\N2 O I will burn you at a stake.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.4  
\N1 `I will not that Englishman forsake,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.4r  
\N1 Who dearly loved me  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.4  
\N2 Tho you should burn me at a stake.  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.5  
\N1 `O where will I get a pretty little boy,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.5r  
\N1 Who dearly loves me

\SBALLADS Child 65I.5  
\N2 Who will carry tidings to my joy?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.6  
\N1 `Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.6r  
\N1 Who dearly loves thee  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.6  
\N2 Who will carry tidings to thy joy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.7  
\N1 `Give to him this right-hand glove,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.7r  
\N1 Who dearly loves me  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.7  
\N2 Tell him to get another love.  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.7r  
\N2 For, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.8  
\N1 `Give to him this little penknife,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.8r  
\N1 Who dearly loves me  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.8  
\N2 Tell him to get another wife.  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.8r  
\N2 For, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.9  
\N1 `Give to him this gay gold ring;  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.9r  
\N1 Who dearly loves me  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.9  
\N2 Tell him I\'m going to my burning.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.9r  
\N2 An, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.10  
\N1 The brother did the stake make,  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.10r  
\N1 Who dearly loved me  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.10  
\N2 The father did the f+ire set.  
\SBALLADS Child 65I.10r  
\N2 An bonnie Susie Cleland was burnt in Dundee.  
\LBALLADS Child 65[J.1]  
\N1 Lady Margery was the king\'s ae daughter,  
But an the prince\'s heir; O  
She\'s away to Strawberry Castle,  
To learn some English lair. O  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.2]  
\N1 She had not been in Strawberry Castle  
A twelvemonth and a day  
Till she\'s even as big wi child  
As ever a lady could gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.3]  
\N1 Her father\'s to the cutting o the birks,  
Her mother to the broom,  
And a\' for to get a bundle o sticks  
To burn that fair lady in.  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.4]  
\N1 `O hold your hand now, father dear,  
O hold a little while,  
For if my true-love be yet alive  
I\'ll hear his bridle ring.

\SBALLADS Child 65[J.5]  
\N1 `Where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hoes and shoon,  
That will run to Strawberry Castle  
And tell my love to come?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.6]  
\N1 She\'s called on her waiting-maid  
To bring out bread and wine:  
`Now eat and drink, my bonny boy,  
Ye\'ll neer eat mair o mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.7]  
\N1 Away that bonny boy he\'s gaen,  
As fast as he could rin;  
When he cam where grass grew green  
Set down his feet and ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.8]  
\N1 And when he cam where brigs were broken  
He bent his bow and swam;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.9]  
\N1 When he came to Strawberry Castle,  
He lighted on the green;  
Who was so ready as the noble lord  
To rise and let the boy in!  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.10]  
\N1 `What news? what new, my pretty page?  
What tydings do ye bring?  
Is my lady lighter yet  
Of a daughter or a son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.11]  
\N1 `Bad news, bad news, my noble lord,  
Bad tydings have I brung;  
The fairest lady in a\' Scotland  
This day for you does burn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.12]  
\N1 He has mounted a stately steed  
And he was bound to ride;  
The silver buttons flew off his coat  
And his nose began to bleed.  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.13]  
\N1 The second steed that lord mounted  
Stumbled at a stone;  
`Alas! alas!' he cried with grief,  
`My lady will be gone.'  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.14]  
\N1 When he came from Strawberry Castle  
He lighted boots and a\';  
He thought to have gotten a kiss from her,  
But her body fell in twa.  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.15]  
\N1 For the sake o Lady Margery  
He\'s cursed her father and mother,  
For the sake o Lady Margery  
He\'s cursed her sister and brother.  
\SBALLADS Child 65[J.16]  
\N1 And for the sake o Lady Margery  
He\'s cursed all her kin;  
He cried, Scotland is the ae warst place  
That ever my f+it was in!

\LBALLADS Child 65[K.1]

\N1 Marjorie was fer father\'s dear,  
Her mother\'s only heir,  
An she\'s away to Strawberry Castle,  
To learn some unco lear.

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.2]

\N1 She had na been i Strawberry Castle  
A year but barely three  
Till Marjorie turnd big wi child,  
As big as big could be.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.3]

\N1 `Will ye hae that old, old man  
To be yer daily mate,  
Or will ye burn in f+ire strong  
For your true lover\'s sake?'

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.4]

\N1 `I winna marry that old, old man  
To be my daily mate;  
I\'ll rather burn i f+ire strong  
For my true lover\'s sake.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.5]

\N1 `O where will I get a bonnie boy  
That will win hose an shoon  
An will gae rin to Strawberry Castle,  
To gar my good lord come soon?'

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.6]

\N1 `Here am I, a bonnie boy  
That will win hose an shoon,  
An I\'ll gae rin to Strawberry Castle,  
And gar your lord come soon.'

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.7]

\N1 `Should ye come to a brocken brig,  
Than bend your bow an swim;  
An whan ye com to garse growin  
Set down yer feet an rin.'

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.8]

\N1 When eer he came to brigs broken,  
He bent his bow an swam,  
And whan he cam to grass growin  
He set down his feet an ran.

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.7]

\N1 When eer he cam to Strawberry Castle  
He tirlt at the pin;  
There was nane sae ready as that young lord  
To open an let him in.

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.8]

\N1 `Is there ony o my brigs broken?  
Or ony o my castle win?  
Or is my lady brought to bed  
Of a daughter or a son?'

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.9]

\N1 `There\'s nane o a\' yer brigs broken,  
Ther\'s nane of your castles win;  
But the fairest lady in a\' your land  
This day for you will burn.'

\SBALLADS Child 65[K.10]

\N1 `Gar saddle me the black, black horse,  
Gar saddle me the brown,

Gar saddle me the swiftest stead  
 That eer carried man to town.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 65[K.11]  
 \N1 He\'s burstit the black unto the slack,  
 The grey unto the brae,  
 An ay the page that ran afore  
 Cried, Ride, sir, an ye may.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65[K.12]  
 \N1 Her father kindlet the bale-f+ire,  
 Her brother set the stake,  
 Her mother sat an saw her burn,  
 An never cired Alack!  
 \SBALLADS Child 65[K.13]  
 \N1 `Beet on, beet [on], my cruel father,  
 For you I cound nae friend;  
 But for f+fifteen well mete mile  
 I\'ll hear my love\'s bridle ring.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 65[K.14]  
 \N1 When he cam to the bonnie Dundee,  
 He lightit wi a glent;  
 Wi jet-black boots an glittrin spurs  
 Through that bale-f+ire he went.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65[K.15]  
 \N1 He thought his love wad hae datit him,  
 But she was dead an gane;  
 He was na sae wae for the lady  
 As he was for her yong son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65[K.16]  
 \N1 `But I\'ll gar burn for you, Marjorie,  
 Yer father an yer mother,  
 An I\'ll gar burn for you, Marjorie,  
 Your sister an your brother.  
 \SBALLADS Child 65[K.17]  
 \N1 `An I will burn for you, Marjorie,  
 The town that ye\'r brunt in,  
 An monie ane\'s be fatherless  
 That has but little sin.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 66A.1  
 \N1 LORD INGRAM and Chiel Wyet  
 Was baith born in one bower;  
 Laid baith their hearts on one lady,  
 The less was their honour.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66A.2  
 \N1 Chiel Wyet and Lord Ingram  
 Was baith born in one hall;  
 Laid baith their hearts on one lady,  
 The worse did them befall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66A.3  
 \N1 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
 From father and from mother;  
 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
 From sister and from brother.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66A.4  
 \N1 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
 With leave of a\' her kin;  
 And every one gave full consent,  
 But she said no to him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66A.5  
 \N1 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Maisery  
 Into her father\'s ha;

Chiel Wyet wood her Lady Maisery  
Amang the sheets so sma.

\SBALLADS Child 66A.6

\N1 Now it fell out upon a day,  
She was dressing her head,  
That ben did come her father dear,  
Wearing the gold so red.

\SBALLADS Child 66A.7

\N1 He said, Get up now, Lady Maisery,  
Put on your wedding gown;  
For Lord Ingram he will be here,  
Your wedding must be done.

\SBALLADS Child 66A.8

\N1 `I\'d rather be Chiel Wyet\'s wife,  
The white f+ish for to sell,  
Before I were Lord Ingram\'s wife,  
To wear the silk so well.

\SBALLADS Child 66A.9

\N1 `I\'d rather be Chiel Wyet\'s wife,  
With him to beg my bread,  
Before I were Lord Ingram\'s wife,  
To wear the gold so red.

\SBALLADS Child 66A.10

\N1 `Where will I get a bonny boy,  
Will win gold to his fee,  
And will run unto Chiel Wyet\'s,  
With this letter from me?'

\SBALLADS Child 66A.11

\N1 `O here I am, the boy,' says one,  
`Will win gold to my fee,  
And carry away any letter  
To Chiel Wyet from thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 66A.12

\N1 And when he found the bridges broke,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And when he found the grass growing,  
He hastened and he ran.

\SBALLADS Child 66A.13

\N1 And when he came to Chiel Wyet\'s castle,  
He did not knock nor call,  
But set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly leaped the wall;  
And ere the porter opend the gate,  
The boy was in the hall.

\SBALLADS Child 66A.14

\N1 The f+irst line he looked on,  
A grieved man was he;  
The next line he looked on,  
A tear blinded his ee:  
Says, I wonder what ails my one brother  
He\'ll not let my love be!

\SBALLADS Child 66A.15

\N1 `But I\'ll send to my brother\'s bridal--  
The bacon shall be mine--  
Full four and twenty buck and roe,  
And ten tun of the wine;  
And bid my love be blythe and glad,  
And I will follow syne.'

\SBALLADS Child 66A.16

\N1 There was not a groom about that castle

But got a gown of green,  
And all was blythe, and all was glad,  
But Lady Maisery she was neen.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.17  
\N1 There was no cook about that kitchen  
But got a gown of gray,  
And all was blythe, and all was glad,  
But Lady Maisery was wae.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.18  
\N1 Between Mary Kirk and that castle  
Was all spread ower with garl,  
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens  
From tramping on the marl.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.19  
\N1 From Mary Kirk and that castle  
Was spread a cloth of gold,  
To keep Lady Maisery and her maidens  
From treading on the mold.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.20  
\N1 When mass was sung, and bells was rung,  
And all men bound for bed,  
Then Lord Ingram and Lady Maisery  
In one bed they were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.21  
\N1 When they were laid into their bed--  
It was baith soft and warm--  
He laid his hand over her side,  
Says, I think you are with bairn.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.22  
\N1 `I told you once, so did I twice,  
When ye came me to woo,  
That Chiel Wyet, your one brother,  
One night lay in my bower.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.23  
\N1 `I told you twice, I told you thrice,  
Ere ye came me to wed,  
That Chiel Wyet, your one brother,  
One night lay in my bed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.24  
\N1 `O will you father your bairn on me,  
And on no other man?  
And I'll give him to his dowry  
Full fifty ploughs of land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.25  
\N1 `I will not father my bairn on you,  
Nor on no wrongeous man,  
Though ye would give him to his dowry  
Five thousand ploughs of land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.26  
\N1 Then up did start him Chiel Wyet,  
Shed by his yellow hair,  
And gave Lord Ingram to the heart  
A deep wound and a sair.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.27  
\N1 Then up did start him Lord Ingram,  
Shed by his yellow hair,  
And gave Chiel Wyet to the heart  
A deep wound and a sair.  
\SBALLADS Child 66A.28  
\N1 There was no pity for that two lords,



Where they were lying slain;  
 But all was for her Lady Maisery,  
 In that bower she gaed brain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66A.29  
 \N1 There was no pity for that two lords,  
 When they were lying dead;  
 But all was for her Lady Maisery,  
 In that bower she went mad.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66A.30  
 \N1 Said, Get to me a cloak of cloth,  
 A staff of good hard tree;  
 If I have been an evil woman,  
 I shall beg till I dee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66A.31  
 \N1 `For a bit I\'ll beg for Chiel Wyet,  
 For Lord Ingram I\'ll beg three;  
 All for the good and honorable marriage  
 At Mary Kirk he gave me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 66B.1  
 \N1 LORD INGRAM and Gil Vielt  
 Were baith born in ae ha;  
 They laid their love on ae lady,  
 An fate they coud na fa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.2  
 \N1 Lord Ingram and Gil Vielt  
 Were baith laid in ae wame;  
 They laid their love on ae lady,  
 The greater was their shame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.3  
 \N1 Lord Ingram wood her Lady Masery  
 Frae father and frae mither;  
 Gill Vielt wood her Lady Masery  
 Frae sister and frae brither.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.4  
 \N1 Lord Ingram courted her Lady Masery  
 Among the company a\';  
 Gill Vielt he wood her Lady Masery  
 Among the sheets so sma.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.5  
 \N1 `Get up, my daughter dear,  
 Put on your bridal gown;  
 This day\'s your bridal day  
 Wi Lord Ingram.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.6  
 \N1 `How can I get up,  
 An put on my bridal gown,  
 Or how marry the ae brither,  
 An the tither\'s babe in my womb?'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.7  
 \N1 `O laugh you at mysell, brither,  
 Or at my companie?  
 Or laugh ye at my bonnie bride,  
 She wad na laugh at thee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.8  
 \N1 `I laugh na at yoursel, brither,  
 Nor at your companie;  
 Nor laugh I at your buirlie bride,  
 She wad na laugh at me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.9

\N1 `But there\'s a brotch on a breast-bane,  
 A garlan on ane\'s hair;  
 Gin ye kend what war under that,  
 Ye wad neer love woman mair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.10  
 \N1 `There is a brotch on a breast-bane,  
 An roses on ane\'s sheen;  
 Gin ye kend what war under that,  
 Your love wad soon be deen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.11  
 \N1 Whan bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a\' man boun to bed,  
 Lord Ingram and Lady Masery  
 In ae chammer were laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.12  
 \N1 He put his hand out oure his bonnie bride,  
 The babe between her sides did quake:  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.13  
 \N1 `O father your babe on me, Lady Masery,  
 O father your babe on me.'  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.14  
 \N1 `I may father my babe on a stock,  
 Sae may I on a stane,  
 But my babe shall never hae  
 A father but its ain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.15  
 \N1 He took out a brand,  
 And laid it atween them twa;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.16  
 \N1 Gill Vielt took out a long brand,  
 And stroakd it oer a stro,  
 An thro and thro Lord Ingram\'s bodie  
 He made it come and go.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.17  
 \N1 `Wae mat worth ye, Gill Vielt,  
 An ill died mat ye die!  
 For I had the cup in my hand  
 To hae drunken her oer to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.18  
 \N1 `[For] ae mile [I wad gae] for Gil Vielt,  
 For Lord Ingram I wad hae gaen three;  
 An a\' for that in good kirk-door  
 Fair wedding he gave me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.19  
 \N1 Gil Vielt took a long brand,  
 An stroakd it on a stro,  
 An through and thro his own bodie  
 He made it come and go.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.20  
 \N1 There was nae mean made for that godd lords,  
 In bowr whar they lay slain,  
 But a\' was for that lady,  
 In bowr whar she gaed brain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 66B.21

\N1 There was nae mean made for that lady,  
In bowr whar she lay dead,  
But a\' was for the bonnie babe  
That lay blabbering in her bleed.  
\LBALLADS Child 66C.1  
\N1 LADY MAISDRY was a lady fair,  
She maid her mither\'s bed;  
Auld Ingram was an aged knight,  
And hee sought her to wed.  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.2  
\N1 `\'Tis I forbid ye, Auld Ingram,  
For to seek me to spouse;  
For Lord Wayets, your sister\'s son,  
Has been into my bowrs.  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.3  
\N1 `\'Tis I forbid ye, Auld Ingram,  
For to seek me to wed;  
For Lord Wayets, your sister\'s son,  
Has been into my bed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.4  
\N1 `\'Tis he has bought to this lady  
The robes of the brown;  
'And ever alas,' says this lady,  
'The robs will pit mee down!'  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.5  
\N1 And he has bought to this lady  
The robs of the red;  
'And ever alas,' says this lady,  
'The robs will be my dead!'  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.6  
\N1 And he has bought to this lady  
The chrystal and the lammer,  
Sae has hee bought to her mither  
The curches of the cammer.  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.7  
\N1 Every ane o her se\'n brethren  
They had a hawk in hand,  
And every lady i the place  
They got a goud garland.  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.8  
\N1 Every cuk in that kitchen  
They gat a noble claith;  
A\' was blyth at Auld Ingram\'s cuming,  
But Lady Maisdrey was wraith.  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.9  
\N1 `Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
Wad fain wun hos and shoon,  
That wud rin on to my Wayets,  
And quickly cume again?'  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.10  
\N1 `Here am I, a bonny boy,  
Wad fain wun hoes and shoon,  
Wha wull rin on to your Wayets,  
And quickly cume again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.11  
\N1 `Ye\'l bid him, and ye\'l pray him baith,  
Gif ony prayer can dee,  
To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,  
My weary wadding to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66C.12

\N1 Lord Wayets lay our his castle wa,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And he beheld a bonny boy  
Cume rinnen to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 66C.13

\N1 `What news, what news, ye bonny boy?  
What news ye hae to mee?

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 66C.14

\N1 `O is my ladie\'s fauldis brunt?  
Or is her towrs wun?

Or is my Maisdrey lighter yet  
A dear dochter or sun?'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.15

\N1 `Your ladie\'s faulds they are not brunt,  
Nor yet are her towrs wun,  
Neither is Maisdrey lighter yet  
A dear dochter or sun.

\SBALLADS Child 66C.16

\N1 `But she bids ye and she prays ye baith,  
Gif ony prayer can dee,  
To Mary Kirk to cume the morn,  
Her weary wadding to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.17

\N1 He dung the boord up wi his f+it,  
Sae did he wi his tae;  
The silver cup that sat upon\'t  
I the f+ire he gard it f+lee:

`O what na a lord in a\' Scotland  
Dare marry my Maisdrey?'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.18

\N1 `O \'tis but a feeble thought  
To tell the tane and not the tither;  
O \'tis but a feeble thought  
To tell \'tis your mither\'s brither.'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.19

\N1 `\'Tis I wull send to that wadding,  
And I wul follow syne,  
The f+itches o the fallow deer  
An the gammons o the swine,  
An the nine hides o the noble cow;  
\'Twas slain in season time.

\SBALLADS Child 66C.20

\N1 `\'Tis I wul send to that wadding  
Ten ton of the red wyne;  
Much more I\'ll send to that wadding,  
An I wul follow syne.'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.21

\N1 When he came in unto the ha,  
Lady Maisdrey she did ween,  
And twenty times he kist her mou  
Before Auld Ingram\'s een.

\SBALLADS Child 66C.22

\N1 Nor to the kirk she wud ne gae,  
Nor til\'t she wudn ride,  
Till four and twunty men she gat her before,  
An twunty on ilka side,  
An four and twunty milk-white dows  
To f+lee aboon her head.

\SBALLADS Child 66C.23

\N1 A loud laughter gae Lord Wayets  
Mang the mids o his men:  
'Marry the lady wham they weel,  
A maiden she is nane.'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.24

\N1 `O laugh ye at my men, Wayets?  
Or di ye laugh at me?  
Or laugh ye at the beerly bride,  
That\'s gane to marry me?'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.25

\N1 `I laugh na at your men, uncle,  
Nor yet dive I at thee,  
Bit I laugh at my lands sae braid,  
Sae weel\'s I do them see.'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.26

\N1 Whan ene was cume, and ene-bells rung,  
An a\' man gane to bed,  
The bride bit and the silly bridegroom  
In chambers they were laid.

\SBALLADS Child 66C.27

\N1 Was na it a fell thing for to see,  
Twa heads lye on a coad,  
Lady Maisdrey like the moten goud,  
Auld Ingram like a toad?

\SBALLADS Child 66C.28

\N1 He turnd his face unto the stock,  
And sound he fell asleep;  
She turnd her fair face unto the wa,  
An sa\'t tears she did weep.

\SBALLADS Child 66C.29

\N1 It fell about the mark midnight,  
Auld Ingram began to turn him;  
He pat his hands on\'s lady\'s sides,  
An waly, sair was she murnin.

\SBALLADS Child 66C.30

\N1 `What aileth thee, my lady dear?  
Ever alas and wae\'s me,  
There is a baube betwixt thy sides!  
O sae sair\'s it grieves me.'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.31

\N1 `Didn I tell ye that, Auld Ingram,  
Or ye saught me to wed,  
That Lord Wayets, your sister\'s son,  
Had been into my bed?'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.32

\N1 `O father that bairn on me, Maisdrey,  
O father it on me,  
An ye sall hae a rigland shire  
Your mornin\'s gift to bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 66C.33

\N1 `O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,  
'That ever the like me befa,  
To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,  
Lord Wayets in my father\'s ha!

\SBALLADS Child 66C.34

\N1 `O sarbit,' says the Lady Maisdrey,  
'That ever the like me betide,  
To father my bairn on Auld Ingram,  
An Lord Wayets beside!'

\LBALLADS Child 66D.1

\N1 LORD INGRAM and Childe Viat  
Were both bred in one ha;  
They laid their luves on one ladye,  
And frae her they could na fa.

\SBALLADS Child 66D.2

\N1 Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisery,  
He courted her frae ha to bower;  
And even sae did Childe Viat,  
Amang the summer f+lowers.

\SBALLADS Child 66D.3

\N1 Lord Ingram courted Ladye Maisery,  
He courted her frae bower to ha;  
And even sae did Childe Viat,  
Among the sheets sae sma.

\SBALLADS Child 66D.4

\N1 Sir Ingram bought her Ladye Maisery  
The steed that paid him well;  
She wads he were ayont the sea,  
Gin she had her true love.

\SBALLADS Child 66D.5

\N1 Lord Ingram bought her Lady Maisery  
The knives hafted wi steel;  
She wads they were in his heart\'s bluid,  
Gin Childe Viat was weel.

\SBALLADS Child 66D.6

\N1 Lord Ingram bought her Lady Maisery  
The golden knobbed gloves;  
She wads they were ayone the sea,  
Gin she had her true love.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 66D.7

\N1 `There\'s two swords in one scabbard,  
They cost me many a pound;  
Take you the best, leave me the worst,  
We\'s f+ight till they be done.'

\SBALLADS Child 66D.8

\N1 The f+irsten stroke Lord Ingram gae,  
He wounded Childe Viat nigh;  
The nexten stroke Childe Viat gae,  
Lord Ingram\'s head did f+lie;  
And f+ifty feet oer a burken buss  
Lord Ingram\'s head did f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 66D.9

\N1 There was no mane made for these two lords,  
In bower where they lay slain;  
But all was for this fair ladie,  
In bower where she gaed brain.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 66D.10

\N1 `For one word I would gie for Childe Viat,  
For Lord Ingram I would gie three;  
And it\'s a\' for the brave wedding  
That he did to me gie.'

\LBALLADS Child 66E.1

\N1 LORD INGRAM and Childe vyet  
Were baith born in ae bower;  
They fell in love wi ae lady,  
Their honour was but poor.

\SBALLADS Child 66E.2

\N1 Lord Ingram and Childe Vyet  
Were baith bred in ae ha;  
They laid their love on Lady Maisry,  
The waur did them befa.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.3  
\N1 Lord Ingram gained Lady Maisry  
Frae father and frae mother;  
Lord Ingram gained Lady Maisry  
Frae sister and frae brother.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.4  
\N1 Lord Ingram gained Lady Maisry  
Frae a\' her kith and kin;  
Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisry  
But she said nay to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.5  
\N1 Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisry  
In the garden amo the f+lowers;  
Childe Vyet courted Lady Maisry  
Amo her ha\'s and bowers.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.6  
\N1 Lord Ingram sent to Lady Maisry  
A steed paced fu well;  
She wishes he were ower the sea,  
If Childe Vyet were well.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.7  
\N1 Lord Ingram courted Lady Maisry  
Frae her relations a\';  
Childe Vyet courted Lady Maisry  
Amo the sheets sae sma.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.8  
\N1 Lord Ingram bought to Lady Maisry  
The siller knapped gloves;  
She wishd his hands might swell in them,  
Had she her ain true love.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.9  
\N1 Lord Ingram bought to Lady Maisry  
The brands garnishd wi steel;  
She wishd the same might pierce his heart,  
Gin Childe Vyet were weell.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.10  
\N1 Child vyet bought to Lady Maisry  
The fancy ribbons sma;  
She had mair delight in her sma fancy  
Than o Lord Ingram, gowd and a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.11  
\N1 Lord Ingram\'s gane to her father,  
And thus he did complain:  
'O am I doomd to die for love,  
And nae be loved again?  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.12  
\N1 `I hae sent to you daughter  
The steed paced fu well;  
She wishes I were ower the sea,  
Gin Childe Vyet were well.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.13  
\N1 `I hae bought to your daughter  
The siller knapped gloves;  
She wishd my hands might swell in them,  
Had she her ain true love.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.14

\N1 `I hae bought to your daughter  
The brands garnishd wi steel;  
She wishd the same might pierce my heart,  
Gin Childe Vyet were weell.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.15  
\N1 `Childe Vyet bought to your daughter  
The fancy ribbons sma;  
She\'s mair delight in her sma fancy  
Nor o me, gowd and a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.16  
\N1 Her father turnd him round about,  
A solemn oath sware he,  
Saying, She shall be the bride this night,  
And you bridegroom shall be.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.17  
\N1 `O had your tongue, my father dear,  
Let a\' your passion be;  
The reason that I love this man,  
It is unknown to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.18  
\N1 Sweetly played the merry organs,  
Intill her mother\'s bower;  
But still and dum stood Lady Maisry,  
And let the tears down pour.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.19  
\N1 Sweetly played the harp sae f+ine,  
Intill her fathers ha;  
But still and dum stood Lady Maisry,  
And let tears down fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.20  
\N1 Tween Marykirk and her mother\'s bower,  
Was a\' clad ower wi gowd,  
For keeping o her snaw-white feet  
Frae treading o the mould.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.21  
\N1 Lord Ingram gaed in at ae church-door,  
Childe Vyet at another,  
And lightly leugh him Childe Vyet  
At Lord Ingram, his brother.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.22  
\N1 `O laugh ye at my men, brother?  
Or do ye laugh at me?  
Or laugh ye at young Lady Maisry,  
This night my bride\'s to be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.23  
\N1 `I laugh na at your men, brother,  
Nor do I laugh at thee;  
But I laugh at the knightless sport  
That I saw wi my ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.24  
\N1 `It is a ring on ae f+inger,  
A broach on ae breast-bane;  
And if ye kent what\'s under that,  
Your love woud soon be dane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.25  
\N1 Lord Ingram and his merry young men  
Out ower the plains are gane,  
And pensively walkd him Childe Vyet,  
Him single self alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.26



\N1 When they had eaten and well drunken,  
And a\' men bound for bed,  
Lord Ingram and Lady Maisry  
In ae chamber were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.27  
\N1 He laid his hand upon her breast,  
And thus pronounced he:  
'There is a bairn within your sides,  
Wha may the father be?  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.28  
\N1 'Wha ever be your bairn\'s father,  
Ye will father it on me;  
The fairest castle o Snowdown  
Your morning gift shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.29  
\N1 'Wha ever be my bairn\'s father,  
I\'ll neer father it on thee;  
For better love I my bairn\'s father  
'Nor ever I\'ll love thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.30  
\N1 Then he\'s taen out a trusty brand,  
Laid it between them tway;  
Says, Lye ye there, ye ill woman,  
A maid for me till day.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.31  
\N1 Next morning her father came,  
Well belted wi a brand;  
Then up it starts him Lord Ingram,  
He was an angry man.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.32  
\N1 'If your daughter had been a gude woman,  
As I thought she had been,  
Cauld iron shoud hae never lien  
The lang night us between.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.33  
\N1 'Ohon, alas! my daughter dear,  
What\'s this I hear o thee?  
I thought ye was a gude woman  
As in the north countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.34  
\N1 'O had your tongue, my father dear,  
Let a\' your sorrows be;  
I never liked Lord Ingram,  
Ye ken ye forced me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.35  
\N1 Then in it came him Childe Vyet,  
Well belted wi a brand;  
Then up it raise him Lord Ingram,  
He was an angry man.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.36  
\N1 'Win up, win up, now Lord Ingram,  
Rise up immediately,  
That you and I the quarrel try,  
Who gains the victory.  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.37  
\N1 'I hae twa brands in ae scabbard,  
That cost me mony pound;  
Take ye the best, gie me the warst,  
And I\'ll f+ight where I stand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 66E.38

\N1 Then up it starts him Childe Vyet,  
Shook back his yellow hair;  
The first an stroke Childe Vyet drew,  
He wounded Ingram sair.

\SBALLADS Child 66E.39

\N1 Then up it starts him Lord Ingram,  
Shed back his coal-black hair'  
The first an stroke Lord Ingram drew,  
Childe Vyet needed nae mair.

\SBALLADS Child 66E.40

\N1 Nae meen was made for these twa knights,  
Whan they were lying dead,  
But a' for her Lady Maisry,  
That gaes in mournfu weed.

\SBALLADS Child 66E.41

\N1 Says, 'If I hae been an ill woman,  
Alas and wae is me!  
And if I've been an ill woman,  
A gude woman I'll be!

\SBALLADS Child 66E.42

\N1 'Ye'll take frae me my silk attire,  
Bring me a palmer's weed,  
And thro the world, for their sakes,  
I'll gang and beg my bread.

\SBALLADS Child 66E.43

\N1 'If I gang a step for Childe Vyet,  
For Lord Ingram I'll gang three;  
All for the honour that he paid  
At Marykirk to me.

\SBALLADS Child 66E.44

\N1 'I'll gang a step for Childe Vyet,  
For Lord Ingram I'll gang three;  
It was into my mother's bower  
Childe Vyet wronged me.'

\LBALLADS Child 67A.1

\N1 GLASGERION was a kings owne sonne,  
And a harp'ier he was good;  
He harped in the kings chamber,  
Where cuppe and candle stoode,  
And soe did hee in the queens chamber,  
Till ladies waxed wood.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.2

\N1 And then bespake the king's daughter,  
And these words thus sayd shee:

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 67A.3

\N1 Saide, Strike on, strike on, Glasgerrion,  
Of thy striking doe not blinne;  
There's neuer a stroke comes ou' thin harpe  
But it glads my hart w' thin.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.4

\N1 'Faire might you fall, lady!' quoth hee;  
'Who taught you now to speake?  
I haue loued you, lady, seuen yeere;  
My hart I durst neere breake.'

\SBALLADS Child 67A.5

\N1 'But come to my bower, my Glasgerryon,  
When all men are att rest;  
As I am a ladie true of my promise,

Thou shalt bee a welcome guest.'

\SBALLADS Child 67A.6

\N1 But hom then came Glasgerryon,  
A glad man, Lord, was hee:  
`And come thou hither, Iacke, my boy,  
Come hither vnto mee.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.7

\N1 `For the k\iing\rs daughter of Normandye,  
Her loue is granted mee,  
And beffore the cocke haue crowen,  
Att her chamber must I bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 67A.8

\N1 `But come you hither m\iaste\rr,' q\iuo\rth hee,  
`Lay yo\iu\rr head downe on this stone;  
For I will waken you, m\iaste\rr deere,  
Afore it be time to gone.'

\SBALLADS Child 67A.9

\N1 But vpp then rose \itha\rt lither ladd,  
And did on hose and shoone;  
A coller he cast vpon his necke,  
Hee seemed a gentleman.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.10

\N1 And when he came to \itha\rt ladies chamber,  
He thrild vpon a pinn;  
The lady was true of her p\iro\rmise,  
Rose vp and lett him in.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.11

\N1 He did not take the lady gay  
To boulster nor to bedd,  
But down vpon her chamber-f+lore  
Full soone he hath her layd.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.12

\N1 He did not kisse \itha\rt lady gay  
When he came nor when he youd;  
And sore mistrusted that lady gay  
He was of some churle+:s blood.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.13

\N1 But home then came \itha\rt lither ladd,  
And did of his hose and shoone,  
And cast \itha\rt coller from about his necke;  
He was but a churle+:s sonne:  
`Awaken,' quoth hee, 'My m\iaste\rr deere,  
I hold it time to be gone.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.14

\N1 `For I haue sadled yo\iu\rr horsse, m\iaste\rr,  
Well bridled I haue yo\iu\rr steed;  
Haue not I serued a good breakfast,  
When time comes I haue need.'

\SBALLADS Child 67A.15

\N1 But vp then rose good Glasgerryon,  
And did on both hose and shoone,  
And cast a coller about his necke;  
He was a k\iing\r\es sonne.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.16

\N1 And when he came to \itha\rt l\iadies\r chamber,  
He thrild vpon a pinn;  
The la\idy\r was more then true of p\iro\rmise,  
Rose vp and let him in.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.17

\N1 Saies, Whether haue you left w\ii\rth me

Yo\iu\rr braclett or yo\iu\rr gloue?  
Or are you returned backe againe  
To know more of my loue?'

\SBALLADS Child 67A.18

\N1 Glasgerryon swore a full great othe,  
By oake and ashe and thorne,  
'Lady, I was neuer in yo\iu\rr chamber  
Sith the time that I was borne.'

\SBALLADS Child 67A.19

\N1 'O then it was yo\iu\rr litle foote-page  
Falsly hath beguiled me:  
And then shee pulld forth a litle pen-kniffe,  
\iTha\rt hanged by her knee,  
Says, There shall neuer noe churle+:s blood  
Spring w\ii\rthin my body.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.20

\N1 But home then went Glasgerryon,  
A woe man, good [Lord], was hee;  
Sayes, Come hither, thou Iacke, my boy,  
Come thou hither to me.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.21

\N1 Ffor if I had killed a man to-night,  
Iacke, I wold tell it thee;  
But if I haue not killed a man to-night,  
Iacke, thou hast killed three!

\SBALLADS Child 67A.22

\N1 And he puld out his bright browne sword,  
And dryed it on his sleeue,  
And he smote off that lither ladds head,  
And asked noe man noe leaue.

\SBALLADS Child 67A.23

\N1 He sett the swords poynt till his brest,  
The pumill till a stone;  
Thorrow \itha\rt falsenese of \itha\rt lither ladd  
These three liues werne all gone.

\LBALLADS Child 67B.1

\N1 GLENKINDIE was ance a harper gude,  
He harped to the king;  
And Glenkindie was ance the best harper  
That ever harpd on a string.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.2

\N1 He\'d harpit a f+ish out o saut water,  
Or water out o a stane,  
Or milk out o a maiden\'s breast,  
That bairn had never nane.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.3

\N1 He\'s taen his harp intil his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
And ay as he harpit to the king,  
To haud him unthought lang.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.4

\N1 'I\'ll gie you a robe, Glenkindie,  
A robe o the royal pa,  
Gin ye will harp i the winter\'s night  
Afore my nobles a\.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 67B.5

\N1 He\'s taen his harp intill his hand,  
He\'s harpit them a\' asleep,  
Except it was the young countess,

That love did waukin keep.  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.6  
\N1 And f+irst he has harpit a grave tune,  
And syne he has harpit a gay,  
And mony a sich atween hands  
I wat the lady gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.7  
\N1 Says, Whan day is dawen, and cocks hae crawen,  
And wappit their wings sae wide,  
It\'s ye may come to my bower-door,  
And streek you by my side.  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.8  
\N1 But look that ye tell na Gib, your man,  
For naething that ye dee;  
For, an ye tell him Gib, your man,  
He\'ll beguile baith you and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.9  
\N1 He\'s taen his harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
And he is hame to Gib, his man,  
As fast as he could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.10  
\N1 `O mith I tell you, Gib, my man,  
Gin I a man had slain?'  
`O that ye micht, my gude master,  
Altho ye had slain ten.'  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.11  
\N1 `Then tak ye tent now, Gib, my man,  
My bidden for to dee;  
And but an ye wauken me in time,  
Ye sall be hangit hie.  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.12  
\N1 `Whan day has dawen, and cocks hae crawen,  
And wappit their wings sae wide,  
I\'m bidden gang till yon lady\'s bower,  
And streek me by her side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.13  
\N1 `Gae hame to your bed, my good master;  
Ye\'ve waukit, I fear, oer lang;  
For I\'ll wauken you in as good time  
As ony cock i the land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.14  
\N1 He\'s taen his harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
Until he harpit his master asleep,  
Syne fast awa did gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.15  
\N1 And he is till that lady\'s bower,  
As fast as he could rin;  
When he cam till that lady\'s bower,  
He chappit at the chin.  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.16  
\N1 `O wha is this,' says that lady,  
`That opens nae and comes in?'  
`It\'s I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,  
O open and lat me in!'  
\SBALLADS Child 67B.17  
\N1 She kent he was nae gentle knight  
That she had latten in,  
For neither when he gaed nor cam,

Kist he her cheek or chin.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.18

\N1 He neither kist her when he cam,  
Nor clappit her when he gaed,  
And in and at her bower window,  
The moon shone like the gleed.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.19

\N1 `O ragged is your hose, Glenkindie,  
And riven is your sheen,  
And reaveld is your yellow hair,  
That I saw late yestreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 67B.20

\N1 `The stockings they are Gib, my man`s,  
They came f+irst to my hand,  
And this is Gib, my man`s shoon,  
At my bed-feet they stand;  
I`ve reavelld a` my yellow hair  
Coming against the wind.'

\SBALLADS Child 67B.21

\N1 He`s taen the harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
Until he cam to his master,  
As fast as he could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.22

\N1 `Won up, won up, my good master,  
I fear ye sleep oer lang;  
There`s nae a cock in a` the land  
But was wappit his wings and crawn.'

\SBALLADS Child 67B.23

\N1 Glenkindie`s tane his harp in hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
And he has reachd the lady`s bower  
Afore that eer he blan.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.24

\N1 When he cam to the lady`s bower,  
He chappit at the chin:  
`O wha is that at my bower-door,  
That opens na and comes in?'  
`It`s I, Glenkindie, your ain true-love,  
And in I canna win.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 67B.25

\N1 `Forbid it, forbid it,' says that lady,  
`That ever sic shame betide,  
That I should f+irst be a wild loon`s lass,  
And than a young knight`s bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 67B.26

\N1 He`s taen his harp intill his hand,  
He harpit and he sang,  
And he is hame to Gib, his man,  
As fast as he could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.27

\N1 `Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,  
Till I pay you your fee;  
Come forth, come forth, now, Gib, my man,  
Weel payit sall ye be.'

\SBALLADS Child 67B.28

\N1 And he has taen him Gib, his man,  
And he has hangd him hie,  
And he`s hangit him oer his ain yate,

As high as high could be.

\SBALLADS Child 67B.29

\N1 There was nae pity for that lady,  
For she lay cald and dead,  
But a\' was for him, Glenkindie,  
In bower he must go mad.

\LBALLADS Child 67C.1

\N1 GLENKINNIE was as good a harper  
As ever harpet tone;  
He harpet f+ish out o the sea-f+llood,  
And water out of a dry loan,  
And milk out o the maiden\'s breast  
That bairn had never neen.

\SBALLADS Child 67C.2

\N1 He harpit i the king\'s palace,  
He harpit them a\' asleep,  
Unless it were Burd Bell alone,  
And she stud on her feet.

\SBALLADS Child 67C.3

\N1 `Ye will do ye home, Glenkinnie,  
And ye will take a sleep,  
And ye will come to my bower-door  
Before the cock\'s crowing.'

\SBALLADS Child 67C.4

\N1 He\'s taen out his milk-white steed,  
And fast away rode he,  
Till he came to his ain castle,  
Where gold glanced never so hie.

\SBALLADS Child 67C.5

\N1 `Might I tell ye, Jeck, my man,  
Gin I had slain a man?'  
`Deed might [ye], my good master,  
Altho ye had slain ten.'

\SBALLADS Child 67C.6

\N1 `I\'ve faun in love wi a gay ladie,  
She\'s daughter to the Queen,  
And I maun be at her bower-door  
Before the cock\'s crowing.'

\SBALLADS Child 67C.7

\N1 He\'s taen out his master\'s steed,  
And fast awa rode he,  
Until he cam to Burd Bell\'s door,  
Where gold glanced never so hie.

\SBALLADS Child 67C.8

\N1 When he came to Burd Bell\'s door,  
He tirlid at the pin,  
And up she rose, away she goes,  
To let Glenkinnie in.

\SBALLADS Child 67C.9

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

That I combed out yestreen.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 67C.10

\N1 She looked out at a shot-window,  
Atween her and the meen:  
`There is twa lovers beguiled the night,  
And I fear I am ane.

\SBALLADS Child 67C.11

\N1 `Ye shall na hae to say, Glenkindie,  
When you sit at the wine,  
That once you loved a queen\'s daughter,  
And she was your footman\'s quean.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 68A.1

\N1 O LADY, rock never your young son young  
One hour longer for me,  
For I have a sweetheart in Garlick\'s Wells  
I love thrice better than thee.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.2

\N1 `The very soles of my love\'s feet  
Is whiter then thy face:'  
`But nevertheless na, Young Hunting,  
Ye\'ll stay wi me all night.'

\SBALLADS Child 68A.3

\N1 She has birl'd in him Young Hunting  
The good ale and the beer,  
Till he was as fou drunken  
As any wild-wood steer.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.4

\N1 She has birl'd in him Young Hunting  
The good ale and the wine,  
Till he was as fou drunken  
As any wild-wood swine.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.5

\N1 Up she has tain him Young Hunting,  
And she has had him to her bed,

. . . . .

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 68A.6

\N1 And she has minded her on a little penknife,  
That hangs low down by her gare,  
And she has gin him Young Hunting  
A deep wound and a sare.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.7

\N1 Out an spake the bonny bird,  
That f+lew abon her head:  
`Lady, keep well thy green clothing  
Fra that good lord\'s blood.'

\SBALLADS Child 68A.8

\N1 `O better I\'ll keep my green clothing  
Fra that good lord\'s blood  
Nor thou can keep thy f+lattering tounge,  
That f+latters in thy head.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.9

\N1 `Light down, light down, my bonny bird,  
Light down upon my hand,

. . . . .

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 68A.10

\N1 `O siller, O siller shall be thy hire,  
An goud shall be thy fee,  
An every month into the year,  
Thy cage shall changed be.'

\SBALLADS Child 68A.11

\N1 `I winna light down, I shanna light down,  
I winna light on thy hand;  
For soon, soon wad ye do to me  
As ye done to Young Hunting.'



\SBALLADS Child 68A.12  
\N1 She has booted an spird him Young Hunting  
As he had been gan to ride,  
A hunting-horn about his neck,  
An the sharp sourd by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.13  
\N1 And she has had him to yon wan water,  
For a\' man calls it Clyde,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 68A.14  
\N1 The deepest pot intill it all  
She has puten Young Hunting in;  
A green truff upon his breast,  
To hold that good lord down.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.15  
\N1 It fell once upon a day  
The king was going to ride,  
And he sent for him Young Hunting,  
To ride on his right side.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.16  
\N1 She has turnd her right and round about,  
She sware now by the corn,  
'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,  
Sen yesterday at morn.'

\SBALLADS Child 68A.17  
\N1 She has turnd her right and round about,  
She swear now by the moon,  
'I saw na thy son, Young Hunting,  
Sen yesterday at noon.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.18  
\N1 'It fears me sair in Clyde Water  
That he is drownd therein.'  
O thay ha sent for the king\'s duckers,  
To duck for Young Hunting.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.19  
\N1 They ducked in at the tae water-bank,  
Thay ducked out at the tither:  
'We\'ll duck no more for Young Hunting,  
All tho he wear our brother.'

\SBALLADS Child 68A.20  
\N1 Out an spake the bonny bird,  
That f+lew abon their heads,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 68A.21  
\N1 'O he\'s na drownd in Clyde Water,  
He is slain and put therein;  
The lady that lives in yon castil  
Slew him and put him in.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.22  
\N1 'Leave aff your ducking on the day,  
And duck upon the night;  
Whear ever that sakeless knight lys slain,  
The candels will shine bright.'

\SBALLADS Child 68A.23  
\N1 Thay left off their ducking o the day,  
And ducked upon the night,  
And where that sakeless knight lay slain,  
The candles shone full bright.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.24

\N1 The deepest pot intill it a\  
Thay got Young Hunting in;  
A green turff upon his brest,  
To hold that good lord down.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.25

\N1 O thay ha sent aff men to the wood  
To hew down baith thorn an fern,  
That they might get a great bonefire  
To burn that lady in.  
'Put na the wyte on me,' she says,  
'It was her May Catheren.'

\SBALLADS Child 68A.26

\N1 Whan thay had tane her May Catheren,  
In the bonefire set her in;  
It wad na take upon her cheeks,  
Nor take upon her chin,  
Nor yet upon her yallow hair,  
To healle the deadly sin.

\SBALLADS Child 68A.27

\N1 Out they hae tain her May Catheren,  
And they hay put that lady in;  
O it took upon her cheek, her cheek,  
An it took upon her chin,  
An it took on her fair body,  
She burnt like hoky-gren.

\LBALLADS Child 68B.1

\N1 YOUNG REDIN\R'\rS til the huntin gane,  
Wi therty lords and three;  
And he has til his true-love gane,  
As fast as he could hie.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.2

\N1 'Ye're welcome here, my Young Redin,  
For coal and candle-light;  
And sae are ye, my Young Redin,  
To bide wi me the nicht.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.3

\N1 'I thank ye for your licht, ladie,  
Sae do I for your coal;  
But there's thrice as fair a ladie as thee  
Meets me at Brandie's Well.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.4

\N1 Whan they war at their supper set,  
And merrily drinking wine,  
This ladie has tane a sair sickness,  
And til her bed has gane.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.5

\N1 Young Redin he has followed her,  
And a dowie man was he;  
He fund his true-love in her bouer,  
And the tear was in her ee.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.6

\N1 Whan he was in her arms laid,  
And gieing her kisses sweet,  
Then out she's tane a little penknife,  
And woundid him sae deep.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.7

\N1 'O lang, lang is the winter nicht,  
And slawly daws the day;  
There is a slain knicht in my bouer,

And I wish he war away.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.8

\N1 Then up bespak her bouer-woman,  
And she spak ae wi spite:

`An there be a slain knicht in your bouer,  
It\'s yoursell that has the wyte.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.9

\N1 `O heal this deed on me, Meggy,  
O heal this deed on me;

The silks that war shapen for me gen Pasche,  
They sall be sewed for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.10

\N1 `O I hae heald on my mistress

A twalmonth and a day,

And I hae heald on my mistress

Mair than I can say.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 68B.11

\N1 They\'ve booted him, and they\'ve spurred him,  
As he was wont to ride,

A huntin-horn round his neck,

And a sharp sword by his side;

In the deepest place o Clyde\'s Water,

It\'s there they\'ve made his bed.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.12

\N1 Sine up bespak the wylie parrot,

As he sat on the tree:

`And hae ye killd him Young Redin,

Wha neer had love but thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.13

\N1 `Come down, come down, ye wylie parrot,

Come down into my hand;

Your cage sall be o the beaten gowd,

Whan now it\'s but the wand.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.14

\N1 `I winna come down, I canna come doun,

I winna come doun to thee;

For as ye\'ve dune to Young Redin,

Ye\'ll do the like to me;

Ye\'ll thraw my head aff my hause-bane,

And throw me in the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.15

\N1 O there cam seekin Young Redin

Mony a lord and knicht,

And there cam seekin Young Redin

Mony a ladie bricht.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.16

\N1 And they\'ve til his true-love gane,

Thinking he was wi her;

. . . . .

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 68B.17

\N1 `I hae na seen him Young Redin

Sin yesterday at noon;

He turnd his stately steed about,

And hied him throw the toun.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.18

\N1 `But ye\'ll seek Clyde\'s Water up and doun,

Ye\'ll seek it out and in;

I hae na seen him Young Redin

Sin yesterday at noon.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.19

\N1 Then up bespak Young Redin\'s mither,  
And a dowie woman was scho:

`There\'s na a place in Clyde\'s Water  
But my son wad gae throw.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.20

\N1 They\'ve sought Clyde\'s Water up and doun,  
They\'ve sought it out and in,  
And the deepest place in Clyde\'s Water  
They\'ve fund Young Redin in.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.21

\N1 O white, white war his wounds washen,  
As white as a linen clout;  
But as the traitor she cam near,  
His wounds they gushit out.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.22

\N1 `It\'s surely been my bouer-woman,  
O ill may her betide!  
I neer wad slain him Young Redin,  
And thrown him in the Clyde.'

\SBALLADS Child 68B.23

\N1 Then they\'ve made a big bane-f+ire,  
The bouer-woman to brin;  
It tuke not on her cheek, her cheek,  
It tuke not on her chin,  
But it tuke on the cruel hands  
That pat Young Redin in.

\SBALLADS Child 68B.24

\N1 Then They\'ve tane out the bouer-woman,  
And pat the ladie in;  
It tuke na on her cheek, her cheek,  
It tuke na on her chin,  
But it tuke on the fause, fause arms  
That Young Redin lay in.

\LBALLADS Child 68C.1

\N1 The ladie stude in her bour-door,  
In her bour-door as she stude,  
She thocht she heard a bridle ring,  
That did her bodie gude.

\SBALLADS Child 68C.2

\N1 She thocht it had been her father dear,  
Come ridin owre the sand;  
But it was her true-love Riedan,  
Come hiean to her hand.

\SBALLADS Child 68C.3

\N1 `You\'re welcome, you\'re welcome, Young Riedan,' she said,  
`To coal an cannel-licht;  
You\'re welcome, you\'re welcome, Young Riedan,  
To sleep in my bour this nicht.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.4

\N1 `I thank you for your coal, madame,  
An for your cannel tae;  
There\'s a fairer maid at Clyde\'s Water,  
I love better than you.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.5

\N1 `A fairer maid than me, Riedan?  
A fairer maid than me?  
A fairer maid than ten o me  
You shurely neer did see.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.6

\N1 He leant him owre his saddle-bow,  
To gie her a kiss sae sweet;  
She keppit him on a little penknife,  
An gae him a wound sae deep.

\SBALLADS Child 68C.7

\N1 `O hide! oh hide! my bourswoman,  
Oh hide this deed on me!  
An the silks that waur shappit for me at Yule  
At Pasch sall be sewed for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.8

\N1 They saidled Young Riedan, they bridled Young Riedan,  
The way he was wont to ride;  
Wi a huntin-horn aboot his neck,  
An a sharp sword by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 68C.9

\N1 An they are on to Clyde\'s Water,  
An they rade it up an doon,  
An the deepest linn in a\' Clyde\'s Water  
They f+lang him Young Riedan [in].

\SBALLADS Child 68C.10

\N1 `Lie you there, you Young Riedan,  
Your bed it is fu wan;  
The [maid] you hae at Clyde\'s Water,  
For you she will think lang.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.11

\N1 Up it spak the wily bird,  
As it sat on the tree:  
`Oh wae betide you, ill woman,  
An an ill death may you dee!  
For he had neer anither love,  
Anither love but thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.12

\N1 `Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,  
An pickle wheat aff my glue;  
An your cage sall be o the beaten goud,  
Whan it\'s of the willow tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.13

\N1 `I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,  
To siccan a traitor as thee:  
For as you did to Young Riedan,  
Sae wald you do to mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.14

\N1 Come doon, come doon, my pretty parrot,  
An pickle wheat aff my hand;  
An your cage sall be o the beaten goud,  
Whan it\'s o the willow wand.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.15

\N1 `I winna come doon, I sanna come doon,  
To siccan a traitor as thee;  
You wald thraw my head aff my hase-bane,  
An f+ling it in the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.16

\N1 It fell upon a Lammas-tide  
The king\'s court cam ridin bye:  
`Oh whare is it him Young Riedan?  
It\'s fain I wald him see.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.17

\N1 `Oh I hae no seen Young Riedan  
Sin three lang weeks the morn;

It bodes me sair, and driers me mair,  
Clyde\'s Water\'s him forlorn.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.18

\N1 Up it spak the wily bird,  
As it sat on the tree;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 68C.19

\N1 `Leave aff, leave aff your day-seekin,  
An ye maun seek by nicht;  
Aboon the place Young Riedan lies,  
The cannels burn bricht.'

\SBALLADS Child 68C.20

\N1 They gae up their day-seekin,  
An they did seek by nicht;  
An ower the place Young Riedan lay,  
The cannels burnt bricht.

\SBALLADS Child 68C.21

\N1 The f+irsten grip his mother got  
Was o his yellow hair;  
An was na that a dowie grip,  
To get her ae son there!

\SBALLADS Child 68C.22

\N1 The nexten grip his mother got  
Was o his milk-white hand;  
An wasna that a dowie grip,  
To bring sae far to land!

\SBALLADS Child 68C.23

\N1 White, white waur his wounds washen,  
As white as ony lawn;  
But sune\'s the traitor stude afore,  
Then oot the red blude sprang.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 68C.24

\N1 Fire wadna tak on her bourswoman,  
Niether on cheek nor chin;  
But it took fast on thae twa hands  
That f+lang young Riedan in.

\SBALLADS Child 68C.25

\N1 `Come oot, come oot, my bourswoman,  
Come oot, lat me win in;  
For as I did the deed mysell,  
Sae man I drie the pine.'

\LBALLADS Child 68D.1

\N1 EARL RICHARD has a hunting gone,  
As fast as he can ride;  
He\'s a hunting-horn about his neck,  
And a broadsword by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 68D.2

\N1 `Licht down, licht down, Earl Richard,' she says,  
`O licht down and come in,  
And thou\'ll get cheer and charcoal clear,  
And torches for to burn.'

\SBALLADS Child 68D.3

\N1 `I winna licht, I canna licht,  
I winna licht at all;  
A fairer lady then ten of thee  
Meets me at Richard\'s Wall.'

\SBALLADS Child 68D.4

\N1 He louted owre his saddle-bow,

And for to kiss her sweet,  
But little thocht o that penknife  
Wherewith she wound him deep.  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.5  
\N1 `Why wounds thou me so deep, lady?  
Why stabs thou me so sore?  
There\'s not a lord like Earl Richard  
Could love false woman more.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.6  
\N1 She called upon her waiting-maid,  
Long before it was day:  
`I have a dead man in my bower,  
I wish he were away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.7  
\N1 `Keep ye your bower, my lily-f+lower,  
Keep it free of all men\'s blood;'  
`Oh I will keep it een as weel  
As you or any maid.  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.8  
\N1 `But siller will be thy wage,' she says,  
`And gold will be thy fee,  
And I mysell will gang along  
And bear thee companye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.9  
\N1 They booted him, and spurred him,  
As he was wont to ride,  
And they\'re awa to Lorn\'s Water,  
To Lorn\'s Water so wide.  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.10  
\N1 They turned down his yellow hair,  
Turnd up his milk-white feet:  
`Lye thou there, Earl Richard,' she said,  
`Till the blood seep from thy bane;  
That fairer maid than ten of me  
Will look lang or thou come hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.11  
\N1 As they were coming hame again,  
Upon the road so hie,  
There they spy\'d a small pyet,  
Was sitting on a tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.12  
\N1 `Where has thou been, fair lady?' it says,  
`Whare has thou been so soon?  
Or what did thou wi Earl Richard,  
Was late wi thee yestreen?'  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.13  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my wee pyet;  
An thou\'ll come to my knee,  
I have a cage of beaten gold,  
And I\'ll bestow \'t on thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.14  
\N1 `Keep thou thy cage of beaten gold,  
And I will keep my tree;  
For as thou did wi Earl Richard,  
So wad thou do wi me;  
Thou wad thraw the wee head aff my bouk,  
And drown me in the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68D.15  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my wee pyet;  
An thou\'ll come to my hand,

I have a cage of beaten gold,  
 And thou\'s be put therein.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 68D.16  
 \N1 `Keep thou thy cage o beaten gold,  
 And I will keep my tree;  
 For as thou did wi Earl Richard,  
 So would thou do wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 68D.17  
 \N1 `Oh an I had my bow bendit,  
 And set unto my knee,  
 I wad shoot this wee pyet  
 Sits gabbling on the tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 68D.18  
 \N1 `Before thou get thy bow bendit,  
 And set unto thy knee,  
 I\'ll be at Earl Richard\'s father,  
 Telling ill tales on thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 68D.19  
 \N1 As they were coming hame again,  
 Upon the road so bricht,  
 There they saw Earl Richard\'s father,  
 Coming marching in their sicht.  
 \SBALLADS Child 68D.20  
 \N1 `Whare has thou been, fair lady?' he says,  
 `Whare has thou been back sae sune?  
 O what did thou wi my auld son,  
 Was late wi thee yestreen?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 68D.21  
 \N1 She did swear by stars o licht,  
 And grass-green growing corn,  
 That she had not seen Earl Richard\'s face  
 Since Saturday at morn;  
 `But in Lorn\'s Water, indeed,' she says,  
 `I fear his days are done.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 68D.22  
 \N1 `There was not a ford in Lorn\'s Water  
 But he could ride it weel;  
 And what did thou wi my auld son,  
 That went with thee af+ield?'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 68E.1  
 \N1 LORD WILLIAM was the bravest knight  
 That dwalt in fair Scotland,  
 And, though renowned in France and Spain,  
 Fell by a ladie\'s hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 68E.2  
 \N1 As she was walking maid alone,  
 Down by yon shady wood,  
 She heard a smit o bridle reins,  
 She wishd might be for good.  
 \SBALLADS Child 68E.3  
 \N1 `Come to my arms, my dear Willie,  
 You\'re welcome hame to me;  
 To best o chear and charcoal red,  
 And candle burnin free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 68E.4  
 \N1 `I winna light, I darena light,  
 Nor come to your arms at a\';  
 A fairer maid than ten o you  
 I\'ll meet at Castle-law.'



\SBALLADS Child 68E.5

\N1 `A fairer maid than me, Willie?  
A fairer maid than me?  
A fairer maid than ten o me  
Your eyes did never see.'

\SBALLADS Child 68E.6

\N1 He louted ovr his saddle-lap  
To kiss here ere they part,  
And wi a little keen bodkin,  
She pierced him to the heart.

\SBALLADS Child 68E.7

\N1 `Ride on, ride on, Lord William now,  
As fast as ye can dree;  
Your bonny lass at Castle-law  
Will weary you to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 68E.8

\N1 Out up then spake a bonny bird,  
Sat high upon a tree:  
`How could you kill that noble lord?  
He came to marry thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68E.9

\N1 `Come down, come down, my bonny bird,  
And eat bread aff my hand;  
Your cage shall be of wiry goud,  
Whar now it\'s but the wand.'

\SBALLADS Child 68E.10

\N1 `Keep ye your cage o goud, lady,  
And I will keep my tree;  
As ye hae done to Lord William,  
Sae wad ye do to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 68E.11

\N1 She set her foot on her door-step,  
A bonny marble stane,  
And carried him to her chamber,  
Oer him to make her mane.

\SBALLADS Child 68E.12

\N1 And she has kept that good lord\'s corpse  
Three quarters of a year,  
Until that word began to spread;  
Then she began to fear.

\SBALLADS Child 68E.13

\N1 Then she cryed on her waiting-maid,  
Ay ready at her ca:  
`There is a knight into my bower,  
\'Tis time he were awa.'

\SBALLADS Child 68E.14

\N1 The ane has taen him by the head,  
The ither by the feet,  
And thrown him in the wan water,  
That ran baith wide and deep.

\SBALLADS Child 68E.15

\N1 `Look back, look back, now, lady fair,  
On him that loed ye weel;  
A better man than that blue corpse  
Neer drew a sword of steel.'

\LBALLADS Child 68F.1

\N1 EARL RICHARD is a hunting gone,  
As fast as he can ride,  
His hunting-horn hung about his neck,  
And a small sword by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 68F.2

\N1 When he came to my lady\'s gate  
He tirlled at the pin,  
And wha was sae ready as the lady hersell  
To open and let him in.

\SBALLADS Child 68F.3

\N1 `O light, O light, Earl Richard,' she says,  
`O light and stay a\' night;  
You shall have cheer wi charcoal clear,  
And candles burning bright.'

\SBALLADS Child 68F.4

\N1 `I will not light, I cannot light,  
I cannot light at all;  
A fairer lady than ten of thee  
Is waiting at Richard\'s Wall.'

\SBALLADS Child 68F.5

\N1 He stooped from his milk-white steed,  
To kiss her rosy cheek;  
She had a pen-knife in her hand,  
And wounded him so deep.

\SBALLADS Child 68F.6

\N1 `O lie ye there, Earl Richard,' she says,  
`O lie ye there till morn;  
A fairer lady than ten of me  
Will think lang of your coming home.'

\SBALLADS Child 68F.7

\N1 She called her servants ane by ane,  
She called them twa by twa:  
`I have got a dead man in my bower,  
I wish he were awa.'

\SBALLADS Child 68F.8

\N1 The one has taen [him] by the hand,  
And the other by the feet,  
And they\'ve thrown him in a deep draw-well,  
Full f+ifty fathom deep.

\SBALLADS Child 68F.9

\N1 Then up bespake a little bird,  
That sat upon a tree:  
`Gae hame, gae hame, ye false lady,  
And pay your maids their fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68F.10

\N1 `Come down, come down, my pretty bird,  
That sits upon the tree;  
I have a cage of beaten gold,  
I\'ll gie it unto thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68F.11

\N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, ye fause lady,  
And pay your maids their fee;  
As ye have done to Earl Richard,  
Sae wud ye do to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 68F.12

\N1 `If I had an arrow in my hand,  
And a bow bent on a string,  
I\'d shoot a dart at thy proud heart,  
Among the leaves sae green.'

\LBALLADS Child 68G.1

\N1 SHE has calld to her her bower-maidens,  
She has calld them one by one:  
`There is a dead man in my bower,  
I wish that he was gone.'

\SBALLADS Child 68G.2

\N1 They have booted him, and spurred him,  
As he was wont to ride,  
A hunting-horn around his waist,  
A sharp sword by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 68G.3

\N1 Then up and spake a bonie bird,  
That sat upon the tree:  
'What hae ye done wi Earl Richard?  
Ye was his gay lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 68G.4

\N1 'Cum down, cum down, my bonie bird,  
Cum sit upon my hand;  
And ye sall hae a cage o the gowd,  
Where ye hae but the wand.'

\SBALLADS Child 68G.5

\N1 'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
Nae ill woman for me;  
What ye hae done to Earl Richard,  
Sae wad ye do to mee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 68G.6

\N1 'O there's a bird intill your bowir  
That sings sae sad and sweet;  
O there's a bird intill your bour  
Kept me frae my nicht's sleep.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 68G.7

\N1 And she sware by the grass sae greene,  
Sae did she by the corn,  
That she had not seen Earl Richard  
Sen yesterday at morn.

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 68H.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 'HAIL well, hail well, my little foot-page,  
Hail well this deed on me,  
And ever I live my life to brook,  
I'll se pay thee well thy fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68H.2

\N1 'It's we'll beet him, and we'll spur him,  
As gin he had been gain to ride,  
Put a huntin-horn about his neck,  
And a small sword by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 68H.3

\N1 'And we'll carry him to Clyde's Water,  
And there we'll f+ling him in,  
That we may have it to be said  
In Clyde's Water he drownd.'

\SBALLADS Child 68H.4

\N1 O they bet him, and they spurrd him,  
As gin he had been gain to ride,  
Pat a huntin-horn about his neck,  
But the sword on his wrang side.

\SBALLADS Child 68H.5

\N1 And they hae carried him to Clyde's Water,  
And there they f+lang him in,  
That they might have it to be said  
In Clyde's Water he drowned.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 68H.6

\N1 `It\'s we\'ll sen for the king\'s doukers,  
And douk it up and down;  
It\'s we\'ll sen for the king\'s doukers,  
And douk it out and in.'

\SBALLADS Child 68H.7

\N1 Out it spak a little wee birdie,  
As it sat on yon burn-brae:

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 68H.8

\N1 `Ye may lay by your day doukers,  
And turn you to the night,  
And where the innocent blood lies slain,  
The candles will burn fou bricht.'

\SBALLADS Child 68H.9

\N1 O they hae brunt that gay ladie,  
And blawn her in the air,  
And nothing o that bower-man would burn  
But the hands that buskd him rare.

\LBALLADS Child 68I.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `Come down, come down, thou bonnie bird,  
Sit low upon my hand,  
And thy cage shall be o the beaten gowd,  
And not of hazel wand.'

\SBALLADS Child 68I.2

\N1 `O woe, O woe be to thee, lady,  
And an ill death may thou die!  
For the way thou guided good Lord John,  
Soon, soon would thou guide me.'

\SBALLADS Child 68I.3

\N1 `Go bend to me my bow,' she said,  
`And set it to my ee,  
And I will gar that bonnie bird  
Come quickly down to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 68I.4

\N1 `Before thou bend thy bow, lady,  
And set it to thy ee,  
O I will be at yon far forest,  
Telling ill tales on thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 68J.1

\N1 `O lady, rock never your young son young  
One hour langer for me;  
For I have a sweetheart in Garlioch Wells  
I love far better than thee.

\SBALLADS Child 68J.2

\N1 `The very sole o that ladye\'s foot  
Than thy face is far mair white:'  
`But, nevertheless, now, Erl Richard,  
Ye will bide in my bower a\' night?'

\SBALLADS Child 68J.3

\N1 She birlled him wi the ale and wine,  
As they sat down to sup:  
A living man he laid him down,  
But I wot he neer rose up.

\SBALLADS Child 68J.4

\N1 Then up and spake the popinjay,  
That f+lew aboun her head:

`Lady, keep weel your green cleiding  
Frae gude Erl Richard\'s bleid.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.5  
\N1 `O better I\'ll keep my green cleiding  
Frae gude Erl Richard\'s bleid,  
Than thou canst keep thy clattering tounge,  
That trattles in thy head.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.6  
\N1 She has calld upon her bower-maidens,  
She has calld them ane by ane:  
`There lies a deid man in my bowr,  
I wish that he were gane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.7  
\N1 They hae booted him, and spurred him,  
As he was wont to ride,  
A hunting-horn tied round his waist,  
A sharp sword by his side;  
And they hae had him to the wan water,  
For a\' men call it Clyde.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.8  
\N1 Then up and spake the popinjay,  
That sat upon the tree:  
`What hae ye down wi Erl Richard?  
Ye were his gaye ladye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.9  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my bonny bird,  
And sit upon my hand;  
And thou sall hae a cage o gowd,  
Where thou hast but the wand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.10  
\N1 `Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
Nae cage o gowd for me;  
As ye hae dune to Erl Richard,  
Sae wad ye do to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.11  
\N1 She hadna crossd a rigg o land,  
A rigg but barely ane,  
When she met wi his auld father,  
Came riding all alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.12  
\N1 `Where hae ye been, now, ladye fair,  
Where hae ye been sae late?  
We hae been seeking Erl Richard,  
But him we canna get.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.13  
\N1 `Erl Richard kens a\' the fords in Clyde,  
He\'ll ride them ane by ane;  
And though the night was neer sae mirk,  
Erl Richard will be hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.14  
\N1 O it fell anes upon a day  
The king was boun to ride,  
And he has mist him Erl Richard,  
Should hae ridden on his right side.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.15  
\N1 The ladye turnd her round about,  
Wi mickle mournfu din:  
`It fears me sair o Clyde water,  
That he is drownd therein.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.16

\N1 `Gar douk, gar douk,' the king he cried,  
`Gar douk for gold and fee;  
O wha will douk for Erl Richard\'s sake,  
Or wha will douk for me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.17  
\N1 They douked in at ae weil-heid,  
And out aye at the other:  
`We can douk nae mair for Erl Richard,  
Altho he were our brother.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.18  
\N1 It fell that in that ladye\'s castle  
The king was boun to bed,  
And up and spake the popinjay,  
That f+lew abune his head.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.19  
\N1 `Leave aff your douking on the day,  
And douk upon the night;  
And wherever that sackless knight lies slain,  
The candles will burn bright.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.20  
\N1 `O there\'s a bird within this bower,  
That sings baith sad and sweet;  
O there\'s a bird within your bower  
Keeps me frae my night\'s sleep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.21  
\N1 They left the douking on the day,  
And douked upon the night,  
And where that sackless knight lay slain,  
The candles burned bright.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.22  
\N1 The deepest pot in a\' the linn  
They fand Erl Richard in;  
A green turf tyed across his breast,  
To keep that gude lord down.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.23  
\N1 Then up and spake the king himsell,  
When he saw the deadly wound,  
`O wha has slain my right-hand man,  
That held my hawk and hound?'  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.24  
\N1 Then up and spake the popinjay,  
Says, What needs a\' this din?  
It was his light lemman took his life,  
And hided him in the linn.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.25  
\N1 She swore her by the grass sae grene,  
Sae did she by the corn,  
She had na seen him Erl Richard  
Since Moninday at morn.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.26  
\N1 `Put na the wyte on me,' she said,  
`It was my may, Catherine:'  
Then they hae cut baith fern and thorn,  
To burn that maiden in.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.27  
\N1 It wadna take upon her cheik,  
Nor yet upon her chin,  
Nor yet upon her yellow hair,  
To cleanse the deadly sin.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.28

\N1 The maiden touchd the clay-cauld corpse,  
A drap it never bled;  
The ladye laid her hand on him,  
And soon the ground was red.  
\SBALLADS Child 68J.29  
\N1 Out they hae ta\'en her May Catherine,  
And put her mistress in;  
The f+lame tuik fast upon her cheik,  
Tuik fast upon her chin,  
Tuik fast upon her fair bodye,  
She burnd like hollins grene.  
\LBALLADS Child 68K.1  
\N1 LADY MAISRY forth from her bower came,  
And stood on her tower-head;  
She thought she heard a bridle ring,  
The sound did her heart guid.  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.2  
\N1 She thought it was her f+irst true-love,  
Whom she loved ance in time;  
But it was her new love, Hunting,  
Come frae the hunting o the hyn.  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.3  
\N1 `Gude morrow, gude morrow, Lady Maisry,  
God make you safe and free;  
I\'m come to take my last farewell,  
And pay my last visit to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.4  
\N1 `O stay, O stay then, Young Hunting,  
O stay with me this night;  
Ye shall hae cheer, an charcoal clear,  
And candles burning bright.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.5  
\N1 `Have no more cheer, you lady fair,  
An hour langer for me;  
I have a lady in Garmouth town  
I love better than thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.6  
\N1 `O if your love be changed, my love,  
Since better canno be,  
Nevertheless, for auld lang syne,  
Ye\'ll stay this night wi me.  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.7  
\N1 `Silver, silver shall be your wage,  
And gowd shall be your fee,  
And nine times nine into the year  
Your weed shall changed be.  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.8  
\N1 `Will ye gae to the cards or dice,  
Or to a tavern f+ine?  
Or will ye gae to a table forebye,  
And birl baith beer and wine?'  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.9  
\N1 `I winna gang to the cards nor dice,  
Nor to a tavern f+ine;  
But I will gang to a table forebye,  
And birl baith beer and wine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 68K.10  
\N1 Then she has drawn for Young Hunting  
The beer but and the wine,  
Till she got him as deadly drunk

As ony unhallowed swine.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.11

\N1 Then she\'s taen out a trusty brand,  
That hang below her gare,  
Then she\'s wounded him Young Hunting,  
A deep wound and a sair.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.12

\N1 Then out it speaks her comrade,  
Being in the companie:

`Alas! this deed that ye hae done  
Will ruin baith you and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.13

\N1 `Heal well, heal well, you Lady Katharine,  
Heal well this deed on me,  
The robes that were shapen for my bodie,  
They shall be sewed for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.14

\N1 `Tho I woud heal it never sae well,  
And never sae well,' said she,  
`There is a God above us baith  
That can baith hear and see.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.15

\N1 They booted him, and spurred him,  
As he\'d been gaun to ride,  
A hunting-horn about his neck,  
A sharp sword by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.16

\N1 And they rode on, and farther on,  
All the lang summer\'s tide,  
Until they came to wan water,  
Where a\' man ca\'s it Clyde.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.17

\N1 And the deepest pot in Clyde\'s water,  
And there they f+lang him in,  
And put a turf on his breast-bane,  
To had Young Hunting down.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.18

\N1 O out it speaks a little wee bird,  
As she sat on the brier:

`Gae hame, gae hame, ye Lady Maisry,  
And pay your maiden\'s hire.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.19

\N1 `O I will pay my maiden\'s hire,  
And hire I\'ll gie to thee;  
If ye\'ll conceal this fatal deed,  
Ye\'s hae gowd for your fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.20

\N1 Then out it speaks a bonny bird,  
That f+lew aboon their head:

`Keep well, keep well your green claithing  
Frae ae drap o his bluid.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.21

\N1 `O I\'ll keep well my green claithing  
Frae ae drop o his bluid,  
Better than I\'ll do your f+lattering tongue,  
That f+lutters in your head.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.22

\N1 `Come down, come down, my bonny bird,  
Light down upon my hand;  
For ae gowd feather that\'s in your wing,



I woud gie a\' my land.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.23

\N1 `How shall I come down, how can I come down,  
How shall I come down to thee?

The things ye said to Young Hunting,  
The same ye\'re saying to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.24

\N1 But it fell out on that same day

The king was going to ride,  
And he calld for him Young Hunting,  
For to ride by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.25

\N1 Then out it speaks the little young son,  
Sat on the nurse\'s knee:

`It fears me sair,' said that young babe,  
`He\'s in bower wi yon ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.26

\N1 Then they hae calld her Lady Katharine,  
And she sware by the thorn

That she saw not him Young Hunting  
Sin yesterday at morn.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.27

\N1 Then they hae calld her Lady Maisry,  
And she sware by the moon

That she saw not him Young Hunting  
Sin yesterday at noon.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.28

\N1 `He was playing him at the Clyde\'s Water,  
Perhaps he has fa\'en in:'

The king he calld his divers all,  
To dive for his young son.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.29

\N1 They div\'d in thro the wan burn-bank,  
Sae did they outthro the other:

`We\'ll dive nae mair,' said these young men,  
`Suppose he were our brother.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.30

\N1 Then out it spake a little bird,  
That f+lew aboon their head:

`Dive on, dive on, ye divers all,  
For there he lies indeed.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.31

\N1 `But ye\'ll leave aff your day diving,  
And ye\'ll dive in the night;

The pot where Young Hunting lies in,  
The candles they\'ll burn bright.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.32

\N1 `There are twa ladies in yon bower,  
And even in yon ha,

And they hae killd him Young Hunting,  
And casten him awa.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.33

\N1 `They booted him, and spurred him,  
As he\'d been gaun to ride,

A hunting-horn tied round his neck,  
A sharp sword by his side

\SBALLADS Child 68K.34

\N1 `The deepest pot o Clyde\'s Water,  
There they f+lang him in,

Laid a turf on his breast-bane,

To had Young Hunting down.'

\SBALLADS Child 68K.35

\N1 Now they left aff their day diving,  
And they dived on the night;  
The pot that Young Hunting lay in,  
The candles were burning bright.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.36

\N1 The king he calld his hewers all,  
To hew down wood and thorn,  
For to put up a strong bale-f+ire,  
These ladies for to burn.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.37

\N1 And they hae taen her Lady Katharine,  
And they hae pitten her in;  
But it wadna light upon her cheek,  
Nor woud it on her chin,  
But sang the points o her yellow hair,  
For healdy the deadly sin.

\SBALLADS Child 68K.38

\N1 Then they hae taen her Lady Maisry,  
And they hae put her in:  
First it lighted on her cheek,  
And syne upon her chin,  
And sang the points o her yellow hair,  
And she burnt like keckle-pin.

\LBALLADS Child 69A.1

\N1 CLARK SANDERS and May Margret  
Walkt ower yon graveld green,  
And sad and heavy was the love,  
I wat, it fell this twa between.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.2

\N1 `A bed, a bed,' Clark Sanders said,  
`A bed, a bed for you and I;'  
`Fye no, fye no,' the lady said,  
`Until the day we married be.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.3

\N1 `For in it will come my seven brothers,  
And a\' their torches burning bright;  
They\'ll say, We hae but ae sister,  
And here her lying wi a knight.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.4

\N1 `Ye\'l take the sourde fray my scabbord,  
And lowly, lowly lift the gin,  
And you may say, your oth to save,  
You never let Clark Sanders in.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.5

\N1 `Ye take a napken in your hand,  
And ye\'l ty up baith your een,  
An ye may say, your oth to save,  
That ye saw na Sandy sen late yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.6

\N1 `Ye take me in your armes twa,  
Ye take me ben into your bed,  
And ye may say, your oth to save,  
In your bower-f+loor I never tread.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.7

\N1 She has taen the sourde fray his scabbord,  
And lowly, lowly lifted the gin;  
She was to swear, her oth to save,  
She never let Clerk Sanders in.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.8

\N1 She has tain a napkin in her hand,  
And she ty\'d up baith her een;  
She was to swear, her oth to save,  
She saw na him sene late yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.9

\N1 She has taen him in her armes twa,  
And carried him ben into her bed;  
She was to swear, her oth to save,  
He never in her bower-f+loor tread.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.10

\N1 In and came her seven brothers,  
And all their torches burning bright;  
Says thay, We hae but ae sister,  
And see there her lying wi a knight.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.11

\N1 Out and speaks the f+irst of them,  
'A wat they hay been lovers dear;'  
Out and speaks the next of them,  
'They hay been in love this many a year.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.12

\N1 Out an speaks the third of them,  
'It wear great sin this twa to twain;'  
Out an speaks the fourth of them,  
'It wear a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.13

\N1 Out an speaks the f+fifth of them,  
'A wat they\'ll near be twaind by me;'  
Out an speaks the sixt of them,  
'We\'l tak our leave an gae our way.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.14

\N1 Out an speaks the seventh of them,  
'Altho there wear no a man but me,

. . . . .  
I bear the brand, I\'le gar him die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.15

\N1 Out he has taen a bright long brand,  
And he has striped it throw the straw,  
And throw and throw Clarke Sanders\' body  
A wat he has gard cold iron gae.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.16

\N1 Sanders he started, an Margret she lapt,  
Intill his arms whare she lay,  
And well and wellsom was the night,  
A wat it was between these twa.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.17

\N1 And they lay still, and slepted sound,  
Untill the day began to daw;  
And kindly till him she did say  
'It\'s time, trew-love, ye wear awa.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.18

\N1 They lay still, and slepted sound,  
Untill the sun began to shine;  
She lookt between her and the wa,  
And dull and heavy was his een.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.19

\N1 She thought it had been a loathsome sweat,  
A wat it had fallen this twa between;  
But it was the blood of his fair body,  
A wat his life days wair na lang.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.20

\N1 `O Sanders, I\`le do for your sake  
What other ladys would na thoule;  
When seven years is come and gone,  
There\`s near a shoe go on my sole.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.21

\N1 `O Sanders, I\`le do for your sake  
What other ladies would think mare;  
When seven years is come and gone,  
Ther\`s nere a comb go in my hair.

\SBALLADS Child 69A.22

\N1 `O Sanders, I\`le do for your sake  
What other ladies would think lack;  
When seven years is come an gone,  
I\`le wear nought but dowy black.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.23

\N1 The bells gaed clinking throw the towne,  
To carry the dead corps to the clay,  
An sighing says her May Margret,  
'A wat I bide a doulfou day.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.24

\N1 In an come her father dear,  
Stout steping on the f+loor;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 69A.25

\N1 `Hold your toung, my doughter dear,  
Let all your mourning a bee;  
I\`le carry the dead corps to the clay,  
An I\`le come back an comfort thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 69A.26

\N1 `Comfort well your seven sons,  
For comforted will I never bee;  
For it was neither lord nor loune  
That was in bower last night wi mee.'

\LBALLADS Child 69B.1

\N1 CLERK SAUNDERS and a gay lady  
Was walking in yonder green,  
And heavy, heavy was the love  
That fell this twa lovers between.

\SBALLADS Child 69B.2

\N1 `A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,  
'And ay a bed for you and me;'  
'Never a ane,' said the gay lady,  
'Till ance we twa married be.

\SBALLADS Child 69B.3

\N1 `There would come a\` my seven brethern,  
And a\` their torches burning bright,  
And say, We hae but ae sister,  
And behad, she\`s lying wi you the night.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.4

\N1 `You\`ll take a napkain in your hand,  
And then you will tie up your een;  
Then you may swear, and safe your aith,  
You sawna Sandy sin yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 69B.5

\N1 `You\`ll take me up upo your back,  
And then you\`ll carry me to your bed;  
Then you may swear, and save your aith,  
Your board [-f+loor] Sandy never tred.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.6

\N1 She\'s taen him upo her back,  
And she\'s carried him unto her bed,  
That she might swear, and safe her aith,  
Her board-f+loor Sandy never tread.

\SBALLADS Child 69B.7

\N1 She\'s taen a napkin in her hand,  
And lo she did tie up her een,  
That she might swear, and safe her aith,  
She sawna Sandy syne yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 69B.8

\N1 They were na weel into the room,  
Nor yet laid weel into the bed,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 69B.9

\N1 When in came a\' her seven brethern,  
And a\' their torches burning bright;  
Says they, We hae but ae sister,  
And behold, she\'s lying wi you this night.

\SBALLADS Child 69B.10

\N1 `I,' bespake the f+irst o them,  
A wat an ill death mat he die!  
`I bear a brand into my hand  
Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.11

\N1 `I,' bespake the second of them,  
A wat a good death mat he die!  
`We will gae back, let him alane,  
His father has nae mair but he.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.12

\N1 `I,' bespake the third o them,  
A wat an ill death mat he die!  
`I bear the brand into my hand  
Shall quickly help to gar him die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.13

\N1 `I,' bespake the fourth o them,  
A wat an ill death mat he die!  
`I bear the brand into my hand  
Shall never help to gar him die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.14

\N1 `I,' bespake the f+ifth o them,  
A wat a good death mat he die!  
`Altho his father hae nae mair,  
I\'ll quickly help to gar him die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.15

\N1 `I,' bespake the sixth o them,  
A wat a good death mat he die!  
`He\'s a worthy earl\'s son,  
I\'ll never help to gar him die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.16

\N1 `I,' bespake the seventh of them,  
A wat an ill death mat he die!  
`I bear the brand into my hand  
Shall quickly gar Clerk Saunders die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.17

\N1 They baith lay still, and slepted sound,  
Untill the sun began to sheen;  
She drew the curtains a wee bit,  
And dull and drowsie was his een.

\SBALLADS Child 69B.18

\N1 `This night,' said she, 'The sleepest man  
That ever my twa eyes did see  
Hay lyen by me, and sweat the sheets;  
A wite they\'re a great shame to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 69B.19

\N1 She rowd the claiths a\' to the foot,  
And then she spied his deadly wounds:  
`O wae be to my seven brethern,  
A wat an ill death mat they die!

\SBALLADS Child 69B.20

\N1 `I\'m sure it was neither rogue nor loun  
I had into my bed wi me;  
\'Twas Clerk Saunders, that good earl\'s son,  
That pledgd his faith to marry me.'

\LBALLADS Child 69C.1

\N1 IT was a sad and a rainy nicht  
As ever raind frae toun to toun;  
Clerk Saunders and his lady gay  
They were in the f+ields sae broun.

\SBALLADS Child 69C.2

\N1 `A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders cried,  
`A bed, a bed, let me lie doun;  
For I am sae weet and sae wearie  
That I canna gae nor ride frae toun.'

\SBALLADS Child 69C.3

\N1 `A bed, a bed,' his lady cried,  
`A bed, a bed, ye\'ll neer get nane;

. . . . .

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 69C.4

\N1 `For I hae seven bauld brethren,  
Bauld are they, and very rude;  
And if they f+ind ye in bouer wi me,  
They winna care to spill your blude.'

\SBALLADS Child 69C.5

\N1 `Ye\'ll tak a lang claith in your hand,  
Ye\'ll haud it up afore your een,  
That ye may swear, and save your aith,  
That ye saw na Sandy sin yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 69C.6

\N1 `And ye\'ll tak me in your arms twa,  
Ye\'ll carry me into your bed,  
That ye may swear, and save your aith,  
That in your bour-f+loor I never gaed.'

\SBALLADS Child 69C.7

\N1 She\'s taen a lang claith in her hand,  
She\'s hauden\'t up afore her een,  
That she might swear, and save her aith,  
That she saw na Sandy sin yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 69C.8

\N1 She has taen him in her arms twa,  
And carried him into her bed,  
That she might swear, and save her aith,  
That on her bour-f+loor he never gaed.

\SBALLADS Child 69C.9

\N1 Then in there cam her f+irsten brother,  
Bauldly he cam steppin in:  
`Come here, come here, see what I see!  
We hae only but ae sister alive,

And a knave is in bour her wi.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.10  
 \N1 Then in and cam her second brother,  
 Says, Twa lovers are ill to twin;  
 And in and cam her thirdden brother,  
 `O brother dear, I say the same.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.11  
 \N1 Then in and cam her fourthen brother,  
 `It\'s a sin to kill a sleepin man;'  
 And in and cam her fifthen brother,  
 `O brother dear, I say the same.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.12  
 \N1 Then in and cam her sixthen brother,  
 `I wat he\'s neer be steerd by me;'  
 But in and cam her seventhen brother,  
 `I bear the hand that sall gar him dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.13  
 \N1 Then out he drew a nut-brown sword,  
 I wat he stript it to the stroe,  
 And thro and thro Clerk Saunder\'s body  
 I wat he garrd cauld iron go.  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.14  
 \N1 Then they lay there in ither\'s arms  
 Until the day began to daw;  
 Then kindly to him she did say,  
 `It\'s time, my dear, ye were awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.15  
 \N1 `Ye are the sleepest young man,' she said,  
 `That ever my twa een did see;  
 Ye\'ve lain a\' nict into my arms,  
 I\'m sure it is a shame to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.16  
 \N1 She turnd the blankets to the foot,  
 And turnd the sheets unto the wa,  
 And there she saw his bluidy wound,  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.17  
 \N1 `O wae be to my seventhen brother,  
 I wat an ill death mot he dee!  
 He\'s killd Clerk Saunders, an earl\'s son,  
 I wat he\'s killd him unto me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.18  
 \N1 Then in and cam her father dear,  
 Cannie cam he steppin in;  
 Says, Haud your tongue, my dochter dear,  
 What need you mak sic heavy meane?  
 \SBALLADS Child 69C.19  
 \N1 `We\'ll carry Clerk Saunders to his grave,  
 And syne come back and comfort thee:'  
 `O comfort weel your seven sons, father,  
 For man sall never comfort me;  
 Ye\'ll marrie me wi the Queen o Heaven,  
 For man sall never enjoy me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 69D.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 `O I have seven bold brethren,  
 And they are all valiant men,  
 If they knew a man that would tread my bower  
 His life should not go along wi him.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.2

\N1 `Then take me up into your arms,  
 And lay me low down on your bed,  
 That ye may swear, and keep your oath clear,  
 That your bower-room I did na tread.  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.3

\N1 `Tie a handkerchief round your face,  
 And you must tye it wondrous keen,  
 That you may swear, and keep your oath clear,  
 Ye saw na me since late yestreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.4

\N1 But they were scarsley gone to bed,  
 Nor scarce fa\'n owre asleep,  
 Till up and started her seven brethren,  
 Just at Lord Saunder\'s feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.5

\N1 Out bespoke the f+irst brither,  
 `Oh but love be wondrous keen!'  
 Out bespoke the second brither,  
 `It\'s ill done to kill a sleeping man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.6

\N1 Out bespoke the third brither,  
 `We had better gae and let him be;'  
 Out bespoke the fourth brither,  
 `He\'ll no be killd this night for me:.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.7

\N1 Out bespoke the f+ifth brother,  
 `This night Lord Saunders he shall die;  
 Tho there were not a man in all Scotland,  
 This night Lord Saunders he shall die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.8

\N1 He took out a rousty rapier,  
 And he drew it three times thro the strae;  
 Between Lord Saunders\' short rib and his side  
 He gard the rusty rapier gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.9

\N1 `Awake, awake, Lord Saunders,' she said,  
 `Awake, awake, for sin and shame!  
 For the day is light, and the sun shines bricht,  
 `And I am afraid we will be taen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.10

\N1 `Awake, awake, Lord Saunders,' she said,  
 `Awake, awake, for sin and shame!  
 For the sheets they are asweat,' she said,  
 `And I am afraid we will be taen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.11

\N1 `I dreamed a dreary dream last night,  
 I wish it may be for our good,  
 That I was cutting my yellow hair,  
 And dipping it in the wells o blood.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 69D.12

\N1 Aye she waukened at this dead man,  
 Aye she put on him to and fro;  
 Oh aye she waukend at this dead man,  
 But of his death she did not know.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 69D.13

\N1 `It\'s I will do for my love\'s sake  
 What many ladies would think lang;  
 Seven years shall come and go  
 Before a glove go on my hand.



\SBALLADS Child 69D.14

\N1 `And I will do for my love\'s sake  
What many ladies would not do;  
Seven years shall come and go  
Before I wear stocking or shoe.

\SBALLADS Child 69D.15

\N1 `Ther\'ll neer a shirt go on my back,  
There\'ll neer a kame go in my hair,  
There\'ll never coal nor candle-light  
Shine in my bower nae mair.'

\LBALLADS Child 69E.1

\N1 AN ensign and a lady gay,  
As they were walking on a green,  
The ensign said to the lady gay,  
Will you tak me to your bower at een?

\SBALLADS Child 69E.2

\N1 `I have seven bluidy brithers,  
Och and to you they have nae good will;  
And if they catch you in my bower,  
They\'ll value not your bluid to spill.'

\SBALLADS Child 69E.3

\N1 `O you may take me on your back,  
And carry me to your chamber-bed,  
That I may swear, and avow richt clear,  
That your f+lowery bower I did never tread.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.4

\N1 `O take a napkin from your pocket,  
And with it blindfold my een,  
That I may swear, and avow richt clear,  
That your f+lowery bower I have never seen.'

\SBALLADS Child 69E.5

\N1 O she\'s taen him upon her back,  
And carried him to her chamber-bed,  
That he might swear, and avow it clear,  
That her f+lowery [bower] he did never tread.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.6

\N1 O she\'s taen a napkin from her pocket,  
And with it blinded baith his een,  
That he might swear, and avow it clear,  
That her f+lowery bower he had never seen.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.7

\N1 They were not well into their bed,  
Nor were they scarsely fallen asleep,  
Till in there came her seven bluidy brithers,  
And placed themselves at the ensign\'s feet.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.8

\N1 Said the f+irst one to the second,  
`Och it is long since this love began;'  
Said the second unto the third,  
`It\'s a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

\SBALLADS Child 69E.9

\N1 Said the third one to the fourth,  
`I will go to yon tavern hie;'  
Said [the] fourth one to the f+ifith,  
`O if you will go, so will I.'

\SBALLADS Child 69E.10

\N1 Said the f+ifith to the sixth,  
`Och it\'s long since this love began;'  
Said the sixth to the seventh,  
`It\'s a sin to kill a sleeping man.'

\SBALLADS Child 69E.11

\N1 Out then spoke the seventh bluidy brither,  
Aye and an angry man was he:  
'Altho there was no more men alive,  
The ensign\'s butcher I will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 69E.12

\N1 He\'s taen out his rusty broad-sword,  
And ran it three times along his throat,  
And thro and thro the ensign\'s body  
The tempered steel it went thro and thro.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.13

\N1 'O I have dreamed a dream,' she said,  
'And such an dreams cannot be good;  
I dreamed my bower was full of swine,  
And the ensign\'s clothes all dipped in blood.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.14

\N1 'I have dreamed another dream,  
And such an dreams are never good;  
That I was combing down my yellow hair,  
And dipping it in the ensign\'s blood.'

\SBALLADS Child 69E.15

\N1 'O hold your tongue, my sister dear,  
And of your weeping let a be;  
For I will get you a better match  
Than eer the ensign, what was he?'

\SBALLADS Child 69E.16

\N1 'So woe be to you, my seven bluidy brithers,  
Aye and an ill death may you die!  
For you durst not f+ight him in battle-f+ield,  
But you killed him sleeping in bed wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.17

\N1 'I\'ll do more for my love\'s sake  
That other lovers would not incline;  
Seven years shall come and go  
Before I wash this face of mine.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.18

\N1 'I will do for my love\'s sake  
What other lovers would not repair;  
Seven years shall come and go  
Before I comb down my yellow hair.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.19

\N1 'I\'ll do more for my love\'s sake,  
What other lovers will not do;  
Seven years shall come and go  
Before I cast off stocking and shoe.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.20

\N1 'I will do for my love\'s sake  
What other lovers they will be slack;  
Seven years shall come and go  
Before I cast off my robes of black.

\SBALLADS Child 69E.21

\N1 'Go make to me a high, high tower,  
Be sure you make it stout and strong,  
And on the top put an honour\'s gate,  
That my love\'s ghost may go out and in.'

\LBALLADS Child 69F.1

\N1 CLERK SAUNDERS was an earl\'s son,  
He livd upon sea-sand;  
May Margaret was a king\'s daughter,  
She livd in upper land.

\SBALLADS Child 69F.2

\N1 Clerk Saunders was an earl\'s son,  
Weel learned at the scheel;  
May Margaret was a king\'s daughter,  
They baith loed ither weel.

\SBALLADS Child 69F.3

\N1 He\'s throw the dark, and throw the mark,  
And throw the leaves o green,  
Till he came to May Margaret\'s door,  
And tirlid at the pin.

\SBALLADS Child 69F.4

\N1 `O sleep ye, wake ye, May Margaret,  
Or are ye the bower within?'  
O wha is that at my bower-door,  
Sae weel my name does ken?'  
'It\'s I, Clerk Saunders, your true-love,  
You\'ll open and lat me in.

\SBALLADS Child 69F.5

\N1 `O will ye to the cards, Margaret,  
Or to the table to dine?  
Or to the bed, that\'s weel down spread,  
And sleep when we get time?'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.6

\N1 `I\'ll no go to the cards,' she says,  
'Nor to the table to dine;  
But I\'ll go to a bed, that\'s weel down spread,  
And sleep when we get time.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.7

\N1 They were not weel lyen down,  
And no weel fa\'en asleep,  
When up and stood May Margaret\'s brethren,  
Just up at their bed-feet.

\SBALLADS Child 69F.8

\N1 `O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
And dinna to us len,  
O wha is aught yon noble steed,  
That stands your stable in?'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.9

\N1 `The steed is mine, and it may be thine,  
To ride whan ye ride in hie;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 69F.10

\N1 `But awa, awa, my baldbrethren,  
Awa, and mak nae din;  
For I am as sick a lady the nicht  
As eer lay a bower within.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.11

\N1 `O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
And dinna to us len,  
O wha is aught yon noble hawk,  
That stands your kitchen in?'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.12

\N1 `The hawk is mine, and it may be thine,  
To hawk whan ye hawk in hie;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 69F.13

\N1 `But awa, awa, my bald brethren,  
Awa, and mak nae din;

For I\'m ane o the sickest ladies this nicht  
That eer lay a bower within.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.14

\N1 `O tell us, tell us, May Margaret,  
And dinna to us len,  
O wha is that, May Margaret,  
You and the wa between?'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.15

\N1 `O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,  
`As sick as sick can be;  
O it is my bower-maiden,' she says,  
`And she\'s thrice as sick as me.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.16

\N1 `We hae been east, and we\'ve been west,  
And low beneath the moon;  
But a\' the bower-women eer we saw  
Hadna goud buckles in their shoon.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.17

\N1 Then up and spak her eldest brither,  
Ay in ill time spak he:

`It is Clerk Saunders, your true-love,  
And never mat I the  
But for this scorn that he has done  
This moment he sall die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.18

\N1 But up and spak her youngest brother,  
Ay in good time spak he:

`O but they are a gudelie pair!  
True lovers an ye be,  
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt  
Sall never sinder ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.19

\N1 Syne up and spak her nexten brother,  
And the tear stood in his ee:

`You\'ve loed her lang, and loed her weel,  
And pity it wad be  
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt  
Shoud ever sinder ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.20

\N1 But up and spak her fifthen brother:  
`Sleep on your sleep for me;

But we baith sall never sleep again,  
For the tane o us sall die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.21

\N1 And up and spak her thirthen brother,  
Ay in ill time spak he:

`Curse on his love and comeliness!  
Dishonour'd as ye be,  
The sword that hangs at my sword-belt  
Sall quickly sinder ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 69F.22

\N1 The eldest brother has drawn his sword,  
The second has drawn anither,  
Between Clerk Saunders\' hause and collarbane  
The cald iron met thegither.

\SBALLADS Child 69F.23

\N1 `O wae be to you, my fause brethren,  
And an ill death mat ye die!  
Ye mith slain Clerk Saunders in open field,  
And no in bed wi me.'

\LBALLADS Child 69G.1

\N1 CLERK SANDY and a lady gay  
Where walking in the garden green,  
And great and heavy was the love  
That hae befa\'en these twa between.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.2

\N1 `A bed, a bed,' said Clerk Sandy,  
`A bed, my love, for you and me;'  
`O never a foot,' said the lady gay,  
`Till ance that we twa married be.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.3

\N1 `My seven brithers will come in,  
And a\' their torches burning bright;  
They\'ll say, We hae but ae sister,  
And here she\'s lying wi a knight.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.4

\N1 `Ye\'ll take my brand I bear in hand,  
And wi the same ye\'ll lift the gin;  
Then ye may swear, and save your oath,  
That ye neer let Clerk Sandy in.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.5

\N1 `Ye\'ll take that kurchie on your head,  
And wi the same tie up your een;  
And ye will swear, and save your oath,  
Ye saw not Sandy sin yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.6

\N1 `Ye\'ll lift me in your arms twa,  
And carry me unto your bed;  
Then ye may swear, and save your oath,  
Clerk Sandy in your bower neer tread.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.7

\N1 She\'s taen the brand he bare in hand,  
And wi the same lifted the gin;  
It was to swear, and save her oath,  
She never loot Clerk Sandy in.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.8

\N1 She\'s taen the kurchie frae her head,  
And wi the same tied up her een;  
It was to swear, and save her oath,  
She saw not Sandy sin yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.9

\N1 She\'s taen him in her arms twa,  
And she\'s carried him to her bed;  
It was to swear, and save her oath,  
Clerk Sandie in her bower neer tread.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.10

\N1 They hadna kisssd, nor love clapped,  
Like other lovers when they meet,  
Till in a quarter\'s space and less  
These two lovers fell sound asleep.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.11

\N1 Then in it came her seven brothers,  
And a\' their torches burning bright;  
They said, We hae but ae sister,  
And here she\'s lying wi a knight.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.12

\N1 O out it speaks the first o them,  
`We will awa and lat them be;'  
Then out it speaks the second o them,  
`His father has nae mair but he.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.13

\N1 Out it speaks the third o them,  
For he was standing on the birk:  
'Nae sweeter coud twa lovers lye,  
Tho they\'d been married in a kirk.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.14

\N1 Then out it speaks the fourth o them,  
Mair fair and lovely is his buke:  
'Our sister dear we cannot blame,  
Altho in him she pleasure took.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.15

\N1 Then out it speaks the fifth o them,  
'It were a sin to do them ill;'  
Then out it spake the sixth o them,  
'It\'s hard a sleeping man to kill.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.16

\N1 But out it speaks the seventh o them,  
I wish an ill death mat he dee!  
'I wear the sharp brand by my side  
That soon shall gar Clerk Sandy die.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.17

\N1 Then he\'s taen out his trusty brand,  
And he has stroakd it ower a strae;  
And thro and thro Clerk Sandy\'s middle  
I wat he\'s gart it come and gae.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.18

\N1 The lady slept by her love\'s side  
Until the dawning o the day,  
But what was dune she naething knew,  
For when she wak\'d these words did say:

\SBALLADS Child 69G.19

\N1 'Awake, awake, now Clerk Sandy,  
Awake, and turn you unto me;  
Ye\'re nae sae keen\'s ye were at night,  
When you and I met on the lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.20

\N1 O then she calld her chamber-maid  
To bring her coal and candle seen:  
'I fear Clerk Sandy\'s dead eneuch,  
I had a living man yestreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.21

\N1 They hae lifted his body up,  
They hae searched it round and round,  
And even anent his bonny heart  
Discovered the deadly wound.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.22

\N1 She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,  
And wrung her hands most bitterlie:  
'This is my fause brothers, I fear,  
This night hae used this crueltye.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.23

\N1 'But I will do for my love\'s sake  
Woud nae be done by ladies rare;  
For seven years shall hae an end  
Or eer a kame gang in my hair.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.24

\N1 'O I will do for my love\'s sake  
What other ladies woud think lack;  
For seven years shall hae an end  
Or eer I wear but dowie black.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.25

\N1 `And I will do for my love\'s sake  
What other ladies woudna thole;  
Seven years shall hae an end  
Or eer a shoe gang on my sole.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.26

\N1 In it came her father dear,  
And he was belted in a brand;  
Sae softly as he trad the f+loor,  
And in her bower did stately stand.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.27

\N1 Says, Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And ye\'ll lat a\' your mourning be;  
I\'ll wed you to a higher match  
Or eer his father\'s son coud be.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.28

\N1 `Wed well, wed well your seven sons;  
I wish ill wedded they may be,  
Sin they hae killd him Clerk Sandy!  
For wedded shall I never be.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.29

\N1 His corpse was laid in the cauld clay,  
The bells went tinkling thro the town;  
'Alas! alas!' said the lady gay,  
'That eer I heard that waefu soun!'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.30

\N1 When she had sitten intill her bower  
A twalmonth lang and weary day,  
Even below her bower-window  
She heard a ghaist to knock an cry.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.31

\N1 She says, Ye\'re thief or bauld robber,  
Or biggin come to burn or brake;  
Or are you ony masterfu man,  
That is come seeking ony make?

\SBALLADS Child 69G.32

\N1 `I am not thief nor bauld robber,  
Nor bigging come to burn nor brake;  
Nor am I ony masterfu man,  
That is come seeking ony make;  
But I\'m Clerk Sandy, your f+irst love,  
And wants wi you again to speak.

\SBALLADS Child 69G.33

\N1 `Gin ye\'re Clerk Sandy, my f+irst love,  
And wants wi me to speak again,  
Tell me some o\' the love tokens  
That you and I had last between.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.34

\N1 `O mind not ye, ye gay lady,  
Sin last I was in bower wi thee,  
That in it came your seven brethren,  
The youngest gart me sairly dree?'  
Then sighd and said the gay lady,  
'Sae true a tale as ye tell me.'

\SBALLADS Child 69G.35

\N1 Sae painfully she clam the wa,  
She clam the wa up after him;  
'Twas not for want of stockings nor sheen,  
But hadna time to put them on;  
And in the midst o gude greenwood,

\'Twas there she lost the sight o him.  
\SBALLADS Child 69G.36  
\N1 The lady sat, and mourning there,  
Until she coudna weep nae mair;  
At length the cloks and wanton f+lies  
They biggit in her yellow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 69G.37  
\N1 `O had your peace, my dearest dear,  
For I am come to mak you wise;  
Or this night nine nights come and gang,  
We baith shall be in Paradise.'  
\LBALLADS Child 70A.1  
\N1 WILLIE was a widow\'s son,  
And he wore a milk-white weed, O  
And weel could Willie read and write,  
Far better ride on steed. O  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.2  
\N1 Lady Margerie was the f+irst lady  
That drank to him the wine,  
And aye as the healths gade round and round,  
'Laddy, your love is mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.3  
\N1 Lady Margerie was the f+irst ladye  
That drank to him the beer,  
And aye as the healths gade round and round,  
'Laddy, you\'re welcome here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.4  
\N1 `You must come into my bower  
When the evening bells do ring,  
And you must come into my bower  
When the evening mass doth sing.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.5  
\N1 He\'s taen four and twenty braid arrows,  
And laced them in a whang,  
And he\'s awa to Lady Margerie\'s bower,  
As fast as he can gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.6  
\N1 He set ae foot on the wall,  
And the other on a stane,  
And he\'s killed a\' the king\'s life-guards,  
And he\'s killed them every man.  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.7  
\N1 `Oh open, open, Lady Margerie,  
Open and let me in;  
The weet weets a\' my yellow hair,  
And the dew draps on my chin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.8  
\N1 With her feet as white as sleet  
She strode her bower within,  
And with her f+ingers long and small  
She\'s looten Sweet Willie in.  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.9  
\N1 She\'s louten down unto her foot  
To loose Sweet Willie\'s shoon;  
The buckles were sa stiff they wudna lowse,  
The blood had frozen in.  
\SBALLADS Child 70A.10  
\N1 `O Willie, Willie, I fear that thou  
Has bred me dule and sorrow;  
The deed that thou has dune this nicht



Will kythe upon the morrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 70A.11

\N1 In then came her father dear,  
 And a broad sword by his gare,  
 And he\'s gien Willie, the widow\'s son,  
 A deep wound and a sair.

\SBALLADS Child 70A.12

\N1 `Lye yont, lye yont, Willie,' she says,  
 `Your sweat weets a\' my side;  
 Lye yont, lie yont, Willie,' she says,  
 `For your sweat I downa bide.'

\SBALLADS Child 70A.13

\N1 She turned her back unto the wa,  
 Her face unto the room,  
 And there she saw her auld father,  
 Walking up and down.

\SBALLADS Child 70A.14

\N1 `Woe be to you, father,' she said,  
 `And an ill deed may you die!  
 For ye\'ve killd Willie, the widow\'s son  
 And he would have married me.'

\SBALLADS Child 70A.15

\N1 She turned her back unto the room,  
 Her face unto the wa,  
 And with a deep and heavy sich  
 Her heart it brak in twa.

\LBALLADS Child 70B.1

\N1 SWEET WILLIE was a widow\'s son,  
 And milk-white was his weed;  
 It sets him weel to bridle a horse,  
 And better to saddle a steed, my dear,  
 And better to saddle a steed.

\SBALLADS Child 70B.2

\N1 But he is on to Maisry\'s bower-door,  
 And tirlid at the pin:  
 `Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Maisry,  
 Ye\'ll open, let me come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 70B.3

\N1 `O who is this at my bower-door,  
 Sae well that knows my name?'  
 `It is your ain true-love, Willie,  
 If ye love me, lat me in.'

\SBALLADS Child 70B.4

\N1 Then huly, huly raise she up,  
 For fear o making din,  
 Then in her arms lang and bent,  
 She caught sweet Willie in.

\SBALLADS Child 70B.5

\N1 She leand her low down to her toe,  
 To loose her true-love\'s sheen,  
 But cauld, cauld were the draps o bleed  
 Fell fae his trusty brand.

\SBALLADS Child 70B.6

\N1 `What frightfu sight is that, my love?  
 A frightfu sight to see!  
 What bluid is this on your sharp brand?  
 O may ye not tell me?'

\SBALLADS Child 70B.7

\N1 `As I came thro the woods this night,  
 The wolf maist worried me;

O shoud I slain the wolf, Maisry?  
Or shoud the wolf slain me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.8  
\N1 They hadna kisss, nor love clapped,  
As lovers when they meet,  
Till up it starts her auld father,  
Out o his drowsy sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.9  
\N1 `O what\'s become o my house-cock,  
Sae crouse at ane did craw?  
I wonder as much at my bold watch,  
That\'s nae shooting ower the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.10  
\N1 `My gude house-cock, my only son,  
Heir ower my land sae free,  
If ony ruff+ian hae him slain,  
High hanged shall he be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.11  
\N1 Then he\'s on to Maisry\'s bower-door,  
And tirlid at the pin:  
`Ye sleep ye, wake ye, daughter Maisry,  
Ye\'ll open, lat me come in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.12  
\N1 Between the curtains and the wa  
She rowd her true-love then,  
And huly went she to the door,  
And let her father in.  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.13  
\N1 `What\'s become o your maries, Maisry,  
Your bower it looks sae teem?  
What\'s become o your green claithing,  
Your beds they are sae thin?'  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.14  
\N1 `Gude forgie you, father,' she said,  
`I wish ye be\'t for sin;  
Sae aft as ye hae dreaded me,  
But never found me wrang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.15  
\N1 He turnd him right and round about,  
As he\'d been gaun awa;  
But sae nimbly as he slippet in  
Behind a screen sae sma.  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.16  
\N1 Maisry, thinking a\' dangers past,  
She to her love did say,  
`Come, love, and take your silent rest;  
My auld father\'s away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.17  
\N1 Then baith lockd in each other\'s arms,  
They fell full fast asleep,  
When up it starts her auld father,  
And stood at their bed-feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.18  
\N1 `I think I hae the villain now  
That my dear son did slay;  
But I shall be revengd on him  
Before I see the day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 70B.19  
\N1 Then he\'s drawn out a trusty brand,  
And stroakd it oer a stray,

And thro and thro Sweet Willie\'s middle  
He\'s gart cauld iron gae.

\\SBALLADS Child 70B.20

\\N1 Then up it wakend Lady Maisry,  
Out o her drowsy sleep,  
And when she saw her true-love slain,  
She straight began to weep.

\\SBALLADS Child 70B.21

\\N1 `O gude forgie you now, father,' she said,  
`I wish ye be\'t for sin;  
For I never lovd a love but ane,  
In my arms ye\'ve him slain.'

\\SBALLADS Child 70B.22

\\N1 `This night he\'s slain my gude bold watch,  
Thirty stout men and twa;  
Likewise he\'s slain your ae brother,  
To me was worth them a\'.

\\SBALLADS Child 70B.23

\\N1 `If he has slain my ae brither,  
Himsell had a\' the blame,  
For mony a day he plots contriv\'d,  
To hae Sweet Willie slain.

\\SBALLADS Child 70B.24

\\N1 `And tho he\'s slain your gude bold watch,  
He might hae been forgien;  
They came on him in armour bright,  
When he was but alane.'

\\SBALLADS Child 70B.25

\\N1 Nae meen was made for this young knight,  
In bower where he lay slain,  
But a\' was for sweet Maisry bright,  
In f+ields where she ran brain.

\\LBALLADS Child 71.1

\\N1 `THERE are sixteen lang miles, I\'m sure,  
Between my love and me;  
There are eight o them in gude dry land,  
And other eight by sea.

\\SBALLADS Child 71.2

\\N1 `Betide me life, betide me death,  
My love I\'ll gang and see;  
Altho her friends they do me hate,  
Her love is great for me.

\\SBALLADS Child 71.3

\\N1 `If my coat I\'ll make a boat,  
And o my sark a sail,  
And o my cane a gude tapmast,  
Dry land till I come till.'

\\SBALLADS Child 71.4

\\N1 Then o his coat he\'s made a boat,  
And o his sark a sail;  
And o his cane a gude tapmast,  
Dry land till he came till.

\\SBALLADS Child 71.5

\\N1 He is on to Annie\'s bower-door,  
And tirlid at the pin:  
`O sleep ye, wake ye, my love, Annie,  
Ye\'ll rise, lat me come in.'

\\SBALLADS Child 71.6

\\N1 `O who is this at my bower-door,  
Sae well that kens my name?'

`It is your true-love, Sweet Willie,  
For you I\`ve crossd the faem.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.7  
\N1 `I am deeply sworn, Willie,  
By father and by mother;  
At kirk or market where we meet,  
We darna own each other.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.8  
\N1 `And I am deeply sworn, Willie,  
By my bauld brothers three;  
At kirk or market where we meet,  
I darna speak to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.9  
\N1 `Ye take your red fan in your hand,  
Your white fan ower your een,  
And ye may swear, and save your oath,  
Ye sawna me come in.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.10  
\N1 `Ye take me in your arms twa,  
And carry me to your bed;  
And ye may swear, and save your oath,  
Your bower I never tread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.11  
\N1 She\'s taen her red fan in her hand,  
The white fan ower her een;  
It was to swear, and save her oath,  
She sawna him come in.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.12  
\N1 She\'s taen him in her arms twa,  
And carried him to her bed;  
It was to swear, and save her oath,  
Her bower he never tread.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.13  
\N1 They hadna kisssd, nor love clapped,  
As lovers do when they meet,  
Till up it waukens her mother,  
Out o her drowsy sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.14  
\N1 `Win up, win up, my three bauld sons,  
Win up and make ye boun;  
Your sister\'s lover\'s in her bower,  
And he\'s but new come in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.15  
\N1 Then up it raise her three bauld sons,  
And girt to them their brand,  
And they are to their sister\'s bower,  
As fast as they coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.16  
\N1 When they came to their sister\'s bower,  
They sought it up and down;  
But there was neither man nor boy  
In her bower to be foun.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.17  
Then out it speaks the f+irst o them:  
`We\'ll gang and lat her be;  
For there is neither man nor boy  
Intill her companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.18  
\N1 Then out it speaks the second son:  
`Our travel\'s a\' in vain;

But mother dear, nor father dear,  
Shall break our rest again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.19  
\N1 Then out it speaks the third o them,  
An ill death mat he die!  
'We'll lurk amang the bent sae brown,  
That Willie we may see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.20  
\N1 He stood behind his love's curtains,  
His goud rings showd him light;  
And by this ye may a' weell guess  
He was a renowned knight.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.21  
\N1 He's done him to his love's stable,  
Took out his berry-brown steed;  
His love stood in her bower-door,  
Her heart was like to bleed.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.22  
\N1 'O mourn ye for my coming, love?  
Or for my short staying?  
Or mourn ye for our safe sindring,  
Case we never meet again?'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.23  
\N1 'I mourn nae for your here coming,  
Nor for your staying lang;  
Nor mourn I for our safe sindring,  
I hope we'll meet again.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.24  
\N1 'I wish ye may won safe away,  
And safely frae the town;  
For ken you not my brothers three  
Are mang the bent sae brown?'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.25  
\N1 'If I were on my berry-brown steed,  
And three miles frae the town,  
I woudna fear your three bauld brothers,  
Amang the bent sae brown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.26  
\N1 He leint him ower his saddle-bow,  
And kissd her lips sae sweet;  
The tears that fell between these twa,  
They wat his great steed's feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.27  
\N1 But he wasna on his berry-brown steed,  
Nor twa miles frae the town,  
Till up it starts these three f+ierce men,  
Amang the bent sae brown.  
\SBALLADS Child 71.28  
\N1 Then up they came like three f+ierce men,  
Wi mony shout and cry:  
'Bide still, bide still, ye cowardly youth,  
What makes your haste away?'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.29  
\N1 'For I must know before you go,  
Tell me, and make nae lie;  
If ye've been in my sister's bower,  
My hands hall gar ye die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 71.30  
\N1 'Tho I've been in your sister's bower,  
I have nae fear o thee;

I\ll stand my ground, and fiercly fight,  
Aud shall gain victorie.'

\SBALLADS Child 71.31

\N1 `Now I entreat you for to stay,  
Unto us gie a wad;  
If ye our words do not obey,  
I\se gar your body bleed.'

\SBALLADS Child 71.32

\N1 `I have nae wad, says Sweet Willie,  
Unless it be my brand,  
And that shall guard my fair body,  
Till I win frae your hand.'

\SBALLADS Child 71.33

\N1 Then two o them stept in behind,  
All in a furious meed;  
The third o them came him before,  
And seizd his berry-brown steed.

\SBALLADS Child 71.34

\N1 O then he drew his trusty brand,  
That hang down by his gare,  
And he has slain these three fierce men,  
And left them sprawling there.

\SBALLADS Child 71.35

\N1 Then word has gane to her mother,  
In bed where she slept soun,  
That Willie had killd her three bauld sons,  
Amang the bent sae brown.

\SBALLADS Child 71.36

\N1 Then she has cut the locks that hung  
Sae low down by her ee,  
Sae has she kiltit her green claithing  
A little aboon her knee.

\SBALLADS Child 71.37

\N1 And she has on to the king\ 's court,  
As fast as gang coud she;  
When Fair Annie got word o that,  
Was there as soon as she.

\SBALLADS Child 71.38

\N1 Her mother, when before the king,  
Fell low down on her knee;  
'Win up, win up, my dame,' he said,  
'What is your will wi me?'

\SBALLADS Child 71.39

\N1 `My wills they are not sma, my liege,  
The truth I\ll tell to thee;  
There is ane o your courtly knights  
Last night hae robbed me.'

\SBALLADS Child 71.40

\N1 `And has he broke your bigly bowers?  
Or has he stole your fee?  
There is nae knight into my court  
Last night has been frae me;

\SBALLADS Child 71.41

\N1 `Unless \ 'twas Willie o Lauderdale,  
Forbid that it be he!'  
'And by my sooth,' says the auld woman,  
'That very man is he.'

\SBALLADS Child 71.42

\N1 `For he has broke my bigly bowers,  
And he has stole my fee,

And made my daughter Ann a whore,  
And an ill woman is she.

\SBALLADS Child 71.43

\N1 `That was not all he did to me,  
Ere he went frae the town;  
My sons sae true he f+iercly slew,  
Amang the bent sae brown.'

\SBALLADS Child 71.44

\N1 Then out it spake her daughter Ann,  
She stood by the king\'s knee:  
`Ye lie, ye lie, my mother dear,  
Sae loud\'s I hear you lie.

\SBALLADS Child 71.45

\N1 `He has not broke your bigly bowers,  
Nor has he stole your fee,  
Nor made your daughter Ann a whore;  
A good woman I\'ll be.

\SBALLADS Child 71.46

\N1 `Altho he slew your three bauld sons,  
He weel might be forgien;  
They were well clad in armour bright,  
Whan my love was him lane.'

\SBALLADS Child 71.47

\N1 `Well spoke, well spoke,' the king replied,  
`This tauking pleases me;  
For ae kiss o your lovely mouth,  
I\'ll set your true-love free.'

\SBALLADS Child 71.48

\N1 She\'s taen the king in her arms,  
And kissd him cheek and chin;  
He then set her behind her love,  
And they went singing hame.

\LBALLADS Child 72A.1

\N1 O I will sing to you a sang,  
But oh my heart is sair!  
The clerk\'s twa sons in Owsenford  
Has to learn some unco lair.

\SBALLADS Child 72A.2

\N1 They hadna been in fair Parish  
A twelvemonth an a day,  
Till the clerk\'s twa sons o Owsenford  
Wi the mayor\'s twa dauthrers lay.

\SBALLADS Child 72A.3

\N1 O word\'s gaen to the mighty mayor,  
As he saild on the sea,  
That the clerk\'s twa sons o Owsenford  
Wi his twa daughters lay.

\SBALLADS Child 72A.4

\N1 `If they hae lain wi my twa daughters,  
Meg an Marjorie,  
The morn, or I taste meat or drink,  
They shall be hangit hie.'

\SBALLADS Child 72A.5

\N1 O word\'s gaen to the clerk himself,  
As he sat drinkin wine,  
That his twa sons in fair Parish  
Were bound in prison strong.

\SBALLADS Child 72A.6

\N1 Then up and spak the clerk\'s ladye,  
And she spak powrfully:

`O tak with ye a purse of gold,  
Or take with ye three,  
And if ye canna get William,  
Bring Andrew hame to me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 72A.7

\N1 `O lye ye here for owsen, dear sons,  
Or lie ye here for kye?  
Or what is it that ye lie for,  
Sae sair bound as ye lie?'

\SBALLADS Child 72A.8

\N1 `We lie not here for owsen, dear father,  
Nor yet lie here for kye,  
But it\'s for a little o dear bought love  
Sae sair bound as we lie.'

\SBALLADS Child 72A.9

\N1 O he\'s gane to the mighty mayor,  
And he spoke powerfully:  
'Will ye grant me my twa sons\' lives,  
Either for gold or fee?

Or will ye be sae gude a man  
As grant them baith to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 72A.10

\N1 `I\'ll no grant ye yere twa sons\' lives,  
Neither for gold or fee,  
Nor will I be sae gude a man  
As gie them back to thee;  
Before the morn at twelve o\'clock  
Ye\'ll see them hangit hie.'

\SBALLADS Child 72A.11

\N1 Up an spak his twa daughters,  
An they spak powrfully:  
'Will ye grant us our twa loves\' lives,  
Either for gold or fee?

Or will ye be sae gude a man  
As grant them baith to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 72A.12

\N1 `I\'ll no grant ye yere twa loves\' lives,  
Neither for gold or fee,  
Nor will I be sae gude a man  
As grant their lives to thee;  
Before the morn at twelve o\'clock  
Ye\'ll see them hangit hie.'

\SBALLADS Child 72A.13

\N1 O he\'s taen out these proper youths,  
And hangd them on a tree,  
And he\'s bidden the clerk o Owsenford  
Gang hame to his ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 72A.14

\N1 His lady sits on yon castle-wa,  
Beholding dale an doun,  
An there she saw her ain gude lord  
Come walkin to the toun.

\SBALLADS Child 72A.15

\N1 `Ye\'re welcome, welcome, my ain gude lord,  
Ye\'re welcome hame to me;  
But where away are my twa sons?  
Ye should hae brought them wi ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 72A.16

\N1 `It\'s I\'ve putten them to a deeper lair,



An to a higher schule;  
 Yere ain twa sons ill no be here  
 Till the hallow days o Yule.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72A.17  
 \N1 `O sorrow, sorrow come mak my bed,  
 An dool come lay me doon!  
 For I\`ll neither eat nor drink,  
 Nor set a f+it on ground.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 72B.1  
 \N1 DE weel, de weel, my twa young sons,  
 An learn weel at the squeel;  
 Tak no up wi young women-kin,  
 An learn to act the feel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.2  
 \N1 But they had na been in Blomsbury  
 A twalmon and a day,  
 Till the twa pretty clerks o Owsenfoord  
 Wi the mayr\'s dauchters did lay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.3  
 \N1 Word has gaen till the auld base mayr,  
 As he sat at his wine,  
 That the twa pretty clerks o Owsenford  
 Wi his daughters had lien.  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.4  
 \N1 Then out bespak the auld base mayr,  
 An an angry man was he:  
 `Tomorrow, before I eat meat or drink,  
 I\`ll see them hanged hie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.5  
 \N1 But word has gaen to Owsenfoord  
 . . . . .  
 Before the letter was read,  
 She let the tears doun fa.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.6  
 \N1 `Your sons are weel, an verra weel,  
 An learnin at the squeel;  
 But I fear ye winna see your sons  
 At the holy days o Yeel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.7  
 \N1 Their father he went to Bloomsbury,  
 He turnit him roun about,  
 An there he saw his twa braw sons,  
 In the prison, leukin out.  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.8  
 \N1 `O lie ye there for owsen, my sons,  
 Or lie ye there for kye?  
 Or lie ye there for dear fond love,  
 Si closs as ye de lie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.9  
 \N1 `We lie na here for owsen, father,  
 We lie na here for kye,  
 But we lie here for dear fond love,  
 An we\`re condemned to die.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 72B.10  
 \N1 Then out bespak the clerks\' fader,  
 An a sorry man was he:  
 `Gae till you bowers, ye lillie-f+lowers,  
 For a\` this winna dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 72B.11

\N1 Then out bespak the aul base mayr,  
An an angry man was he:  
'Gar to your bowers, ye vile base whores,  
Ye\`ll see them hanged hie.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 72C.1

\N1 I\R\`rLL tell you a tale, or I\`ll sing you a song,  
Will grieve your heart full sair;  
How the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford  
Went aff to learn their lear.

\SBALLADS Child 72C.2

\N1 Their father lovd them very weel,  
Their mother muckle mair,  
And sent them on to Billsbury,  
To learn deeper lear.

\SBALLADS Child 72C.3

\N1 Then out it spake their mother dear:  
'Do weel, my sons, do weel,  
And haunt not wi the young women,  
Wi them to play the f+iel.'

\SBALLADS Child 72C.4

\N1 Their father sware them on their souls,  
Their mother on their life,  
Never to lie wi the auld mayor\`s daughters,  
Nor kiss the young mayor\`s wife.

\SBALLADS Child 72C.5

\N1 But they hadna been in Billsbury  
A twallmonth and a day,  
Till the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford  
With the mayor\`s twa daughters lay.

\SBALLADS Child 72C.6

\N1 As these twa clerks they sat and wrote,  
The ladies sewed and sang;  
There was mair mirth in that chamber  
Than all fair Ferrol\`s land.

\SBALLADS Child 72C.7

\N1 But word\`s gane to the wicked mayor,  
As he sat at the wine,  
That the twa bonny clerks o Oxenford  
With his twa daughters had lyne.

\SBALLADS Child 72C.8

\N1 `O have they lain with my daughters dear,  
Heirs out ower a\` my land,  
The morn, ere I eat or drink,  
I\`ll hang them with my hand.'

\SBALLADS Child 72C.9

\N1 Then he has taen the twa bonny clerks,  
Bound them frae tap to tae,  
Till the reddest blood in their body  
Out ower their nails did gae.

\SBALLADS Child 72C.10

\N1 `Whare will I get a little wee boy,  
Will win gowd to his fee,  
That will rin on to Oxenford,  
And that right speedilie?'

\SBALLADS Child 72C.11

\N1 Then up it starts a bonny boy,  
Gold yellow was his hair;  
I wish his father and mother joy,

His true-love muckle mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.12  
\N1 Says, Here am I, a little wee boy,  
Will win gowd to my fee,  
That will rin on to Oxenford,  
And that right speedilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.13  
\N1 `Where ye f+ind the grass green growing,  
Set down your heel and rin,  
And where ye f+ind the brigs broken,  
Ye\'ll bend your bow and swim.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.14  
\N1 `But when ye come to Oxenford,  
Bide neither to chap nor ca,  
But set your bent bow to your breast,  
And lightly loup the wa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.15  
\N1 Where he found the grass green growing,  
He slackt his shoes and ran,  
And where he found the brigs broken,  
He bent his bow and swam.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.16  
\N1 And when he came to Oxenford,  
Did neither chap nor ca,  
But set his bent bow to his breast,  
And lightly leapt the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.17  
\N1 `What news, what news, my little wee boy?  
What news hae ye to me?  
How are my sons in Billsbury,  
Since they went far frae me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.18  
\N1 `Your sons are well, and learning well,  
But at a higher school,  
And ye\'ll never see your sons again.  
On the holy days o Yule.'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.19  
\N1 `Wi sorrow now gae make my bed,  
Wi care and caution lay me down;  
That man on earth shall neer be born  
Shall see me mair gang on the groun.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.20  
\N1 `Take twenty pounds in your pocket,  
And ten and ten to tell them wi,  
And gin ye getna hynde Henry,  
Bring ye gay Gilbert hame to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.21  
\N1 Out it speaks old Oxenford,  
A sorry, sorry man, was he:  
\N1 Out it speaks old Oxenford,  
A sorry, sorry man, was he:  
`Your strange wish does me surprise,  
They are baith there alike to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.22  
\N1 `Wi sorrow now I\'ll saddle my horse,  
And I will gar my bridle ring,  
And I shall be at Billsbury  
Before the small birds sweetly sing.'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.23  
\N1 Then sweetly sang the nightingale,

As she sat on the wand,  
But sair, sair, mournd Oxenford,  
As he gaed in the strand.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.24  
\N1 When he came to Billsbury,  
He rade it round about,  
And at a little shott-window  
His sons were looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.25  
\N1 `O lye ye there, my sons,' he said,  
`For oxen, or for kye?  
Or is it for a little o deep dear love,  
Sae sair bound as ye lye?'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.26  
\N1 `We lye not here, father,' they said,  
`For oxen, nor for kye;  
It\'s all for a little o deep dear love,  
Sae sair bound as we lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.27  
\N1 `O borrow\'s, borrow\'s, father,' they said,  
`For the love we bear to thee!'  
`O never fear, my pretty sons,  
Well borrowed ye shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.28  
\N1 Then he\'s gane to the wicked mayor,  
And hailed him courteouslie:  
`Good day, good day, O Billsbury,  
God make you safe and free!'  
`Come sit you down, brave Oxenford,  
God make you safe and free!'  
`Come sit you down, brave Oxenford,  
What are your wills with me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.29  
\N1 `Will ye gie me my sons again,  
For gold or yet for fee?  
Will ye gie me my sons again,  
For\'s sake that died on tree?'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.30  
\N1 `I winna gie you your sons again,  
For gold nor yet for fee;  
But if ye\'ll stay a little while,  
Ye\'se see them hanged hie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.31  
\N1 Ben it came the mayor\'s daughters,  
Wi kirtle, coat alone;  
Their eyes did sparkle like the gold,  
As they tript on the stone.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.32  
\N1 `Will ye gie us our loves, father,  
For gold or yet for fee?  
Or will ye take our own sweet life,  
And let our true-loves be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.33  
\N1 He\'s taen a whip into his hand,  
And lashed them wondrous sair:  
Gae to your bowers, ye vile rank whores,  
Ye\'se never see them mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.34  
\N1 Then out it speaks old Oxenford,  
A sorry man was he:

`Gang to your bowers, ye lily-f+lowers,  
For a\' this maunna be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.35  
\N1 Out it speaks him hynde Henry:  
`Come here, Janet, to me;  
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,  
And love, as I gae thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.36  
\N1 `Ye shall hae your faith and troth,  
Wi God\'s blessing and mine;'  
And twenty times she kisssd his mouth,  
Her father looking on.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.37  
\N1 Then out it speaks him gay Gilbert:  
`Come here, Margaret, to me;  
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,  
And love, as I gae thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.38  
\N1 `Yes, ye shall get your faith and troth,  
Wi God\'s blessing and mine;'  
And twenty times she kisssd his mouth,  
Her father looking on.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.39  
\N1 `Ye\'ll take aff your twa black hats,  
Lay them down on a stone,  
That nane may ken that ye are clerks  
Till ye are putten down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.40  
\N1 The bonny clerks they died that morn,  
Their loves died lang ere noon;  
Their father and mother for sorrow died,  
They all died very soon.  
\SBALLADS Child 72C.41  
\N1 These six souls went up to heaven,  
I wish sae may we a\'!  
The mighty mayor went down to hell,  
For wrong justice and law.  
\LBALLADS Child 72D.1  
\N1 OH I will tell a tale of woe,  
Which makes my heart richt sair;  
The Clerk\'s two sons of Oxenfoord  
Are too soon gone to lair.  
\SBALLADS Child 72D.2  
\N1 They thought their father\'s service mean,  
Their mother\'s no great affair;  
But they would go to fair Berwick,  
To learn [some] unco lair.  
\SBALLADS Child 72D.3  
\N1 They had not been in fair Berwick  
A twelve month and a day,  
Till the clerk\'s two sons of Oxenfoord  
With the mayor\'s two daughters lay.  
\SBALLADS Child 72D.4  
\N1 This word came to the mighty mayor,  
As he hunted the rae,  
That the clerks two sons of Oxenfoord  
With his two daughters lay.  
\SBALLADS Child 72D.5  
\N1 `If they have lain with my daughters,  
The heirs of all my land,

I make a vow, and will keep it true,  
 To hang them with my hand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.6  
 \N1 When he was certain of the fact,  
 An angry man was he,  
 And he has taken these two brothers,  
 And hanged them on the tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.7  
 \N1 Word it has come to Oxenfoord\'s clerk,  
 Ere it was many day,  
 That his two sons sometime ago  
 With the mayor\'s two daughters lay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.8  
 \N1 `O saddle a horse to me,' he cried,  
 `O do it quick and soon,  
 That I may ride to fair Berwick,  
 And see what can be done.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.9  
 \N1 But when he came to fair Berwick  
 A grieved man was he,  
 When that he saw his two bonnie sons  
 Both hanging on the tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.10  
 \N1 `O woe is me,' the clerk cried out,  
 `This dismal sight to see,  
 All the whole comfort of my life  
 Dead hanging on the tree!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.11  
 \N1 He turned his horse\'s head about,  
 Making a piteous moan,  
 And all the way to Oxenfoord  
 Did sad and grievously groan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.12  
 \N1 His wife did hastily cry out,  
 `You only do I see;  
 What have you done with my two sons,  
 You should have brought to me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.13  
 \N1 `I put them to some higher lair,  
 And to a deeper scule;  
 You will not see your bonnie sons  
 Till the haly days of Yule.  
 \SBALLADS Child 72D.14  
 \N1 `And I will spend my days in grief,  
 Will never laugh nor sing;  
 There\'s never a man in Oxenfoord  
 Shall hear my bridle ring.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 73A.1  
 \N1 LORD THOMAS and Fair Annet  
 Sate a\' day on a hill;  
 Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,  
 They had not talkt their f+ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.2  
 \N1 Lord Thomas said a word in jest,  
 Fair Annet took it ill:  
 `A, I will nevir wed a wife  
 Against my ain friends\' will.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.3  
 \N1 `Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,  
 A wife wull neir wed yee:'

Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
 And knelt upon his knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.4  
 \N1 `O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,  
 `A gude rede gie to mee;  
 O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,  
 And let Fair Annet bee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.5  
 \N1 `The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,  
 Fair Annet she has gat nane;  
 And the little beauty Fair Annet haes  
 O it wull soon be gane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.6  
 \N1 And he has till his brother gane:  
 `Now, brother, rede ye mee;  
 A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
 And let Fair Annet bee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.7  
 \N1 `The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,  
 The nut-browne bride has kye;  
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
 And cast Fair Annet bye.'  
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
 And cast Fair Annet bye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.8  
 \N1 `Her oxen may dye i the house, billie,  
 And her kye into the byre,  
 And I sall hae nothing to mysell  
 Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.9  
 \N1 And he has till his sister gane:  
 `Now, sister, rede ye mee;  
 O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
 And set Fair Annet free?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.10  
 \N1 `I\'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,  
 And let the browne bride alane;  
 Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,  
 What is this we brought hame!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.11  
 \N1 `No, I will tak my mither\'s counsel,  
 And marrie me owt o hand;  
 And I will tak the nut-browne bride,  
 Fair Annet may leive the land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.12  
 \N1 Up then rose Fair Annet\'s father,  
 Twa hours or it wer day,  
 And he is gane into the bower  
 Wherein Fair Annet lay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.13  
 \N1 `Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says,  
 `Put on your silken sheene;  
 Let us gae to St. Marie\'s kirke,  
 And see that rich weddeen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73A.14  
 \N1 `My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,  
 And dress to me my hair;  
 \N1 `My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,  
 And dress to me my hair;  
 Whaireir yee laid a plait before,

See yee lay ten times mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.15  
\N1 `My maids, gae to my dressing-room,  
And dress to me my smock;  
The one half is o the holland fine,  
The other o needle-work.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.16  
\N1 The horse Fair Annet rade upon,  
He amblit like the wind;  
Wi siller he was shod before,  
Wi burning gowd behind.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.17  
\N1 Four and twanty siller bells  
Wer a\' tyed till his mane,  
And yae tift o the norland wind,  
They tinkled ane by ane.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.18  
\N1 Four and twanty gay gude knichts  
Rade by Fair Annet\'s side,  
And four and twanty fair ladies,  
As gin she had bin a bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.19  
\N1 And whan she cam to Marie\'s kirk,  
She sat on Marie\'s stean:  
The cleding that Fair Annet had on  
It skinkled in their een.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.20  
\N1 And whan she cam into the kirk,  
She shimmerd like the sun;  
The belt that was about her waist  
Was a\' wi pearles bedone.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.21  
\N1 She sat her by the nut-browne bride,  
And her een they wer sae clear,  
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,  
Whan Fair Annet drew near.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.22  
\N1 He had a rose into his hand,  
He gae it kisses three,  
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,  
Laid it on Fair Annet\'s knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.23  
\N1 Up than spak the nut-browne bride,  
She spak wi meikle spite:  
`And whair gat ye that rose-water,  
That does mak yee sae white?'  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.24  
\N1 `O I did get the rose-water  
Whair ye wull neir get nane,  
For I did get that very rose-water  
Into my mither\'s wame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.25  
\N1 The bride she drew a long bodkin  
Frae out her gay head-gear,  
And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,  
That word spak nevir mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 73A.26  
\N1 Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex pale,  
And marvelit what mote bee;  
But whan he saw her dear heart\'s blude,



A\' wood-wroth wexed hee.

\SBALLADS Child 73A.27

\N1 He drew his dagger, that was sae sharp,  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,  
That fell deid at his feit.

\SBALLADS Child 73A.28

\N1 `Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,  
`Now stay, my dear,' he cry\'d;  
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,  
And fell deid by her side.

\SBALLADS Child 73A.29

\N1 Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,  
Fair Annet within the quiere,  
And o the tane thair grew a birk,  
The other a bonny briere.

\SBALLADS Child 73A.30

\N1 And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad faine be neare;  
And by this ye may ken right weil  
They were twa luvvers deare.

\LBALLADS Child 73B.1

\N1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annie  
Sat a\' day on yon hill;  
Though they had sat til the leventh o June,  
They wad na got their f+ill.

\SBALLADS Child 73B.2

\N1 But Willie spak a word amiss,  
Fair Annie took it ill:  
`I\'ll neer marry a tocherless lass  
Agen my ain friends\' will.'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.3

\N1 Then on she lap, and awa she gat,  
As fast as she could hie:  
`Fare ye weel now, Sweet Willie,  
It\'s fare ye weel a wee.'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.4

\N1 Then he is gane to his father\'s ha,  
And tirlid at the pin;  
Then up and rase his father proud.  
And loot Sweet Willie in.

\SBALLADS Child 73B.5

\N1 `Come riddle us, riddle us, father dear,  
Yea both of us into ane;  
Whether sall I marry Fair Annie,  
Or bring the brown bride hame?'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.6

\N1 `The brown bride she has houses and land,  
And Annie she has nane;  
Sae on my blessing, my auld son,  
Bring ye Brown Bride hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.7

\N1 Then he is to his mither\'s bouer,  
And tirlid at the pin;  
Then up and rose his mother dear  
To let Sweet Willie in.

\SBALLADS Child 73B.8

\N1 `Come riddle us, riddle us, mother dear,  
Yea baith o us into ane;  
Whether sall I marry Fair Annie,

Or bring the brown bride hame?'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.9

\N1 `The brown bride she has gowd and gear,  
Fair Annie she has nane;  
And for my blessing, my auld son,  
Bring ye Brown Bride hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.10

\N1 Then he is to his sister\'s bouer,  
And tirlid at the pin;  
And wha sae ready as his sister dear  
To let her brither in.

\SBALLADS Child 73B.11

\N1 `Come riddle us, riddle us, sister fair,  
Us baith yea into ane;  
Whether sall I marry Fair Annie,  
Or bring the brown bride hame?'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.12

\N1 `The brown bride she has horse and kye,  
And Annie she has nane;  
But for my love, my brither dear,  
Bring hame the fair woman.

\SBALLADS Child 73B.13

\N1 `Your horse may dee into the staw,  
The kye into the byre,  
And ye\'ll hae nocht but a howther o dirt,  
To feed about your f+ire.'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.14

\N1 Then he is to Fair Annie\'s bouer,  
And tirlid at the pin;  
And wha sae ready as Fair Annie  
To let Sweet Willie in.

\SBALLADS Child 73B.15

\N1 `You\'re welcome here to me, Willie,  
You\'re welcome here to me:'  
`I\'m na welcome to thee, Annie,  
I\'m na welcome to thee,  
For I\'m come to bid ye to my wedding,  
It\'s gey sad news to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.16

\N1 `It\'s gey sad news to me, Willie,  
The saddest ye could tell;  
It\'s gey sad news to me, Willie,  
That shoud been bride mysel.'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.17

\N1 Then she is to her father gane,  
And bowed low on her knee:  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 73B.18

\N1 `Come riddle us, riddle us, father dear,  
Us baith yea into ane;  
Whether sall I gang to Willie\'s wedding,  
Or sall I stay at hame?'

\SBALLADS Child 73B.19

\N1 `Whare ane will be your frien, Annie,  
Twenty will be your fae;'  
`But prove it gude, or prove it bad,  
To Willie\'s wedding I\'ll gae.

\SBALLADS Child 73B.20

\N1 `I\'ll na put on the grisly black,

Nor yet the dowie green,  
 But I\ 'll put on a scarlet robe  
 To sheen like onie queen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.21  
 \N1 She\ 's orderd the smiths to the smithy,  
 To shoe her a riding steed;  
 She has orderd the tailors to her bouer,  
 To dress her a riding weed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.22  
 \N1 She has calld her maries to her bour,  
 To lay gowd on her hair:  
 `Whare e\ 'er ye put ae plait before,  
 See ye lay ten times mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.23  
 \N1 The steed Fair Annie rade upon,  
 He bounded like the wind;  
 Wi silver he was shod before,  
 Wi burning gowd behind.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.24  
 \N1 And four and twenty siller bells  
 War tie+:d til his mane;  
 Wi ae blast o the norland wind  
 They tinkled ane by ane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.25  
 \N1 And whan she cam unto the place,  
 And lichted on the green,  
 Ilka ane that did her see  
 Thought that she was a queen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.26  
 \N1 `Is this your bride, Sweet Willie?' she said,  
 `I think she\ 's wondrous wan;  
 Ye micht have had as fair a bride  
 As eer the sun sheend on.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.27  
 \N1 `O haud your tongue, Fair Annie,' he said,  
 `Wi your talk let me abee;  
 For better I loe your little f+inger  
 Than the brown bride\ 's haill bodie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.28  
 \N1 Then out and spak the nut-brown bride,  
 And she spak out of spite:  
 `O whare gat ye the water, Annie,  
 That washd your face sae white?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.29  
 \N1 `O I gat een the water,' quo she,  
 `Whare ye will neer get nane;  
 It\ 's I gat een the water,' quo she,  
 `Aneath yon marble stane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.30  
 \N1 Then out and spake the nut-brown bride,  
 And she spak yet again:  
 `O whare gat ye the claith, Annie,  
 That dried your face sae clean?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.31  
 \N1 `O I gat een the claith,' quo she,  
 `Whare ye will neer get nane;  
 It\ 's I gat een the claith,' quo she,  
 `Aneath yon bouer o bane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.32  
 \N1 The brown bride had a little penknife,

Which she kept secret there;  
 She stabbd Fair Annie to the heart,  
 A deep wound and a sair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.33  
 \N1 It\'s out and spak he Sweet Willie,  
 And he spak yet again:  
 `O what\'s the matter wi thee, Annie,  
 That ye do look sae wan?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.34  
 \N1 `Oh are ye blind, Willie?' she said,  
 `Or do ye no weel see?  
 I think ye micht see my heart\'s blude,  
 Come rinning by my knee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.35  
 \N1 Then Willie took a little sword,  
 Which he kept secret there,  
 And strak the brown bride to the heart,  
 A word she neer spak mair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.36  
 \N1 And after that a\' this was dune,  
 He drew it through the strae,  
 And through his ain fair bodie  
 He caud the cauld iron gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.37  
 \N1 The last words that Sweet Willie spak,  
 His heart was almaist gane;  
 `May never a young man like me  
 Have sic a sad wedding.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.38  
 \N1 `For gear will come, and gear will gang,  
 And gear\'s ae but a lend,  
 And monie a ane for warld\'s gear  
 A silly brown bride brings hame.'  
 And monie a ane for warld\'s gear  
 A silly brown bride brings hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.39  
 \N1 Sweet Willie was buried in Mary\'s kirk,  
 And Annie in Mary\'s quire,  
 And out o the ane there grew a birk,  
 And out o the ither a brier.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73B.40  
 \N1 And ae they grew, and ae they threw,  
 Until the twa did meet,  
 That ilka ane micht plainly see  
 They were true lovers sweet.  
 \LBALLADS Child 73C.1  
 \N1 `COME read my rede, O mother dear,  
 Come riddle it all in one;  
 O whether will I take Fair Annie,  
 Or bring the brown bride home?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73C.2  
 \N1 `The brown, brown bride has kye and ewes,  
 Fair Annie she has none;  
 She has nothing but a bonny, bonny face,  
 And that\'ll soon be gone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73C.3  
 \N1 `Where will I get a pretty little boy,  
 That\'ll rin my errands soon,  
 That will rin to Fair Annie\'s bower,  
 And bid her to my wedding?'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.4

\N1 `Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
That'll rin your errands soon,  
That will rin to Fair Annie\'s bower,  
And bid her to your wedding.'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.5

\N1 `Forbid her to put on her silks so black,  
Or yet her silks so brown;  
But she must put on her suddled silks,  
That she wears up and down.

\SBALLADS Child 73C.6

\N1 `Forbid her to put on her silks so green,  
Or yet her silks so gray;  
But she must put on her suddled silks,  
That she wears every day.'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.7

\N1 When he gade to Fair Annie\'s bower,  
He tirlled at the pin;  
So ready was Fair Annie hersell  
To open and let him in.

\SBALLADS Child 73C.8

\N1 `What news, what news, my little boy?  
What news hast thou to me?'  
`You must prepare for Lord Thomas\' wedding,  
And that\'s bad news for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.9

\N1 `Good news, good news,' Fair Annie says,  
`Good news is it for me,  
For me to be bride and him bridegroom,  
And that\'s good news for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.10

\N1 `He forbids thee to put on thy silks so black,  
Or yet thy silks so brown;  
But thou must put on thy suddled silks,  
That thou wears up and down.

\SBALLADS Child 73C.11

\N1 `He forbids you to put on thy silks so green,  
Or yet thy silks so gray;  
But thou must on thy suddled silks,  
That thou wears every day.'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.12

\N1 `There are smiths into my smiddy-bour  
That'll dress to me a steed,  
There are tailors in my tailor-house  
That'll dress to me a weed.

\SBALLADS Child 73C.13

\N1 `There are maidens in my maiden-bower  
That'll lay gold in my hair,  
And where eer there were ane link before,  
It shall be nine times mair.'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.14

\N1 Then Annie got herself attired,  
In all things very fine,  
With red ribbons, and silks so fair,  
That owre her shoulders shine.

\SBALLADS Child 73C.15

\N1 When she came to Lord Thomas\' yett,  
She shined amang them a',  
And the buttons on Lord Thomas\' coat  
Brusted and brak in twa.

\SBALLADS Child 73C.16

\N1 `Brown, brown is your steed,' she says,  
`But browner is your bride;  
But gallant is that handkerchy  
That hideth her din hide.'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.17

\N1 `O hold thy peace, Fair Annie,' he says,  
`Speak not of that to me,  
For happy is that bonny, bonny lad  
That leads his life with thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.18

\N1 Then out bespoke the brown, brown bride,  
And she spoke out with spite:  
`O whare gets thou that water-cherry,  
That washes thee so white?'

\SBALLADS Child 73C.19

\N1 `I got in my father\'s garden,  
Below an olive tree,  
And although thou war to seek long seven years  
That water thou\'ll never see.

\SBALLADS Child 73C.20

\N1 `Tho thou hast got Lord Thomas\' hand  
That water thou\'ll neer see;  
For thou\'s sunbrunt from thy mother\'s womb,  
And thou\'ll never be like me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 73D.1

\N1 LORD THOMAS he was a bold forrester,  
And a chaser of the king\'s deer;  
Fair Ellinor was a fair woman,  
And Lord Thomas he loved her dear.

\SBALLADS Child 73D.2

\N1 `Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' he said,  
`And riddle us both as one,  
Whether I shall marry Fair Ellinor,  
And let the brown girl alone.'

\SBALLADS Child 73D.3

\N1 `The brown girl she has got houses and lands,  
And Fair Ellinor she has got none;  
Therefore I charge you on my blessing  
To bring me the brown girl home.'

\SBALLADS Child 73D.4

\N1 And as it befell on a high holidaye,  
As many did more beside,  
Lord Thomas he went to Fair Ellinor,  
That should have been his bride.

\SBALLADS Child 73D.5

\N1 But when he came to Fair Ellinor\'s bower,  
He knocked there at the ring;  
But who was so ready as Fair Ellinor  
For to let Lord Thomas in.

\SBALLADS Child 73D.6

\N1 `What news, what news, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
`What news hast thou brought unto me?'  
`I am come to bid thee to my wedding,  
And that is bad news to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 73D.7

\N1 `Oh God forbid, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
`That such a thing should be done;  
I thought to have been thy bride my own self,

And you to have been the brid\'s-groom.  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.8  
\N1 `Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' she sayd,  
`And riddle it all in one;  
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas\'s wedding,  
Or whether I shall tarry at home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.9  
\N1 `There\'s many that are your friends, daughter,  
And many that are your fo;  
Therefore I charge you on my blessing,  
To Lord Thomas\'s wedding don\'t go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.10  
\N1 `There\'s many that are my friends, mother,  
If a thousand more were my foe,  
Betide my life, betide my death,  
To Lord Thomas\'s wedding I\'le go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.11  
\N1 She cloathed herself in gallant attyre,  
And her merry men all in green,  
And as they rid thorough everye towne,  
They took her to have been a queene.  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.12  
\N1 But when she came to Lord Thomas\'s gate,  
She knocked there at the ring;  
But who was so ready as Lord Thomas  
To lett Fair Ellinor in.  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.13  
\N1 `Is this your bride?' Fair Ellin she sayd,  
`Methinks she looks wondrous browne;  
Thou mightest have had as fair a woman  
As ever trod on the ground.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.14  
\N1 `Despise her not, Fair Ellin,' he sayd,  
`Despise her not now unto mee;  
For better I love thy little f+inger  
Than all her whole body.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.15  
\N1 This browne bride had a little penknife,  
That was both long and sharp,  
And betwixt the short ribs and the long  
Prickd Fair Ellinor to the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.16  
\N1 `Oh Christ now save thee,' Lord Thomas he said,  
`Methinks thou lookst wondrous wan;  
Thou wast usd for to look with as fresh a colour  
As ever the sun shin\'d on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.17  
\N1 `Oh art thou blind, Lord Thomas?' she sayd,  
`Or canst thou not very well see?  
Oh dost thou not see my own heart\'s blood  
Runs trickling down my knee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.18  
\N1 Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,  
As he walked about the hall;  
He cut off his bride\'s head from her shoulders,  
And he threw it against the wall.  
\SBALLADS Child 73D.19  
\N1 He set the hilde against the ground,  
And the point against his heart;  
There was never three lovers that ever met

More sooner they did depart.  
\LBALLADS Child 73E.1  
\N1 Sweet Willie and Fair Annie  
Sat a\' day on a hill,  
And though they had sitten seven year,  
They neer wad had their f+ill.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.2  
\N1 Sweet Willie said a word in haste,  
And Annie took it ill:  
'I winna wed a tocherless maid,  
Against my parents\' will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.3  
\N1 'Ye\'re come o the rich, Willie,  
And I\'m come o the poor;  
I\'m oer laigh to be your bride,  
And I winna be your whore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.4  
\N1 O Annie she\'s gane till her bower,  
And Willie down the den,  
And he\'s come till his mither\'s bower,  
By the lei light o the moon.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.5  
\N1 'O sleep ye, wake ye, mither?' he says,  
'Or are ye the bower within?'  
'I sleep richt aft, I wake richt aft;  
What want ye wi me, son?  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.6  
\N1 'Whare hae ye been a\' nicht, Willie?  
O wow, ye\'ve tarried lang!'  
'I have been courtin Fair Annie,  
And she is frae me gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.7  
\N1 'There is twa maidens in a bower;  
Which o them sall I bring hame?  
The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,  
And Fair Annie has nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.8  
\N1 'It\'s an ye wed the nut-brown maid,  
I\'ll heap gold wi my hand;  
But an ye wed her Fair Annie,  
I\'ll straik it wi a wand.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.9  
\N1 'The nut-brown maid has sheep and cows,  
And Fair Annie has nane;  
And Willie, for my benison,  
The nut-brown maid bring hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.10  
\N1 'O I sall wed the nut-brown maid,  
And I sall bring her hame;  
But peace nor rest between us twa,  
Till death sinder\'s again.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.11  
\N1 'But, alas, alas!' says Sweet Willie,  
'O fair is Annie\'s face!'  
'But what\'s the matter, my son Willie?  
She has nae ither grace.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.12  
\N1 'Alas, alas!' says Sweet Willie,  
'But white is Annie\'s hand!'  
'But what\'s the matter, my son Willie?



She hasna a fur o land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.13  
\N1 `Sheep will die in cots, mither,  
And owsen die in byre;  
And what\'s this warld\'s wealth to me,  
An I get na my heart\'s desire?  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.14  
\N1 `Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
That wad fain win hose and shoon,  
That will rin to Fair Annie\'s bower,  
Wi the lei light o the moon?  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.15  
\N1 `Ye\'ll tell her to come to Willie\'s weddin,  
The morn at twal at noon;  
Ye\'ll tell her to come to Willie\'s weddin,  
The heir o Duplin town.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.16  
\N1 `She manna put on the black, the black,  
Nor yet the dowie brown,  
But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae white,  
And her bonny locks hangin down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.17  
\N1 He is on to Annie\'s bower,  
And tirlid at the pin,  
And wha was sae ready as Annie hersel  
To open and let him in.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.18  
\N1 `Ye are bidden come to Willie\'s weddin,  
The morn at twal at noon;  
Ye are bidden come to Willie\'s weddin,  
The heir of Duplin town.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.19  
\N1 `Ye manna put on the black, the black,  
Nor yet the dowie brown,  
But the scarlet sae red, and the kerches sae white,  
And your bonny locks hangin down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.20  
\N1 `It\'s I will come to Willie\'s weddin,  
The morn at twal at noon;  
It\'s I will come to Willie\'s weddin,  
But I rather the mass had been mine.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.21  
\N1 `Maidens, to my bower come,  
And lay gold on my hair;  
And whare ye laid ae plait before,  
Ye\'ll now lay ten times mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.22  
\N1 `Taylors, to my bower come,  
And mak to me a weed;  
And smiths, unto my stable come,  
And shoe to me a steed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.23  
\N1 At every tate o Annie\'s horse mane  
There hang a silver bell,  
And there came a wind out frae the south,  
Which made them a\' to knell.  
\SBALLADS Child 73E.24  
\N1 And whan she came to Mary-kirk,  
And sat down in the deas,  
The light that came frae Fair Annie

Enlightend a\' the place.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.25  
 \N1 But up and stands the nut-brown bride,  
 Just at her father\'s knee:  
 `O wha is this, my father dear,  
 That blinks in Willie\'s ee?  
 `O this is Willie\'s f+irst true-love,  
 Before he loved thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.26  
 \N1 `If that be Willie\'s f+irst true-love,  
 He might hae latten me be;  
 She has as much gold on ae f+inger  
 As I\'ll wear till I die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.27  
 \N1 `O whare got ye that water, Annie,  
 That washes you sae white?  
 `I got it in my mither\'s wambe,  
 Whare ye\'ll neer get the like.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.28  
 \N1 `For ye\'ve been washd in Dunny\'s well,  
 And dried on Dunny\'s dyke,  
 And a\' the water in the sea  
 Will never wash ye white.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.29  
 \N1 Willie\'s taen a rose out o his hat,  
 Laid it in Annie\'s lap:  
 . . . . .  
 `Hae, wear it for my sake.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.30  
 \N1 `Tak up and wear your rose, Willie,  
 And wear\'t wi mickle care;  
 For the woman sall never bear a son  
 That will make my heart sae sair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.31  
 \N1 Whan night was come, and day was gane,  
 And a\' man boun to bed,  
 Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride  
 In their chamber were laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.32  
 \N1 They werena weel lyen down,  
 And scarcely fa\'n asleep,  
 Whan up and stands she Fair Annie,  
 Just up at Willie\'s feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.33  
 \N1 `Weel brook ye o your brown, brown bride,  
 Between ye and the wa;  
 And sae will I o my winding sheet,  
 That suits me best ava.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.34  
 \N1 `Weel brook ye o your brown, brown bride,  
 Between ye and the stock;  
 And sae will I o my black, black kist,  
 That has neither key nor lock.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.35  
 \N1 Sad Willie raise, put on his claise,  
 Drew till him his hose and shoon,  
 And he is on to Annie\'s bower,  
 By the lei light o the moon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.36  
 \N1 The f+irsten bower that he came till,

There was right dowie wark;  
 Her mither and her three sisters  
 Were makin to Annie a sark.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.37  
 \N1 The nexten bower that he came till,  
 There was right dowie cheir;  
 Her father and her seven brethren  
 Were makin to Annie a bier.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.38  
 \N1 The lasten bower that he came till,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 And Fair Annie streekit there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.39  
 \N1 He\'s lifted up the coverlet,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.40  
 \N1 `It\'s I will kiss your bonny cheek,  
 And I will kiss your chin,  
 And I will kiss your clay-cald lip,  
 But I\'ll never kiss woman again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.41  
 \N1 `The day ye deal at Annie\'s burial  
 The bread but and the wine;  
 Before the morn at twall o\'clock,  
 They\'ll deal the same at mine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.42  
 \N1 The tane was buried in Mary\'s kirk,  
 The tither in Mary\'s quire,  
 And out o the tane there grew a birk,  
 And out o the tither a brier.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73E.43  
 \N1 And ay they grew, and ay the drew,  
 Untill they twa did meet,  
 And every ane that past them by  
 Said, Thae\'s been lovers sweet!  
 \LBALLADS Child 73F.1  
 \N1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Annie,  
 As they sat on yon hill,  
 If they hed sat frae morn till even,  
 They hed no talked their f+ill.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.2  
 \N1 Willie\'s dune him hame again,  
 As fast as gang could he:  
 `An askin, an askin, my mother,  
 And I pray ye\'ll grant it me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.3  
 \N1 `Oh will I merry the nut-brown maid,  
 Wi her oxen and her kye?  
 Or will I merry my Fair Annie,  
 That hes my heart for aye?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.4  
 \N1 `Oh if ye merry your Fair Annie,  
 Your mither\'s malison you\'ll wun;  
 But if ye merry the nut-brown may,  
 Ye will get her blessin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.5

\N1 `Oh voe\'s me, mother,' Willie said,  
`For Annie\'s bonny face!'  
`Little metter o that, my son Willie,  
When Annie hesna grace.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.6  
\N1 `Oh voe\'s me, mither,' Willie said,  
`For Annie\'s bonny han!'  
`And what\'s the metter, son Willie,  
When Annie hesna lan?  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.7  
\N1 `But ye will merry the nut-brown may,  
Wi her oxen and her kye;  
But ye will merry the nut-brown may,  
For she hes my hert for aye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.8  
\N1 Out and spak his sister Jane,  
Where she sat be the f+ire:  
`What\'s the metter, brother Willie?  
Tack ye your heart\'s desire.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.9  
\N1 `The oxen may die into the pleuch,  
The cow drown i the myre;  
And what\'s the metter, brother Willie?  
Tak ye your heart\'s desire.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.10  
\N1 `Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
That will wun hose and shune,  
That will run on to Anny\'s bower,  
And come right sune again?'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.11  
\N1 `Ye\'ll bid her come to Willie\'s weddin,  
The morn is the day;  
Ye\'ll bid her come to Willie\'s weddin,  
And no make no delay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.12  
\N1 `Ye\'ll forbid her to put on the black, the black,  
Or yet the dowie brown;  
But the white silk and the reed skarlet,  
That will shine frae town to town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.13  
\N1 He is on to Anie\'s bower,  
And tirlid at the pin,  
And wha was sae ready as Annie hersel  
To let the ladie in.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.14  
\N1 `Ye\'r bidden to come to Willie\'s weddin,  
The morn is the day;  
Ye\'r bidden come to Willie\'s weddin,  
And no mack no delay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.15  
\N1 `Ye\'r forbidden to put on the black, the black,  
Or yet the dowie brown;  
But the white silk and the red scarlet,  
That will shine frae town to town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.16  
\N1 `Ye\'r forbidden to put on the black, the black,  
Or yet the dowie gray;  
But the white silk and the red scarlet,  
That will shine frae brae to brae.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.17

\N1 `It\'s I will come to Willie\'s weddin,  
Gif the morn be the day;  
It\'s I will come to Willie\'s weddin,  
And no mack no delay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.18  
\N1 Annie\'s steed was silver shod,  
And golden graithed behin;  
At every teet o her horse mane  
A silver bell did ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.19  
\N1 When Annie was in her sadle set,  
She glanced like the moon;  
There was as much gould abov her brow  
Would buy an earldom.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.20  
\N1 When Annie was on her sadel set,  
She glanced like the f+ire;  
There was as much gould above her brow  
Was worth a yearl\'s hire.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.21  
\N1 Annie gaed in the heigh, heigh hill,  
And Willie the dowie glen;  
Annie alane shone brighter  
Than Willie and a\' his men.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.22  
\N1 `Oh wha is that, my ane Willie,  
That glances in your ee?'  
`Oh it is Annie, my f+irst fore love,  
Come till see you and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.23  
\N1 `Oh far got ye that water, Annie,  
That washes ye so wan?'  
`Oh I got it aneth yon marble stane,  
Where ye will nere get nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.24  
\N1 `Ye\'ve been brunt sare anent the sun,  
And rocket i the reek;  
And tho ye wad wash till doom\'s day,  
Ye wad never be so white.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.25  
\N1 `If this be Annie, your f+irst fore love,  
Come our weddin to see,  
She has by far owr brent a brow  
To lat ye bide by me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.26  
\N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a\' men bun to bed,  
Sweet Willie and his nut-brown bride  
In ae chamber were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.27  
\N1 The hedna weel layn down, layn down,  
But nor hed fallen asleep,  
When up and started Fair Annie,  
And stud at Willie\'s feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.28  
\N1 `Vo be to you, nut-brown bride,  
Wi yer oxen and your sheep!  
It is Annie, my f+irst fore love,  
And I fear sair she is dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 73F.29

\N1 `Vo be te you, nut-brown bride,  
 An ill death you betide!  
 For you've parted me and my f+irst fore love,  
 And I fear death is her guide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.30  
 \N1 `You'll seddle to me the black, the black,  
 You'll seddle to me the brown,  
 Till I ride on to Annie's bower  
 And see how she is bune.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.31  
 \N1 When he came to Fair Annie's bower,  
 And lighted and gaed in,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.32  
 \N1 Her father was at her heed, her heed,  
 Her mother at her feet,  
 Her sister she was at her side,  
 Puttin on her winding sheet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.33  
 \N1 `It's kiss will I yer cheek, Annie,  
 And kiss will I your chin,  
 And I will kiss your wan, wan lips,  
 Tho there be no breath within.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.34  
 \N1 `Ye birl, ye birl at my luve's wake  
 The white bread and the wine,  
 And or the morn at this same time  
 Ye'll brile the same at mine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.35  
 \N1 They birlled, they birlled at Annies wake  
 The white bread and the wine,  
 And ere the morn at that same time  
 At his they birlled the same.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.36  
 \N1 The one was buried at Mary's kirk,  
 The other at Mary's quire,  
 And throw the one there sprang a birk,  
 And throw the other a brier.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73F.37  
 \N1 And ay at every year's ane  
 They grew them near and near,  
 And every one that passed them by  
 Said, They be lovers dear.  
 \LBALLADS Child 73G.1  
 \N1 SWEET WILLIE and Fair Anne+:,  
 They sat on yon hill,  
 And frae the morning till night  
 This twa neer talked their f+ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.2  
 \N1 Willie spak a word in jest,  
 And Anne+: took it ill:  
 `We's court na mare maidens,  
 Against our parent's will.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.3  
 \N1 `It's na against our parent's will,'  
 Fair Annie she did say,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.4

\N1 Willie is hame to his bower,  
 To his book all alane,  
 And Fair Annie is to her bower,  
 To her book and her seam.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.5  
 \N1 Sweet Willie is to his mother dear,  
 Fell low down on his knee:  
 `An asking, my mother dear,  
 And ye grant it to me;  
 O will I marry the nut-brown may,  
 An lat Fair Annie gae?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.6  
 \N1 `The nut-brown may has ousen, Willie,  
 The nut-brown may has key;  
 An ye will winn my blessing, Willie,  
 And latt Fair Annie be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.7  
 \N1 He did him to his father dear,  
 Fell low down on his knee:  
 `An asking, my father,  
 An ye man grant it me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.8  
 \N1 `Ask on, my ae son Willie,  
 Ye\'r sur yer askin\'s free;  
 Except it is to marry her Fair Annie,  
 And that manna be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.9  
 \N1 Out spak his little sister,  
 As she [sat] by the f+ire:  
 `The ox-leg will brack in the plough,  
 And the cow will drown in the mire.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.10  
 \N1 `An Willie will ha nathing  
 But the dam to sitt by the f+ire;  
 Fair Annie will sit in her beagly bower,  
 An winn a earl\'s hire.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.11  
 \N1 `Fair faa ye, my little sister,  
 A guid dead mat ye die!  
 An ever I hae goud,  
 Well tochered sall ye be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.12  
 \N1 He\'s awa to Fair Annie,  
 As fast as gan could he:  
 `O will ye come to my marriage?  
 The morn it is to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.13  
 \N1 `O I will come to yer marriage,  
 The morn, gin I can win.'  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.14  
 \N1 Annie did her to her father dear,  
 Fell down on her knee:  
 `An askin, my father,  
 And ye man grant it me;  
 Lat me to Sweet Willie\'s marriage,  
 The morn it is to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.15  
 \N1 `Yer horse sall be siller shod afore,

An guid red goud ahin,  
 An bells in his mane,  
 To ring against the win.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.16  
 \N1 She did her to her mother dear,  
 Fell down on her knee:  
 `Will ye lat me to Willie\'s marriage?  
 The morn it is to be;'  
 `I\'ll lat ye to Willie\'s marriage,  
 An we the morn see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.17  
 \N1 Whan Annie was in her saddle set  
 She f+lam\'d against the f+ire;  
 The girdle about her sma middle  
 Wad a won an earl\'s hire.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.18  
 \N1 Whan they came to Mary kirk,  
 And on to Mary quire,  
 `O far gat ye that watter, Ann,  
 That washes ye sae clear?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.19  
 \N1 `I got it in my father\'s garden,  
 Aneth a marbell stane;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.20  
 \N1 `O whar gat ye that water, Annie,  
 That washes ye sae f+ite?'  
 `I gat it in my mother\'s womb,  
 Whar ye<\'s] never get the like.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.21  
 \N1 `For ye ha been christned wi moss-water,  
 An roked in the reak,  
 An ser brunt in yer mither\'s womb,  
 For I think ye\'ll neer be f+ite.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.22  
 \N1 The nut-brown bride pat her hand in  
 . . . at Annie<\'s] left ear,  
 And gin her . . . . .  
 A deep wound and a sare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.23  
 \N1 Than . . Annie ged on her horse back,  
 An fast away did ride,  
 But lang or cock\'s crowing,  
 Fair Annie was dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.24  
 \N1 Whan bells were rung, and mess was sung,  
 An a\' man boun to bed,  
 Sweet Willie and the nut-brown bride  
 In a chamber were laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.25  
 \N1 But up and wakend him Sweet Willie  
 Out of his dreary dream:  
 `I dreamed a dream this night,  
 God read a\' dream to guid!  
 \SBALLADS Child 73G.26  
 \N1 `That Fair Annies bowr was full of gentlemen,  
 An herself was dead;  
 But I will on to Fair Annie,  
 An si\'t if it be guid.'



\SBALLADS Child 73G.27

\N1 Seven lang mile or he came near,  
He heard a dolefull chear,  
Her father and her seven brithern,  
Walking at her bier;  
The half of it guid red goud,  
The other silver clear.

\SBALLADS Child 73G.28

\N1 `Ye deal at my love\'s leak  
The white bread an the wine;  
But on the morn at this time  
Ye\'s dee the like at mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 73G.29

\N1 The ane was buried at Mary kirk,  
The ither at Mary quire;  
Out of the ane grew a birk,  
Out of the ither a briar.

\SBALLADS Child 73G.30

\N1 An aye the langer that they grew,  
They came the ither near,  
An by that ye might a well kent  
They were twa lovers dear.

\LBALLADS Child 73H.1

\N1 FAIR ANNIE and Sweet Willie,  
As they talked on yon hill,  
Though they had talked a lang summer day,  
They wad na hae talked their f+ill.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.2

\N1 `If you would be a good woman, Annie,  
An low leave a\' your pride,  
In spite of a\' my friends, Annie,  
I wad mak you my bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.3

\N1 `Thick, thick lie your lands, Willie,  
An thin, thin lie mine;  
An little wad a\' your friends think  
O sic a kin as mine.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.4

\N1 `Thick, thick lie your lands, Willie,  
Down by the coving-tree;  
An little wad a\' your friends think  
O sic a bride as me.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.5

\N1 `O Fair Annie, O Fair Annie,  
This nicht ye\'ve said me no;  
But lang or ever this day month  
I\'ll make your heart as sore.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.6

\N1 It\'s Willie he went home that night,  
An a sick man lay he down;  
An ben came Willie\'s auld mither,  
An for nae gude she came.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 73H.7

\N1 `It\'s if ye marry Fair Annie,  
My malison ye\'s hae;  
But if ye marry the nut-brown may,  
My blessin an ye\'s hae.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.8

\N1 `Mother, for your malison,

An mother, for your wis,  
It\ 's I will marry the nut-brown may,

. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 73H.9

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .  
It\ 's up an spak his sister,

. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 73H.10

\N1 `The owsen may hang in the pleugh,  
The kye drown in the myre,  
An he\ 'll hae naething but a dirty drab  
To sit down by the f+ire.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 73H.11

\N1 `Where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,  
That will rin on to Annie\ 's bower,  
An haste him back again?'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.12

\N1 `It\ 's I have run your errands, Willie,  
An happy hae I been;  
It\ 's I will rin your errands, Willie,  
Wi the saut tears in my een.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.13

\N1 `When ye come to Annie\ 's bower,  
She will be at her dine;  
And bid her come to Willie\ 's weddin,  
On Monday in good time.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.14

\N1 `Tell her neither to put on the dowie black,  
Nor yet the mournfu brown,  
But the gowd sae reed, and the silver white,  
An her hair weel combed down.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.15

\N1 `Tell her to get a tailor to her bower,  
To shape for her a weed,  
And a smith to her smithy,  
To shoe for her a steed.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.16

\N1 `To be shod wi silver clear afore,  
An gold graithed behind,  
An every foot the foal sets down,  
The gold lie on the ground.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.17

\N1 It\ 's when he came to Annie\ 's bower,  
It\ 's she was at her dine:  
'Ye\ 're bidden come to Willie\ 's weddin,  
On Monday in good time.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.18

\N1 `You\ 're neither to put on the dowie black,  
Nor get the mournfu brown,  
But the gowd sae reid, an the silver white,  
An yere hair well combed doun.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.19

\N1 `You\ 're to get a tailor to your bower,  
To shape for you a weed,  
And likewise a smith to your smithy,  
To shoe for you a steed.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.20

\N1 `To be shod with silver clear afore,  
An gold graithed behind,  
An every foot the foal sets down,  
The gold lie on the ground.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.21

\N1 `It\'s I will come to Willie\'s weddin,  
I rather it had been mine;  
It\'s I will come to Willie\'s weddin,  
On Monday in good time.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.22

\N1 `It\'s I\'ll send to Willie a toweld silk,  
To hing below his knee.  
An ilka time he looks on it,  
He\'ll hae gude mind o me.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 73H.23

\N1 `An askin, father, an askin,  
An I hope you will grant me;  
For it is the last askin  
That ever I\'ll ask of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.24

\N1 `Ask me, Annie, gold,' he said,  
'An ask me, Annie, fee,  
But dinna ask me Sweet Willie,  
Your bedfellow to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.25

\N1 `It\'s I will ask you gold, father,  
Sae will I ask you fee,  
But I needna ask you Sweet Willie,  
My bedfellow to be.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.26

\N1 `For I am bidden to Willie\'s weddin,  
On Monday in good time,

. . . . .

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 73H.27

\N1 On every tait o her horse\'s mane  
A siller bell did hing,  
An on every tait o her horse\'s tail  
A golden bell did ring.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.28

\N1 Twal and twal rade her afore,  
An twal an twal ahind,  
An twal an twal on every side,  
To hold her frae the wind.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.29

\N1 Fair Annie shined mair on the top o the hill  
Than Willie did in the glen;  
Fair Annie shined mair on the heid o the hill  
Than Willie wi a\' his men.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.30

\N1 Whan she came to Mary\'s kirk,  
She lighted on the stane;  
An when she came to the kirk-door,  
She bade the bride gae in.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.31

\N1 `Clear, clear is your day, Willie,  
But brown, brown is your bride;  
Clear, clear is her lawn curches,

But weel dunned is her hide.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.32

\N1 `Where got ye yon water, Annie,  
That has made you so white?'

`I got it in my father\'s garden,  
Below yon hollan dyke.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.33

\N1 `But ye hae been washed i the moss water,  
An rocked in the reek;

Ye hae been brunt in your mither\'s wame,  
An ye will neer be white.'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.34

\N1 `Whatna fool were ye, Willie,  
To lay your love on me;

She\'s mair gowd on her heid this day  
Than I\'ll wear till I die!'

\SBALLADS Child 73H.35

\N1 `I\'ve laid nae love on you, brown may,  
I\'ve laid nae love on you;

I\'ve mair love for Fair Annie this day  
Than I\'ll hae for you till I dee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 73H.36

\N1 `If you will neither eat nor drink,  
You\'ll see good game an play;'

But she turned her horse head to the hill,  
An swift she rode away.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 73H.37

\N1 When they were all at supper set,

. . . . .  
Till he went to Fair Annie\'s bower,  
By the ley licht o the mune.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.38

\N1 An when he came to Annie\'s bower,  
Annie was lying deid,  
An seven o Annie\'s sisters an sisters\' bairns  
Were sewing at Annie\'s weed.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.39

\N1 `It\'s I will take your hand, Annie,  
Since ye wald neer take mine;  
The woman shall never have the hand  
That I\'ll touch after thine.

\SBALLADS Child 73H.40

\N1 `An I will kiss your mouth, Annie,  
Since ye will never kiss mine;  
The woman shall never have the lips  
That I\'ll kiss after thine.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 73H.41

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .  
`As much breid ye deal at Annie\'s dairgie  
Tomorrow ye\'s deal at mine.'

\LBALLADS Child 73[I.1]

\N1 Fair Annie an Sweet Willie  
Sat a\' day on yon hill;

Whan day was gane an night was comd,  
They hadna said their f+ill.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.2]

\N1 Willie spak but ae wrang word,  
An Annie took it ill:  
`I\'ll never marry a fair woman  
Against my friends\'s will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.3]  
\N1 Annie spak but ae wrang word,  
An Willy lookit down:  
`If I binna gude enough for yer wife,  
I\'m our-gude for yer loun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.4]  
\N1 Willie\'s turnd his horse\'s head about,  
He\'s turnd it to the broom,  
An he\'s away to his father\'s bower,  
I the ae light o the moon.  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.5]  
\N1 Whan he cam to his father\'s bower,  
[He tirlt at the pin;  
Nane was sae ready as his father  
To rise an let him in.]  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.6]  
\N1 `An askin, an askin, dear father,  
An askin I\'ll ask thee;'  
`Say on, say on, my son Willie,  
Whatever your askin be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.7]  
\N1 `O sall I marry the nit-brown bride,  
Has corn, caitle an kye,  
Or sall I marry Fair Annie,  
Has nought but fair beauty?'  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.8]  
\N1 `Ye ma sit a gude sate, Willy,  
Wi corn, caitle an kye;  
But ye\'ll but sit a silly sate  
Wi nought but fair beauty.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.9]  
\N1 Up than spak his sister\'s son,  
Sat on the nurse\'s knee,  
Sun-bruist in his mother\'s wame,  
Sun-brunt on his nurse\'s knee:  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.10]  
\N1 `O yer hogs will die out i the f+ield,  
Yer kye ill die i the byre;  
An than, whan a\' yer gear is gane,  
A fusom fag by yer f+ire!  
But a\' will thrive at is wi you  
An ye get yer heart\'s desire.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.11]  
\N1 Willie\'s turnd his horse\'s head about,  
He\'s away to his mother\'s bour, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.12]  
\N1 `O my hogs ill die out i the f+ield,  
My kye die i the byre,  
An than, whan a\' my gear is gane,  
A fusom fag bi my f+ire!  
But a\' will thrive at is wi me  
Gin I get my heart\'s desire.'  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.13]  
\N1 Willie\'s, etc\  
He\'s awae to his brother\'s bower, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 73[I.14]

\N1 "]" "]" "]" "]" sister\'s bower, etc\.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.15]

\N1 Than Willie has set his wadin-day  
Within thirty days an three,  
An he has sent to Fair Annie  
His waddin to come an see.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.16]

\N1 The man that gade to Fair Annie  
Sae weel his errant coud tell:

`The morn it\'s Willie\'s wadin-day,  
Ye maun be there yer sell.'

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.17]

\N1 \'Twas up an spak her aged father,  
He spak wi muckle care;

`An the morn be Willie\'s wadin-day,  
I wate she maun be there.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.18]

\N1 `Gar take a steed to the smiddie,  
Caw on o it four shoon;

Gar take her to a merchant\'s shop,  
Cut off for her a gown.'

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.19]

\N1 She wadna ha \'t o the red sae red,  
Nor yet o the grey sae grey,

But she wad ha \'t o the sky couler  
That she woor ilka day.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.20]

\N1 There war four-an-twontie gray goss-hawks  
A f+laff+in their wings sae wide,

To f+laff the stour thra off the road  
That Fair Annie did ride.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.21]

\N1 The<re] war four-a-twontie milk-white dows  
A f+leein aboon her head,

An four-an-twontie milk-white swans  
Her out the gate to lead.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.22]

\N1 Whan she cam to St Marie\'s kirk,  
She lightit on a stane;

The beauty o that fair creature  
Shone oer mony ane.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.23]

\N1 \'Twas than out cam the nit-brown bride,  
She spak wi muckle spite;

`O where gat ye the water, Annie,  
That washes you sae white?'

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.24]

\N1 `I gat my beauty

Where ye was no to see;  
I gat it i my father\'s garden,  
Aneath an apple tree.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.25]

\N1 `Ye ma wash i dubs,' she said,

`An ye ma wash i syke,  
But an ye wad wash till doomsday  
Ye neer will be as white.

\SBALLADS Child 73[I.26]

\N1 `Ye ma wash i dubs,' she said,

`An ye ma wash i the sea,

But an ye soud wash till doomsday  
 Ye\`ll neer be as white as me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.27]  
 \N1 `For I gat a\` this fair beauty  
 Where ye gat never none,  
 For I gat a\` this fair beauty  
 Or ever I was born.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.28]  
 \N1 It was than out cam Willie,  
 Wi hats o silks and f+lowers;  
 He said, Keep ye thae, my Fair Annie,  
 An brook them weel for yours.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.29]  
 \N1 `Na, keep ye thae, Willie,' she said,  
 `Gie them to yer nit-brown bride;  
 Bid her wear them wi mukle care,  
 For woman has na born a son  
 Sal mak my heart as sair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.30]  
 \N1 Annie\`s luppen on her steed  
 An she has ridden hame,  
 Than Annie\`s luppen of her steed  
 An her bed she has taen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.31]  
 \N1 When mass was sung, an bells war rung,  
 An a\` man bound to bed,  
 An Willie an his nit-brown bride  
 I their chamber war laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.32]  
 \N1 They war na weel laid in their bed,  
 Nor yet weel faen asleep,  
 Till up an startit Fair Annie,  
 Just up at Willie\`s feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.33]  
 \N1 `How like ye yer bed, Willie?  
 An how like ye yer sheets?  
 An how like ye yer nut-brown bride,  
 Lies in yer arms an sleeps?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.34]  
 \N1 `Weel enough I like my bed, Annie,  
 Weel enough I like my sheets;  
 But wae be to the nit-brown bride  
 Lies in my arms an sleeps!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.35]  
 \N1 Willie\`s ca\`d on his merry men a\  
 To rise an pit on their shoon;  
 `An we\`ll awae to Annie\`s bower,  
 Wi the ae light o the moon.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.36]  
 \N1 An whan he cam to Annie\`s bower,  
 He tirlt at the pin;  
 Nane was sae ready as her father  
 To rise an let him in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.37]  
 \N1 There was her father a<n] her se\`en brethren  
 A makin to her a bier,  
 Wi ae stamp o the melten goud,  
 Another o siller clear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.38]  
 \N1 When he cam to the chamber-door

Where that the dead lay in,  
 There was her mother an six sisters  
 A makin to her a sheet,  
 Wi ae drap o . . . .  
 Another o silk sae white.  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.39]  
 \N1 `Stand by, stand by now, ladies a\`,  
 Let me look on the dead;  
 The last time that I kiss<t] her lips  
 They war mair bonny red.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.40]  
 \N1 `Stand by, stand by now, Willie,' they said,  
 `An let ye her alane;  
 Gin ye had done as ye soud done,  
 She wad na there ha lien.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 73[I.41]  
 \N1 `Gar deal, gar deal at Annie\'s burrial  
 The wheat bread an the wine,  
 For or the morn at ten o clock  
 Ye\'s deal\'d as fast at mine.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 74A.1  
 \N1 As it fell out on a long summer\'s day,  
 Two lovers they sat on a hill;  
 They sat together that long summer\'s day,  
 And could not talk their f+ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 74A.2  
 \N1 `I see no harm by you, Margaret,  
 Nor you see none by me;  
 Before tomorrow eight a clock  
 A rich wedding shall you see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 74A.3  
 \N1 Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,  
 A combing of her hair,  
 And there she spy\'d Sweet William and his bride,  
 As they were riding near.  
 \SBALLADS Child 74A.4  
 \N1 Down she layd her ivory comb,  
 And up she bound her hair;  
 She went her way forth of her bower,  
 But never more did come there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 74A.5  
 \N1 When day was gone, and night was come,  
 And all men fast asleep,  
 Then came the spirit of Fair Margaret,  
 And stood at William\'s feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 74A.6  
 \N1 `God give you joy, you two true lovers,  
 In bride-bed fast asleep;  
 Loe I am going to my green grass grave,  
 And am in my winding-sheet.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 74A.7  
 \N1 When day was come, and night was gone,  
 And all men wak\'d from sleep,  
 Sweet William to his lady said,  
 My dear, I have cause to weep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 74A.8  
 \N1 `I dreamd a dream, my dear lady;  
 Such dreams are never good;  
 I dreamd my bower was full of red swine,  
 And my bride-bed full of blood.'



\SBALLADS Child 74A.9

\N1 `Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured lord,  
They never do prove good,  
To dream thy bower was full of swine,  
And [thy] bride-bed full of blood.'

\SBALLADS Child 74A.10

\N1 He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
Saying, I'll away to Fair Margaret's bower,  
By the leave of my lady.

\SBALLADS Child 74A.11

\N1 And when he came to Fair Margaret's bower,  
He knocked at the ring;  
So ready was her seven brethren  
To let Sweet William in.

\SBALLADS Child 74A.12

\N1 He turned up the covering-sheet:  
`Pray let me see the dead;  
Methinks she does look pale and wan,  
She has lost her cherry red.

\SBALLADS Child 74A.13

\N1 `I'll do more for thee, Margaret,  
Than any of thy kin;  
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,  
Tho a smile I cannot win.'

\SBALLADS Child 74A.14

\N1 With that bespeak her seven brethren,  
Making most pitious moan:  
`You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,  
And let our sister alone.'

\SBALLADS Child 74A.15

\N1 `If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,  
I do but what is right;  
For I made no vow to your sister dear,  
By day or yet by night.

\SBALLADS Child 74A.16

\N1 `Pray tell me then how much you'll deal  
Of your white bread and your wine;  
So much as is dealt at her funeral today  
Tomorrow shall be dealt at mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 74A.17

\N1 Fair Margaret dy'd today, today,  
Sweet William he dy'd the morrow;  
Fair Margaret dy'd for pure true love,  
Sweet William he dy'd for sorrow.

\SBALLADS Child 74A.18

\N1 Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,  
Sweet William in the higher;  
Out of her breast there sprung a rose,  
And out of his a brier.

\SBALLADS Child 74A.19

\N1 They grew as high as the church-top,  
Till they could grow no higher,  
And then they grew in a true lover's knot,  
Which made all people admire.

\SBALLADS Child 74A.20

\N1 There came the clerk of the parish,  
As you this truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been there.

\LBALLADS Child 74B.1

\N1 SWEET WILLIAM would a wooing ride,  
His steed was lovely brown;  
A fairer creature than Lady Margaret  
Sweet William could find none.

\SBALLADS Child 74B.2

\N1 Sweet William came to Lady Margaret's bower,  
And knocked at the ring,  
And who so ready as Lady Margaret  
To rise and to let him in.

\SBALLADS Child 74B.3

\N1 Down then came her father dear,  
Clothed all in blue:  
'I pray, Sweet William, tell to me  
What love's between my daughter and you?'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.4

\N1 'I know none by her,' he said,  
'And she knows none by me;  
Before tomorrow at this time  
Another bride you shall see.'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.5

\N1 Lady Margaret at her bower-window,  
Combing of her hair,  
She saw Sweet William and his brown bride  
Unto the church repair.

\SBALLADS Child 74B.6

\N1 Down she cast her ivory comb,  
And up she tossed her hair,  
She went out from her bower alive,  
But never so more came there.

\SBALLADS Child 74B.7

\N1 When day was gone, and night was come,  
All people were asleep,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

\SBALLADS Child 74B.8

\N1 'How do you like your bed, Sweet William?  
How do you like your sheet?  
And how do you like that brown lady,  
That lies in your arms asleep?'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.9

\N1 'Well I like my bed, Lady Margaret,  
And well I like my sheet;  
But better I like that fair lady  
That stands at my bed's feet.'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.10

\N1 When night was gone, and day was come,  
All people were awake,  
The lady waked out of her sleep,  
And thus to her lord she spake.

\SBALLADS Child 74B.11

\N1 'I dreamed a dream, my wedded lord,  
That seldom comes to good;  
I dreamed that our bower was lined with white swine,  
And our bride-chamber of blood.'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.12

\N1 He called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, by three,  
'We will go to Lady Margaret's bower,  
With the leave of my wedded lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.13

\N1 When he came to Lady Margaret\'s bower,  
He knocked at the ring,  
And who were so ready as her brethren  
To rise and let him in.

\SBALLADS Child 74B.14

\N1 `Oh is she in the parlor,' he said,  
`Or is she in the hall?  
Or is she in the long chamber,  
Amongst her merry maids all?'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.15

\N1 `She\'s not in the parlor,' they said,  
`Nor is she in the hall;  
But she is in the long chamber,  
Laid out against the wall.'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.16

\N1 `Open the winding sheet,' he cry\'d,  
`That I may kiss the dead;  
That I may kiss her pale and wan  
Whose lips used to look so red.'

\SBALLADS Child 74B.17

\N1 Lady Margaret [died] on the over night,  
Sweet William died on the morrow;  
Lady Margaret die for pure, pure love,  
Sweet William died for sorrow.

\SBALLADS Child 74B.18

\N1 On Margaret\'s grave there grew a rose,  
On Sweet William\'s grew a briar;  
They grew till they joind in a true lover\'s knot,  
And then they died both together.

\LBALLADS Child 74C.1

\N1 As Margaret stood at her window so clear,  
A combing back her hair,  
She saw Sweet William and his gay bride  
Unto the church draw near.

\SBALLADS Child 74C.2

\N1 Then down she threw her ivory comb,  
She turned back her hair;  
There was a fair maid at that window,  
She\'s gone, she\'ll come no more there.

\SBALLADS Child 74C.3

\N1 In the night, in the middle of the night,  
When all men were asleep,  
There walkd a ghost, Fair Margaret\'s ghost,  
And stood at his bed\'s feet.

\SBALLADS Child 74C.4

\N1 Sweet William he dremed a dream, and he said,  
`I wish it prove for good;  
My chamber was full of wild men\'s wine,  
And my bride-bed stood in blood.'

\SBALLADS Child 74C.5

\N1 Then he calld up his stable-groom,  
To saddle his nag with speed:  
`This night will I ride to Fair Margaret\'s bowr,  
With the leave of my lady.

\SBALLADS Child 74C.6

\N1 `Oh is Fair Margaret in the kitchen?  
Or is she in the hall?

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 74C.7

\N1 `No, she is not in the kitchen,' they cryed,  
`Nor is she in the hall;  
But she is in the long chamber,  
Laid up against the wall.'

\SBALLADS Child 74C.8

\N1 Go with your right side to Newcastle,  
And come with your left side home,  
There you will see those two lovers  
Lie printed on one stone.

\LBALLADS Child 75A.1

\N1 `AND I fare you well, Lady Ouncebell,  
For I must needs be gone,  
And this time two year I'll meet you again,  
To finish the loves we begun.'

\SBALLADS Child 75A.2

\N1 `That is a long time, Lord Lovill,' said she,  
`To live in fair Scotland;'  
`And so it is, Lady Ouncebell,  
To leave a fair lady alone.'

\SBALLADS Child 75A.3

\N1 He had not been in fair Scotland  
Not half above half a year,  
But a longin mind came into his head,  
Lady Ouncebell he woud go see her.

\SBALLADS Child 75A.4

\N1 He called up his stable-groom,  
To sadle his milk-white stead;

\SBALLADS Child 75A.4r

\N1 Dey down, dey down, dey down dery down,

\SBALLADS Child 75A.4

\N3 I wish Lord Lovill good speed.

\SBALLADS Child 75A.5

\N1 He had not been in fair London  
Not half above half a day,  
But he heard the bells of the high chapel ring,  
They rang with a ceserera.

\SBALLADS Child 75A.6

\N1 He asked of a gentleman,  
That set there all alone,  
What made the bells of the high chapel ring,  
The ladys make all their moan.

\SBALLADS Child 75A.7

\N1 `One of the king's daughters are dead,' said he,  
`Lady Ouncebell was her name;  
She died for love of a courtous young night,  
Lord Lovill he was the same.'

\SBALLADS Child 75A.8

\N1 He caused her corps to be set down,  
And her winding sheet undone,  
And he made a vow before them all  
He'd never kiss wowman again.

\SBALLADS Child 75A.9

\N1 Lady Ouncebell died on the yesterday,  
Lord Lovill on the morrow;  
Lady Ouncebell died for pure true love,  
Lord Lovill died for sorrow.

\SBALLADS Child 75A.10

\N1 Lady Ouncebell was buried in the high chancel,  
Lord Lovill in the choir;

Lady Ouncebell\'s breast sprung out a sweet rose,  
Lord Lovill\'s a bunch of sweet brier.

\SBALLADS Child 75A.11

\N1 They grew till they grew to the top of the church,  
And then they could grow no higher;  
They grew till they grew to a true-lover\'s not,  
And then they tyed both together.

\SBALLADS Child 75A.12

\N1 An old wowman coming by that way,  
And a blessing she did crave,  
To cut of a bunch of that true-lover\'s not,  
And buried them both in one grave.

\LBALLADS Child 75B.1

\N1 LORD LAVEL he stands at his stable-door,  
Kaiming his milk-white steed;  
And by and cam Fair Nancybelle,  
And wished Lord Lavel good speed.

\SBALLADS Child 75B.2

\N1 `O whare are ye going, Lord Lavel?' she said,  
`I pray ye tell to me:'  
`O I am going to merry England,  
To win your love aff me.'

\SBALLADS Child 75B.3

\N1 `And when will ye return again?' she said,  
`Lord Lavel, pray tell to me:'  
`Whan seven lang years are past and gane,  
Fair Nancybelle, I\'ll return to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 75B.4

\N1 `\'Tis too lang, Lord Lavel,' she said,  
`\'Tis too lang for me;  
\'Tis too long, Lord Lavel,' she said,  
`A true lover for to see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 75B.5

\N1 He had na been in merry England  
A month but barely three,  
Till languishing thoughts cam into his mind,  
And Nancybelle fain wad he see.

\SBALLADS Child 75B.6

\N1 He rade, and he rade, along the hieway,  
Till he cam to yonder toun;  
He heard the sound o a f+ine chapel-bell,  
And the ladies were mourning roun.

\SBALLADS Child 75B.7

\N1 He rade, and he rade, along the hieway,  
Till he cam to yonder hall;  
He heard the sound o a f+ine chapel-bell,  
And the ladies were mourning all.

\SBALLADS Child 75B.8

\N1 He asked wha it was that was dead,  
The ladies did him tell:  
They said, It is the king\'s daughter,  
Her name is Fair Nancybelle;  
She died for the love of a courteous young knight,  
His name is Lord Lavel.

\SBALLADS Child 75B.9

\N1 `O hast thou died, Fair Nancybelle,  
O hast thou died for me!  
O hast thou died, Fair Nancybelle!  
Then I will die for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 75B.10

\N1 Fair Nancybelle died, as it might be, this day,  
Lord Lavel he died tomorrow;  
Fair Nancybelle died with pure, pure love,  
Lord Lavel he died with sorrow.

\SBALLADS Child 75B.11

\N1 Lord Lavel was buried in Mary\'s kirk,  
Nancybelle in Mary\'s quire;  
And out o the ane there grew a birk,  
Out the other a bonny brier.

\SBALLADS Child 75B.12

\N1 And ae they grew, and ae they threw,  
Until they twa did meet,  
That ilka ane might plainly see  
They war twa lovers sweet.

\LBALLADS Child 75C.1

\N1 LORD TRAVELL stands in his stable-door,  
Dressing his milk-white steed,  
An bye comes Lady Ounceville:  
'I wish you muckle speed.

\SBALLADS Child 75C.2

\N1 'Oh whar are ye gaun, Lord Travell?' she says,  
'Whar are gaun frae me?'  
'I am gaun to London town,  
Some strange things for to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 75C.3

\N1 'Whan will ye be back, Lord Travell?' she says,  
'Whan will ye be back to me?'  
'I will be back in seven lang years,  
To wed my gay ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 75C.4

\N1 'Oh that is too lang for me,' she says,  
'Oh that is too lang for me;  
Oh that is too lang for me,' she says,  
'To wed thy gay ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 75C.5

\N1 He hadna been in London town  
A week but only three,  
When a boding voice thirld in his ear,  
That Scotland he maun see.

\SBALLADS Child 75C.6

\N1 He rade an he rode along the highway,  
Till he cam to yon little town:  
'Oh is there ony body dead?  
The bells they mak sic a sound.'

\SBALLADS Child 75C.7

\N1 He rade an he rode along the highway,  
Till he cam to yon little town:  
'Oh is there ony body dead?  
The folk gae mournin round.'

\SBALLADS Child 75C.8

\N1 'Oh yes indeed, there is ane dead,  
Her name is Ounceville;  
An she has died for a courteous knight,  
His name is Lord Travell.'

\SBALLADS Child 75C.9

\N1 'Oh hand ye aboot, ye gentlemen,  
The white bread an the wine,  
For the morn\'s nicht about this time  
Ye\'ll do the same for mine!'

\LBALLADS Child 75D.1

\N1 LORD LOVEL stands at his stable-door,  
Mounted upon a grey steed,  
And bye cam Ladie Nanciebel,  
And wishd Lord Lovel much speed.

\SBALLADS Child 75D.2

\N1 `O whare are ye going, Lord Lovel?  
My dearest, tell unto me:'  
'I am going a far journey,  
Some strange countrey to see.

\SBALLADS Child 75D.3

\N1 `But I\'ll return in seven long years,  
Lady Nanciebel to see:'  
'Oh seven, seven, seven long years,  
They are much too long for me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 75D.4

\N1 He was gane about a year away,  
A year but barely ane,  
Whan a strange fancy cam intil his head  
That faire Nanciebel was gane.

\SBALLADS Child 75D.5

\N1 It\'s then he rade, and better rade,  
Untill he cam to the toun,  
And there he heard a dismal noise,  
For the church bells au did soun.

\SBALLADS Child 75D.6

\N1 He asked what the bells rang for;  
They said, It\'s for Nanciebel;  
She died for a discourteous squire,  
And his name is Lord Lovel.

\SBALLADS Child 75D.7

\N1 The lid of the coff+in he opened up,  
The linens he faulded down,  
And ae he kisssd her pale, pale lips,  
And the tears cam trinkling down.

\SBALLADS Child 75D.8

\N1 `Weill may I kiss these pale, pale lips,  
For they will never kiss me;  
I\'ll mak a vow, and I\'ll keep it true,  
That I\'ll neer kiss ane but thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 75D.9

\N1 Lady Nancie died on Tuesday\'s night,  
Lord Lovel upon the niest day;  
Lady Nancie died for pure, pure love,  
Lord Lovel for deep sorraraye.

\LBALLADS Child 75E.1

\N1 `NOW fare ye well, Lady Oonzabel,  
For I must needs be gone,  
To visit the king of fair Scotland,  
Oh I must be up and ride.'

\SBALLADS Child 75E.2

\N1 So he called unto him his little foot-page,  
To saddle his milk-white steed;

\SBALLADS Child 75E.2r

\N1 Hey down, hey down, hey derry, hey down,  
\SBALLADS Child 75E.2

\N3 How I wish my Lord Lovel good speed!

\SBALLADS Child 75E.3

\N1 He had not been in fair Scotland,

Not passing half a year,  
 When a lover-like thought came into his head,  
 Lady Oonzabel he would go see her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.4  
 \N1 So he called unto him his little foot-page,  
 To saddle his milk-white steed;  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.4r  
 \N1 Hey down, hey down, hey derry, hey down,  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.4  
 \N3 How I wish my Lord Lovel good speed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.5  
 \N1 He had not been in fair England,  
 Not passing half a day,  
 When the bells of the high chappel did ring,  
 And they made a loud sassaray.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.6  
 \N1 He asked of an old gentleman  
 Who was sitting there all alone,  
 Why the bells of the high chappel did ring,  
 And the ladies were making a moan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.7  
 \N1 `Oh, the king\'s fair daughter is dead,' said he;  
 `Her name\'s Lady Oonzabel;  
 And she died for the love of a courteous young knight,  
 And his name it is Lord Lovel.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.8  
 \N1 He caused the bier to be set down,  
 The winding sheet undone,  
 And drawing forth his rapier bright,  
 Through his own true heart did it run.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.9  
 \N1 Lady Oonzabel lies in the high chappel,  
 Lord Lovel he lies in the quier;  
 And out of the one there grew up a white rose,  
 And out of the other a brier.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75E.10  
 \N1 And they grew, and they grew, to the high chappel top;  
 They could not well grow any higher;  
 And they twined into a true lover\'s knot,  
 So in death they are joined together.  
 \LBALLADS Child 75F.1  
 \N1 AS LORD LOVEL was at the stable-door,  
 Mounting his milk-white steed,  
 Who came by but poor Nancy Bell,  
 And she wished Lovel good speed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75F.2  
 \N1 `O where are ye going, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
 `How long to tarry from me?'  
 `Before six months are past and gone,  
 Again I\'ll return to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75F.3  
 \N1 He had not been a twelvemonth away,  
 A twelvemonth and a day,  
 Till Nancy Bell grew sick and sad,  
 She pined and witherd away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75F.4  
 \N1 The very first town that he came to,  
 He heard the death-bell knell;  
 The very next town that he came to,



They said it was Nancy Bell.

\SBALLADS Child 75F.5

\N1 He orderd the coff+in to be broke open,  
The sheet to be turned down,  
And then he kissd her cold pale lips,  
Till the tears ran tricklin down.

\SBALLADS Child 75F.6

\N1 The one was buried in St. John\'s church,  
The other in the choir;  
From Nancy Bell sprang a bonny red rose,  
From Lord Lovel a bonny briar.

\SBALLADS Child 75F.7

\N1 They grew, and they grew, to the height o the church,  
To they met from either side,  
And at the top a true lover\'s knot  
Shows that one for the other had died.

\LBALLADS Child 75G.1

\N1 LORD REVEL he stands in his stable-door,  
He was dressing a milk-white steed;  
A lady she stands in her bour-door,  
A dressin with haste an speed.

\SBALLADS Child 75G.2

\N1 `O where are you goin, Lord Revel,' she said,  
`Where are you going from me?'  
`It\'s I am going to Lonnon toun,  
That fair city for to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 75G.3

\N1 `When will you be back, Lord Revel?' she said,  
`When will you be back to me?'  
`I will be back in the space of three years,  
To wed you, my gey ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 75G.4

\N1 `That\'s too long a time for me,' she said,  
`That\'s too long a time for me;  
For I\'ll be dead long time ere that,  
For want of your sweet companie.'

\SBALLADS Child 75G.5

\N1 He had not been in Lonnon toun  
A month but barely three,  
When word was brought that Isabell  
Was sick, an like to dee.

\SBALLADS Child 75G.6

\N1 He had not been in Lonnon toun  
A year but barely ane,  
When word was brought from Lonnon toun  
That Isabell was gane.

\SBALLADS Child 75G.7

\N1 He rode an he rode along the high way,  
Till he came to Edenborrow toon:  
Is there any fair lady dead,' said he,  
`That the bells gie such a tone?'

\SBALLADS Child 75G.8

\N1 `Oh yes, there\'s a ladie, a very f+ine ladie,  
Her name it is Isabell;  
She died for the sake of a young Scottish knight,  
His name it is Lord Revel.'

\SBALLADS Child 75G.9

\N1 `Deal well, deal well at Isabell\'s burial  
The biscuit and the beer,  
An gainst the morrow at this same time

You\`ll aye deal mair and mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 75G.10  
\N1 `Deal well, deal well at Isabell\`s burial  
The white bread and the wine,  
An gainst the morn at this same time  
You\`ll deal the same at mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 75G.11  
\N1 They dealt well, dealt weel at Isabell\`s burial  
The biscuit an the beer,  
And gainst the morn at that same time  
They dealt them mair an mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 75G.12  
\N1 They dealt weel, dealt weel at Isabell\`s burial  
The white bread an the wine,  
An gainst the morn at that same time  
They dealt the same again.  
\LBALLADS Child 75H.1  
\N1 LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle-gate,  
Combing his milk-white steed,  
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,  
To wish her lover good speed, speed,  
To wish her lover good speed.  
\SBALLADS Child 75H.2  
\N1 `Where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
`Oh where are you going?' said she;  
`I\`m going, my Lady Nancy Belle,  
Strange countries for to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 75H.3  
\N1 `When will you be back, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
`Oh when will you come back?' said she;  
`In a year or two, or three, at the most,  
I\`ll return to my fair Nancy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 75H.4  
\N1 But he had not been gone a year and a day,  
Strange countries for to see,  
When languishing thoughts came into his head,  
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.  
\SBALLADS Child 75H.5  
\N1 So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,  
Till he came to London town,  
And there he heard St Pancras bells,  
And the people all mourning round.  
\SBALLADS Child 75H.6  
\N1 `Oh what is the matter?' Lord Lovel he said,  
`Oh what is the matter?' said he;  
`A lord\`s lady is dead,' a woman replied,  
`And some call her Lady Nancy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 75H.7  
\N1 So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,  
And the shroud he turned down,  
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,  
Till the tears came trickling down.  
\SBALLADS Child 75H.8  
\N1 Lady Nancy she died, as it might be, today,  
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;  
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,  
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 75H.9  
\N1 Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras church,  
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;

And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
 And out of her lover\'s a briar.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75H.10  
 \N1 They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple too,  
 And then they could grow no higher;  
 So there they entwined in a true-lover\'s knot,  
 For all lovers true to admire.  
 \LBALLADS Child 75I.1  
 \N1 There came a ghost to Helen\'s bower,  
 Wi monny a sigh and groan:  
 `O make yourself ready, at Wednesday at een,  
 Fair Helen, you must be gone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.2  
 \N1 `O gay Death, O gallant Death,  
 Will you spare my life sae lang  
 Untill I send to merry Primrose,  
 Bid my dear lord come hame?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.3  
 \N1 `O gay Helen, O galant Helen,  
 I winna spare you sae lang;  
 But make yoursell ready, again Wednesday at een,  
 Fair Helen, you must be gane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.4  
 \N1 `O where will I get a bonny boy,  
 That would win hose and shoon,  
 That will rin fast to merry Primrose,  
 Bid my dear lord come soon?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.5  
 \N1 O up and speak a little boy,  
 That would win hose and shoon:  
 `Aft have I gane your errants, lady,  
 But by my suth I\'ll rin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.6  
 \N1 When he came to broken briggs  
 He bent his bow and swam,  
 And when he came to grass growing  
 He cast off his shoon and ran.  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.7  
 \N1 When he came to merry Primrose,  
 His lord he was at meat:  
 `O my lord, kend ye what I ken,  
 Right little wad ye eat.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.8  
 \N1 `Is there onny of my castles broken doun,  
 Or onny of my towers won?  
 Or is Fair Helen brought to bed  
 Of a doughter or a son?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.9  
 \N1 `There\'s nane of [your] castles broken doun,  
 Nor nane of your towers won,  
 Nor is Fair Helen brought to bed  
 Of a doghter or a son.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.10  
 \N1 `Gar sadle me the black, black steed,  
 Gar sadle me the brown;  
 Gar sadle me the swiftest horse  
 Eer carried man to town.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 75I.11  
 \N1 First he bursted the bonny black,  
 And then he bursted the brown,

And then he bursted the swiftest steed  
Eer carried man to town.  
\SBALLADS Child 75I.12  
\N1 He hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barelins ten,  
When he met four and twenty gallant knights,  
carrying a dead coff+in.  
\SBALLADS Child 75I.13  
\N1 `Set down, set down Fair Helen\'s corps,  
Let me look on the dead;'  
And out he took a little pen-knife,  
And he screeded the winding-sheet.  
\SBALLADS Child 75I.14  
\N1 O f+irst he kist her rosy cheek,  
And then he kist her chin,  
And then he kist her coral lips,  
But there\'s nae life in within.  
\SBALLADS Child 75I.15  
\N1 `Gar deal, gar deal the bread,' he says,  
`The bread bat an the wine,  
And at the morn at twelve o\'clock  
Ye\'s gain as much at mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 75I.16  
\N1 The tane was buried in Mary\'s kirk,  
The tother in Mary\'s choir,  
And out of the tane there sprang a birch,  
And out of the tother a briar.  
\SBALLADS Child 75I.17  
\N1 The tops of them grew far sundry,  
But the roots of them grew neer,  
And ye may easy ken by that  
They were twa lovers dear.  
\LBALLADS Child 75[J.1]  
\N1 Lord Lovel was standing at his stable-door,  
Kaiming down his milk-white steed,  
When by came Lady Anzibel,  
Was wishing Lord Lovel good speed, good speed,  
Was wishing Lord Lovel good speed.  
\SBALLADS Child 75[J.2]  
\N1 `O where are you going, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
`O where are you going?' said she:  
`I\'m going unto England,  
And there a fair lady to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 75[J.3]  
\N1 `How long will you stay, Lord Lovel?' she said,  
`How long will you stay?' says she:  
`O three short years will soon go by,  
And then I\'ll come back to thee.'  
\LBALLADS Child 76A.1  
\N1 FAIR ISABELL of Rochroyall,  
She dreamed where she lay,  
She dreamd a dream of her love Gregory,  
A litle before the day.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.2  
\N1 O huly, huly rose she up,  
And huly she put on,  
And huly, huly she put on  
The silks of crimsion.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.3  
\N1 `Gar sadle me the black,' she sayes,

`Gar sadle me the broun;  
Gar sadle me the swiftest steed  
That ever rode the toun.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.4  
\N1 `Gar shoe him with the beat silver,  
And grind him with the gold;  
Gar put two bells on every side,  
Till I come to some hold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.5  
\N1 She had not rode a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely three,  
Till that she spyed a companie  
Come rakeing oere the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.6  
\N1 `O whether is this the f+irst young may,  
That lighted and gaed in;  
Or is this the second young may,  
That neer the sun shined on?  
Or is this Fair Isabell of Roch Royall,  
Banisht from kyth and kin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.7  
\N1 `O I am not the f+irst young may,  
That lighted and gaed in;  
Nor neither am I the second young may,  
That neer the sun shone on;  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.8  
\N1 `But I\'m Fair Isabell of Roch Royall  
Banisht from kyth and kin;  
I\'m seeking my true-love Gregory,  
And I woud I had him in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.9  
\N1 `O go your way to yon castle,  
And ride it round about,  
And there you\'ll f+ind Love Gregory;  
He\'s within, without any doubt.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.10  
\N1 O she\'s away to yon castle,  
She\'s tirlid at the pin:  
`O open, open, Love Gregory,  
And let your true-love in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.11  
\N1 `If you be the lass of the Rochroyall,  
As I trow not you be,  
You will tell me some of our love-tokens,  
That was betwixt you and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.12  
\N1 `Have you not mind, Love Gregory,  
Since we sat at the wine;  
When we changed the rings off our f+ingers,  
And ay the worst fell mine?  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.13  
\N1 `Mine was of the massy gold,  
And thine was of the tin;  
Mine was true and trusty both,  
And thine was false within.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.14  
\N1 If you be [the] lass of the Roch Royall,  
As I trow not you be,  
You will tell me some other love-token  
That was betwixt you and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 76A.15

\N1 `Have you not mind, Love Gregory,  
Since we sat at the wine,  
We changed the smocks off our two backs,  
And ay the worst fell mine?

\SBALLADS Child 76A.16

\N1 `Mine was of the holland f+ine,  
And thine was course and thin;  
So many blocks have we two made,  
And ay the worst was mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 76A.17

\N1 `Love Gregory, he is not at home,  
But he is to the sea;  
If you have any word to him,  
I pray you leave\'t with me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 76A.18

\N1 `O who will shoe my bony foot?  
Or who will glove my hand?  
Or who will bind my midle jimp  
With the broad lilly band?

\SBALLADS Child 76A.19

\N1 `Or who will comb my bony head  
With the red river comb?  
Or who will be my bairn\'s father  
Ere Gregory he come home?'

\SBALLADS Child 76A.20

\N1 `O I\'s gar shoe thy bony foot,  
And I\'s gar glove thy hand,  
And I\'s gar bind thy midle jimp  
With the broad lilly band.

\SBALLADS Child 76A.21

\N1 `And I\'s gar comb thy bony head  
With the red river comb;  
But there is none to be thy bairn\'s father  
Till Love Gregory he come home.

\SBALLADS Child 76A.22

\N1 `I\'ll set my foot on the ship-board,  
God send me wind and more!  
For there\'s never a woman shall bear a son  
Shall make my heart so sore.'

\SBALLADS Child 76A.23

\N1 `I dreamed a dream now since yestreen,  
That I never dreamed before;  
I dreamd that the lass of the Rochroyall  
Was knocking at the door.'

\SBALLADS Child 76A.24

\N1 `Ly still, ly still, my e+: dear son,  
Ly still, and take a sleep;  
For it\'s neither ane hour, nor yet a half,  
Since she went from the gate.'

\SBALLADS Child 76A.25

\N1 `O wo be to you, ill woman,  
And ane ill death mott you die!  
For you might have come to my bed-side,  
And then have wakened me.

\SBALLADS Child 76A.26

\N1 `Gar sadle me the black,' he sayes,  
'Gar sadle me the broun;  
Gar sadle me the swiftest steed

That ever rode the toun.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.27  
\N1 `Gar shoe him with the beat silver,  
Gar grind him with the gold;  
Cause put two bells on every side,  
Till I come to some hold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.28  
\N1 They sadled him the black, the black,  
So did they him the broun;  
So did they him the swiftest steed  
That ever rode to toun.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.29  
\N1 They shoed him with the beat silver,  
They grind him with the gold;  
They put two bells on every side,  
Till he came to some hold.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.30  
\N1 He had not rode a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely three,  
Till that he spyed her comely corps  
Come raking oere the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.31  
\N1 `Set down, set down these comely corps,  
Let me look on the dead:'  
And out he\'s ta\'en his little pen-knife,  
And slitted her winding sheet.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.32  
\N1 And f+irst he kist her cheek, her cheek,  
And then he kist her chin;  
And then he kist her rosy lips,  
But there was no breath within.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.33  
\N1 `Gar deall, gar deall for my love sake  
The spiced bread and the wine;  
For ere the morn at this time  
So shall you deall for mine.  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.34  
\N1 `Gar deall, gar deall for my love sake  
The pennys that are so small;  
For ere the morn at this time,  
So shall you deall for all.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76A.35  
\N1 The one was buried in Mary kirk,  
The other in Mary quire;  
Out of the one there sprung a birk,  
Out of the other a bryar;  
So thus you may well know by that  
They were two lovers dear.  
\LBALLADS Child 76B.1  
\N1 `O WHA will shoe thy bonny feet?  
Or wha will glove thy hand?  
Or wha will lace thy midle jimp,  
With a lang, lang London whang?  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.2  
\N1 `And wha will kame thy bonny head,  
With a tabean brirben kame?  
And wha will be my bairn\'s father,  
Till Love Gregory come hame?'  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.3  
\N1 `Thy father\'ll shoe his bonny feet,

Thy mither\ 'll glove his hand;  
 Thy brither will lace his middle jimp,  
 With a lang, lang London whang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.4  
 \N1 `Mysel will kame his bonny head,  
 With a tabean brirben kame;  
 And the Lord will be the bairn\ 's father,  
 Till Love Gregory come hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.5  
 \N1 Then she\ 's gart build a bonny ship,  
 It\ 's a\ ' cored oer with pearl,  
 And at every needle-tack was in\ 't  
 There hang a siller bell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.6  
 \N1 And she\ 's awa . . .  
 To sail upon the sea;  
 She\ 's gane to seek Love Gregory,  
 In lands whereer he be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.7  
 \N1 She hadna saild a league but twa,  
 O scantly had she three,  
 Till she met with a rude rover,  
 Was sailing on the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.8  
 \N1 `O whether is thou the Queen hersel,  
 Or ane o her maries three?  
 Or is thou the lass of Lochroyan,  
 Seeking Love Gregory?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.9  
 \N1 `O I am not the Queen hersell,  
 Nor ane o her maries three;  
 But I am the lass o Lochroyan,  
 Seeking Love Gregory.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.10  
 \N1 `O sees na thou yone bonny bower?  
 It\ 's a\ ' cored oer with tin;  
 When thou hast saild it round about,  
 Love Gregory is within.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.11  
 \N1 When she had saild it round about,  
 She tirlid at the pin:  
 `O open, open, Love Gregory,  
 Open, and let me in!  
 For I am the lass of Lochroyan,  
 Banisht frae a\ ' my kin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.12  
 \N1 `If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,  
 As I know no thou be,  
 Tell me some of the true tokens  
 That past between me and thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.13  
 \N1 `Hast thou na mind, Love Gregory,  
 As we sat at the wine,  
 We changed the rings aff ither\ 's hands,  
 And ay the best was mine?  
 \SBALLADS Child 76B.14  
 \N1 `For mine was o the gude red gould,  
 But thine was o the tin;  
 And mine was true and trusty baith,  
 But thine was fa\ 'se within.



\SBALLADS Child 76B.15  
\N1 `If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,  
As I know na thou be,  
Tell me some mair o the true tokens  
Past between me and thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.16  
\N1 `And has na thou na mind, Love Gregory,  
As we sat on yon hill,  
Thou twin\'d me of my [maidenhead,]  
Right sair against my will?  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.17  
\N1 `Now open, open, Love Gregory,  
Open, and let me in!  
For the rain rains on my gude cleading,  
And the dew stands on my chin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.18  
\N1 Then she has turnd her round about:  
`Well, since that it be sae,  
Let never woman that has born a son  
Hae a heart sae full of wae.  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.19  
\N1 `Take down, take down that mast o gould,  
Set up a mast of tree;  
For it dinna become a forsaken lady  
To sail so royallie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.20  
\N1 `I dreamt a dream this night, mother,  
I wish it may prove true,  
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan  
Was at the gate just now.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.21  
\N1 `Lie still, lie still, my only son,  
And sound sleep mayst thou get,  
For it\'s but an hour or little mair  
Since she was at the gate.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.22  
\N1 Awa, awa, ye wicket woman,  
And an ill dead may ye die!  
Ye might have ither letten her in,  
Or else have wakened me.  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.23  
\N1 `Gar saddle to me the black,' he said,  
`Gar saddle to me the brown;  
Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That is in a\' the town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.24  
\N1 Now the f+irst town that he cam to,  
The bells were ringing there;  
And the neist toun that he cam to,  
Her corps was coming there.  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.25  
\N1 `Set down, set down that comely corp,  
Set down, and let me see  
Gin that be the lass of Lochroyan,  
That died for love o me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76B.26  
\N1 And he took out the little penknife  
That hang down by his gare,  
And he\'s rippd up her winding-sheet,  
A lang claith-yard and mair.

\SBALLADS Child 76B.27

\N1 And f+irst he kist her cherry cheek,  
And syne he kist her chin,  
And neist he kist her rosy lips;  
There was nae breath within.

\SBALLADS Child 76B.28

\N1 And he has taen his little penknife,  
With a heart that was fou sair,  
He has given himself a deadly wound,  
And word spake never mair.

\LBALLADS Child 76C.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 SHE sailed west, she sailed east,  
She sailed mony a mile,  
Until she cam to Lord Gregor\'s yett,  
And she tirlid at the pin.

\SBALLADS Child 76C.2

\N1 `It\'s open, open, Lord Gregory,  
Open, and let me in;  
For the rain drops on my gouden hair,  
And drops upon your son.'

\SBALLADS Child 76C.3

\N1 `Are you the Queen of Queensberry?  
Or one of the marys three?  
Or are you the lass of Ruchlaw hill,  
Seeking Lord Gregory?'

\SBALLADS Child 76C.4

\N1 `I\'m not the Queen of Queensberry,  
Nor one of the marys three;  
But I am the bonny lass of Ruchlawhill,  
Seeking Lord Gregory.'

\SBALLADS Child 76C.5

\N1 `Awa, awa, ye fause thief,  
I will not open to thee  
Till you tell me the f+irst token  
That was tween you and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 76C.6

\N1 `Do not you mind, Lord Gregory,  
When we birlid at the wine,  
We changed the rings of our f+ingers,  
And ay the best was mine?

\SBALLADS Child 76C.7

\N1 `For mine was true and trusty goud,  
But yours it was of tin;  
Mine was of the true and trusty goud,  
But yours was fause within.'

\SBALLADS Child 76C.8

\N1 She turned about her bonny ship,  
Awa then did she sail:

`The sun shall never shine on man  
That made my heart so sare.'

\SBALLADS Child 76C.9

\N1 Then up the old mother she got,  
And wakened Lord Gregory:

`Awa, awa, ye fause gudeson,  
A limmer was seeking thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 76C.10

\N1 `It\'s woe be to you, witch-mother,  
An ill death may you die!  
For you might hae set the yet open,

And then hae wakened me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76C.11  
 \N1 It\'s up he got, and put on his clothes,  
 And to the yet he ran;  
 The f+irst sight of the ship he saw,  
 He whistled and he sang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76C.12  
 \N1 But whan the bonny ship was out o sight,  
 He clapped his hands and ran,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 76C.13  
 \N1 The f+irst kirktoon he cam to,  
 He heard the death-bell ring,  
 The second kirktoon he cam to,  
 He saw her corpse come in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76C.14  
 \N1 `Set down, set down this bonny corpse,  
 That I may look upon;  
 If she died late for me last night,  
 I\'ll die for her the morn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76C.15  
 \N1 `Be merry, merry, gentlemen,  
 Be merry at the bread and wine;  
 For by the morn at this time o day  
 You\'ll drink as much at mine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76C.16  
 \N1 The one was buried in Mary\'s isle,  
 The other in Mary\'s quire;  
 Out of the one there grew a thorn,  
 And out of the other a brier.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76C.17  
 \N1 And aye they grew, and aye they blew,  
 Till their twa taps did meet;  
 And every one that passed thereby  
 Might see they were lovers sweet.  
 \LBALLADS Child 76D.1  
 \N1 `O WHA will shoe my fu fair foot?  
 An wha will glove my han?  
 An wha will lace my middle gimp  
 Wi the new made London ban?  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.2  
 \N1 `Or wha will kemb my yallow hair,  
 Wi the new made silver kemb?  
 Or wha\'ll be father to my young bairn,  
 Till Love Gregor come hame?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.3  
 \N1 Her father shoed her fu fair foot,  
 Her mother glovd her han;  
 Her sister lac\'d her middle gimp  
 Wi the new made London ban.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.4  
 \N1 Her brother kembd her yallow hair,  
 Wi the new made silver kemb,  
 But the king o heaven maun father her bairn,  
 Till Love Gregor come hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.5  
 \N1 `O gin I had a bony ship,  
 An men to sail wi me,  
 It\'s I would gang to my true-love,

Since he winna come to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 76D.6

\N1 Her father\'s gien her a bonny ship,  
An sent her to the stran;  
She\'s tane her young son in her arms,  
An turnd her back to the lan.

\SBALLADS Child 76D.7

\N1 She had na been o the sea saillin  
About a month or more,  
Till landed has she her bonny ship  
Near her true-love\'s door.

\SBALLADS Child 76D.8

\N1 The night was dark, an the win blew caul,  
An her love was fast asleep,  
An the bairn that was in her twa arms  
Fu sair began to weep.

\SBALLADS Child 76D.9

\N1 Long stood she at her true-love\'s door,  
An lang tird at the pin;  
At length up gat his fa\'se mither,  
Says, Wha\'s that woud be in?

\SBALLADS Child 76D.10

\N1 `O it is Anny o Roch-royal,  
Your love, come oer the sea,  
But an your young son in her arms;  
So open the door to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 76D.11

\N1 `Awa, awa, you ill woman,  
You\'ve na come here for gude,  
You\'re but a witch, or wile warlock,  
Or mermaid o the f+lude.'

\SBALLADS Child 76D.12

\N1 `I\'m na a witch, or wile warlock,  
Nor mermaiden,' said she;  
`I\'m but Fair Anny o Roch-royal;  
O open the door to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 76D.13

\N1 `O gin ye be Anny o Roch-royal,  
As [I] trust not ye be,  
What taiken can ye gie that ever  
I kept your company?'

\SBALLADS Child 76D.14

\N1 `O dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,  
`Whan we sat at the wine,  
How we changed the napkins frae our necks,  
It\'s na sae lang sin syne?

\SBALLADS Child 76D.15

\N1 `An yours was good, an good enough,  
But nae sae good as mine;  
For yours was o the cumbruk clear,  
But mine was silk sae f+ine.

\SBALLADS Child 76D.16

\N1 `An dinna ye mind, Love Gregor,' she says,  
`As we twa sat at dine,  
How we changed the rings frae our f+ingers,  
But ay the best was mine?

\SBALLADS Child 76D.17

\N1 `For yours was good, an good enough,  
Yet nae sae good as mine;  
For yours was of the good red gold,

But mine o the diamonds f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.18  
 \N1 `Sae open the door now, Love Gregor,  
 An open it wi speed,  
 Or your young son that is in my arms  
 For cauld will soon be dead.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.19  
 \N1 `Awa, awa, you ill woman,  
 Gae frae my door for shame;  
 For I hae gotten another fair love,  
 Sae ye may hye you hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.20  
 \N1 `O hae you gotten another fair love,  
 For a\' the oaths you sware?  
 Then fair you well now, fa\'se Gregor,  
 For me you\'s never see mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.21  
 \N1 O heely, heely gi\'d she back,  
 As the day began to peep;  
 She set her foot on good ship-board,  
 An sair, sair did she weep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.22  
 \N1 Love Gregor started frae his sleep,  
 An to his mither did say,  
 I dreamd a dream this night, mither,  
 That maks my heart right wae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.23  
 \N1 `I dreamd that Anny of Roch-royal,  
 The f+lowr o a\' her kin,  
 Was standin mournin at my door,  
 But nane would lat her in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.24  
 \N1 `O there was a woman stood at the door,  
 Wi a bairn intill her arms,  
 But I woud na lat her within the bowr,  
 For fear she had done you harm.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.25  
 \N1 O quickly, quickly raise he up,  
 An fast ran to the stran,  
 An there he saw her Fair Anny,  
 Was sailin frae the lan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.26  
 \N1 An `Heigh, Anny!' an `Hou, Anny!  
 O Anny, speak to me!'  
 But ay the louder that he cried Anny,  
 The louder roard the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.27  
 \N1 An `Heigh, Anny!' an `Hou, Anny!  
 O Anny, winna you bide?'  
 But ay the langer that he cried Anny,  
 The higher roard the tide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.28  
 \N1 The win grew loud, an the sea grew rough,  
 An the ship was rent in twain,  
 An soon he saw her Fair Anny  
 Come f+loating oer the main.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76D.29  
 \N1 He saw his young son in her arms,  
 Baith tossd aboon the tide;  
 He wrang his hands, than fast he ran,

An plung\'d i the sea sae wide.  
\SBALLADS Child 76D.30  
\N1 He catchd her by the yallow hair,  
An drew her to the strand,  
But could an stiff was every limb  
Before he reachd the land.  
\SBALLADS Child 76D.31  
\N1 O f+irst he kisssd her cherry cheek,  
An then he kisssd her chin;  
An sair he kisssd her ruby lips,  
But there was nae breath within.  
\SBALLADS Child 76D.32  
\N1 O he has mournd oer Fair Anny  
Till the sun was gaing down,  
Then wi a sigh his heart it brast,  
An his soul to heaven has f+lownd.  
\LBALLADS Child 76E.1  
\N1 `O WHA will shoe my fu fair foot?  
And wha will glove my hand?  
And wha will lace my middle jimp,  
Wi the new made London band?  
\SBALLADS Child 76E.2  
\N1 `And wha will kaim my yellow hair,  
Wi the new made silver kaim?  
And wha will father my young son,  
Till Love Gregor come hame?'  
\SBALLADS Child 76E.3  
\N1 `Your father will shoe your fu fair foot,  
Your mother will glove your hand;  
Your sister will lace your middle jimp  
Wi the new made London band.  
\SBALLADS Child 76E.4  
\N1 `Your brother will kaim your yellow hair,  
Wi the new made silver kaim;  
And the king of heaven will father your bairn,  
Till Love Gregor come haim.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76E.5  
\N1 `But I will get a bonny boat,  
And I will sail the sea,  
For I maun gang to Love Gregor,  
Since he canno come hame to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76E.6  
\N1 O she has gotten a bonny boat,  
And sailld the sa\'t sea fame;  
She langd to see her ain true-love,  
Since he could no come hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 76E.7  
\N1 `O row your boat, my mariners,  
And bring me to the land,  
For yonder I see my love\'s castle,  
Closs by the sa\'t sea strand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 76E.8  
\N1 She has taen her young son in her arms,  
And to the door she\'s gone,  
And lang she\'s knocked and sair she ca\'d,  
But answer got she none.  
\SBALLADS Child 76E.9  
\N1 `O open the door, Love Gregor,' she says,  
`O open, and let me in;  
For the wind blows thro my yellow hair,

And the rain draps oer my chin.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.10

\N1 `Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
You\'r nae come here for good;  
You\'r but some witch, or wile warlock,  
Or mer-maid of the f+llood.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.11

\N1 `I am neither a witch nor a wile warlock,  
Nor mer-maid of the sea,  
I am Fair Annie of Rough Royal;  
O open the door to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.12

\N1 `Gin ye be Annie of Rough Royal--  
And I trust ye are not she--  
Now tell me some of the love-tokens  
That past between you and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.13

\N1 `O dinna you mind now, Love Gregor,  
When we sat at the wine,  
How we changed the rings frae our f+ingers?  
And I can show thee thine.

\SBALLADS Child 76E.14

\N1 `O yours was good, and good enneugh,  
But ay the best was mine;  
For yours was o the good red goud,  
But mine o the dimonds f+ine.

\SBALLADS Child 76E.15

\N1 `But open the door now, Love Gregor,  
O open the door I pray,  
For your young son that is in my arms  
Will be dead ere it be day.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.16

\N1 `Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
For here ye shanno win in;  
Gae drown ye in the raging sea,  
Or hang on the gallows-pin.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.17

\N1 When the cock had crawn, and day did dawn,  
And the sun began to peep,  
Then it raise him Love Gregor,  
And sair, sair did he weep.

\SBALLADS Child 76E.18

\N1 `O I dreamd a dream, my mother dear,  
The thoughts o it gars me greet,  
That Fair Annie of Rough Royal  
Lay cauld dead at my feet.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.19

\N1 `Gin it be for Annie of Rough Royal  
That ye make a\' this din,  
She stood a\' last night at this door,  
But I trow she was no in.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.20

\N1 `O wae betide ye, ill woman,  
An ill dead may ye die!  
That ye woudno open the door to her,  
Nor yet woud waken me.'

\SBALLADS Child 76E.21

\N1 O he has gone down to yon shore-side,  
As fast as he could fare;  
He saw Fair Annie in her boat,

But the wind it tossd her sair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76E.22  
 And `Hey, Annie!' and `How, Annie!  
 O Annie, winna ye bide?'  
 But ay the mair that he cried Annie,  
 The braider grew the tide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76E.23  
 \N1 And `Hey, Annie!' and `How, Annie!  
 Dear Annie, speak to me!'  
 But ay the louder he cried Annie,  
 The louder roard the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76E.24  
 \N1 The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,  
 And dashd the boat on shore;  
 Fair Annie f+loats on the raging sea,  
 But her young son raise no more.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76E.25  
 \N1 Love Gregor tare his yellow hair,  
 And made a heavy moan;  
 Fair Annie\'s corpse lay at his feet,  
 But his bonny young son was gone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76E.26  
 \N1 O cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
 And gowden was her hair,  
 But clay cold were her rosey lips,  
 Nae spark of life was there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76E.27  
 \N1 And f+irst he\'s kissd her cherry cheek,  
 And neist he\'s kissed her chin;  
 And saftly pressd her rosey lips,  
 But there was nae breath within.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76E.28  
 \N1 `O wae betide my cruel mother,  
 And an ill dead may she die!  
 For she turnd my true-love frae my door,  
 When she came sae far to me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 76F.1  
 \N1 `O WHA will lace my steys, mother?  
 O wha will gluve my hand?  
 O wha will be my bairn\'s father,  
 While my luv cum to land?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76F.2  
 \N1 `O sall I lace your steys, dochter,  
 O sall I gluve your hand;  
 And God will be your bairn\'s father,  
 While your luv cum to land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76F.3  
 \N1 Now she\'s gard build a bonie schip,  
 Forbidden she wad nae be;  
 She\'s gane wi four score mariners,  
 Sailand the salt, salt sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76F.4  
 \N1 They had nae saild but twenty legues,  
 Bot twenty legues and three,  
 When they met wi the ranke robbers,  
 And a\' their companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76F.5  
 \N1 `Now whether are ye the Queen hersell?  
 For so ye weel micht bee,  
 Or are ye the lass o the Ruch Royal,



Seekand Lord Gregorie?'

\SBALLADS Child 76F.6

\N1 `O I am neither the Queen,' she sed,  
`Nor sick I seem to be;  
But I am the lass o the Ruch Royal,  
Seekand Lord Gregorie.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 76F.7

\N1 And when she saw the stately tower,  
Shynand sae cleere and bricht,  
Whilk proud def+ies the jawing wave,  
Built on a rock a hicht,

\SBALLADS Child 76F.8

\N1 Sche sailed it round, and sailed it sound,  
And loud, loud cried she,  
`Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,  
And let the prisoner free.'

\LBALLADS Child 76G.1

\N1 IT fell on a Wodensday,  
Love Gregory\'s taen the sea,  
And he has left his lady Janet,  
And a weary woman was she.

\SBALLADS Child 76G.2

\N1 But she had na been in child-bed  
A day but barely three,  
Till word has come to Lady Janet  
Love Gregory she would never see.

\SBALLADS Child 76G.3

\N1 She\'s taen her mantle her middle about,  
Her cane into her hand,  
And she\'s awa to the salt-sea side,  
As fast as she could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 76G.4

\N1 `Whare will I get a curious carpenter,  
Will make a boat to me?  
I\'m going to seek him Love Gregory,  
In\'s lands where eer he be.'

\SBALLADS Child 76G.5

\N1 `Here am I, a curious carpenter,  
Will make a boat for thee,  
And ye may seek him Love Gregory,  
But him ye\'ll never see.'

\SBALLADS Child 76G.6

\N1 She sailed up, she sailed down,  
Thro many a pretty stream,  
Till she came to that stately castle,  
Where Love Gregory lay in.

\SBALLADS Child 76G.7

\N1 `Open, open, Love Gregory,  
O open, and lat me in;  
Your young son is in my arms,  
And shivering cheek and chin.'

\SBALLADS Child 76G.8

\N1 `Had awa, ye ill woman,  
Had far awa frae me;  
Ye\'re but some witch, or some warlock,  
Or the mermaid, troubling me.

\SBALLADS Child 76G.9

\N1 `My lady she\'s in Lochranline,  
Down by Lochlearn\'s green;

This day she wadna sail the sea,  
 For goud nor warld\'s gain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76G.10  
 \N1 `But if ye be my lady Janet,  
 As I trust not well ye be,  
 Come tell me oer some love-token  
 That past \'tween thee an me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76G.11  
 \N1 `Mind on, mind on now, Love Gregory,  
 Since we sat at the wine;  
 The rings that were on your f+ingers,  
 I gied thee mine for thine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76G.12  
 \N1 `And mine was o the good red goud,  
 Yours o the silly tin,  
 And mine\'s been true, and very true,  
 But yours had a fause lynin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76G.13  
 \N1 `But open, open, Love Gregory,  
 Open, and let me in;  
 Your young son is in my arms,  
 He\'ll be dead ere I win in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76G.14  
 \N1 `Had awa, ye ill woman,  
 Had far awa frae me;  
 Ye\'re but some witch, or some warlock,  
 Or the mermaid, troubling me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76G.15  
 \N1 `But if ye be my lady Janet,  
 As I trust not well ye be;  
 Come tell me o\'er some love-token  
 That past tween thee and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76G.16  
 \N1 `Mind on, mind on, Love Gregory,  
 Since we sat at the wine;  
 The shifts that were upon your back,  
 I gave thee mine for thine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 76G.17  
 \N1 `And mine was o the good holland,  
 And yours o the silly twine,  
 And mine\'s been true, and very true,  
 But yours had fause lynin.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 76H.1  
 \N1 `OH who\'ll comb my yellow locks,  
 With the brown berry comb?  
 And who\'ll be the child\'s father,  
 Until Gregory comes home?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.2  
 \N1 `OH . . . . .  
 And God will be the child\'s father,  
 Until Gregory comes home.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.3  
 \N1 `The dew wets my yellow locks,  
 The rain wets my skin,  
 The babe\'s cold in my arms,  
 Oh Gregory, let me in!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.4  
 \N1 `Oh if you be the lass of Aughtim,

As I suppose you not to be,  
 Come tell me the last token  
 Between you and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.4r  
 \N1 The dew wets, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.5  
 \N1 `Oh Gregory, don\'t you remember  
 One night on the hill,  
 When we swapped rings off each other\'s hands,  
 Sorely against my will?'  
 Mine was of the beaten gold,  
 Yours was but black tin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.5r  
 \N1 The dew wets, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.6  
 \N1 `Oh if you be the lass of aughrim,  
 As I suppose you not to be,  
 Come tell me the last token  
 Between you and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.6r  
 \N1 The dew wets, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.7  
 \N1 `Oh Gregory don\'t you remember  
 One night on the hill,  
 When we swapped smocks off each other\'s backs,  
 Sorely against my will?  
 Mine was of the holland f+ine,  
 Yours was but Scotch cloth.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.7r  
 \N1 The dew wets, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.8  
 \N1 `Oh if you be the lass of Aughrim,  
 As I suppose you not to be,  
 Come tell me the last token  
 Between you and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.8r  
 \N1 The dew wets, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.9  
 \N1 `Oh Gregory, don\'t you remember,  
 In my father\'s hall,  
 When you had your will of me?  
 And that was worse than all.'  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 76H.9r  
 \N1 The dew wets, etc\  
 \LBALLADS Child 76I.1  
 \N1 `OH open the door, Lord Gregory,  
 Oh open, and let me in;  
 The rain rains on my scarlet robes,  
 The dew drops oer my chin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76I.2  
 \N1 `If you are the lass that I lovd once,  
 As I true you are not she,  
 Come give me some of the tokens  
 That past between you and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 76I.3  
 \N1 `Ah wae be to you, Gregory,  
 An ill death may you die!  
 You will not be the death of one,

But you\`ll be the death of three.  
\SBALLADS Child 76I.4  
\N1 `Oh don\`t you mind, Lord Gregory,  
\`Twas down at yon burn-side  
We changed the ring of our f+ingers,  
And I put mine on thine?'  
\LBALLADS Child 76J.1  
\N1 `O WHA will shoe my pretty little foot?  
And wha will glove my hand?  
And who will lace my middle jimp  
Wi this lang London whang?  
\SBALLADS Child 76J.2  
\N1 `And wha will comb my yellow, yellow hair,  
Wi this f+ine rispen kame?  
And wha will be my bairn\`s father,  
Till Lord Gregory come hame?'  
\LBALLADS Child 76K.1  
\N1 `O OPEN the door, Love Gregory,  
O open, and let me in;  
The wind blows through my yellow hair,  
And the dew draps oer my chin.'  
\LBALLADS Child 77A.1  
\N1 THERE came a ghost to Margret\`s door,  
With many a grievous groan,  
And ay he tirdled at the pin,  
But answer made she none.  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.2  
\N1 `Is that my father Philip,  
Or is\`t my brother John?  
Or is\`t my true-love, Willy,  
From Scotland new come home?'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.3  
\N1 ``Tis not thy father Philip,  
Nor yet thy brother John;  
But \`tis thy true-love, Willy,  
From Scotland new come home.  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.4  
\N1 `O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,  
I pray thee speak to me;  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
As I gave it to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.5  
\N1 `Thy faith and troth thou\`s never get,  
Nor yet will I thee lend,  
Till that thou come within my bower,  
And kiss my cheek and chin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.6  
\N1 `If I shoud come within thy bower,  
I am no earthly man;  
And shoud I kiss thy rosy lips,  
Thy days will not be lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.7  
\N1 `O sweet Margret, O dear Margret,  
I pray thee speak to me;  
Give me my faith and troth, Margret,  
As I gave it to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.8  
\N1 `Thy faith and troth thou\`s never get,  
Nor yet will I thee lend,  
Till you take me to yon kirk,

And wed me with a ring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.9  
\N1 `My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,  
Afar beyond the sea,  
And it is but my spirit, Margret,  
That\'s now speaking to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.10  
\N1 She stretchd out her lilly-white hand,  
And, for to do her best,  
'Hae, there\'s your faith and troth, Willy,  
God send your soul good rest.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.11  
\N1 Now she has kilted her robes of green  
A piece below her knee,  
And a\' the live-lang winter night  
The dead corp followed she.  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.12  
\N1 `Is there any room at your head, Willy?  
Or any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your side, Willy,  
Wherein that I may creep?'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.13  
\N1 `There\'s no room at my head, Margret,  
There\'s no room at my feet;  
There\'s no room at my side, Margret,  
My coff+in\'s made so meet.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.14  
\N1 Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
And up then crew the gray:  
'Tis time, tis time, my dear Margret,  
That you were going away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.15  
\N1 No more the ghost to Margret said,  
But, with a grievous groan,  
Evanishd in a cloud of mist,  
And left her all alone.  
\SBALLADS Child 77A.16  
\N1 `O stay, my only true-love, stay,'  
The constant Margret cry\'d;  
Wan grew her cheeks, she closd her een,  
Stretchd her soft limbs, and dy\'d.  
\LBALLADS Child 77B.1  
\N1 WHAN bells war rung, an mass was sung,  
A wat a\' man to bed were gone,  
Clark Sanders came to Margret\'s window,  
With mony a sad sigh and groan.  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.2  
\N1 `Are ye sleeping, Margret,' he says,  
'Or are ye waking, presentlie?  
Give me my faith and trouthe again,  
A wat, trew-love, I gied to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.3  
\N1 `Your faith and trouthe ye\'s never get,  
Nor our trew love shall never twain,  
Till ye come with me in my bower,  
And kiss me both cheek and chin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.4  
\N1 `My mouth it is full cold, Margret,  
It has the smell now of the ground;  
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,

Thy life-days will not be long.  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.5  
\N1 `Cocks are crowing a merry mid-larf,  
I wat the wild fule boded day;  
Gie me my faith and trouthe again,  
And let me fare me on my way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.6  
\N1 `Thy faith and trouth thou shall na get,  
Nor our trew love shall never twin,  
Till ye tell me what comes of women  
Awat that dy\'s in strong traveling.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.7  
\N1 `Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
Down at the foot of our good Lord\'s knee,  
Well set about wi gilly-f+lowers,  
A wat sweet company for to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.8  
\N1 `O cocks are crowing a merry midd-larf,  
A wat the wilde foule boded day;  
The salms of Heaven will be sung,  
And ere now I\'le be misst away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.9  
\N1 Up she has tain a bright long wand,  
And she has straked her trouth thereon;  
She has given [it] him out at the shot-window,  
Wi many a sad sigh and heavy groan.  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.10  
\N1 `I thank you, Margret, I thank you, Margret,  
And I thank you hartilie;  
Gine ever the dead come for the quick,  
Be sure, Margret, I\'ll come again for thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.11  
\N1 It\'s hose an shoon an gound alane  
She clame the wall and followed him,  
Untill she came to a green forest,  
On this she lost the sight of him.  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.12  
\N1 `Is their any room at your head, Sanders?  
Is their any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your twa sides?  
Whare fain, fain woud I sleep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.13  
\N1 `Their is na room at my head, Margret,  
Their is na room at my feet;  
There is room at my twa sides,  
For ladys for to sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.14  
\N1 `Cold meal is my covering owre,  
But an my winding sheet;  
My bed it is full low, I say,  
Down among the hongerey worms I sleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 77B.15  
\N1 `Cold meal is my covering owre,  
But an my winding sheet;  
The dew it falls na sooner down  
Then ay it is full weet.'  
\LBALLADS Child 77C.1  
\N1 LADY MARJORIE, Lady Marjorie,  
Sat sewing her silken seam;  
By her came a pale, pale ghost,

With many a sich and mane.

\SBALLADS Child 77C.2

\N1 `Are ye my father, the king?' she says,  
`Or are ye my brother John?

Or are you my true-love, Sweet William,  
From England newly come?'

\SBALLADS Child 77C.3

\N1 `I\'m not your father, the king,' he says,  
`No, no, nor your brother John;

But I\'m your true love, Sweet William,  
From England that\'s newly come.'

\SBALLADS Child 77C.4

\N1 `Have ye brought me any scarlets so red?  
Or any silks so f+ine?

Or have ye brought me any precious things,  
That merchants have for sale?'

\SBALLADS Child 77C.5

\N1 `I have not brought you any scarlets sae red,  
No, no, nor the silks so f+ine;

But I have brought you my winding-sheet,  
Oer many\'s the rock and hill.

\SBALLADS Child 77C.6

\N1 `O Lady Marjory, Lady Marjory,  
For faith and charitie,

Will you give to me my faith and troth,  
That I gave once to thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 77C.7

\N1 `O your faith and troth I\'ll not give thee,  
No, no, that will not I,

Until I get one kiss of your ruby lips,  
And in my arms you come [lye].'

\SBALLADS Child 77C.8

\N1 `My lips they are so bitter,' he says,  
`My breath it is so strong,

If you get one kiss of my ruby lips,  
Your days will not be long.

\SBALLADS Child 77C.9

\N1 `The cocks they are crowing, Marjory,' he says,  
`The cocks they are crawling again;

It\'s time the deid should part the quick,  
Marjorie, I must be gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 77C.10

\N1 She followed him high, she followed him low,  
Till she came to yon church-yard;

O there the grave did open up,  
And young William he lay down.

\SBALLADS Child 77C.11

\N1 `What three things are these, Sweet William,' she says,  
`That stands here at your head?'

`It\'s three maidens, Marjorie,' he says,  
`That I promised once to wed.'

\SBALLADS Child 77C.12

\N1 `What three things are these, Sweet William,' she says,  
`That stands here at your side?'

`It is three babes, Marjorie,' he says,  
`That these three maidens had.'

\SBALLADS Child 77C.13

\N1 `What three things are these, Sweet William,' she says,  
`That stands here at your feet?'

It is three hell-hounds, Marjorie,' he says,

`That\'s waiting my soul to keep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77C.14  
\N1 She took up her white, white hand,  
And she struck him in the breast,  
Saying, Have there again your faith and troth,  
And I wish your soul good rest.  
\LBALLADS Child 77D.1  
\N1 LADY MARGARET was in her wearie room,  
Sewin her silken seam,  
And in cam Willie, her true-love,  
Frae Lundin new come hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.2  
\N1 `O are ye my father Philip,  
Or are ye my brither John?  
Or are ye my true-love, Willie,  
Frae London new come home?'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.3  
\N1 `I\'m nae your father Philip,  
Nor am I your brother John;  
But I am your true-love, Willie,  
An I\'m nae a levin man.  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.4  
\N1 `But gie me my faith and troth, Margrat,  
An let me pass on my way;  
For the bells o heaven will be rung,  
An I\'ll be mist away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.5  
\N1 `Yere faith and troth ye\'se never get,  
Till ye tell me this ane;  
Till ye tell me where the women go  
That hang themsell for sin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.6  
\N1 `O they gang till the low, low hell,  
Just by the devil\'s knee;  
It\'s a\' clad ower wi burnin pitch,  
A dreadfu sicht to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.7  
\N1 `But your faith and troth ye\'se never get,  
Till you tell me again;  
Till you tell me where the children go  
That die without a name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.8  
\N1 `O they gang till the high, high heaven,  
Just by our Saviour\'s knee,  
An it\'s a\' clad ower wi roses red,  
A lovelie sicht to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.9  
\N1 `But gie me my faith and troth, Margrat,  
And let me pass on my way;  
For the psalms o heaven will be sung,  
An I\'ll be mist away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.10  
\N1 `But your faith and troth yese never get  
Till ye tell me again;  
Till ye tell me where the women go  
That die in child-beddin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.11  
\N1 `O they gang till the hie, hie heaven,  
Just by our Saviour\'s knee,  
And every day at twal o clock



They\'re dipped oer the head.  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.12  
\N1 `But gie me my faith and troth, Margret,  
And let me pass on my way;  
For the gates o heaven will be shut,  
And I\'ll be mist away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.13  
\N1 Then she has taen a silver key,  
Gien him three times on the breast;  
Says, There\'s your faith and troth, Willie,  
I hope your soul will rest.  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.14  
\N1 `But is there room at your head, Willie?  
Or is there room at your feet?  
Or is there room at any o your sides,  
To let in a lover sweet?'  
\SBALLADS Child 77D.15  
\N1 `There is nae room at my head, Margrat,  
There\'s nae room at my feet,  
But there is room at baith my sides,  
To lat in a lover sweet.'  
\LBALLADS Child 77E.1  
\N1 `AS May Margret sat in her bouerie,  
In her bouer all alone,  
At the very parting o midnight  
She heard a mournfu moan.  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.2  
\N1 `O is it my father? O is it my mother?  
Or is it my brother John?  
Or is it Sweet William, my ain true-love,  
To Scotland new come home?'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.3  
\N1 `It is na your father, it is na your mother,  
It is na your brother John;  
But it is Sweet William, your ain true-love,  
To Scotland new come home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.4  
\N1 `Hae ye brought me onie f+ine things,  
Onie new thing for to wear?  
Or hae ye brought me a braid o lace,  
To snood up my gowden hair?'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.5  
\N1 `I\'ve brought ye na f+ine things at all,  
Nor onie new thing to wear,  
Nor hae I brought ye a braid of lace,  
To snood up your gowden hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.6  
\N1 `But Margaret, dear Margaret,  
I pray ye speak to me;  
O gie me back my faith and troth,  
As dear as I gied it thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.7  
\N1 `Your faith and troth ye sanna get,  
Nor will I wi ye twin,  
Till ye come within my bouer,  
And kiss me, cheek and chin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.8  
\N1 `O should I come within your bouer,  
I am na earthly man;  
If I should kiss your red, red lips,

Your days wad na be lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.9  
\N1 `O Margaret, dear Margaret,  
I pray ye speak to me;  
O gie me back my faith and troth,  
As dear as I gied it thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.10  
\N1 `Your faith and troth ye sanna get,  
Nor will I wi ye twin,  
Till ye tak me to yonder kirk,  
And wed me wi a ring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.11  
\N1 `My banes are buried in yon kirk-yard,  
It\'s far ayont the sea;  
And it is my spirit, Margaret,  
That\'s speaking unto thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.12  
\N1 `Your faith and troth ye sanna get,  
Nor will I twin wi thee,  
Till ye tell me the pleasures o heaven,  
And pains of hell how they be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.13  
\N1 `The pleasures of heaven I wat not of,  
But the pains of hell I dree;  
There some are hie hangd for huring,  
And some for adulterie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77E.14  
\N1 `Then Margret took her milk-white hand,  
And smoothd it on his breast:  
`Tak your faith and troth, William,  
God send your soul good rest!'  
\LBALLADS Child 77F.1  
\N1 WHEN seven years were come and gane,  
Lady Margaret she thought lang;  
And she is up to the highest tower,  
By the lee licht o the moon.  
\SBALLADS Child 77F.2  
\N1 She was lookin oer her castle high,  
To see what she might fa,  
And there she saw a grieved ghost,  
Comin waukin oer the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 77F.3  
\N1 `O are ye a man of mean,' she says,  
`Seekin ony o my meat?  
Or are you a rank robber,  
Come in my bower to break?'  
\SBALLADS Child 77F.4  
\N1 `O I\'m Clerk Saunders, your true-love,  
Behold, Margaret, and see,  
And mind, for a\' your meikle pride,  
Sae will become of thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 77F.5  
\N1 `Gin ye be Clerk Saunders, my true-love,  
This meikle marvels me;  
O wherein is your bonny arms,  
That wont to embrace me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 77F.6  
\N1 `By worms they\'re eaten, in mools they\'re rotten,  
Behold, Margaret, and see,  
And mind, for a\' your mickle pride,

Sae will become o thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `O, bonny, bonny sang the bird,  
Sat on the coil o hay;  
But dowie, dowie was the maid  
That followd the corpse o clay.

\SBALLADS Child 77F.8

\N1 `Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?  
Is there ony room at your feet?  
Is there ony room at your twa sides,  
For a lady to lie and sleep?'

\SBALLADS Child 77F.9

\N1 `There is nae room at my head, Margaret,  
As little at my feet;  
There is nae room at my twa sides,  
For a lady to lie and sleep.

\SBALLADS Child 77F.10

\N1 `But gae hame, gae hame now, May Margaret,  
Gae hame and sew your seam;  
For if ye were laid in your weel made bed,  
Your days will nae be lang.'

\LBALLADS Child 77G.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 BUT plait a wand o bonny birk,  
And lay it on my breast,  
And shed a tear upon my grave,  
And wish my saul gude rest.

\SBALLADS Child 77G.2

\N1 `And fair Margret, and rare Margret,  
And Margret o veritie,  
Gin eer ye love another man,  
Neer love him as ye did me.'

\SBALLADS Child 77G.3

\N1 Then up and crew the milk-white cock,  
And up and crew the grey;  
The lover vanishd in the air,  
And she gaed weeping away.

\LBALLADS Child 78A.1

\N1 `THE wind doth blow today, my love,  
And a few small drops of rain;  
I never had but one true-love,  
In cold grave she was lain.

\SBALLADS Child 78A.2

\N1 `I\`ll do as much for my true-love  
As any young man may;  
I\`ll sit and mourn all at her grave  
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

\SBALLADS Child 78A.3

\N1 The twelvemonth and a day being up,  
The dead began to speak:  
`Oh who sits weeping on my grave,  
And will not let me sleep?'

\SBALLADS Child 78A.4

\N1 `Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,  
And will not let you sleep;  
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,  
And that is all I seek.'

\SBALLADS Child 78A.5

\N1 `You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;

But my breath smells earthy strong;  
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,  
Your time will not be long.

\SBALLADS Child 78A.6

\N1 ``Tis down in yonder garden green,  
Love, where we used to walk,  
The finest flower that ere was seen  
Is withered to a stalk.

\SBALLADS Child 78A.7

\N1 `The stalk is withered dry, my love,  
So will our hearts decay;  
So make yourself content, my love,  
Till God calls you away.'

\LBALLADS Child 78B.1

\N1 `HOW cold the wind do blow, dear love,  
And see the drops of rain!  
I never had but one true-love,  
In the green wood he was slain.

\SBALLADS Child 78B.2

\N1 `I would do as much for my own true-love  
As in my power doth lay;  
I would sit and mourn all on his grave  
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

\SBALLADS Child 78B.3

\N1 A twelvemonth and a day being past,  
His ghost did rise and speak:  
`What makes you mourn all on my grave?  
For you will not let me sleep.'

\SBALLADS Child 78B.4

\N1 `It is not your gold I want, dear love,  
Nor yet your wealth I crave;  
But one kiss from your lily-white lips  
Is all I wish to have.

\SBALLADS Child 78B.5

\N1 `Your lips are cold as clay, dear love,  
Your breath doth smell so strong;'  
`I am afraid, my pretty, pretty maid,  
Your time will not be long.'

\LBALLADS Child 78C.1

\N1 `COLD blows the wind oer my true-love,  
Cold blow the drops of rain;  
I never, never had but one sweetheart,  
In the greenwood he was slain.

\SBALLADS Child 78C.2

\N1 `I did as much for my true-love  
As ever did any maid;

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 78C.3

\N1 `One kiss from your lily-cold lips, true-love,  
One kiss is all I pray,  
And I'll sit and weep all over your grave  
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

\SBALLADS Child 78C.4

\N1 `My cheek is as cold as the clay, true-love,  
My breath is earthy and strong;  
And if I should kiss your lips, true-love,  
Your life would not be long.'

\LBALLADS Child 78D.1

\N1 `PROUD BOREAS makes a hideous noise,  
Loud roars the fatal f+leed;  
I loved never a love but one,  
In church-yard she lies dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 78D.2  
\N1 `But I will do for my love\'s sake  
What other young men may;  
I\'ll sit and mourn upon her grave,  
A twelvemonth and a day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78D.3  
\N1 A twelvemonth and a day being past,  
The ghost began to speak:  
`Why sit ye here upon my grave,  
And will not let me sleep?'  
\SBALLADS Child 78D.4  
\N1 `One kiss of your lily-white lips  
Is all that I do crave;  
And one kiss of your lily-white lips  
Is all that I would have.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78D.5  
\N1 `Your breath is as the roses sweet,  
Mine as the sulphur strong;  
If you get one kiss of my lips,  
Your days would not be long.  
\SBALLADS Child 78D.6  
\N1 `Mind not ye the day, Willie,  
Sin you and I did walk?  
The f+irstand f+lower that we did pu  
Was witherd on the stalk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78D.7  
\N1 `Flowers will fade and die, my dear,  
Aye as the tears will turn;  
And since I\'ve lost my own sweet-heart,  
I\'ll never cease but mourn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78D.8  
\N1 `Lament nae mair for me, my love,  
The powers we must obey;  
But hoist up one sail to the wind,  
Your ship must sail away.'  
\LBALLADS Child 78[E.1]  
\N1 `Cold blows the wind over my true love,  
Cold blows the drops of rain;  
I never, never had but one sweet-heart,  
In the green wood he was slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 78[E.2]  
\N1 `But I\'ll do as much for my true love  
As any young girl can do;  
I\'ll sit and I\'ll weep by his grave-side  
For a twelvemonth and one day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[E.3]  
\N1 When the twelvemonth\'s end and one day was past,  
This young man he arose:  
`What makes you weep by my grave-side  
For twelve months and one day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[E.4]  
\N1 `Only one kiss from your lily cold lips,  
One kiss is all I crave;  
Only one kiss from your lily cold lips,  
And return back to your grave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[E.5]

\N1 `My lip is cold as the clay, sweet-heart,  
My breath is earthly strong;  
If you should have a kiss from my cold lip,  
Your days will not be long.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[E.6]  
\N1 `Go fetch me a note from the dungeon dark,  
Cold water from a stone;  
There I\`ll sit and weep for my true love  
For a twelvemonth and one day.  
\SBALLADS Child 78[E.7]  
\N1 `Go dig me a grave both long, wide and deep;  
I will lay down in it and take one sleep,  
For a twelvemonth and one day;  
I will lay down in it and take a long sleep,  
For a twelvemonth and a day.'  
\LBALLADS Child 78[F.1]  
\N1 `Cold blows the wind over my true love,  
Cold blow the drops of rain;  
I never, never had but one true love,  
And in Camvile he was slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 78[F.2]  
\N1 `I\`ll do as much for my true love  
As any young girl may;  
I\`ll sit and weep down by his grave  
For twelve months and one day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[F.3]  
\N1 But when twelve months were come and gone,  
This young man he arose:  
`What makes you weep down by my grave?  
I can\`t take my respose.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[F.4]  
\N1 `One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,  
One kiss is all I crave;  
One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,  
And return back to your grave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[F.5]  
\N1 `My lips they are as cold as my clay,  
My breath is heavy and strong;  
If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips,  
Thy days would not be long.  
\SBALLADS Child 78[F.6]  
\N1 `O don\`t you remember the garden-grove  
Where we was used to walk?  
Pluck the f+inest f+lower of them all,  
\`Twill wither to a stalk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[F.7]  
\N1 `Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon deep,  
And water from a stone,  
And white milk from a maiden\`s breast  
[That babe bare never none].'  
\LBALLADS Child 78[G.1]  
\N1 `Cold blows the wind to-day, sweetheart,  
Cold are the drops of rain;  
The f+irst truelove that ever I had  
In the green wood he was slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 78[G.2]  
\N1 `\'Twas down on the garden-green, sweetheart,  
Where you and I did walk;  
The fairest f+lower that in the garden grew  
Is witherd to a stalk.

\SBALLADS Child 78[G.3]  
\N1 `The stalk will bear no leaves, sweetheart,  
The f+lowers will neer return,  
And since my truelove is dead and gone,  
What can I do but mourn?'

\SBALLADS Child 78[G.4]  
\N1 A twelvemonth and a day being gone,  
The spirit rose and spoke:

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 78[G.5]  
\N1 `My body is clay-cold, sweetheart,  
My breath smells heavy and strong,  
And if you kiss my lily-white lips  
Your time will not be long.'

\LBALLADS Child 78[Ha.1]  
\N1 `Cold blows the wind tonight, sweet-heart,  
Cold are the drops of rain;  
The very f+irst love that ever I had  
In greenwood he was slain.

\SBALLADS Child 78[Ha.2]  
\N1 `I\'ll do as much for my sweet-heart  
As any young woman may;  
I\'ll sit and mourn on his grave-side  
A twelve-month and a day.'

\SBALLADS Child 78[Ha.3]  
\N1 A twelve-month and a day being up,  
The ghost began to speak:  
`Why sit you here by my grave-side  
And will not let me sleep?

\SBALLADS Child 78[Ha.4]  
\N1 `What is it that you want of me,  
Or what of me would have?'  
`A kiss from off your lily-white lips,  
And that is all I crave!'

\SBALLADS Child 78[Ha.5]  
\N1 `Cold are my lips in death, sweet-heart,  
My breath is earthy strong;  
To gain a kiss of my cold lips,  
Your time would not be long.

\SBALLADS Child 78[Ha.6]  
\N1 `If you were not my own sweet-heart,  
As now I know you be,  
I\'d tear you as the withered leaves  
That grew on yonder tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 78[Ha.7]  
\N1 `O don\'t you mind the garden, love,  
Where you and I did walk?  
The fairest f+lower that blossomd there  
Is withered on the stalk.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Ha.8]  
\N1 `And now I\'ve mourned upon his grave  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
We\'ll set our sails before the wind  
And so we\'ll sail away.'

\LBALLADS Child 78[Hb.1]  
\N1 Cold blows the wind to-night, my love,  
Cold are the drops of rain;  
The very f+irst love that ever I had

In greenwood he was slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.2]  
\N1 `I\'ll do as much for my true-love  
As any young woman may;  
I\'ll sit and mourn upon his grave  
A twelve-month and a day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.3]  
\N1 When a twelve-month and a day were up,  
His body straight arose:  
`What brings you weeping oer my grave  
That I get no respose?'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.4]  
\N1 `O think upon the garden, love,  
Where you and I did walk;  
The fairest f+lower that blossomd there  
Is withered on the stalk.  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.5]  
\N1 `The stalk will bear no leaves, sweet-heart,  
The f+lower will neer return,  
And my true-love is dead, is dead,  
And i do naught but mourn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.6]  
\N1 `What is it that you want of me  
And will not let me sleep?  
Your salten tears they trickle down  
And wet my winding-sheet.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.7]  
\N1 `What is it that I want of thee,  
O what of thee in grave?  
A kiss from off your lily-white lips,  
And that is all I crave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.8]  
\N1 `Cold are my lips in death, sweet-heart,  
My breath is earthy strong;  
If you do touch my clay-cold lips,  
Your time will not be long.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.9]  
\N1 `Cold though your lips in death, sweet-heart,  
One kiss is all I crave;  
I care not, if I kiss but thee,  
That I should share thy grave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.10]  
\N1 `Go fetch me a light from dungeon deep,  
Wring water from a stone,  
And likewise milk from a maiden\'s breast  
That never maid hath none. (\iread\r babe had.)  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hb.11]  
\N1 `Now if you were not true in word,  
As now I know you be,  
I\'d tear you as the withered leaves  
Are torn from off the tree.'  
\LBALLADS Child 78[Hc.1]  
\N1 `It\'s for to meet the falling drops,  
Cold fall the drops of rain;  
The last true-love, \ietc\.\r  
\SBALLADS Child 78[Hc.2]  
\N1 `I\'ll do as much for my fair love  
as any,' \ietc\.\r  
\ithe\r \irest\r "[\ialmost\r \iexactly\r"] \ias\r b.



\LBALLADS Child 79A.1

\N1 THERE lived a wife at Usher\'s Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them oer the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 79A.2

\N1 They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely ane,  
Whan word came to the carline wife  
That her three sons were gane.

\SBALLADS Child 79A.3

\N1 They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
Whan word came to the carlin wife  
That her sons she\'d never see.

\SBALLADS Child 79A.4

\N1 `I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fashes in the f+llood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me,  
In earthly f+lesh and blood.'

\SBALLADS Child 79A.5

\N1 It fell about the Martinmass,  
When nights are lang and mirk,  
The carlin wife\'s three sons came hame,  
And their hats were o the birk.

\SBALLADS Child 79A.6

\N1 It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
Nor yet in ony sheugh;  
But at the gates o Paradise,  
That birk grew fair eneugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 79A.7

\N1 `Blow up the f+ire, my maidens,  
Bring water from the well;  
For a\' my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well.'

\SBALLADS Child 79A.8

\N1 And she has made to them a bed,  
She\'s made it large and wide,  
And she\'s taen her mantle her about,  
Sat down at the bed-side.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 79A.9

\N1 Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
'Tis time we were away.

\SBALLADS Child 79A.10

\N1 The cock he hadna crawd but once,  
And clappd his wings at a\',  
When the youngest to the eldest said,  
Brother, we must awa.

\SBALLADS Child 79A.11

\N1 `The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,  
The channerin worm doth chide;  
Gin we be mist out o our place,  
A sair pain we maun bide.

\SBALLADS Child 79A.12

\N1 `Fare ye weel, my mother dear!  
Fareweel to barn and byre!

And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
Fareweel to barn and byre!  
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
That kindles my mother\'s fire!  
\LBALLADS Child 79B.1  
\N1 THE hallow day o Yule are come,  
The nights are lang an dark,  
An in an cam her ain twa sons,  
Wi their hats made o the bark.  
\SBALLADS Child 79B.2  
\N1 `O eat an drink, my merry men a`,  
The better shall ye fare,

For my twa sons the are come hame  
To me for evermair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 79B.3  
\N1 She has gaen an made their bed,  
An she\'s made it saft an fine,  
An she\'s happit them wi her gay mantel,  
Because they were her ain.  
\SBALLADS Child 79B.4  
\N1 O the young cock crew i the merry Linkeum,  
An the wild fowl chirpd for day;  
The aulder to the younger did say,  
Dear brother, we maun away.

\SBALLADS Child 79B.5  
\N1 `Lie still, lie still a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may;  
For gin my mother miss us away  
She\'ll gae mad or it be day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 79B.6  
\N1 O it\'s they\'ve taen up their mother\'s mantel,  
An they\'ve hangd it on the pin:  
`O lang may ye hing, my mother\'s mantel,  
Or ye hap us again!'

\LBALLADS Child 79[C.1]  
\N1 There was a widow-woman lived in far Scotland,  
And in far Scotland she did live,  
And all her cry was upon sweet Jesus,  
Sweet Jesus so meek and mild.

\SBALLADS Child 79[C.2]  
\N1 Then Jesus arose one morning quite soon,  
And arose one morning betime,  
And away he went to far Scotland,  
And to see what the good woman want.

\SBALLADS Child 79[C.3]  
\N1 And when he came to far Scotland,

. . . . .  
Crying, What, O what, does the good woman want,  
That is calling so much on me?

\SBALLADS Child 79[C.4]  
\N1 `It\'s you go rise up my three sons,  
Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,  
And put breath in their breast,  
And clothing on their backs,  
And immediately send them to far Scotland,  
That their mother may take some rest.'

\SBALLADS Child 79[C.5]  
\N1 Then he went and rose up her three sons,  
Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,

And did immediately send them to far Scotland,  
 That their mother may take some rest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 79[C.6]  
 \N1 Then she made up a supper so neat,  
 As small, as small, as a yew-tree leaf,  
 But never one bit they could eat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 79[C.7]  
 \N1 Then she made up a bed so soft,  
 The softest that ever was seen,  
 And the widow-woman and her three sons  
 They went to bed to sleep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 79[C.8]  
 \N1 There they lay; about the middle of the night,  
 Bespeaks the youngest son:  
 `The white cock he has crowed once,  
 The second has, so has the red.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 79[C.9]  
 \N1 And then bespeaks the eldest son:  
 `I think, I think it is high time  
 For the wicked to part from their dead.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 79[C.10]  
 \N1 Then they laid [ led] her along a green road,  
 The greenest that ever was seen,  
 Until they came to some far chaperine,  
 Which was builded of lime and sand;  
 Until they came to some far chaperine,  
 Which was builded with lime and stone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 79[C.11]  
 \N1 And then he opened the door so big,  
 And the door so very wide;  
 Said he to her three sons, Walk in!  
 But told her to stay outside.  
 \SBALLADS Child 79[C.12]  
 \N1 `Go back, go back!' sweet Jesus replied,  
 `Go back, go back!' says he;  
 `For thou hast nine days to repent  
 For the wickedness that thou hast done.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 79[C.13]  
 \N1 Nine days then was past and gone,  
 And nine days then was spent,  
 Sweet Jesus called her once again,  
 And took her to heaven with him.  
 \LBALLADS Child 80.1  
 \N1 GOD let neuer soe old a man  
 Marry soe yonge a wiffe  
 As did Old Robin of Portingale;  
 He may rue all the dayes of his liffe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.2  
 \N1 Ffor the maiors daughter of Lin, God wott,  
 He chose her to his wife,  
 And thought to haue liued in quiettnesse  
 W\ii\rth her all the dayes of his liffe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.3  
 \N1 They had not in their wed-bed laid,  
 Scarcly were both on sleepe,  
 But vpp shee rose, and forth shee goes  
 To S\ii\rr Gyles, and fast can weepe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.4  
 \N1 Saies, Sleepe you, wake you, faire S\ii\rr Gyles?  
 Or be not you w\ii\rthin?

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.5  
 \N1 `But I am waking, sweete,' he said,  
 `Lady, what is yo\iu\rr will?'  
 `I haue vnbethought me of a wile,  
 How my wed lord we shall spill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.6  
 \N1 `Four and twenty knights,' she sayes,  
 '\iTha\rt dwells about this towne,  
 Eene four and twenty of my next cozens,  
 Will helpe to dinge him downe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.7  
 \N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt beheard his litle foote-page,  
 As he was watering his m\iaste\rrs steed;  
 Soe s . . . . .  
 His verry heart did bleed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.8  
 \N1 He mourned, sikt, and wept full sore;  
 I sweare by the holy roode,  
 That teares he for his master wept  
 Were blend water and bloude.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.9  
 \N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt beheard his deare m\iaste\rr,  
 As [he] in his garden sate;  
 Says, Euer alacke, my litle page,  
 What causes thee to weepe?  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.10  
 \N1 `Hath any one done to thee wronge,  
 Any of thy fellowes here?  
 Or is any of thy good friends dead,  
 W\ihi\rch makes thee shed such teares?  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.11  
 \N1 `Or if it be my head-kookes-man,  
 Greiued againe he shalbe,  
 Nor noe man w\ii\rthin my howse  
 Shall doe wrong vnto thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.12  
 \N1 `But it is not yo\iu\rr head-kookes-man,  
 Nor none of his degree;  
 But [f>or to morrow, ere it be noone,  
 You are deemed to die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.13  
 \N1 `And of that thanke yo\iu\rr head-steward,  
 And after, yo\iu\rr gay ladie:'  
 `If it be true, my litle foote-page,  
 Ile make thee heyre of all my land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.14  
 \N1 `If it be not true, my deare m\iaste\rr,  
 God let me neuer thye:'  
 `If it be not true, thou litle foot-page,  
 A dead corse shalt thou be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.15  
 \N1 He called downe his head-kookes-man,  
 Cooke in kitchen sup\ier\r to dresse:  
 `All and anon, my deare m\iaste\rr,  
 Anon att yo\iu\rr request.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.16  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

`And call you downe my faire lady,  
 This night to supp w\ii\rth mee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.17  
 \N1 A\in\rd downe then came \itha\rt fayre lady,  
 Was cladd all in purple and palle;  
 The rings \itha\rt were vpon her f+ingers  
 Cast light thorrow the hall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.18  
 \N1 `What is yo\iu\rr will, my owne wed lo\ird\r,  
 What is yo\iu\rr will w\ii\rth mee?'  
 `I am sicke, fayre lady,  
 Sore sicke, and like to dye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.19  
 \N1 `But and you be sicke, my owne wed lo\ird\r,  
 Soe sore it greiueth mee;  
 But my f+iue maydens and my selfe  
 Will goe and make yo\iu\rr bedd.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.20  
 \N1 `!a\in\rd at the wakening of yo\iu\rr f+irst sleepe  
 You shall haue a hott drinke made,  
 And at the wakening of yo\iu\rr next sleepe  
 Yo\iu\rr sorrowes will haue a slake.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.21  
 \N1 He put a silke cote on his backe,  
 Was thirteene inches folde,  
 And put a steele cap vpon his head,  
 Was gilded with good red gold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.22  
 \N1 An\id\r he layd a bright browne sword by his side,  
 And another att his f+feete,  
 And full well knew Old Robin then  
 Whether he shold wake or sleepe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.23  
 \N1 And about the middle time of the night  
 Came twenty four good knights in;  
 S\ii\rr Gyles he was the formost man,  
 Soe well he knew \itha\rt ginne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.24  
 \N1 Old Robin, w\ii\rth a bright browne sword,  
 S\ii\rr Gyles head he did winne;  
 Soe did he all those twenty four,  
 Neu\ier\r a one went quicke out [agen].  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.25  
 \N1 None but one litle foot-page,  
 Crept forth at a window of stone,  
 And he had two armes when he came in,  
 And [when he went out he had none].  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.26  
 \N1 Vpp then came \itha\rt ladie light,  
 W\ii\rth torches burning bright;  
 Shee thought to haue brought S\ii\rr Gyles a drinke,  
 But shee found her owne wedd k\inigh\rt.  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.27  
 \N1 And the f+irst thinge \itha\rt this ladye stumbled vpon  
 Was of S\ii\rr Gyles his f+foote;  
 Sayes, Euer alacke, and woe is me,  
 Here lyes my sweete hart-roote!  
 \SBALLADS Child 80.28  
 \N1 And the \isecon\rd thing \itha\rt this ladie stumbled on  
 Was of S\ii\rr Gyles his head;

Sayes, Euer alacke, and woe is me,  
Heere lyes my true-loue deade!  
\SBALLADS Child 80.29  
\N1 Hee cutt the papps beside he<r] brest,  
And bad her wish her will;  
And he cutt the eares beside her heade,  
And bade her wish on still.  
\SBALLADS Child 80.30  
\N1 `Mickle is the mans blood I haue spent,  
To doe thee and me some good;'  
Sayes, Euer alacke, my fayre lady,  
I think \itha\rt I was woode!  
\SBALLADS Child 80.31  
\N1 He calld then vp his litle foote-page,  
And made him heyre of all his land,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 80.32  
\N1 And he shope the crosse in his right sholder,  
Of the white f+lesh and the redd,  
And he went him into the holy land,  
Wheras Christ was quicke and dead.  
\LBALLADS Child 81A.1  
AS it fell one holy-day,  
\SBALLADS Child 81A.1r  
\N2 Hay downe  
\SBALLADS Child 81A.1  
\N3 As many be in the yeare,  
When young men and maids together did goe,  
Their mattins and masse to heare,  
\SBALLADS Child 81A.2  
\N1 Little Musgrave came to the church-dore;  
The preist was at private masse;  
But he had more minde of the faire women  
Then he had of our lady<\s] grace.  
\SBALLADS Child 81A.3  
\N1 The one of them was clad in green,  
Another was clad in pall,  
And then came in my lord Bernard\s wife,  
The fairest amonst them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 81A.4  
\N1 She cast an eye on Little Musgrave,  
As bright as the summer sun;  
And then bethought this Little Musgrave,  
This lady\s heart have I woonn.  
\SBALLADS Child 81A.5  
\N1 Quoth she, I have loved thee, Little Musgrave,  
Full long and many a day;  
`So have I loved you, fair lady,  
Yet never word durst I say.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81A.6  
\N1 `I have a bower at Buckelsfordbery,  
Full daintyly it is deight;  
If thou wilt wend thither, thou Little Musgrave,  
Thou\s lig in mine armes all night.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81A.7  
\N1 Quoth he, I thank yee, faire lady,  
This kindnes thou showest to me;  
But whether it be to my weal or woe,  
This night I will lig with thee.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.8

\N1 With that he heard, a little tyne+: page,  
By this ladye\'s coach as he ran:  
'All though I am my ladye\'s foot-page,  
Yet I am Lord Barnard\'s man.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.9

\N1 'My lord Barnard shall knowe of this,  
Whether I sink or swim;'  
And ever where the bridges were broake  
He laid him downe to swimme.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.10

\N1 'A sleepe or wake, thou Lord Barnard,  
As thou art a man of life,  
For Little Musgrave is at Bucklesfordbery,  
A bed with thy own wedded wife.'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.11

\N1 'If this be true, thou little tinny page,  
This thing thou tellest to me,  
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery  
I freely will give to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.12

\N1 'But if it be a ly, thou little tinny page,  
This thing thou tellest to me,  
On the hiest tree in Bucklesfordbery  
Then hanged shalt thou be.'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.13

\N1 He called up his merry men all:  
'Come saddle me my steed;  
This night must I to Buckellsfordbery,  
For I never had greater need.'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.14

\N1 And some of them whistld, and some of them sung,  
And some these words did say,  
And ever when my lord Barnard\'s horn blew,  
'Away, Musgrave, away!'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.15

\N1 'Methinks I hear the thresel-cock,  
Methinks I hear the jaye;  
Methinks I hear my lord Barnard,  
And I would I were away.'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.16

\N1 'Lye still, lye still, thou Little Musgrave,  
And huggell me from the cold;  
'Tis nothing but a shephard\'s boy,  
A driving his sheep to the fold.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.17

\N1 'Is not thy hawke upon a perch?  
Thy steed eats oats and hay;  
And thou a fair lady in thine armes,  
And wouldst thou bee away?'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.18

\N1 With that my lord Barnard came to the dore,  
And lit a stone upon;  
He plucked out three silver keys,  
And he opend the dores each one.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.19

\N1 He lifted up the coverlett,  
He lifted up the sheet:  
'How now, how now, thou Littell Musgrave,  
Doest thou f+ind my lady sweet?'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.20

\N1 `I f+ind her sweet,' quoth Little Musgrave,  
`The more \t'is to my paine;  
I would gladly give three hundred pounds  
That I were on yonder plaine.'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.21

\N1 `Arise, arise, thou Littell Musgrave,  
And put thy clothe+:s on;  
It shall nere be said in my country  
I have killed a naked man.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.22

\N1 `I have two swords in one scabberd,  
Full deere they cost my purse;  
And thou shalt have the best of them,  
And I will have the worse.'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.23

\N1 The f+irst stroke that Little Musgrave stroke,  
He hurt Lord Barnard sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Barnard stroke,  
Little Musgrave nere struck more.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.24

\N1 With that bespake this faire lady,  
In bed whereas she lay:  
`Although thou\rt dead, thou Little Musgrave,  
Yet I for thee will pray.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.25

\N1 `And wish well to thy soule will I,  
So long as I have life;  
So will I not for thee, Barnard,  
Although I am thy wedded wife.'

\SBALLADS Child 81A.26

\N1 He cut her paps from off her brest;  
Great pitty it was to see  
That some drops of this ladie\'s heart\'s blood  
Ran trickling downe her knee.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.27

\N1 `Woe worth you, woe worth, my mery men all  
You were nere borne for my good;  
Why did you not offer to stay my hand,  
When you see me wax so wood?

\SBALLADS Child 81A.28

\N1 `For I have slaine the bravest sir knight  
That ever rode on steed;  
So have I done the fairest lady  
That ever did woman\'s deed.

\SBALLADS Child 81A.29

\N1 `A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnard cryd,  
`To put these lovers in;  
But lay my lady on the upper hand,  
For she came of the better kin.'

\LBALLADS Child 81B.1

\N1 \* \* \* \* \*

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`Ffor this same night att [Bucklesfeildberry]  
Litle Musgreue is in bed w\ii\rth thy wife.'

\SBALLADS Child 81B.2

\N1 `If it be trew, thou litle foote-page,  
This tale thou hast told to mee,  
Then all my lands in Buckle<s>feildberry



I\le freely giue to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.3  
\N1 `But if this be a lye, thou little foot-page,  
This tale thou hast told to mee,  
Then on the highest tree in Bucklesfeildberry  
All hanged that thou shalt bee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.4  
\N1 Saies, Vpp and rise, my merrymen all,  
And saddle me my good steede,  
For I must ride to Bucklesfeildberry;  
God wott I had neuer more need!  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.5  
\N1 But some they whistled, and some th'z sunge,  
And some they thus cold say,  
When euer as Lo\ird\r Barnetts horne blowes,  
`Away, Musgreue, away!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.6  
\N1 `Mie thinkes I heare the throstlecocke,  
Me thinkes I heare the iay,  
Me thinkes I heare L\iord\r Barnetts horne,  
Away, Musgreue, away!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.7  
\N1 `But lie still, lie still, Litle Musgreue,  
And huddle me from the cold,  
For it is but some sheaperds boy,  
Is whistling sheepe ore the mold.  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.8  
\N1 `Is not thy hauke vpon a pearch,  
Thy horsse eating corne and hay?  
And thou, a gay lady in thine armes,  
And yett thou wold goe away!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.9  
\N1 By this time L\iord\r Barnett was come to the dore,  
And light vpon a stone,  
And he pulled out three silver kayes,  
And opened the dores euery one.  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.10  
\N1 And f+irst he puld the couering downe,  
And then puld downe the sheete;  
Saies, How now? How now, Litle Musgreue?  
Dost f+ind my gay lady sweet?  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.11  
\N1 `I f+ind her sweete,' saies Litle Musgreue,  
`The more is my greefe and paine;'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.12  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
`Soe haue I done the fairest lady  
\iTha\rt euer wore womans weede.  
\SBALLADS Child 81B.13  
\N1 `Soe haue I done a heathen child,  
W\ihi\rch f+full sore greiueth mee,  
For w\ihi\rch Ile repent all the dayes of my life,  
And god be with them all three!'  
\LBALLADS Child 81C.1  
\N1 AS it fell on a light holyday,  
As many more does in the yeere,

Little Mousgrove would to the church and pray,  
 To see the faire ladyes there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.2  
 \N1 Gallants there were of good degree,  
 For beauty exceeding faire,  
 Most wonderous lovely to the eie,  
 That did to that church repaire.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.3  
 \N1 Some came downe in red velvet,  
 And others came downe in pall,  
 But next came downe my Lady Barnet,  
 The fairest amongst them all.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.4  
 \N1 She cast a looke upon Little Mousgrove,  
 As bright as the summer\'s sunne;  
 Full well perceived then Little Mousgrove  
 Lady Barnet\'s love he had wonne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.5  
 \N1 Then Lady Barnet most meeke and mild  
 Saluted this Little Mousgrove,  
 Who did repay her kinde courtesie  
 With favour and gentle love.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.6  
 \N1 `I have a bower in merry Barnet,  
 Bestrowed with cowslips sweet;  
 If that it please you, Little Mousgrove,  
 In love me there to meete,  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.7  
 \N1 `Within mine armes one night to sleepe,  
 For you my heart have wonne,  
 You need not feare my suspicious lord,  
 For he from home is gone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.8  
 \N1 `Betide me life, betide me death,  
 This night I will sleepe with thee,  
 And for thy sake I\'le hazzard my breath,  
 So deare is thy love to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.9  
 \N1 `What shall wee doe with our little foot-page,  
 Our counsell for to keepe,  
 And watch for feare Lord Barnet comes,  
 Whilist wee together doe sleepe?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.10  
 \N1 `Red gold shall be hishier,' quoth he,  
 `And silver shall be his fee,  
 If he our counsell safely doe keepe,  
 That I may sleepe with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.11  
 \N1 `I will have non of your gold,' said he,  
 `Nor none of your silver fee;  
 If I should keepe your counsell, sir,  
 \'Twere great disloyaltie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.12  
 \N1 `I will not be false unto my lord,  
 For house nor yet for land;  
 But if my lady doe prove untrue,  
 Lord Barnet shall understand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.13  
 \N1 Then swiftly runnes the little foot-page,  
 Unto his lord with speed,

Who then was feasting with his deare friends,  
Not dreaming of this ill deede.  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.14  
\N1 Most speedily the page did haste,  
Most swiftly did he runne,  
And when he came to the broken bridge  
He lay on his brest and swumme.  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.15  
\N1 The page did make no stay at all,  
But went to his lord with speed,  
That he the truth might say to him  
Concerning this wicked deed.  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.16  
\N1 He found his lord at supper then,  
Great merriment there they did keepe:  
'My lord,' quoth he, 'This night, on my word,  
Mousgrove with your lady does sleepe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.17  
\N1 'If this be true, my little foot-page,  
And true as thou tellest to me,  
My eldest daughter I\le give to thee,  
And wedded thou shalt be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.18  
\N1 'If this be a lye, my little foot-page,  
And a lye as thou tellest to mee,  
A new paire of gallowes shall straight be set,  
And hanged shalt thou be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.19  
\N1 'If this be a lye, my lord,' said he,  
'A lye that you heare from me,  
Then never stay a gallowes to make,  
But hang me up on the next tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.20  
\N1 Lord Barnet then cald up his merry men,  
Away with speed he would goe;  
His heart was so perplexed with griefe,  
The truth of this he must know.  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.21  
\N1 'Saddle your horses with speed,' quoth he,  
'And saddle me my white steed;  
If this be true as the page hath said,  
Mousgrove shall repent this deed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.22  
\N1 He charg'd his men nonoise to make,  
As they rode all along on the way;  
'Nor winde no hornes,' quoth he, 'on your life,  
Lest our comming it should betray.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.23  
\N1 But one of the men, that Mousgrove did love,  
And respected his friendship most deare,  
To give him knowledge Lord Barnet was neere,  
Did winde his bugle most cleere.  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.24  
\N1 And evermore as he did blow,  
'Away, Mousgrove, and away;  
For if I take thee with my lady,  
Then slaine thou shalt be this day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81C.25  
\N1 'O harke, fair lady, your lord is neere,  
I heare his little horne blow;

And if he f+inde me in your armes thus,  
 Then slaine I shall be, I know.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.26  
 \N1 `O lye still, lye still, Little Mousgrove,  
 And keepe my backe from the cold;  
 I know it is my father\'s shepheard,  
 Driving sheepe to the pinfeld.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.27  
 \N1 Mousgrove did turne him round about,  
 Sweete slumber his eyes did greet;  
 When he did wake, he then espied  
 Lord Barnet at his bed\'s feete.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.28  
 \N1 `O rise up, rise up, Little Mousgrove,  
 And put thy clothe+s on;  
 It shall never be said in faire England  
 I slew a naked man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.29  
 \N1 `Here\'s two good swords,' Lord Barnet said,  
 `Thy choice, Mousgrove, thou shalt make;  
 The best of them thy selfe shalt have,  
 And I the worst will take.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.30  
 \N1 The f+irst good blow that Mousgrove did strike,  
 He wounded Lord Barnet sore;  
 The second blow that Lord Barnet gave,  
 Mousgrove could strike no more.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.31  
 \N1 He tooke his lady by the white hand,  
 All love to rage did convert,  
 That with his sword, in most furious sort,  
 He pierst her tender heart.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.32  
 \N1 `A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnet cryde,  
 `Prepare to lay us in;  
 My lady shall lie on the upper side,  
 Cause she\'s of the better kin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.33  
 \N1 Then suddenly he slue himselfe,  
 Which grieves his friends full sore;  
 The deaths of these thra worthy wights  
 With teares they did deplore.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81C.34  
 \N1 This sad mischance by lust was wrought;  
 Then let us call for grace,  
 That we may shun this wicked vice,  
 And mend our lives apace.  
 \LBALLADS Child 81D.1  
 \N1 THERE were four and twenty gentlemen  
 A playing at the ba,  
 And lusty Lady Livingstone  
 Cuist her ee out oure them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.2  
 \N1 She cuist her ee on Lord Barnard,  
 He was baith black and broun;  
 She cuist her ee on Little Musgrave,  
 As bricht as the morning sun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.3  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

`What\`ll I gie ye, my Little Musgrave,  
 Ae nicht wi me to sleep?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.4  
 \N1 `Ae nicht wi you to sleep,' he says,  
 `O that wad breed meikle strife;  
 For the ring on your white f+inger  
 Shows you Lord Barnard\'s wife.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.5  
 \N1 `O Lord Barnard he is gane frae hame,  
 He\`ll na return the day;  
 He has tane wi him a purse o goud,  
 For he\'s gane hind away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.6  
 \N1 Up startit then the wylie foot-page,  
 . . . . .  
 `What will ye gie to me,' he said,  
 `Your council for to keep?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.7  
 \N1 `O goud sall be my little boy\'s fee,  
 And silver sall be his hire;  
 But an I hear a word mair o this,  
 He sall burn in charcoal f+ire.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.8  
 \N1 But the wylie foot-page to the stable went,  
 Took out a milk-white steed,  
 And away, away, and away he rade,  
 Away wi meikle speed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.9  
 \N1 It\'s whan he cam to the water-side,  
 He smoothd his breist and swam,  
 And whan he cam to gerss growing,  
 He set down his feet and ran.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.10  
 \N1 `Whan he cam to Lord Barnard\'s towr  
 Lord Barnard was at meat;  
 He said, `If ye kend as meikle as me,  
 It\'s little wad ye eat.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.11  
 \N1 `Are onie o my castles brunt?' he says,  
 `Or onie my towrs won?  
 Or is my gay ladie broucht to bed,  
 Of a dochter or a son?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.12  
 \N1 `There is nane o your castles brunt,  
 Nor nane o your towrs won;  
 Nor is your gay ladie broucht to bed,  
 Of a dochter or a son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.13  
 \N1 `But Little Musgrave, that gay young man,  
 Is in bed wi your ladie,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.14  
 \N1 `If this be true ye tell to me,  
 It\'s goud sall be your fee;  
 But if it be fause ye tell to me,  
 I\'se hang ye on a tree.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 81D.15  
 \N1 Whan they cam to yon water-side,

They smoothd their breists and swam;  
And whan they cam to gerss growing,  
They sat doun their feet and ran.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 81D.16

\N1 `How do ye like my sheets?' he said,  
`How do ye like my bed?

And how do ye like my gay ladie,  
Wha\'s lying at your side?'

\SBALLADS Child 81D.17

\N1 `O I do like your sheets,' he said,  
`Sae do I like your bed;

But mair do I like your gay ladie,  
Wha\'s lying at my side.'

\SBALLADS Child 81D.18

\N1 `Get up, get up, young man,' he said,  
`Get up as swith\'s ye can;

Let it never be said that Lord Barnard  
Slew in bed a nakit man.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 81D.19

\N1 `How do ye like his bluidy cheeks?  
Or how do ye like me?'

`It\'s weill do I like his bluidy cheeks,  
Mair than your haill bodie.'

\SBALLADS Child 81D.20

\N1 Then she has kissd his bluidy cheeks,  
It\'s oure and oure again,'

. . . . .

. . . . .

\LBALLADS Child 81E.1

\N1 FOUR and twenty gay ladies  
Were playing at the ba,

And [out] came Lord Barnaby\'s lady,  
The fairest o them a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 81E.2

\N1 She coost her eyes on Little Musgrave,  
And he on her again;

She coost her eyes on Little Musgrave,  
As they twa lovers had been.

\SBALLADS Child 81E.3

\N1 `I have a hall in Mulberry,  
It stands baith strong and tight;

If you will go to there with me,  
I\'ll lye with you all night.'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.4

\N1 `To lye with you, madam,' he says,  
`Will breed both sturt and strife;

I see by the rings on your f+ingers  
You are Lord Barnaby\'s wife.'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.5

\N1 `Lord Barnaby\'s to the hunting gone,  
And far out oer the hill,

And he will not return again  
Till the evening tide untill.'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.6

\N1 They were not well lain down,  
Nor yet well fallen asleep,

Till up started Lord Barnaby\'s boy,  
Just up at their bed-feet.

\SBALLADS Child 81E.7

\N1 She took out a little penknife,  
Which hung down low by her gair:  
'If you do not my secret keep,  
A word ye\'s neer speak mair.'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.8

\N1 The laddie gae a blythe leer look,  
A blythe leer look gave he,  
And he\'s away to Lord Barnaby,  
As fast as he can hie.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 81E.9

\N1 'If these tidings binna true,  
These tidings ye tell to me,  
A gallows-tree I\'ll gar be made  
And hanged ye shall be.

\SBALLADS Child 81E.10

\N1 'But if these tidings are true,  
These tidings ye tell me,  
The fairest lady in a\' my court  
I\'ll gar her marry thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.11

\N1 He\'s taen out a little horn,  
He blew baith loue and sma,  
And aye the turning o the tune  
'Away, Musgrave, awa!'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.12

\N1 They were not well lain down,  
Nor yet well fallen asleep,  
Till up started Lord Barnaby,  
Just up at their bed-feet.

\SBALLADS Child 81E.13

\N1 'O how like ye my blankets, Musgrave?  
And how like ye my sheets?  
And how like ye my gay lady,  
So sound in your arms that sleeps?'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.14

\N1 'Weel I like your blankets, Sir,  
And far better yere sheets;  
And better far yere gay lady,  
So sound in my arms that sleeps.'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.15

\N1 'Get up, get up, now, Little Musgrave,  
And draw to hose and sheen;  
It\'s neer be said in my country  
I\'d f+ight a naked man.

\SBALLADS Child 81E.16

\N1 'There is two swords into my house,  
And they cost me right dear;  
Take you the best, and I the worst,  
I\'ll f+ight the battle here.'

\SBALLADS Child 81E.17

\N1 The f+irst stroke that Lord Barnaby gave,  
It was baith deep and sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Barnaby gave,  
A word he never spoke more.

\SBALLADS Child 81E.18

\N1 He\'s taen out a rappier then,  
He\'s struck it in the straw,  
And thro and thro his lady\'s sides

He gard the cauld steel gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 81E.19  
\N1 `I am not sae wae for Little Musgrave,  
As he lys cauld and dead;  
But I\'m right wae for his lady,  
For she\'ll gae witless wud.  
\SBALLADS Child 81E.20  
\N1 `I\'m not sae wae for my lady,  
For she lies cauld and dead;  
But I\'m right wae for my young son,  
Lies sprawling in her blood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81E.21  
\N1 First crew the black cock,  
And next crew the sparrow;  
And what the better was Lord Barnaby?  
He was hanged on the morrow.  
\LBALLADS Child 81F.1  
\N1 `I HAVE a tower in Dalisberry,  
Which now is dearly dight,  
And I will gie it to Young Musgrave,  
To lodge wi me a\' night.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81F.2  
\N1 `To lodge wi thee a\' night, fair lady,  
Wad breed baith sorrow and strife;  
For I see by the rings on your f+ingers  
You\'re good Lord Barnaby\'s wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81F.3  
\N1 `Lord Barnaby\'s wife although I be,  
Yet what is that to thee?  
For we\'ll beguile him for this ae night,  
He\'s on to fair Dundee.  
\SBALLADS Child 81F.4  
\N1 `Come here, come here, my little foot-page,  
This gold I will give thee,  
If ye will keep thir secrets close  
\'Tween Young Musgrave and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 81F.5  
\N1 `But here I hae a little pen-knife,  
Hings low down by my gare;  
Gin ye winna keep thir secrets close,  
Ye\'ll f+ind it wonder sair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81F.6  
\N1 Then she\'s taen him to her chamber,  
And down in her arms lay he;  
The boy coost aff his hose and shoon,  
And ran to fair Dundee.  
\SBALLADS Child 81F.7  
\N1 When he cam to the wan water,  
He slackd his bow and swam,  
And when he cam to growin grass,  
Set down his feet and ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 81F.8  
\N1 And when he cam to fair Dundee,  
Wad neither chap nor ca,  
But set his braid bow to his breast,  
And merrily jumpd the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 81F.9  
\N1 `O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
Waken, and come away!'  
`What ails, what ails my wee foot-page,



He cries sae lang ere day?  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.10  
 \N1 `O is my bowers brent, my boy?  
 Or is my castle won?  
 Or has the lady that I loe best  
 Brought me a daughter or son?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.11  
 \N1 `Your ha\'s are safe, your bowers are safe,  
 And free frae all alarms,  
 But, oh! the lady that ye loe best  
 Lies sound in Musgrave\'s arms.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.12  
 \N1 `Gae saddle to me the black,' he cried,  
 `Gae saddle to me the gray;  
 Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed,  
 To hie me on my way.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.13  
 \N1 `O lady, I heard a wee horn toot,  
 And it blew wonder clear;  
 And ay the turning o the note,  
 Was, Barnaby will be here!  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.14  
 \N1 `I thought I heard a wee horn blaw,  
 And it blew loud and high;  
 And ay at ilka turn it said,  
 Away, Musgrave, away!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.15  
 \N1 `Lie still, my dear, lie still, my dear,  
 Ye keep me frae the cold;  
 For it is but my father\'s shepherds,  
 Driving their flocks to the fold.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.16  
 \N1 Up they lookit, and down they lay,  
 And they\'re fa\'en sound asleep;  
 Till up stood good Lord Barnaby,  
 Just close at their bed-feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.17  
 \N1 `How do you like my bed, Musgrave?  
 And how like ye my sheets?  
 And how like ye my fair lady,  
 Lies in your arms and sleeps?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.18  
 \N1 `Weel like I your bed, my lord,  
 And weel like I your sheets,  
 But ill like I your fair lady,  
 Lies in my arms and sleeps.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.19  
 \N1 `You got your wale o se\'en sisters,  
 And I got mine o f+ive;  
 Sae tak ye mine, and I\'s tak thine,  
 And we nae mair sall strive.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.20  
 \N1 `O my woman\'s the best woman  
 That ever brak world\'s bread,  
 And your woman\'s the worst woman  
 That ever drew coat oer head.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81F.21  
 \N1 `I hae twa swords in ae scabbert,  
 They are baith sharp and clear;  
 Tak ye the best, and I the warst,

And we'll end the matter here.

\SBALLADS Child 81F.22

\N1 `But up, and arm thee, Young Musgrave,  
We'll try it han to han;  
It's neer be said o Lord Barnaby,  
He strack at a naked man.'

\SBALLADS Child 81F.23

\N1 The first straik that Young Musgrave got,  
It was baith deep and sair,  
And down he fell at Barnaby's feet,  
And word spak never mair.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 81F.24

\N1 `A grave, a grave,' Lord Barnaby cried,  
`A grave to lay them in;  
My lady shall lie on the sunny side,  
Because of her noble kin.'

\SBALLADS Child 81F.25

\N1 But oh, how sorry was that good lord,  
For a' his angry mood,  
Whan he beheld his ain young son  
All weltring in his blood!

\LBALLADS Child 81G.1

\N1 LORD BARNARD\R'\rS awa to the green wood,  
To hunt the fallow deer;  
His vassals a' are gane wi him,  
His companies to bear.

\SBALLADS Child 81G.2

\N1 His lady wrate a braid letter,  
And seald it wi her hand,  
And sent it aff to Wee Messgrove,  
To come at her command.

\SBALLADS Child 81G.3

\N1 When Messgrove lookt the letter on,  
A waefu man was he;  
Sayin, Gin I'm gript wi Lord Barnard's wife,  
Sure hanged I will be.

\SBALLADS Child 81G.4

\N1 When he came to Lord Barnard's castel  
He tinklit at the ring,  
And nane was so ready as the lady hersell  
To let Wee Messgrove in.

\SBALLADS Child 81G.5

\N1 `Welcome, welcome, Messgrove,' she said,  
`You're welcome here to me;  
Lang hae I loed your bonnie face,  
And lang hae ye loed me.'

\SBALLADS Child 81G.6

\N1 `Lord Barnard is a hunting gane,  
I hope he'll neer return,  
And ye sall sleep into his bed,  
And keep his lady warm.'

\SBALLADS Child 81G.7

\N1 `It cannot be,' Messgrove he said,  
`I ween it cannot be;  
Gin Lord Barnard suld come hame this nicht,  
What would he do to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 81G.8

\N1 `Ye naething hae to fear, Messgrove,

Ye naething hae to fear;  
 I\ll set my page without the gate,  
 To watch till morning clear.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.9  
 \N1 But wae be to the wee fut-page,  
 And an ill death mat he die!  
 For he\s awa to the green wood,  
 As hard as he can f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.10  
 \N1 And whan he to the green wood cam,  
 \Twas dark as dark could bee,  
 And he fand his maister and his men  
 Asleep aneth a tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.11  
 \N1 `Rise up, rise up, maister,' he said,  
 `Rise up, and speak to me;  
 Your wife\s in bed wi Wee Messgrove,  
 Rise up richt speedilie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.12  
 \N1 `Gin that be true ye tell to me,  
 A lord I will mak thee;  
 But gin it chance to be a lie,  
 Sure hanged ye sall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.13  
 \N1 `It is as true, my lord,' he said,  
 `As ever ye were born;  
 Messgrove\s asleep in your lady\s bed,  
 All for to keep her warm.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.14  
 \N1 He mounted on his milk-white steed,  
 He was ane angry man;  
 And he reachd his stately castell gate  
 Just as the day did dawn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.15  
 \N1 He put his horn unto his mouth,  
 And he blew strong blasts three;  
 Sayin, He that\s in bed with anither man\s wife,  
 He suld be gaun awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.16  
 \N1 Syne out and spak the Wee Messgrove,  
 A frichtit man was he;  
 `I hear Lord Barnard\s horn,' he said,  
 `It blows baith loud and hie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.17  
 \N1 `Lye still, lye still, my Wee Messgrove,  
 And keep me frae the cauld;  
 \Tis but my father\s shepherd\s horn,  
 A sounding in the fauld.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.18  
 \N1 He put his horn unto his mouth,  
 And he blew loud blasts three;  
 Saying, He that\s in bed wi anither man\s wife,  
 \Tis time he was awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.19  
 \N1 Syne out and spak the Wee Messgrove,  
 A frichtit man was he:  
 `Yon surely is Lord Barnard\s horn,  
 And I maun een gae f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81G.20  
 \N1 `Lye still, lye still, Messgrove,' she said,

`And keep me frae the cauld;  
\ 'Tis but my father\'s shepherd\'s horn,  
A sounding in the fauld.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.21  
\N1 And ay Lord Barnard blew and blew,  
Till he was quite wearie;  
Syne he threw down his bugle horn,  
And up the stair ran he.  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.22  
\N1 `How do you like my blankets, Sir?  
How do you like my sheets?  
How do ye like my gay ladie,  
That lies in your arms asleep?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.23  
\N1 `Oh weel I like your blankets, Sir,  
And weel I like your sheet;  
But wae be to your gay ladie,  
That lyes in my arms asleep!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.24  
\N1 `I\'ll gie you ae sword, Messgrove,  
And I will take anither;  
What fairer can I do, Messgrove,  
Altho ye war my brither?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.25  
\N1 The f+irsten wound that Messgrove gat,  
It woundit him richt sair;  
And the second wound that Messgrove gat,  
A word he neer spak mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.26  
\N1 `Oh how do ye like his cheeks, ladie?  
Or how do ye like his chin?  
Or how do ye like his fair bodie,  
That there\'s nae life within?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.27  
\N1 `Oh weel I like his cheeks,' she said,  
`And weel I like his chin;  
And weel I like his fair bodie,  
That there\'s nae life within.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.28  
\N1 `Repeat these words, my fair ladie,  
Repeat them ower agane,  
And into a basin of pure silver  
I\'ll gar your heart\'s bluid rin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.29  
\N1 `Oh weel I like his cheeks,' she said,  
`And weel I like his chin;  
And better I like his fair bodie  
Than a\' your kith and kin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.30  
\N1 Syne he took up his gude braid sword,  
That was baith sharp and f+ine,  
And into a basin of pure silver  
Her heart\'s bluid he gart rin.  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.31  
\N1 `O wae be to my merrie men,  
And wae be to my page,  
That they didna hald my cursed hands  
When I was in a rage!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81G.32  
\N1 He leand the halbert on the ground,

The point o\'t to his breast,  
 Saying, Here are three sauls gaun to heaven,  
 I hope they\'ll a\' get rest.  
 \LBALLADS Child 81H.1  
 \N1 LITTLE MUSGROVE is to the church gone,  
 Some ladies for to sply;  
 Doun came one drest in black,  
 And one came drest in brown,  
 And down and came Lord Barlibas\' lady,  
 The fairest in a\' the town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.2  
 \N1 `I know by the ring that\'s on your f+inger  
 That you\'r my Lord Barlibas\' lady:'  
 `Indeed I am the Lord Barlibas\' lady,  
 And what altho I bee?'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.3  
 \N1 `Money shall be your hire, foot-page,  
 And gold shall be your fee;  
 You must not tell the secrets  
 That\'s between Musgrove and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.4  
 \N1 `Money shall not be hire,' he said,  
 `Nor gold shall be my fee;  
 But I\'ll awa to my own liege lord,  
 With the tidings you\'ve told to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.5  
 \N1 When he cam to the broken brig,  
 He coost aff his clothes and he swimd,  
 And when he cam to Lord Barlibas\' yett,  
 He tirlid at the pin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.6  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my little foot-page?  
 What news have ye brocht to me?  
 Is my castle burnt?' he said,  
 `Or is my tower tane?  
 Or is my lady lighter yet,  
 Of a daughter or son?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.7  
 \N1 `Your castle is not burnt,' he says,  
 `Nor yet is your tower tane,  
 Nor yet is your lady brocht to bed,  
 Of a daughter or a son;  
 But Little Musgrove is lying wi her,  
 Till he thinks it is time to be gane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.8  
 \N1 `O if the news be a lie,' he says,  
 `That you do tell unto me,  
 I\'ll ca up a gallows to my yard-yett,  
 And hangd on it thou shalt be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.9  
 \N1 `But if the news be true,' he says,  
 `That you do tell unto me,  
 I have a young fair dochter at hame,  
 Weel wedded on her you shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81H.10  
 \N1 He called upon his merry men,  
 By thirties and by three:  
 `Put aff the warst, put on the best,  
 And come along with me.'

\SBALLADS Child 81H.11

\N1 He put a horn to his mouth,  
And this he gard it say:  
'The man that\'s in bed wi Lord Barlibas\' lady,  
It\'s time he were up and away.'

\SBALLADS Child 81H.12

\N1 'What does yon trumpet mean?' he sayd,  
'Or what does yon trumpet say?  
I think it says, the man that\'s in bed wi Lord Barlibas\' lady,  
It\'s time he were up and away.'

\SBALLADS Child 81H.13

\N1 'O lie you still, my Little Musgrove,  
And cover me from the cold,  
For it is but my father\'s sheepherd,  
That\'s driving his sheep to the fold.'

\SBALLADS Child 81H.14

\N1 . . . . .  
In a little while after that,  
Up started good Lord Barlibas,  
At Little Musgrove his feet.

\SBALLADS Child 81H.15

\N1 'How do you like my blankets?' he says,  
'Or how do you like my sheets?  
Or how do you like mine own fair lady,  
That lies in your arms and sleeps?'

\SBALLADS Child 81H.16

\N1 'I like your blankets very well,  
And far better your sheets;  
But woe be to this wicked woman,  
That lies in my arms and sleeps!'

\SBALLADS Child 81H.17

\N1 'Rise up, rise up, my Little Musgrove,  
Rise up, and put your clothes on;  
It\'s neer be said on no other day  
That I killed a naked man.

\SBALLADS Child 81H.18

\N1 'There is two swords in my chamber,  
I wot they cost me dear;  
Take you the best, give me the warst,  
We\'ll red the question here.'

\SBALLADS Child 81H.19

\N1 The f+irst stroke that Lord Barlibas struck,  
He dang Little Musgrove to the ground;  
The second stroke that Lord Barlibas gave  
Dang his lady in a deadly swound.

\SBALLADS Child 81H.20

\N1 'Gar mak, gar mak a coff+in,' he says,  
'Gar mak it wide and long,  
And lay my lady at the right hand,  
For she\'s come of the noblest kin.'

\LBALLADS Child 81I.1

\N1 'IT\R\'\'rS gold shall be your hire,' she says,  
'And silver shall be your fee,  
If you will keep the secrets  
Between Little Sir Grove and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.2

\N1 'Tho gold should be my hire,' he says,  
'And silver should be my fee,  
It\'s I\'ll not keep the secret  
Betwixt Little Sir Grove and thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.3

\N1 Up he rose, and away he goes,  
And along the plain he ran,  
And when he came to Lord Bengwill\'s castle,  
He tinkled at the pin;  
And who was sae ready as Lord Bengwill himsell  
To let his little page in.

\SBALLADS Child 81I.4

\N1 `Is any of my towers burnt?' he said,  
`Or any of my castles taen?  
Or is Lady Bengwill brought to bed,  
Of a daughter or a son?'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.5

\N1 `It\'s nane of your towers are burnt,' he said,  
`Nor nane of your castles taen;  
But Lady Bengwill and Little Sir Grove  
To merry bed they are gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.6

\N1 `If this be true that you tell me,  
Rewarded you shall be;  
And if it\'s a lie that you tell me,  
You shall be hanged before your ladie\'s een.

\SBALLADS Child 81I.7

\N1 `Get saddled to me the black,' he says,  
`Get saddled to me the brown;  
Get saddled to me the swiftest steed  
That ever man rode on.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.8

\N1 The f+irsten town that he cam to,  
He blew baith loud and schill,  
And aye the owre-word o the tune  
Was, `Sir Grove, I wish you well.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.9

\N1 The nexten town that he came to,  
He blew baith loud and long,  
And aye the owre-word of the tune  
Was `Sir Grove, it is time to be gone.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.10

\N1 `Is yon the sound of the hounds?' he says,  
`Or is yon the sound of the deer?  
But I think it\'s the sound of my brother\'s horn,  
That sound sae schill in my ear.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.11

\N1 `Lye still, lye still, Sir Grove,' she says,  
`And keep a fair lady from cold;  
It\'s but the sound of my father\'s herd-boys,  
As they\'re driving the sheep to the fold.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.12

\N1 They lay down in each other\'s arms,  
And they fell fast asleep,  
And neer a one of them did wake  
Till Lord Bengwill stood at their feet.

\SBALLADS Child 81I.13

\N1 `How do you love my soft pillow?  
Or how do you love my sheets?  
Or how do you love my fair lady,  
That lies in your arms and sleeps?'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.14

\N1 `Full well I love your soft pillow,  
Far better I love your sheets;

But woe be to your fair lady,  
 That lies in my arms and sleeps!'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.15  
 \N1 `Rise up, rise up, Sir Grove,' he says,  
 `Some clothes there put you upon;  
 Let it never be said in fair England  
 I fought with a naked man.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.16  
 \N1 `Oh where shall I go, or where shall I fly,  
 Or where shall I run for my life?  
 For you've got two broadswords into your hand,  
 And I have never a knife.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.17  
 \N1 `You shall take the one sword,' he says,  
 `And I shall take the other,  
 And that is as fair I'm sure to day  
 As that you are my born brother.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.18  
 \N1 `Hold your hand, hold your hand, my brother dear,  
 You've wounded me full sore;  
 You may get a mistress in every town,  
 But a brother you'll never get more.'

\SBALLADS Child 81I.19  
 \N1 The very first stroke that Lord Bengwill gave him,  
 He wounded him full sore;  
 The very next stroke that Lord Bengwill gave him,  
 A word he never spoke more.

\SBALLADS Child 81I.20  
 \N1 He's lifted up Lady Bengwill,  
 And set her on his knee,  
 Saying, Whether do you love Little Sir Grove  
 Better than you do me?

\SBALLADS Child 81I.21  
 \N1 `Full well I love your cherry cheeks,  
 Full well I love your chin,  
 But better I love Little Sir Grove, where he lies,  
 Than you and all your kin.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 81I.22  
 \N1 `A grave, a grave,' Lord Bengwill cried,  
 `To put these lovers in,  
 And put Lady Bengwill uppermost,  
 For she's come of the noblest kin.'

\LBALLADS Child 81J.1  
 \N1 FOUR and twenty ladies fair  
 Was playing at the ba,  
 And out cam the lady, Barnabas' lady,  
 The flower among them all.

\SBALLADS Child 81J.2  
 \N1 She coast an ee on Little Mossgrey,  
 As brisk as any sun,  
 And he coast anither on her again,  
 And they thocht the play was won.

\SBALLADS Child 81J.3  
 \N1 `What would you think, Little Mossgrey,  
 To lye wi me this nicht?  
 Good beds I hae in Barnabey,  
 If they were ordered richt.'

\SBALLADS Child 81J.4  
 \N1 `Hold thy tongue, fair lady,' he says,



`For that would cause much strife;  
For I see by the rings on your f+ingers  
That you\'re Lord Barnabas\' wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.5  
\N1 `Lord Barnabas\' lady indeed I am,  
And that I\'ll let you ken,  
But he\'s awa to the king\'s court,  
And I hope he\'ll neer come hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.6  
\N1 Wi wrapped arms in bed they lay  
Till they fell both asleep,  
When up and starts Barnabas\' boy,  
And stood at their bed-feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.7  
\N1 `How likes thou the bed, Mossgrey?  
Or how likes thou the sheets?  
Or how likes thou my master\'s lady,  
Lyes in thy arms and sleeps?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.8  
\N1 `Weel I love the bed,' he said,  
`And far better the sheets;  
But foul may fa your master\'s lady,  
Lies in my arms and sleeps!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.9  
\N1 She pulled out a rusty sword,  
Was sticking by the stroe;  
Says, Tell no tidings of me, my boy,  
Or thou\'ll neer tell no moe.  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.10  
\N1 He\'s awa to the king\'s court,  
As fast as he can dree;  
He\'s awa to the king\'s court,  
For to tell Barnaby.  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.11  
\N1 `Are there any of my biggins brunt?  
Or any of my young men slain?  
Or is my lady brocht to bed,  
Of a dochter or a son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.12  
\N1 `There is none of your biggings brunt,  
There\'s none of your young men slain;  
But Little Mossgrey and your lady  
They are both in a bed within.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.13  
\N1 `If that be true, my bonnie boy,  
Thou tellest unto me,  
I have not a dochter but only one,  
And married ye shall be.  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.14  
\N1 `But if it be a lie, my bonnie boy,  
You\'re telling unto me,  
On the highest tree of Balisberry,  
Thereon I\'ll gar hang thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.15  
\N1 There was a man in the king\'s court  
Had a love to Little Mossgrey;  
He took a horn out of his pocket,  
And blew both loud and hie:  
`He that\'s in bed wi Barnabas\' lady,  
It\'s time he were away!'

\SBALLADS Child 81J.16  
\N1 `Oh am I not the maddest man  
Ere lay in a woman\'s bed!  
I think I hear his bridle ring,  
But and his horse feet tread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.17  
\N1 `Lye still, lye still, Little Mossgrey,  
And keep me from the cold;  
It\'s but my father\'s small sheep-herd,  
Calling his sheep to the fold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.18  
\N1 With wrapped arms in bed they lay  
Till they fell both asleep,  
Till up and darts Barnabas himsell,  
And stood at their bed-f+it.  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.19  
\N1 `How likest thou the bed, Mossgrey?  
And how loves thou the sheets?  
And how loves thou my lady fair,  
Lyes in your arms and sleeps?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.20  
\N1 `Well I love your bed,' he says,  
`And far better your sheets;  
But foul may fa your lady fair,  
Lyes in my arms and sleeps!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.21  
\N1 `Rise, O rise, Little Mossgrey,  
Put on your hose and shoon;  
I\'ll neer hae\'t said in a far countrie  
I killed a naked man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.22  
\N1 Slowly, slowly rose he up,  
And slowly put he on,  
And slowly down the stairs he goes,  
And thinking to be slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.23  
\N1 `Here\'s two swords,' Barnabas said,  
`I wad they cost me dear;  
Tak thou the best, I\'ll tak the warst,  
We\'ll try the battle here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.24  
\N1 The f+irst stroke that Mossgrey got,  
It was baith sharp and sore;  
And the next stroke his lady got,  
One word she neer spak more.  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.25  
One word she neer spak more.  
\SBALLADS Child 81J.25  
\N1 `Ye\'ll mak a coff+in large and wide,  
And lay this couple in;  
And lay her head on his right hand,  
She\'s come o the highest kin.'  
\LBALLADS Child 81K.1  
\N1 IT\R\'rS four and twenty bonny boys  
Were playin at the ba,  
And out it cums Lord Barnet\'s ladie,  
And playit out ower them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 81K.2  
\N1 And aye she shot it\'s Little Mousgray,  
As clear as any sun:

`O what wad ye gie, it\'s Little Mousgray,  
 It\'s in O my arms to won?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.3  
 \N1 `For no, for no, my gay ladie,  
 For no, that maunna be;  
 For well ken I by the rings on your f+ingers,  
 Lord Barnet\'s ladie are ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.4  
 \N1 When supper was over, and mass was sung,  
 And a\' man boun for bed,  
 It\'s Little Mousgray and that lady  
 In ae chamber was laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.5  
 \N1 It\'s up and starts her little foot-page,  
 Just up at her bed-feet:  
 `Hail weel, hail weel, my little foot-page,  
 Hail well this deed on me,  
 An ever I lee my life to brook,  
 I\'se pay you well your fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.6  
 \N1 Out it spaks it\'s Little Mousgray:  
 `I think I hear a horn blaw;  
 She blaws baith loud and shill at ilka turning of the tune,  
 Mousgray, gae ye your wa!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.7  
 \N1 `Lie still, lie still, it\'s Little Mousgray,  
 Had the caul win frae my back;  
 It\'s bat my father\'s proud shepherds,  
 The\'re huntin their hogs to the fauld.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.8  
 \N1 O up it starts the bold Barnet:  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.9  
 \N1 `Win up, win up, it\'s Little Mousgray,  
 Draw ti your stockins and sheen;  
 I winna have it for to be said  
 I killed a naked man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.10  
 \N1 `There is two swords in my scabbart,  
 They cost me many a pun;  
 Tak ye the best, and I the warst,  
 And we sall to the green.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.11  
 \N1 `The f+irsten strok Lord Barnet strak,  
 He wound Mousgray very sore;  
 The nexten stroke Lord Barnet strak,  
 Mousgray spak never more.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.12  
 \N1 O he\'s taen out a lang, lang brand,  
 And stripped it athwart the straw,  
 And throch and throu his ain ladie  
 And he\'s gart it cum and ga.  
 \SBALLADS Child 81K.13  
 \N1 There was nae main made for that ladie,  
 In bower whar she lay dead!  
 But a\' was for her bonny young son,  
 Lay blobberin amang the bluid.  
 \LBALLADS Child 81L.1

\N1 FOUR and twenty handsome youths  
Were a\' playing at the ba,  
When forth it came him Little Mungrove,  
The f+lower out ower them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.2  
\N1 At times he lost, at times he wan,  
Till the noon-tide o the day,  
And four an twenty gay ladies  
Went out to view the play.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.3  
\N1 Some came down in white velvet,  
And other some in green;  
Lord Burnett\'s lady in red scarlet,  
And shin\'d like ony queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.4  
\N1 Some came down in white velvet,  
And other some in pale;  
Lord Burnett\'s lady in red scarlet,  
Whose beauty did excell.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.5  
\N1 She gae a glance out ower them a\',  
As beams dart frae the sun;  
She f+ixed her eyes on Little Mungrove,  
For him her love lay on.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.6  
\N1 `Gude day, gude day, ye handsome youth,  
God make ye safe and free;  
What woud ye gie this day, Mungrove,  
For ae night in bower wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.7  
\N1 `I darena for my lands, lady,  
I darena for my life;  
I ken by the rings on your f+ingers  
Ye are Lord Burnett\'s wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.8  
\N1 `It woud na touch my heart, Mungrove,  
Nae mair than \'twoud my tae,  
To see as much o his heart\'s blood  
As twa brands coud let gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.9  
\N1 `I hae a bower in fair Strathdon,  
And pictures round it sett,  
And I hae ordered thee, Mungrove,  
In fair Strathdon to sleep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.10  
\N1 Her f+lattering words and fair speeches,  
They were for him too strong,  
And she\'s prevailed on Little Mungrove  
With her to gang along.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.11  
\N1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
And a\' man bound for bed,  
Little Mungrove and that lady  
In ae chamber were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.12  
\N1 `O what hire will ye gie your page,  
If he the watch will keep,  
In case that your gude lord come hame  
When we\'re fair fast asleep?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.13

\N1 `Siller, siller\'s be his wage,  
And gowd shall be his hire;  
But if he speak ae word o this,  
He\'ll die in a burning f+ire.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.14  
\N1 `The promise that I make, Madam,  
I will stand to the same;  
I winna heal it an hour langer  
Than any master comes hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.15  
\N1 She\'s taen a sharp brand in her hand,  
Being in the tidive hour;  
He ran between her and the door,  
She never saw him more.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.16  
\N1 Where he found the grass grow green,  
He slacked his shoes an ran,  
And where he found the brigs broken,  
He bent his bow an swam.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.17  
\N1 Lord Burnett ower a window lay,  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
And he beheld his ain foot-page  
Come hastening to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.18  
\N1 `What news, what news, my little wee boy,  
Ye bring sae hastilie?'  
`Bad news, bad news, my master,' he says,  
`As ye will plainly see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.19  
\N1 `Are any of my biggins brunt, my boy?  
Or are my woods hewed down?  
Or is my dear lady lighter yet,  
O dear daughter or son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.20  
\N1 `There are nane o your biggins brunt, master,  
Nor are your woods hewn down;  
Nor is your lady lighter yet,  
O dear daughter nor son.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.21  
\N1 `But ye\'ve a bower in fair Strathdon,  
And pictures round it sett,  
Where your lady and Little Munggrove  
In fair Strathdon do sleep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.22  
\N1 `O had your tongue! why talk you so  
About my gay ladye?  
She is a gude and chaste woman  
As in the North Countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.23  
\N1 `A word I dinna lie, my lord,  
A word I dinna lie;  
And if ye winna believe my word,  
Your ain twa een shall see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.24  
\N1 `Gin this be a true tale ye tell,  
That ye have tauld to me,  
I\'ll wed you to my eldest daughter,  
And married you shall be.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.25

\N1 `But if it be a fause story  
That ye hae tauld to me,  
A high gallows I\'ll gar be built,  
And hanged shall ye be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.26  
\N1 He\'s called upon his landlady,  
The reckoning for to pay,  
And pulled out twa hands fou o gowd;  
Says, We\'ll reckon anither day.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.27  
\N1 He called upon his stable-groom,  
To saddle for him his steed,  
And trampled ower yon rocky hills  
Till his horse hoofs did bleed.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.28  
\N1 There was a man in Lord Burnett\'s train  
Was ane o Munsgrove\'s kin,  
And aye as fast as the horsemen rade,  
Sae nimbly\'s he did rin.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.29  
\N1 He set a horn to his mouth,  
And he blew loud and sma,  
And aye at every sounding\'s end,  
'Awa, Munsgrove, awa!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.30  
\N1 Then up it raise him Little Munsgrove,  
And drew to him his sheen;  
'Lye still, lye still,' the lady she cried,  
'Why get ye up sae seen?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.31  
\N1 `I think I hear a horn blow,  
And it blows loud and sma;  
And aye at every sounding\'s end,  
Awa, Munsgrove, awa!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.32  
\N1 `Lye still, lye still, ye Little Munsgrove,  
Had my back frae the wind;  
It\'s but my father\'s proud shepherd,  
Caing his hogs to town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.33  
\N1 `I think I hear a horn blow,  
And it blows loud and shrill,  
And aye at every sounding\'s end  
Bids Munsgrove take the hill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.34  
\N1 `Lye still, my boy, lye still, my sweet,  
Had my back frae the cauld;  
It\'s but the sugh o the westlin wind,  
Blawing ower the birks sae bauld.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.35  
\N1 He turned him right and round about,  
And he fell fast asleep;  
When up it started Lord Burnett,  
And stood at their bed-feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.36  
\N1 `Is\'t for love o my blankets, Munsgrove?  
Or is\'t for love o my sheets?  
Or is\'t for love o my gay lady?  
Sae soun in your arms she sleeps!'  
\SBALLADS Child 81L.37

\N1 `It\'s nae for love o your blankets, my lord,  
Nor yet for love o your sheets;  
But wae be to your gay ladye,  
Sae soun in my arms she sleeps!'

\SBALLADS Child 81L.38

\N1 `Win up, win up, ye Little Mungrove,  
Put all your armour an;  
It\'s never be said anither day  
I killed a naked man.

\SBALLADS Child 81L.39

\N1 `I hae twa brands in ae scabbard,  
Cost me merks twenty-nine;  
Take ye the best, gie me the warst,  
For ye\'re the weakest man.'

\SBALLADS Child 81L.40

\N1 The f+irs an stroke that Mungrove drew  
Wounded Lord Burnett sair;  
The next an stroke Lord Burnett drew,  
Mungrove he spake nae mair.

\SBALLADS Child 81L.41

\N1 He turned him to his ladye then,  
And thus to her said he:

`All the time we\'ve led our life  
I neer thought this o thee.

\SBALLADS Child 81L.42

\N1 `How like ye now this well-faird face,  
That stands straight by your side?  
Or will ye hate this ill-faird face,  
Lyes weltering in his blude?'

\SBALLADS Child 81L.43

\N1 `O better love I this well-faird face,  
Lyes weltering in his blude,  
Then eer I\'ll do this ill-faird face,  
That stands straight by my side.'

\SBALLADS Child 81L.44

\N1 Then he\'s taen out a sharp dagger,  
It was baith keen and smart,  
And he has wounded that gay ladye  
A deep wound to the heart.

\SBALLADS Child 81L.45

\N1 `A grave, a grave,' cried Lord Burnett,  
`To bury these two in;  
And lay my ladye in the highest f+lat,  
She\'s chiefest o the kin.

\SBALLADS Child 81L.46

\N1 `A grave, a grave,' said Lord Burnett,  
`To bury these two in;  
Lay Mungrove in the lowest f+lat,  
He\'s deepest in the sin.

\SBALLADS Child 81L.47

\N1 `Ye\'ll darken my windows up secure,  
Wi staunchions round about,  
And there is not a living man  
Shall eer see me walk out.

\SBALLADS Child 81L.48

\N1 `Nae mair f+ine clothes my body deck,  
Nor kame gang in my hair,  
Nor burning coal nor candle light  
Shine in my bower mair.'

\LBALLADS Child 81M.1

\N1 IT fell upon a Martinmas time,  
When the nobles were a\' drinking wine,  
That Little Mushiegrove to the kirk he did go,  
For to see the ladies come in.  
\LBALLADS Child 81N.1  
\N1 `HOW do you like my rug?' he said,  
`And how do you like my sheets?  
And how do you like my false ladie,  
That lies in your arms asleep?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81N.2  
\N1 `Well I like your rug my lord,  
And well I like your sheets;  
But better than all your fair ladie,  
That lies in my arms asleep.'  
\LBALLADS Child 81[0.1]  
\N1 There was four-and-twenty ladies  
Assembled at a ball,  
And who being there but the king\'s wife,  
The fairest of them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.2]  
\N1 She put her eye on the Moss Groves,  
Moss Groves put his eye upon she:  
`How would you like, my little Moss Groves,  
One night to tarry with me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.3]  
\N1 `To sleep one night with you, fair lady,  
It would cause a wonderful sight;  
For I know by the ring upon your hand  
You are the king\'s wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.4]  
\N1 `If I am the king\'s wife,  
I mean him to beguile;  
For he has gone on a long distance,  
And won\'t be back for a while.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.5]  
\N1 Up spoke his brother,  
An angry man was he;  
`Another night I\'ll not stop in the castle  
Till my brother I\'ll go see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.6]  
\N1 When he come to his brother,  
He was in a hell of a fright:  
`Get up, get up, brother dear!  
There\'s a man in bed with your wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.7]  
\N1 `If it\'s true you tell unto me,  
A man I\'ll make of thee;  
If it\'s a lie you tell unto me,  
It\'s slain thou shalt be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.8]  
\N1 When he came to his hall,  
The bells begun to ring,  
And all the birds upon the bush  
They begun to sing.  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.9]  
\N1 `How do you like my covering-cloths?  
And how do you like my sheets?  
How do you like my lady fair,  
All night in her arms to sleep?'  
\SBALLADS Child 81[0.10]



\N1 `Your covering-cloths I like right well,  
Far better than your sheets;  
Far better than all your lady fair,  
All night in her arms to sleep.'

\SBALLADS Child 81[0.11]

\N1 `Get up, get up now, little Moss Groves,  
Your clothing do put on;  
It shall never be said in all England  
That I drew on a naked man.

\SBALLADS Child 81[0.12]

\N1 `There is two swords all in the castle  
That cost me very dear;  
You take the best, and I the worst,  
And let\ 's decide it here.'

\SBALLADS Child 81[0.13]

\N1 The very f+irst blow Moss Groves he gave,  
He wounded the king most sore;  
The very f+irst blow the king gave him,  
Moss Groves he struck no more.

\SBALLADS Child 81[0.14]

\N1 She lifted up his dying head  
And kissed his cheek and chin:  
`I\ 'd sooner have you now, little Moss Groves,  
Than all their castles or kings.'

\LBALLADS Child 82.1

\N1 THERE was a knight, in a summer\ 's night,  
Was riding oer the lee, diddle  
An there he saw a bonny birdy,  
Was singing upon a tree. diddle

\SBALLADS Child 82.1b

\N1 O wow for day! diddle  
An dear gin it were day! diddle  
Gin it were day, an gin I were away!  
For I ha na lang time to stay. diddle

\SBALLADS Child 82.2

\N1 `Make hast, make hast, ye gentle knight,  
What keeps you here so late?  
Gin ye kent what was doing at hame,  
I fear you woud look blate.'

\SBALLADS Child 82.3

\N1 `O what needs I toil day an night,  
My fair body to kill,  
Whan I hae knights at my comman,  
An ladys at my will?'

\SBALLADS Child 82.4

\N1 `Ye lee, ye lee, ye gentle knight,  
Sa loud\ 's I hear you lee;  
Your lady\ 's a knight in her arms twa  
That she lees far better nor the.'

\SBALLADS Child 82.5

\N1 `Ye lee, you lee, you bonny birdy,  
How you lee upo my sweet!  
I will tak out my bonny bow,  
An in troth I will you sheet.'

\SBALLADS Child 82.6

\N1 `But afore ye hae your bow well bent,  
An a\ ' your arrows yare,  
I will f+lee till another tree,  
Whare I can better fare.'

\SBALLADS Child 82.7

\N1 `O whare was you gotten, and whare was ye clecked?

My bonny birdy, tell me:'

`O I was clecked in good green wood,

My bonny birdy, tell me:'

`O I was clecked in good green wood,

Intill a holly tree;

A gentleman my nest herryed,

An ga me to his lady.

\SBALLADS Child 82.8

\N1 `Wi good white bread an farrow-cow milk

He bade her feed me aft,

An ga her a little wee simmer-dale wanny,

To ding me sindle and saft.

\SBALLADS Child 82.9

\N1 `Wi good white bread an farrow-cow milk

I wot she fed me nought,

But wi a little wee simmer-dale wanny

She dang me sair an aft:

Gin she had deen as ye her bade,

I woudna tell how she has wrought.'

\SBALLADS Child 82.10

\N1 The knight he rade, and the birdy f+lew,

The live-lang simmer\'s night,

Till he came till his lady\'s bowr-door,

Then even down he did light:

The birdy sat on the crap of a tree,

An I wot it sang fu dight.

\SBALLADS Child 82.11b

\N1 `O wow for day! diddle

An dear gin it were day! diddle

Gin it were day, an gin I were away!

For I ha na lang time to stay.' diddle

\SBALLADS Child 82.12

\N1 `What needs ye lang for day, diddle.

An wish that you were away? diddle

Is no your hounds i my cellar,

Eating white meal an gray?' diddle

\SBALLADS Child 82.12b

\N1 O wow, etc\.

\SBALLADS Child 82.13

\N1 `Is nae your steed in my stable,

Eating good corn an hay?

An is nae your hawk i my perch-tree,

Just perching for his prey?

An is nae yoursel i my arms twa?

Then how can ye lang for day?'

\SBALLADS Child 82.14b

\N1 `O wow for day! diddle

An dear gin it were day! diddle

\N1 `O wow for day! diddle

An dear gin it were day! diddle

\N1 `O wow for day! diddle

An dear gin it were day! diddle

For he that\'s in bed wi anither man\'s wife

Has never lang time to stay.' diddle

\SBALLADS Child 82.15

\N1 Then out the knight has drawn his sword,

An straiked it oer a strae,

An thro and thro the fa\'se knight\'s waste

He gard cauld iron gae:

An I hope ilk ane sal sae be servd  
That treats ane honest man sae.  
\LBALLADS Child 83A.1  
\N1 CHILDE MAURICE hunted ithe siluer wood,  
He hunted itt round about,  
And noebodye \itha\rt he f+found therin,  
Nor none there was w\ii\rth-out.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.2  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
And he tooke his siluer combe in his hand,  
To kembe his yellow lockes.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.3  
\N1 He sayes, Come hither, thou litle f+foot-page,  
\itha\rt runneth lowlye by my knee,  
Ffor thou shalt goe to Iohn Stewards wiffe  
And pray her speake w\ii\rth mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.4  
\N1 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
I, and greete thou doe \itha\rt ladye well,  
Euer soe well f+froe mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.5  
\N1 `And, as itt f+falls, as many times  
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,  
Or merchant men gone to leeue London,  
Either to buy ware or sell.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.6  
\N1 `And, as itt f+falles, as many times  
As any hart can thinke,  
Or schoole-masters are in any schoole-house,  
Writting w\ii\rth pen and inke:  
Ffor if I might, as well as shee may,  
This night I wold w\ii\rth her speake.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.7  
\N1 `And heere I send her a mantle of greene,  
As greene as any grasse,  
And bidd her come to the siluer wood,  
To hunt w\ii\rth Child Maurice.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.8  
\N1 `And there I send her a ring of gold,  
A ring of p\ire\rcyous stone,  
And bidd her come to the siluer wood,  
Let f+for no kind of man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.9  
\N1 One while this litle boy he yode,  
Another while he ran,  
Vntill he came to Iohn Stewards hall,  
I-wis he neuer blan.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.10  
\N1 And of nurture the child had good,  
Hee ran vp hall and bower f+free,  
And when he came to this lady f+faire,  
Sayes, God you saue and see!  
And when he came to this lady f+faire,  
Sayes, God you saue and see!  
And when he came to this lady f+faire,  
Sayes, God you saue and see!  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.11  
\N1 `I am come f+from Ch<i>ld Maurice,

A message vnto thee;  
And Child Maurice, he greetes you well,  
And euer soe well f+from mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.12  
\N1 `And, as itt f+falls, as oftentimes  
As knotts beene knitt on a kell,  
Or marchant-men gone to leeue London,  
Either f+for to buy ware or sell.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.13  
\N1 `And as oftentimes he greetes you well  
As any hart can thinke,  
Or schoole\iaster\rs [are] in any schoole,  
Wryting w\ii\rth pen and inke.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.14  
\N1 `And heere he sends a mantle of greene,  
As greene as any grasse,  
And he bidds you come to the siluer wood,  
To hunt w\ii\rth Child Maurice.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.15  
\N1 `And heere he sends you a ring of gold,  
A ring of the p\ire\rcyous stone;  
He prayes you to come to the siluer wood,  
Let f+for no kind of man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.16  
\N1 `Now peace, now peace, thou litle f+foot-page,  
Ffor Christes sake, I pray thee!  
Ffor if my lo\ird\r heare one of these words,  
Thou must be hanged hye!'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.17  
\N1 Iohn Steward stood vnder the castle-wall,  
And he wrote the words euerye one,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.18  
\N1 And he called vnto his hors-keep\ier\r,  
`Make readye you my steede!'  
I, and soe hee did to his chamberlaine,  
`Make readye thou my weede!'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.19  
\N1 And he cast a lease vpon his backe,  
And he rode to the siluer wood,  
And there he sought all about,  
About the siluer wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.20  
\N1 And there he f+found him Child Maurice  
Sitting vpon a blocke,  
W\ii\rth a siluer combe in his hand,  
Kembing his yellow locke<s.]  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.21  
\N1 But then stood vp him Child Maurice,  
And sayd these words trulye:  
`I doe not know yo\iu\rr ladye,' he said,  
`If \itha\rt I doe her see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.22  
`If \itha\rt I doe her see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.22  
\N1 He sayes, How now, how now, Child Maurice?  
Alacke, how may this bee?  
Ffor thou hast sent her loue-tokens,

More now then two or three.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.23  
\N1 `Ffor thou hast sent her a mantle of greene,  
As greene as any grasse,  
And bade her come to the siluer woode,  
To hunt w\ii\rth Child Maurice.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.24  
\N1 `And thou [hast] sent her a ring of gold,  
A ring of the p\ire\rcyous stone,  
And bade her come to the siluer wood,  
Let f+for no kind of man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.25  
\N1 `And by my f+faith, now, Child Maurice,  
The tone of vs shall dye!'  
`Now be my troth,' sayd Child Maurice,  
`And \itha\rt shall not be I.'  
And soe f+fast he smote att Iohn Stewart,  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.26  
\N1 But hee pulled forth a bright browne sword,  
And dryed itt on the grasse,  
And the f+f+irst good stroke Iohn Stewart stroke,  
I-wisse he neuer [did] rest.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.27  
\N1 Then hee pulled f+forth his bright browne sword,  
And dryed itt on his sleeue,  
And the f+f+irst good stroke Iohn Stewart stroke,  
Child Maurice head he did cleeeue.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.28  
\N1 And he pricked itt on his swords poynt,  
Went singing there beside,  
And he rode till he came to \itha\rt ladye f+faire,  
Wheras this ladye lyed.  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.29  
\N1 And sayes, Dost thou know Child Maurice head,  
If \itha\rt thou dost itt see?  
And lapp itt soft, and kisse itt offt,  
Ffor thou louedst him better than mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.30  
\N1 But when shee looked on Child Maurice head,  
Shee neuer spake words but three:  
`I neuer beare no child but one,  
And you haue slaine him trulye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.31  
\N1 Sayes, Wicked be my merry men all,  
I gaue meate, drinke, and clothe!  
But cold they not haue holden me  
When I was in all \itha\rt wrath!  
\SBALLADS Child 83A.32  
\N1 `Ffor I haue slaine one of the curteousest k\inigh\rts  
\iTha\rt euer bestrode a steed,  
Soe haue I done one [of] the fairest ladyes  
\iTha\rt euer bestrode a steed,  
Soe haue I done one [of] the fairest ladyes  
\iTha\rt euer ware womans weede!'  
\LBALLADS Child 83B.1  
\iTha\rt euer ware womans weede!'  
\LBALLADS Child 83B.1  
\N1 CHILD NORRYCE is a clever young man,  
He wavers wi the wind;  
His horse was silver-shod before,

With the beaten gold behind.  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.2  
\N1 He called to his little man John,  
Saying, You don\'t see what I see;  
For O yonder I see the very first woman  
That ever loved me.  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.3  
\N1 `Here is a glove, a glove,' he said,  
`Lined with the silver grey;  
You may tell her to come to the merry greenwood,  
To speak to Child Nory.  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.4  
\N1 `Here is a ring, a ring,' he says,  
`It\'s all gold but the stane;  
You may tell her to come to the merry greenwood,  
And ask the leave o nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.5  
\N1 `So well do I love your errand, my master,  
But far better do I love my life;  
O would ye have me go to Lord Barnard\'s castle,  
To betray away his wife?'  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.6  
\N1 `O don\'t I give you meat,' he says,  
`And don\'t I pay you fee?  
\N1 `O don\'t I give you meat,' he says,  
`And don\'t I pay you fee?  
How dare you stop my errand?' he says;  
`My orders you must obey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.7  
\N1 O when he came to Lord Bernard\'s castle,  
He tinkled at the ring;  
Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself  
To let this little boy in?  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.8  
\N1 `Here is a glove, a glove,' he says,  
`Lined with the silver grey;  
You are bidden to come to the merry greenwood,  
To speak to Child Nory.  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.9  
\N1 `Here is a ring, a ring,' he says,  
`It\'s all gold but the stane;  
You are bidden to come to the merry greenwood,  
And ask the leave o nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.10  
\N1 Lord Barnard he was standing by,  
And an angry man was he:  
`O little did I think there was a lord in the world  
My lady loved but me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.11  
\N1 O he dressed himself in the holland smock,  
And garments that was gay,  
And he is away to the merry green-wood,  
To speak to Child Nory.  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.12  
\N1 Child Noryce sits on yonder tree,  
He whistles and he sings:  
`O wae be to me,' says Child Noryce,  
`Yonder my mother comes!'  
\SBALLADS Child 83B.13  
\N1 Child Noryce he came off the tree,

His mother to take off the horse:  
 `Och alace, alace,' says Child Noryce,  
 `My mother was neer so gross!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83B.14  
 `My mother was neer so gross!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83B.14  
 \N1 Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,  
 That hung low down by his knee;  
 \N1 Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,  
 That hung low down by his knee;  
 \N1 Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,  
 That hung low down by his knee;  
 He cut the head off Child Noryce,  
 And put the body on a tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83B.15  
 \N1 And when he came home to his castell,  
 And to his ladie\'s hall,  
 He threw the head into her lap,  
 Saying, Lady, there\'s a ball!  
 \SBALLADS Child 83B.16  
 \N1 She turned up the bloody head,  
 She kissed it frae cheek to chin:  
 `Far better do I love this bloody head  
 Than all my royal kin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83B.17  
 \N1 `When I was in my father\'s castel,  
 In my virginity,  
 There came a lord into the North,  
 Gat Child Noryce with me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83B.18  
 \N1 `O wae be to thee, Lady Margaret,' he sayd,  
 `And an ill death may you die;  
 For if you had told me he was your son,  
 He had neer been slain by me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 83C.1  
 \N1 BOB NORICE is to the grein-wud gane,  
 He is awa wi the wind;  
 His horse is siller-shod afore,  
 In the shynand gowd ahind.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.2  
 \N1 He said unto his wee boy John,  
 I sie what ye dinna sie;  
 I see the [f+irst] woman that I eer luvit,  
 Or ever luvit me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.3  
 \N1 `Gae tak to hir this pair o gluvis,  
 They\'re o the siller-gray,  
 And tell her to cum to the merrie grein-wud  
 An speik to Bob Norice.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.4  
 \N1 `Gae tak to her this gay gowd ring,  
 And it\'s aw gowd but the stane,  
 \N1 `Gae tak to her this gay gowd ring,  
 And it\'s aw gowd but the stane,  
 And tell her to cum to the merrie grein-wud,  
 And ask the leive o nane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.5  
 \N1 `Gae tak to her this braw manteil,  
 It\'s a\' silk but the sleive,  
 And tell her to cum to the merrie green-wud,

And ax nae bauld Barnet\'s leive.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.6  
 \N1 `I daurna gang to Lord Barnet\'s castel,  
 I daurna gang for my lyfe;  
 I daurna gang to Lord Barnet\'s castell,  
 To twyne him o his wife.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.7  
 \N1 `Do I nae pay you gowd?' he said,  
 `Do I nae pay you fee?  
 How daur you stand my bidding, Sir,  
 Whan I bid you to f+lee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.8  
 \N1 `Gif I maun gang to Lord Barnet\'s castel,  
 Sae sair agane my will,  
 I vow a vow, and I do protest,  
 It sall be dune for ill.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.9  
 \N1 But whan he came to Lord Barnet\'s castel  
 He tinklet at the ring;  
 Tha war nane sae ready as Lord Barnet himsell  
 To let the wee calland in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.10  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my bonnie wee boy?  
 What news hae ye to me?'  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my bonnie wee boy?  
 What news hae ye to me?'  
 `Nae news, nae news, Lord Barnet,' he said,  
 `But you ladie I fain would see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.11  
 \N1 `Here is a pair o gluves to her,  
 Thay\'r o the silver gray;  
 And tell her to cum to the merrie green-wud,  
 And speik to Bob Norice.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.12  
 \N1 `Here is a gay gowd ring to her,  
 It\'s aw gowd but the stane;  
 And she maun cum to the merrie green-wud,  
 And speir the leive o nane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.13  
 \N1 `Here is a gay manteil to her,  
 It\'s aw silk but the sleive;  
 And she maun cum to the merrie grein-wud,  
 And ask not bauld Barnet\'s leive.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.14  
 \N1 Then out bespack the yellow nurse,  
 Wi the babie on her knee,  
 Sayand, Gif thay be cum frae Bob Norice,  
 They are welcum to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.15  
 \N1 `O haud your tung, ye yellow nurse,  
 Aloud an I heir ye lie;  
 For they\'re to Lord Barnet\'s lady,  
 I trew that this be she.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.16  
 \N1 Lord Barnet\'s to a dressing-room,  
 And buskt him in woman\'s array,  
 And he\'s awa to the merrie green-wud,  
 To speik to Bob Norrice.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.17  
 \N1 Bob Norrice he sits on a tree,



He is whissland and singand;  
 Says, Merrie, merrie may my hert be,  
 I see my mither cumand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.18  
 \N1 Bob Norice he cam doun frae the trie,  
 To help his mother to licht fra her horss;  
 `Och alace, alace,' says Bob Norice,  
 `My mither was neer sae gross!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.19  
 `My mither was neer sae gross!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.19  
 \N1 Lord Barnet had a not-brown sword,  
 That hung down by his knee,  
 And he has cut Bob Norice heid  
 Aff frae his fair bodie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.20  
 \N1 He tuke the bluidy head in his hand,  
 And he brocht it to the ha,  
 And f+lang it into his lady\'s lap,  
 Sayand, Lady, there is a ba!  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.21  
 \N1 She took the bluidy heid in her hand,  
 And kisst it frae cheik to chin,  
 Sayand, Better I lyke that weil faurit face  
 Nor aw my royal kin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.22  
 \N1 `Whan I was in my father\'s bour,  
 A\' in my dignity,  
 An Englis lord a visit came,  
 Gat Bob Norice wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83C.23  
 \N1 Then out bespak Lord Barnet syne,  
 And a wae, wae man was he,  
 Sayand, Gif I had kent he was your son,  
 He wuld neer been killit be me.  
 \LBALLADS Child 83D.1  
 \N1 GILL MORICE stood in stable-door,  
 With red gold shined his weed;  
 A bonnie boy him behind,  
 Dressing a milk-white steed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83D.2  
 \N1 `Woe\'s me for you, maister,  
 Your name it waxes wide;  
 It is not for your rich, rich robes,  
 Nor for your meikle pride,  
 But all is for yon lord\'s ladie,  
 She lives on Ithan side.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83D.3  
 \N1 `Here\'s to thee, my bonnie wee boy,  
 That I pay meat and fee;  
 You will run on to Ithan side  
 An errand unto me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83D.4  
 \N1 `If ye gar me that errand run,  
 Sae sair against my will,  
 I\'ll make a vow, and keep it true,  
 I\'ll do your errand ill.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83D.5  
 \N1 `I fear nae ill of thee, boy,  
 I fear nae ill of thee;

I fearna ill of my bonnie boy,  
My sister\'s son are ye.  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.6  
\N1 `Ye\'ll tak here this green manteel,  
It\'s lined with the frieze;  
Ye\'ll bid her come to gude green-wood,  
To talk with Gill Morice.  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.7  
\N1 `Ye\'ll tak here this sark o silk,  
Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
Ye\'ll bid her come to gude green-wood,  
And ask not Burnard\'s leave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.8  
\N1 When he gade to Ithan side  
They were hailing at the ba,  
And four and twenty gay ladyes  
They lookd ower castle wa.  
And four and twenty gay ladyes  
They lookd ower castle wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.9  
\N1 `God mak you safe, you ladies all,  
God mak you safe and sure;  
But Burnard\'s lady amang you all,  
My errand is to her.  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.10  
\N1 `Ye\'ll tak here this green manteel,  
It\'s a\' lined wi the frieze;  
Ye\'re bidden come to gude green-wood  
And speak to Gill Morice.  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.11  
\N1 `Ye\'ll tak here this sark of silk,  
Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
Ye\'re bidden come to gude green-wood,  
And ask not Burnard\'s leave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.12  
\N1 Up it stood the little nurice,  
She winked with her ee:  
`Welcome, welcome, bonnie boy,  
With luve-tidings to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.13  
\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie, ye false nurice,  
Sae loud\'s I hear ye lie;  
It\'s to the lady of the house,  
I\'m sure ye are not shee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.14  
\N1 Then out and spoke him bold Burnard,  
Behind the door stood he:  
`I\'ll go unto gude green-wood,  
And see what he may be.  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.15  
\N1 `Come, bring to me the gowns of silk,  
Your petticoats so small,  
And I\'ll go on to gude green-wood,  
I\'ll try with him a fall.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.16  
\N1 Gill Morice stood in gude green-wood,  
He whistled and he sang:  
`I think I see the woman come  
That I have loved lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83D.17

\N1 `What now, what now, ye Gill Morice,

What now, and how do ye?

\N1 `What now, what now, ye Gill Morice,

What now, and how do ye?

How lang hae ye my lady luvèd?

This day come tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 83D.18

\N1 `First when I your lady loved,

In green-wood amang the thyme,

I wot she was my f+irst fair love

Or ever she was thine.

\SBALLADS Child 83D.19

\N1 `First when I your lady loved,

In green-wood amang the f+louirs,

I wot she was my f+irst fair love

Or ever she was yours.'

\SBALLADS Child 83D.20

\N1 He\'s taen out a lang, lang brand

That he was used to wear,

And he\'s taen aff Gill Morice head,

And put it on a spear:

The soberest boy in a\' the court

Gill Morice head did bear.

\SBALLADS Child 83D.21

\N1 He\'s put it in a braid basin,

And brocht it in the ha,

And laid it in his lady\'s lap;

Said, Lady, tak a ba!

\SBALLADS Child 83D.22

\N1 `Play ye, play ye, my lady,' he said,

`Play ye frae ha to bower;

Play ye wi Gill Morice head,

He was your paramour!

\SBALLADS Child 83D.23

\N1 `He was not my paramour,

He was my son indeed;

I got him in my mother\'s bower,

And in my maiden -weed.

\SBALLADS Child 83D.24

\N1 `I got him in my mother\'s bower,

Wi meikle sin and shame;

I brocht him up in good green-wood,

Got mony a shower o rain.

\SBALLADS Child 83D.25

\N1 `But I will kiss his bluidy head,

And I will clap his chin;

I\'ll make a vow, and keep it true,

I\'ll never kiss man again.

\SBALLADS Child 83D.26

\N1 `Oftimes I by his cradle sat,

And fond to see him sleep;

But I may walk about his grave,

And fond to see him sleep;

But I may walk about his grave,

The saut tears for to weep.'

\SBALLADS Child 83D.27

\N1 `Bring cods, bring cods to my ladye,

Her heart is full of wae;'

`None of your cods, Burnet,' she says,

`But lay me on the strae.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83D.28  
 \N1 `Pox on you, my lady fair,  
 That wudna telled it me;  
 If I had known he was your son,  
 He had not been slain by me;  
 And for ae penny ye wud hae gien  
 I wud hae gien him three.'  
 And for ae penny ye wud hae gien  
 I wud hae gien him three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83D.29  
 \N1 `Keep weel your land, Burnet,' she said,  
 `Your land and white monie;  
 There\'s land eneuch in Norroway  
 Lies heirless I wot the day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83D.30  
 \N1 The one was killed in the mornin air,  
 His mother died at een,  
 And or the mornin bells was rung  
 The threesome were a\' gane.  
 \LBALLADS Child 83E.1  
 \N1 CHIELD MORRICE was an earl\'s son,  
 His name it waxed wide;  
 It was nae for his parentage,  
 Nor yet his meikle pride,  
 But it was for a lady gay,  
 That lived on Carron side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.2  
 \N1 `O Willie, my man, my errand gang,  
 And you maun rin wi speed;  
 When other boys run on their feet,  
 On horseback ye shall ride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.3  
 \N1 `O master dear, I love you weel,  
 And I love you as my life,  
 But I will not go to Lord Barnard\'s ha,  
 For to tryst forth his wife.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.4  
 \N1 `For the baron he\'s a man of might,  
 He neer could bide a taunt,  
 And ye shall see or it be late  
 How meikle ye\'ll hae to vaunt.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.5  
 \N1 `O you must rin my errand, Willie,  
 And you must rin wi speed,  
 And if you don\'t obey my high command  
 I\'ll gar your body bleed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.6  
 \N1 `And here it is a gay manteel,  
 It\'s a\' gowd but the hem;  
 Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,  
 Bring naebody but her lane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.7  
 \N1 `And here it is a holland smock,  
 her own hand sewed the sleeve;  
 Bid her come speak to Chield Morice,  
 Ask not the baron\'s leave.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.8  
 \N1 `Since I must run this errand for you,  
 So sore against my will,

I\`ve made a vow, and I\`ll keep it true,  
 It shall be done for ill.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.9  
 \N1 For he did not ask the porter\`s leave,  
 Tho he stood at the gate,  
 But straight he ran to the big hall,  
 Where great folk sat at meat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.10  
 \N1 `Good hallow, gentle sir and dame,  
 My errand canno wait;  
 Dame, ye must go speak to Chield Morice,  
 Before it be too late.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.11  
 \N1 `And here it is a gay manteel,  
 It\`s a\` goud but the hem;  
 Ye must come speak to Child Morice,  
 Bring nae body but your lane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.12  
 \N1 `And here it is a holland smock,  
 Your ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
 You must come speak to Chield Morice,  
 Ask not the baron\`s leave.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.13  
 \N1 O aye she stamped wi her foot,  
 And winked wi her ee,  
 But a\` that she could say or do,  
 Forbidden he wad na be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.14  
 \N1 `It\`s surely to my bouir-woman,  
 It canna be to me:'  
 `I brocht it to Lord Barnard\`s lady,  
 And I trow that thou art she.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.15  
 \N1 Out then spak the wylie nurse,  
 Wi the bairn just on her knee:  
 `If this be come fra Chield Morice,  
 It\`s dear welcome to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.16  
 \N1 `Thou lies, thou lies, thou wylie nurse,  
 Sae loud\`s I hear thee lie;  
 I brought it to Lord Barnard\`s lady,  
 And I trow thou binna she.'  
 I brought it to Lord Barnard\`s lady,  
 And I trow thou binna she.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.17  
 \N1 Then up and rose him the bold baron,  
 And an angry man was he;  
 He took the table wi his foot,  
 And keppd it wi his knee,  
 Till silver cup and ezar dish  
 In f+linders they did f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.18  
 \N1 `Go gring me one of thy cleeding,  
 That hings upon the pin,  
 And I\`ll awa to the good green-wood,  
 And crack wi your leman.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 83E.19  
 \N1 `I would have you stay at home, Lord Barnard,  
 I would have you stay at home;  
 Never wyte a man for violence douce

That never thought you wrong.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.20  
\N1 And when he to the green-wood went,  
No body saw he there  
But Chield Morice, on a milk-white steed,  
Combing down his yellow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.21  
\N1 Chield Morice sat in the gay green-wood,  
He whistled and he sang:  
`O what means a\' thir folks coming?  
My mother tarries lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.22  
My mother tarries lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.22  
\N1 `No wonder, no wonder, Chield Morice,' he said,  
`My lady loved thee weel;  
For the whitest bit of my body  
Is blacker than thy heel.  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.23  
\N1 `But nevertheless now, Chield Morice,  
For a\' thy gay beautie,  
O nevertheless, Chield Morice,  
Thy head shall go with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.24  
\N1 He had a rapier by his side,  
Hung low down by his knee;  
He struck Chield Morrice on the neck,  
Till aff his head did f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.25  
\N1 Then he\'s taen up that bloody head,  
And stuck it on a spear,  
And the meanest man in a\' his train  
Gat Chield Morice head to bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.26  
\N1 The lady looked owre the castle-wa,  
Wi meikle dool and down,  
And there she saw Chield Morice head,  
Coming trailing to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.27  
\N1 But he\'s taen up this bluidy head,  
And dashed it gainst the wa:  
\N1 But he\'s taen up this bluidy head,  
And dashed it gainst the wa:  
`Come down, come down, you ladies fair,  
And play at this foot-ba.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.28  
\N1 Then she\'s taen up this bluidy head,  
And an ill deid may thou die!  
And she kissed it both cheek and chin:  
`I would rather hae a kiss o that bluidy head  
Than a\' thy earldom.  
`I would rather hae a kiss o that bluidy head  
Than a\' thy earldom.  
`I would rather hae a kiss o that bluidy head  
Than a\' thy earldom.  
\SBALLADS Child 83E.29  
\N1 `I got him in my father\'s bouir,  
Wi meikle sin and shame,  
And I brought him up in gay green-wood,  
Beneath the heavy rain.

\SBALLADS Child 83E.30

\N1 `Many a day have I rockd thy cradle,  
And fondly seen thee sleep,  
But now I\'ll go about thy grave,  
And sore, sore will I weep.'

\SBALLADS Child 83E.31

\N1 `O woe be to thee, thou wild woman,  
And an ill deid may thou die!  
For if ye had tauld me he was your son,  
He should hae ridden and gane wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 83E.32

\N1 `O hold your tongue, you bold baron,  
And an ill death may ye die!  
He had lands and rents enew of his ain,  
He needed nane fra thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 83E.33

\N1 `Then I\'ll curse the hand that did the deed,  
The heart that thought him ill,  
The feet that carried me speedilie  
This comely youth to kill.'

\SBALLADS Child 83E.34

\N1 This lady she died gin ten o\'clock,  
Lord Barnard died gin twall,  
And bonnie boy now, Sweet Willie,  
What\'s come o him I canna tell.

\LBALLADS Child 83F.1

What\'s come o him I canna tell.

\LBALLADS Child 83F.1

\N1 GIL MORRICE was an erles son,  
His name it waxed wide;  
It was nae for his great riches,  
Nor yet his mickle pride,  
Bot it was for a lady gay,  
That livd on Carron side.

\SBALLADS Child 83F.2

\N1 `Whair sall I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoen,  
That will gae to Lord Barnard\'s ha,  
And bid his lady cum?

\SBALLADS Child 83F.3

\N1 `And ye maun rin errand, Willie,  
And ye may rin wi pride;  
When other boys gae on their foot,  
On horseback ye sall ride.'

\SBALLADS Child 83F.4

\N1 `O no! Oh no! my master dear,  
I dare nae for my life;

\N1 `O no! Oh no! my master dear,  
I dare nae for my life;

\N1 `O no! Oh no! my master dear,  
I dare nae for my life;

I\'ll no gae to the bauld baron\'s,  
For to triest furth his wife.'

\SBALLADS Child 83F.5

\N1 `My bird Willie, my boy Willie,  
My dear Willie,' he sayd,  
`How can ye strive against the stream?  
For I sall be obeyd.'

\SBALLADS Child 83F.6

\N1 `Bot, O my master dear,' he cry\'d,

`In grene-wod ye\'re your lain;  
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ye rede,  
For fear ye should be tain.'  
Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ye rede,  
For fear ye should be tain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.7  
For fear ye should be tain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.7  
For fear ye should be tain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.7  
\N1 `Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,  
Bid hir cum here wi speid;  
If ye refuse my heigh command,  
I\'ll gar your body bleid.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.8  
\N1 `Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,  
\'Tis a\' gowd but the hem;  
Bid hir cum to the gude grene-wode,  
And bring nane bot hir lain.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.9  
\N1 `And there it is, a silken sarke,  
Hir ain hand sewd the sleive;  
And bid her cum to Gill Morice,  
Speir nae bauld baron\'s leave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.10  
\N1 `Yes, I will gae your black errand,  
Though it be to your cost;  
Sen ye by me will nae be warnd,  
In it ye sall f+ind frost.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.11  
\N1 `The baron he\'s a man of might,  
He neir could bide to taunt;  
As ye will see, before it\'s nicht,  
How sma ye hae to vaunt.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.12  
\N1 `And sen I maun your errand rin,  
Sae sair against my will,  
I\'se mak a vow, and keip it trow,  
It sall be done for ill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.13  
\N1 And when he came to broken brigue,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
And when [he] came to grass growing,  
Set down his feet and ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.14  
\N1 And when he came to Barnard\'s ha,  
Would neither chap nor ca,  
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,  
And lichtly lap the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.15  
\N1 He wauld nae tell the man his errand,  
Though he stude at the gait;  
Bot straiht into the ha he cam,  
Whair they were set at meit.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.16  
\N1 `Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame,  
My message winna waite;  
Dame, ye maun to the gude grene-wod,  
Before that it be late.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.17



\N1 `Ye\'re bidden tak this gay mantel,  
\'Tis a\' gowd bot the hem;  
You maun gae to the gude grene-wode,  
Evn by your sel alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.18  
\N1 `And there it is, a silken sarke,  
Your ain hand sewd the sleive;  
Ye maun gae speik to Gill Morice,  
Speir nae bauld baron\'s leave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.19  
\N1 The lady stamped wi hir foot,  
And winked wi hir ee;  
But a\' that she coud say or do,  
Forbidden he wad nae bee.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.20  
\N1 `It\'s surely to my bowr-woman;  
It neir could be to me:'  
`I brocht it to Lord Barnard\'s lady;  
I trow that ye be she.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.21  
\N1 Then up and spack the wylie nurse,  
The bairn upon hir knee:  
`If it be cum frae Gill Morice,  
It\'s deir welcum to mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.22  
\N1 `Ye leid, ye leid, ye f+ilthy nurse,  
Sae loud\'s I heire ye lee;  
I brocht it to Lord Barnard\'s lady;  
I trow ye be nae shee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.23  
\N1 Then up and spack the bauld baron,  
An angry man was hee;  
He\'s tain the table wi his foot,  
Sae has he wi his knee,  
Till siller cup and ezar dish  
In f+linders he gard f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.24  
\N1 `Gae bring a robe of your cliding,  
That hings upon the pin,  
And I\'ll gae to the gude grene-wode,  
And speik wi your lemman.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.25  
\N1 `O bide at hame, now, Lord Barnard,  
I warde ye bide at hame;  
Neir wyte a man for violence  
That neir wate ye wi nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.26  
\N1 Gil Morice sate in gude grene-wode,  
He whistled and he sang:  
`O what mean a\' the folk coming?  
My mother tarries lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.27  
\N1 The baron came to the grene-wode,  
Wi mickle dule and care,  
And there he f+irst spied Gill Morice,  
Kameing his yellow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.28  
\N1 `Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,  
My lady loed thee weel;  
The fairest part of my body

Is blacker than thy heel.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.29  
\N1 `Yet neir the less now, Gill Morice,  
For a\' thy great bewty,  
Ye\'s rew the day ye eir was born;  
That head sall gae wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.30  
\N1 Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slaited on the strae,  
And thro Gill Morice fair body  
He\'s gard cauld iron gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.31  
\N1 And he has tain Gill Morice head,  
And set it on a speir;  
The meanest man in a\' his train  
Has gotten that head to bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.32  
\N1 And he has tain Gill Morice up,  
Laid him across his steid,  
And brocht him to his painted bowr,  
And laid him on a bed.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.33  
\N1 The lady sat on castil-wa,  
Beheld baith dale and doun,  
And there she saw Gill Morice head  
Cum trailing to the toun.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.34  
\N1 `Far better I loe that bluidy head,  
Bot and that yellow hair,  
Than Lord Barnard, and a\' his lands,  
As they lig here and thair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.35  
\N1 And she has tain hir Gill Morice,  
And kissd baith mouth and chin:  
`I was once as fow of Gill Morice  
As the hip is o the stean.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.36  
\N1 `I got ye in my father\'s house,  
Wi mickle sin and shame;  
I brocht thee up in gude green-wode,  
Under the heavy rain.  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.37  
\N1 `Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,  
And fondly seen thee sleip;  
Bot now I gae about thy grave,  
The saut tears for to weip.'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.38  
\N1 And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,  
And syne his bluidy chin:  
`O better I loe my Gill Morice  
Than a\' my kith and kin!'  
\SBALLADS Child 83F.39  
\N1 `Away, away, ye ill woman,  
And an il deith mait ye dee!  
Gin I had kend he\'d bin your son,  
He\'d neir bin slain for mee.'  
\LBALLADS Child 83G.1  
\N1 GIL MORRICE sat in silver wood,  
He whistled and he sang:  
`Whar sall I get a bonny boy

My errand for to gang?'

\SBALLADS Child 83G.2

\N1 He ca\'d his foster-brither Willie:

`Come, win ye hose and shoon,  
And gae unto Lord Barnard\'s ha,  
And bid his lady come.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 83G.3

\N1 And she has taen the bloody head,  
And cast it i the brim,  
Syne gathered up her robes o green,  
And fast she followed him.

\LBALLADS Child 84A.1

And fast she followed him.

\LBALLADS Child 84A.1

\N1 IT was in and about the Martinmas time,  
When the green leaves were a falling,  
That Sir John Gra+eme, in the West Country,  
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

\SBALLADS Child 84A.2

\N1 He sent his men down through the town,  
To the place where she was dwelling:  
`O haste and come to my master dear,  
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.'

\SBALLADS Child 84A.3

\N1 O hooly, hooly rose she up,  
To the place where he was lying,  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
`Young man, I think you\'re dying.'  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
`Young man, I think you\'re dying.'

\SBALLADS Child 84A.4

\N1 `O it\'s I\'m sick, and very, very sick,  
And \'tis a\' for Barbara Allan:'

\N1 `O it\'s I\'m sick, and very, very sick,  
And \'tis a\' for Barbara Allan:'

`O the better for me ye\'s never be,  
Tho your heart\'s blood were a spilling.

\SBALLADS Child 84A.5

\N1 `O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,  
`When ye was in the tavern a drinking,  
\N1 `O dinna ye mind, young man,' said she,  
`When ye was in the tavern a drinking,  
That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And slighted Barbara Allan?'

\SBALLADS Child 84A.6

\N1 He turnd his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealing:

`Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And death was with him dealing:

`Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And be kind to Barbara Allan.'

\SBALLADS Child 84A.7

\N1 And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him,  
And sighing said, she coud not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.

\SBALLADS Child 84A.8

\N1 She had not gane a mile but twa,  
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,

And every jow that the dead-bell geid,  
It cry\'d, Woe to Barbara Allan!  
\SBALLADS Child 84A.9  
\N1 `O mother, mother, make my bed!  
O make it saft and narrow!  
\N1 `O mother, mother, make my bed!  
O make it saft and narrow!  
Since my love died for me to-day,  
I\'ll die for him to-morrow.'  
\LBALLADS Child 84B.1  
\N1 IN SCARLET TOWN, where I was bound,  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Whom I had chosen to be my own,  
And her name it was Barbara Allen.  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.2  
\N1 All in the merry month of May,  
When green leaves they was springing,  
This young man on his death-bed lay,  
For the love of Barbara Allen.  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.3  
\N1 He sent his man unto her then,  
To the town where she was dwelling:  
`You must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen.  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.4  
\N1 `For death is printed in his face,  
And sorrow\'s in him dwelling,  
And you must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.5  
If your name be Barbara Allen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.5  
\N1 `If death be printed in his face,  
And sorrow\'s in him dwelling,  
Then little better shall he be  
For bonny Barbara Allen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.6  
\N1 So slowly, slowly she got up,  
And so slowly she came to him,  
And all she said when she came there,  
Young man, I think you are a dying.  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.7  
\N1 He turnd his face unto her then:  
`If you be Barbara Allen,  
My dear,' said he, 'Come pittty me,  
As on my death-bed I am lying.'  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.8  
\N1 `If on your death-bed you be lying,  
What is that to Barbara Allen?  
I cannot keep you from [your] death;  
So farewell,' said Barbara Allen.  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.9  
\N1 He turnd his face unto the wall,  
And death came creeping to him:  
`Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,  
And adieu to Barbara Allen!'  
\SBALLADS Child 84B.10  
\N1 And as she was walking on a day,  
She heard the bell a ringing,  
And it did seem to ring to her

`Unworthy Barbara Allen.'

\SBALLADS Child 84B.11

\N1 She turnd herself round about,  
And she spy\'d the corps a coming:  
'Lay down, lay down the corps of clay,  
That I may look upon him.'

\SBALLADS Child 84B.12

\N1 And all the while she looked on,  
So loudly she lay laughing,  
While all her friends cry\'d [out] amain,  
So loudly she lay laughing,  
While all her friends cry\'d [out] amain,  
'Unworthy Barbara Allen!'

\SBALLADS Child 84B.13

\N1 When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
Then death came creeping to she:  
'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For his death hath quite undone me.

\SBALLADS Child 84B.14

\N1 `A hard-hearted creature that I was,  
To slight one that lovd me so dearly;  
I wish I had been more kinder to him,  
The time of his life when he was near me.'

\SBALLADS Child 84B.15

\N1 So this maid she then did dye,  
And desired to be buried by him,  
And repented her self before she dy\'d,  
That ever she did deny him.

\LBALLADS Child 84C.1

\N1 IT fell about the Lammas time,  
When the woods grow green and yellow,  
There came a wooer out of the West  
A wooing to Barbara Allan.

\SBALLADS Child 84C.2

\N1 `It is not for your bonny face,  
Nor for your beauty bonny,  
But it is all for your tocher good  
Nor for your beauty bonny,  
But it is all for your tocher good  
I come so far about ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 84C.3

I come so far about ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 84C.3

\N1 `If it be not for my comely face,  
Nor for my beauty bonnie,  
My tocher good ye\'ll never get paid  
Down on the board before ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 84C.4

\N1 `O will ye go to the Highland hills,  
To see my white corn growing?  
Or will ye go to the river-side,  
To see my boats a rowing?'

\SBALLADS Child 84C.5

\N1 O he\'s awa, and awa he\'s gone,  
And death\'s within him dealing,  
And it is all for the sake of her,  
And death\'s within him dealing,  
And it is all for the sake of her,  
His bonnie Barbara Allan.

\SBALLADS Child 84C.6

\N1 O he sent his man unto the house,  
Where that she was a dwelling:  
'O you must come my master to see,  
If you be Barbara Allan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 84C.7  
\N1 So slowly aye as she put on,  
And so stoutly as she gaed till him,  
And so slowly as she could say,  
'I think, young man, you\'re lying.'  
\SBALLADS Child 84C.8  
\N1 'O I am lying in my bed,  
And death within me dwelling;  
And it is all for the love of thee,  
My bonny Barbara Allan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 84C.9  
\N1 She was not ae mile frae the town,  
Till she heard the dead-bell ringing:  
'Och hone, oh hone, he\'s dead and gone,  
For the love of Barbara Allan!'  
\LBALLADS Child 85A.1  
\N1 LADY ALICE was sitting in her bower-window,  
Mending her midnight quoif,  
And there she saw as fine a corpse  
As ever she saw in her life.  
\SBALLADS Child 85A.2  
\N1 'What bear ye, what bear ye, ye six men tall?  
What bear ye on your shoulders?'  
'We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,  
An old and true lover of yours.'  
\SBALLADS Child 85A.3  
\N1 'O lay him down gently, ye six men tall,  
All on the grass so green,  
And tomorrow, when the sun goes down,  
Lady Alice a corpse shall be seen.  
\SBALLADS Child 85A.4  
\N1 'And bury me in Saint Mary\'s church,  
All for my love so true,  
And make me a garland of marjoram,  
And of lemon-thyme, and rue.'  
\SBALLADS Child 85A.5  
\N1 Giles Collins was buried all in the east,  
Lady Alice all in the west,  
And the roses that grew on Giles Collins\'s grave,  
They reached Lady Alice\'s breast.  
\SBALLADS Child 85A.6  
\N1 The priest of the parish he chanced to pass,  
And he severed those roses in twain;  
Sure never were seen such true lovers before,  
Nor eer will there be again.  
\LBALLADS Child 85B.1  
\N1 GILES COLLINS he said to his old mother,  
Mother, come bind up my head,  
And sent to the parson of our parish,  
For tomorrow I shall be dead. dead,  
For tomorrow I shall be dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 85B.2  
\N1 His mother she made him some water-gruel,  
And stirrd it round with a spoon;  
Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,  
And died before \'twas noon.

\SBALLADS Child 85B.3

\N1 Lady Anna was sitting at her window,  
Mending her night-robe and coif;  
She saw the very prettiest corpse  
She\'d seen in all her life.

\SBALLADS Child 85B.4

\N1 `What bear ye there, ye six strong men,  
Upon your shoulders so high?'  
\N1 `What bear ye there, ye six strong men,  
Upon your shoulders so high?'  
`We bear the body of Giles Collins,  
Who for love of you did die.'

\SBALLADS Child 85B.5

\N1 `Set him down, set him down,' Lady Anna she cry\'d,  
`On the grass that grows so green;  
Tomorrow, before the clock strikes ten,  
My body shall lye by hisn.'

\SBALLADS Child 85B.6

\N1 Lady Anna was buried in the east,  
Giles Collins was buried in the west;  
There grew a lilly from Giles Collins  
That touchd Lady Anna\'s breast.

\SBALLADS Child 85B.7

\N1 There blew a cold north-easterly wind,  
And cut this lilly in twain,  
Which never there was seen before,  
And it never will again.

\LBALLADS Child 85[C.1]

\N1 Giles Collin he said to his mother one day,  
Oh, mother, come bind up my head!  
For tommorow morning before it is day  
I\'m sure I shall be dead.

\SBALLADS Child 85[C.2]

\N1 `Oh, mother, oh, mother, if I should die,  
And I am sure I shall,  
I will not be buried in our churchyard,  
But under Lady Alice\'s wall.'

\SBALLADS Child 85[C.3]

\N1 His mother she made him some water-gruel,  
And stirred it up with a spoon;  
Giles Collin he ate but one spoonful,  
And died before it was noon.

\SBALLADS Child 85[C.4]

\N1 Lady Alice was sitting in her window,  
All dressed in her night-coif;  
She saw as pretty a corpse go by  
As ever she\'d seen in her life.

\SBALLADS Child 85[C.5]

\N1 `What bear ye there, ye six tall men?  
What bear ye on your shourn?'  
`We bear the body of Giles Collin,  
Who was a true lover of yourn.'

\SBALLADS Child 85[C.6]

\N1 `Down with him, down with him, upon the grass,  
The grass that grows so green;  
For tomorrow morning before it is day  
My body shall lie by him.'

\SBALLADS Child 85[C.7]

\N1 Her mother she made her some plum-gruel,  
With spices all of the best;

Lady Alice she ate but one spoonful,  
 And the doctor he ate up the rest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 85[C.8]  
 \N1 Giles Collin was laid in the lower chancel,  
 Lady Alice all in the higher;  
 There grew up a rose from Lady Alice\'s breast,  
 And from Giles Collin\'s a briar.  
 \SBALLADS Child 85[C.9]  
 \N1 And they grew, and they grew, to the very church-top,  
 Until they could grow no higher,  
 And twisted and twined in a true-lover\'s knot,  
 Which made all the parish admire.  
 \LBALLADS Child 86A.1  
 \N1 OF a\' the maids o fair Scotland  
 The fairest was Marjorie,  
 \N1 OF a\' the maids o fair Scotland  
 The fairest was Marjorie,  
 And young Benjie was her ae true-love,  
 And a dear true-love was he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.2  
 \N1 And wow! but they were lovers dear,  
 And loved fu constantlie;  
 But ay the mair, when they fell out,  
 The sairer was their plea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.3  
 \N1 And they hae quarrelled on a day,  
 Till Marjorie\'s heart grew wae,  
 And she said she\'d chuse another luve,  
 And let Young Benjie gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.4  
 \N1 And he was stout, and proud-hearted,  
 And thought o\'t bitterlie,  
 And he\'s gaen by the wan moon-light  
 To meet his Marjorie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.5  
 \N1 `O open, open, my true-love,  
 \N1 `O open, open, my true-love,  
 `I dare na open, Young Benjie,  
 My three brother are within.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.6  
 \N1 `Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,  
 Sae loud\'s I hear ye lie;  
 As I came by the Lowden banks,  
 They bade gude een to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.7  
 \N1 `But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,  
 That I hae loved sae lang!  
 It sets ye chuse another love,  
 And let Young Benjie gang.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.8  
 \N1 Then Marjorie turned her round about,  
 The tear blinding her ee:  
 `I darena, darena let thee in,  
 But I\'ll come down to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.9  
 \N1 Then saft she smiled, and said to him,  
 O what ill hae I done?  
 He took her in his armis twa,  
 And threw her oer the linn.  
 He took her in his armis twa,



And threw her oer the linn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.10  
 \N1 The stream was strang, the maid was stout,  
 And laith, laith to be dang,  
 But ere she wan the Lowden banks  
 Her fair colour was wan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.11  
 \N1 Then up bespak her eldest brother,  
 `O see na ye what I see?'  
 And out then spak her second brother,  
 `It\'s our sister Marjorie!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.12  
 \N1 Out then spak her eldest brother,  
 `O how shall we her ken?'  
 \N1 Out then spak her eldest brother,  
 `O how shall we her ken?'  
 And out then spak her youngest brother,  
 `There\'s a honey-mark on her chin.'  
 And out then spak her youngest brother,  
 `There\'s a honey-mark on her chin.'  
 And out then spak her youngest brother,  
 `There\'s a honey-mark on her chin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.13  
 \N1 Then they\'ve taen up the comely corpse,  
 And laid it on the grund:  
 `O wha has killed our ae sister,  
 And how can he be found?  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.14  
 \N1 `The night it is her low lykewake,  
 The morn her burial day,  
 And we maun watch at mirk midnight,  
 And hear what she will say.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.15  
 \N1 Wi doors ajar, and candle-light,  
 And torches burning clear,  
 The streikit corpse, till still midnight,  
 They waked, but naething hear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.16  
 \N1 About the middle o the night  
 The cocks began to craw,  
 And at the dead hour o the night  
 The corpse began to thraw.  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.17  
 \N1 `O wha has done the wrang, sister,  
 Or dared the deadly sin?  
 Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,  
 As thraw ye oer the linn?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.18  
 \N1 `Young Benjie was the f+irst ae man  
 I laid my love upon;  
 He was sae stout and proud-hearted,  
 He threw me oer the linn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.19  
 \N1 `Sall we Young Benjie head, sister?  
 Sall we Young Benjie hang?  
 Or sall we pike out his twa gray een,  
 And punish him ere he gang?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 86A.20  
 \N1 `Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,  
 Ye mauna Benjie hang,

But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,  
And punish him ere he gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 86A.21  
\N1 `Tie a green gravat round his neck,  
And lead him out and in,  
And the best ae servant about your house  
To wait Young Benjie on.  
\SBALLADS Child 86A.22  
\N1 `And ay, at every seven year\'s end,  
Ye\'ll tak him to the linn;  
For that\'s the penance he maun drie,  
To scug his deadly sin.'  
\LBALLADS Child 86B.1  
\N1 `O COME along wi me, brother,  
Now come along wi me;  
\N1 `O COME along wi me, brother,  
Now come along wi me;  
And we\'ll gae seek our sister Maisry,  
Into the water o Dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.2  
\N1 The eldest brother he stepped in,  
He stepped to the knee;  
Then out he jumpd upo the bank,  
Says, This water\'s nae for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.3  
\N1 The second brother he stepped in,  
He stepped to the quit;  
Then out he jumpd upo the bank,  
Says, This water\'s wondrous deep.  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.4  
\N1 When the third brother stepped in,  
He stepped to the chin;  
Out he got, and forward wade,  
For fear o drowning him.  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.5  
\N1 The younges brother he stepped in,  
Took\'s sister by the hand;  
Said, Here she is, my sister Maisry,  
Wi the hinny-draps on her chin.  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.6  
\N1 `O if I were in some bonny ship,  
And in some strange countrie,  
For to f+ind out some conjurer,  
To gar Maisry speak to me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.7  
\N1 Then out it speaks an auld woman,  
As she was passing by:  
`Ask of your sister what you want,  
And she will speak to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.8  
\N1 `O sister, tell me who is the man  
That did your body win?  
And who is the wretch, tell me, likewise,  
That threw you in the lin?'  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.9  
\N1 `O Bondsey was the only man  
That did my body win;  
And likewise Bondsey was the man  
That threw me in the lin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.10

\N1 `O will we Bondsey head, sister?  
Or will we Bondsey hang?  
Or will we set him at our bow-end,  
Lat arrows at him gang?'  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.11  
\N1 `Ye winna Bondsey head, brothers,  
Nor will ye Bondsey hang;  
But ye'll take out his twa grey een,  
Make Bondsey blind to gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 86B.12  
\N1 `Ye'll put to the gate a chain o gold,  
A rose garland gar make,  
And ye'll put that in Bondsey\'s head,  
A\' for your sister\'s sake.'  
\LBALLADS Child 87A.1  
\N1 PRINCE ROBERT has wedded a gay ladye,  
He has wedded her with a ring;  
Prince Robert has wedded a gay ladye,  
But he daur na bring her hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.2  
\N1 `Your blessing, your blessing, my mother dear,  
Your blessing now grant to me!'  
`Instead of a blessing ye sall have my curse,  
And you'll get nae blessing frae me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.3  
\N1 She has called upon her waiting-maid,  
To f+ill a glass of wine;  
She has called upon her fause steward,  
To put rank poison in.  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.4  
\N1 She has put it to her roudes lip,  
And to her roudes chin;  
She has put it to her fause, fause mouth,  
But the never a drop gaed in.  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.5  
\N1 He has put it to his bonny mouth,  
And to his bonny chin,  
He\'s put it to his cherry lip,  
And sae fast the rank poison ran in.  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.6  
\N1 `O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,  
Your ae son and your heir;  
O ye hae poisoned your ae son, mother,  
And sons you'll never hae mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.7  
\N1 `O where will I get a little boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,  
To rin sae fast to Darlinton,  
And bid Fair Eleanor come?  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.8  
\N1 Then up and spake a little boy,  
That wad win hose and shoon,  
`O I'll away to Darlinton,  
And bid Fair Eleanor come.'  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.9  
\N1 O he has run to Darlinton,  
And tirmed at the pin;  
And wha was sae ready as Eleanor\'s sell  
To let the bonny boy in?  
\SBALLADS Child 87A.10

\N1 `Your gude-mother has made ye a rare dinour,  
She\'s made it baith gude and f+ine;  
Your gude-mother has made ye a gay dinour,  
And ye maun cum till her and dine.'

\SBALLADS Child 87A.11

\N1 It\'s twenty lang miles to Sillertoun town,  
The langest that ever were gane;  
But the steed it was wight, and the ladye was light,  
And she cam linkin in.

\SBALLADS Child 87A.12

\N1 But when she came to Sillertoun town,  
And into Sillertoun ha,  
The torches were burning, the ladies were mourning,  
And they were weeping a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 87A.13

\N1 `O where is now my wedded lord,  
And where now can he be?  
O where is now my wedded lord?  
For him I canna see.'

\SBALLADS Child 87A.14

\N1 `Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,  
`And just gane to be laid in the clay;  
Your wedded lord is dead,' she says,  
`And just gane to be buried the day.'

\SBALLADS Child 87A.15

\N1 `Ye\'se get nane o his gowd, ye\'se get nane o his gear,  
Ye\'se get nae thing frae me;  
Ye\'se na get an inch o his gude broad land,  
Tho your heart suld burst in three.'

\SBALLADS Child 87A.16

\N1 `I want nane o his gowd, I want nane o his gear,  
I want nae land frae thee;  
But I\'ll hae the ring that\'s on his f+inger,  
For them he did promise to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 87A.17

\N1 `Ye\'se na get the ring that\'s on his f+inger,  
Ye\'se na get them frae me;  
Ye\'se na get the ring that\'s on his f+inger,  
An your heart suld burst in three.'

\SBALLADS Child 87A.18

\N1 She\'s turn\'d her back unto the wa,  
And her face unto a rock,  
And there, before the mother\'s face,  
Her very heart it broke.

\SBALLADS Child 87A.19

\N1 The tane was buried in Marie\'s kirk,  
The tother in Marie\'s quair,  
And out o the tane there sprang a birk,  
And out o the tother a brier.

\SBALLADS Child 87A.20

\N1 And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,  
The birk but and the brier,  
And by that ye may very weel ken  
They were twa lovers dear.

\LBALLADS Child 87B.1

\N1 IT\R\'rS f+ifty miles to Sittingen\'s Rocks,  
As eer was ridden or gane;  
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,  
But he dare na bring her hame.  
And Earl Robert has wedded a wife,

But he dare na bring her hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.2  
\N1 His mother, she called to her waiting-maid,  
To bring her a pint o wine:  
'For I dinna weel ken what hour of the day  
That my son Earl Robert shall dine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.3  
\N1 She\'s put it to her fause, fause cheek,  
But an her fause, fause chin;  
She\'s put it to her fause, fause lips,  
But never a drap went in.  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.4  
\N1 But he\'s put it to his bonny cheek,  
Aye and his bonny chin;  
He\'s put it to his red rosy lips,  
And the poison went merrily doun.  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.5  
\N1 `O where will I get a bonny boy,  
That will win hose and shoon,  
That will gang quickly to Sittingen\'s Rocks,  
And bid my lady come?'  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.6  
\N1 It\'s out then speaks a bonny boy,  
To Earl Robert was something akin:  
'Many a time have I ran thy errand,  
But this day wi the tears I\'ll rin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.7  
\N1 Bat when he came to Sittingin\'s Rocks,  
To the middle of a\' the ha,  
There were bells a ringing, and music playing,  
And ladies dancing a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.8  
\N1 `What news, what news, my bonny boy?  
What news have ye to me?  
Is Earl Robert in very good health,  
And the ladies of your countrie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.9  
\N1 `O Earl Robert\'s in very good health,  
And as weel as a man can be;  
\N1 `O Earl Robert\'s in very good health,  
And as weel as a man can be;  
But his mother this night has a drink to be druken,  
And at it you must be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.10  
\N1 She called to her waiting-maid,  
To bring her a riding-weed,  
And she called to her stable-groom,  
To saddle her milk-white steed,  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.11  
\N1 But when she came to Earl Robert\'s bouir,  
To the middle of a\' the ha,  
There were bells a ringing, and sheets doun hinging,  
And ladies mourning a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.12  
\N1 `I\'ve come for none of his gold,' she said,  
'Nor none of his white monie,  
Excepting a ring of his smallest f+inger,  
If that you will grant me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 87B.13  
\N1 `Thou\'ll not get none of his gold,' she said,

`Nor none of his white monie;  
 Thou\'ll not get a ring of his smallest f+inger,  
 Tho thy heart should break in three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 87B.14  
 \N1 She set her foot unto a stane,  
 Her back unto a tree;  
 She set her foot unto a stane,  
 And her heart did break in three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87B.15  
 \N1 The one was buried in Mary\'s kirk,  
 The other in Mary\'s quire;  
 Out of the one there grew a birk,  
 From the other a bonnie brier.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87B.16  
 \N1 And these twa grew, and these twa threw,  
 Till their twa craps drew near;  
 So all the world may plainly see  
 That they loved each other dear.  
 \LBALLADS Child 87C.1  
 \N1 LORD ROBERT and Mary Florence,  
 They were twa children young;  
 They were scarce seven years of age  
 Till love began to spring.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.2  
 \N1 Lord Robert loved Mary Florence,  
 And she lovd him above power;  
 But he durst not for his cruel mother  
 Bring her unto his bower.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.3  
 \N1 It was nineteen miles to Strawberry Castle,  
 As good as ever was rode or gane,  
 But the lord being light, and the steed being swift,  
 Lord Robert was hame gin noon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.4  
 \N1 `A blessing, a blessing, dear mother,' he cries,  
 `A blessing I do crave!'  
 `A blessing, a blessing, my son Lord Robert,  
 And a blessing thou shalt have.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.5  
 \N1 She called on her chamber-maid  
 To f+ill up a glass of wine,  
 And so clever was her cursed f+ingers  
 To put the rank poison in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.6  
 \N1 `O wae be to you, mother dear,' he cries,  
 `For working such a wae;  
 For poisoning of your son Lord Robert,  
 And children you have nae mae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.7  
 \N1 `O where will I get a pretty little boy  
 That\'ll rin him my errands sune?  
 That will rin unto Strawberry Castle,  
 And tell Mary Florence to cum?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.8  
 \N1 `Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
 Your eldest sister\'s son,  
 That will rin unto Strawberry Castle,  
 And tell Mary Florence to come.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.9  
 \N1 When he came unto Strawberry Castle

He tirlid at the pin,  
 And so ready was Mary Florence hersell  
 To open and let him in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.10  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my pretty little boy?  
 What news hast thou brocht here?'  
 With sichin and sabbin and wringing his hands,  
 No message he could refer.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.11  
 \N1 `The news that I have gotten,' he says,  
 `I cannot weel declair;  
 But my grandmother has preparid a feast,  
 And fain she would hae thee thair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.12  
 \N1 She called on her stable-groom  
 To dress her swiftest steed;  
 For she knew very weel by this pretty little boy  
 That Lord Robert was dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.13  
 \N1 And when she came to Knotingale Castle  
 She tirlid at the pin,  
 And so ready was Lord Robert\'s mother  
 To open and let her in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.14  
 \N1 `What news, what news, Mary Florence?' she says,  
 `What news has thou to me?'  
 `I came to see your son Lord Robert,  
 And fain would I him see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.15  
 \N1 `I came not for his gude red gold,  
 Nor for his white monie,  
 But for the ring on his wee f+inger,  
 And fain would I it see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.16  
 \N1 `That ring thou cannot see, Mary Florence,  
 That ring thou\'ll never see;  
 For death was so strong in Lord Robert\'s breast  
 That the gold ring burst in three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 87C.17  
 \N1 She has set her foot unto a stone,  
 Her back unto a tree;  
 Before she left Knotingale Castle  
 Her heart it brak in three.  
 \LBALLADS Child 87D.1  
 \N1 PRINCE ROBERT he has wedded a wife,  
 An he daurna bring her hame;  
 The queen . . . .  
 His mither was much to blame.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 87D.2  
 \N1 `It is the fashion in oor countrie, mither,  
 I dinna ken what it is here,  
 To like your wife better than your mither,  
 That . . . bought you sae dear.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 87D.3  
 \N1 She called upon her best marie,  
 An tippet her wi a ring,  
 To bring to her the rank poison,  
 To gie Prince Robert a dram.  
 \SBALLADS Child 87D.4

\N1 She put it to her cheek, her cheek,  
She put it to her chin;  
She put it to her fause, fause lips,  
But neer a drap gaed in.

\SBALLADS Child 87D.5

\N1 She put it to his cheek, his cheek,  
She put it to his chin;  
She put it to his rosy lips,  
An the rank poison gaed in.

\SBALLADS Child 87D.6

\N1 `Whare will I get a bonnie boy,  
Wha will win meat an fee,  
Wha will rin on to . . . bower,  
Bring my gude ladie to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 87D.7

\N1 `Here am I, a bonnie boy,  
Willin to win meat an fee,  
Wha will rin on to . . . bower,  
An bring your gude ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 87D.8

\N1 `Whan you come to broken brig,  
Tak aff your coat an swim;  
An whan you come to grass growin,  
Tak aff your shoon an rin.'

\SBALLADS Child 87D.9

\N1 An whan he cam to broken brig,  
He coost his coat an swam,  
An whan he cam to grass growin,  
Set doon his feet an ran.

\SBALLADS Child 87D.10

\N1 An whan he cam to the ladie\'s bower,  
He fand her a\' her lane,

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\SBALLADS Child 87D.11

\N1 An syne she kissed his wan, wan lips,

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. . . . .

\LBALLADS Child 88A.1

\N1 THE knight stands in the stable-door,  
As he was for to ryde,  
When out then came his fair lady,  
Desiring him to byde.

\SBALLADS Child 88A.2

\N1 `How can I byde? how dare I byde?  
How can I byde with thee?  
Have I not killd thy ae brother?  
Thou hadst nae mair but he.'

\SBALLADS Child 88A.3

\N1 `If you have killd my ae brother,  
Alas, and woe is me!  
But if I save your fair body,  
The better you\'ll like me.'

\SBALLADS Child 88A.4

\N1 She\'s tane him to her secret bower,  
Pinnd with a siller pin,  
And she\'s up to her highest tower,  
To watch that none come in.



\SBALLADS Child 88A.5

\N1 She had na well gane up the stair,  
And entered in her tower,  
When four and twenty armed knights  
Came riding to the door.

\SBALLADS Child 88A.6

\N1 `Now God you save, my fair lady,  
I pray you tell to me,  
Saw you not a wounded knight  
Come riding by this way?'

\SBALLADS Child 88A.7

\N1 `Yes, bloody, bloody was his sword,  
And bloody were his hands;  
But if the steed he rides be good,  
He\'s past fair Scotland\'s strands.

\SBALLADS Child 88A.8

\N1 `Light down, light down then, gentlemen,  
And take some bread and wine;  
The better you will him pursue  
When you shall lightly dine.'

\SBALLADS Child 88A.9

\N1 `We thank you for your bread, lady,  
We thank you for your wine;  
I would gie thrice three thousand pounds  
Your fair body was mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 88A.10

\N1 Then she\'s gane to her secret bower,  
Her husband dear to meet;  
But he drew out his bloody sword,  
And wounded her sae deep.

\SBALLADS Child 88A.11

\N1 `What aileth thee now, good my lord?  
What aileth thee at me?  
Have you not got my father\'s gold,  
But and my mother\'s fee?'

\SBALLADS Child 88A.12

\N1 `Now live, now live, my fair lady,  
O live but half an hour,  
There\'s neer a leech in fair Scotland  
But shall be at thy bower.'

\SBALLADS Child 88A.13

\N1 `How can I live? how shall I live?  
How can I live for thee?  
See you not where my red heart\'s blood  
Runs trickling down my knee?'

\LBALLADS Child 88B.1

\N1 YOUNG Johnstone and the young Colnel  
Sat drinking at the wine:

`O gin ye wad marry my sister,  
It\'s I wad marry thine.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.2

\N1 `I wadna marry your sister  
For a\' your houses and land;  
But I\'ll keep her for my leman,  
When I come oer the strand.

\SBALLADS Child 88B.3

\N1 `I wadna marry your sister  
For a\' your gowd so gay;  
But I\'ll keep her for my leman,  
When I come by the way.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.4

\N1 Young Johnstone had a little small sword,  
Hung low down by his gair,  
And he stabbed it through the young Colnel,  
That word he neer spak mair.

\SBALLADS Child 88B.5

\N1 But he\'s awa to his sister\'s bower,  
He\'s tirlid at the pin:  
'Where hae ye been, my dear brither,  
Sae late a coming in?'  
'I hae been at the school, sister,  
Learning young clerks to sing.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.6

\N1 'I\'ve dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
I wish it may be for good;  
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
And the young Colnel was dead.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.7

\N1 'Hawks and hounds they may seek me,  
As I trow well they be;  
For I have killed the young Colnel,  
And thy own true-love was he.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.8

\N1 'If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
O dule and wae is me!  
But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,  
And hae nae power to flee.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.9

\N1 And he\'s awa to his true-love\'s bower,  
He\'s tirlid at the pin:  
'Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,  
Sae late a coming in?'  
'It\'s I hae been at the school,' he says,  
'Learning young clerks to sing.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.10

\N1 'I have dreamed a dreary dream,' she says,  
'I wish it may be for good;  
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,  
And the young Colnel was dead.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.11

\N1 'Hawks and hounds they may seek me,  
As I trow well they be;  
For I hae killed the young Colnel,  
And thy ae brother was he.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.12

\N1 'If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
O dule and wae is me!  
But I care the less for the young Colnel,  
If thy ain body be free.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.13

\N1 'Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,  
Come in and take a sleep;  
And I will go to my casement,  
And carefully I will thee keep.'

\SBALLADS Child 88B.14

\N1 He had not weel been in her bower-door,  
No not for half an hour,  
When four and twenty belted knights  
Came riding to the bower.

\SBALLADS Child 88B.15

\N1 `Well may you sit and see, lady,  
Well may you sit and say;  
Did you not see a bloody squire  
Come riding by this way?'  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.16  
\N1 `What colour were his hawks?' she says,  
`What colour were his hounds?  
What colour was the gallant steed,  
That bore him from the bounds?'  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.17  
\N1 `Bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
And bloody were his hounds;  
But milk-white was the gallant steed,  
That bore him from the bounds.  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.18  
\N1 `Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,  
And bloody were his hounds;  
And milk-white was the gallant steed,  
That bore him from the bounds.  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.19  
\N1 `Light down, light down now, gentlemen,  
And take some bread and wine;  
And the steed be swift that he rides on,  
He\'s past the brig o Lyne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.20  
\N1 `We thank you for your bread, fair lady,  
We thank you for your wine;  
But I wad gie thrice three thousand pound  
That bloody knight was taen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.21  
\N1 `Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,  
Lie still and take a sleep;  
For thy enemies are past and gone,  
And carefully I will thee keep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.22  
\N1 But Young Johnstone had a little wee sword,  
Hung low down by his gair,  
And he stabbed it in fair Annet\'s breast,  
A deep wound and a sair.  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.23  
\N1 `What aileth thee now, dear Johnstone?  
What aileth thee at me?  
Hast thou not got my father\'s gold,  
Bot and my mither\'s fee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.24  
\N1 `Now live, now live, my dear ladye,  
Now live but half an hour,  
And there\'s no a leech in a\' Scotland  
But shall be in thy bower.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.25  
\N1 `How can I live? how shall I live?  
Young Johnstone, do not you see  
The red, red drops o my bonny heart\'s blood  
Rin tinkling down my knee?  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.26  
\N1 `But take thy harp into thy hand,  
And harp out owre you plain,  
And neer think mair on thy true-love  
Than if she had never been.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88B.27

\N1 He hadna weel been out o the stable,  
And on his saddle set,  
Till four and twenty broad arrows  
Were thrilling in his heart.  
\LBALLADS Child 88C.1  
\N1 SWEET WILLIAM and the young Colnel  
One day was drinking wine:  
'It\'s I will marry your sister,  
If ye will marry mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.2  
\N1 'I will not marry your sister,  
Altho her hair be brown;  
But I\'ll keep her for my liberty-wife,  
As I ride thro the town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.3  
\N1 William, having his two-edged sword,  
He leaned quite low to the ground,  
And he has given the young Colnel  
A deep and a deadly wound.  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.4  
\N1 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,  
Till he came to his mother\'s bower;  
'O open, open, mother,' he says,  
'And let your auld son in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.5  
\N1 'For the rain rains owre my yellow hair,  
And the dew draps on my chin,  
And trembling stands the gallant steed  
That carries me from the ground.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.6  
\N1 'What aileth thee, Sweet William?' she says,  
'What harm now hast thou done?'  
'Oh I hae killed the young Colnel,  
And his heart\'s blood sair does run.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.7  
\N1 'If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
Nae shelter ye\'ll get frae me;  
May the two-edged sword be upon your heart,  
That never hath power to f+lee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.8  
\N1 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,  
Till he came to his sister\'s bower;  
'Oh open, open, sister,' he says,  
'And let your brother in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.9  
\N1 'For the rain rains on my yellow hair,  
And the dew draps on my chin,  
And trembling stands the gallant steed  
That carries me from the ground.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.10  
\N1 'What aileth thee, Sweet William?' she says,  
'What harm now hast thou done?'  
'Oh I have killed the young Colnel,  
And his heart\'s blood sair doth run.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.11  
\N1 'If ye hae killed the young Colnel,  
Nae shelter ye\'ll get frae me;  
May the two-edged sword be upon your heart,  
That never hath power to f+lee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.12

\N1 He rade, he rade, and awa he rade,  
Till he came to his true-love\'s bower;  
'Oh open, oh open, my true-love,' he says,  
'And let your sweetheart in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.13  
\N1 'For the rain rains on my yellow hair,  
And the dew draps on my chin,  
And trembling stands the gallant steed  
That carries me from the ground.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.14  
\N1 'What aileth thee, Sweet William?' she says,  
'What harm now hast thou done?'  
'Oh I hae killed thy brother dear,  
And his heart\'s blood sair doth run.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.15  
\N1 'If ye hae killed my brother dear,  
It\'s oh and alace for me!  
But between the blankets and the sheets  
It\'s there I will hide thee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.16  
\N1 She\'s taen him by the milk-white hand,  
She\'s led him thro chambers three,  
Until she came to her own chamber:  
'It\'s there I will hide thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.17  
\N1 'Lye down, lye down, Sweet William,' she says,  
'Lye down and take a sleep;  
It\'s owre the chamber I will watch,  
Thy fair bodie to keep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.18  
\N1 She had not watched at the chamber-door  
An hour but only three,  
Till four and twenty belted knights  
Did seek his fair bodie.  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.19  
\N1 'O did you see the hunt?' she says,  
'Or did you see the hounds?  
Or did you see that gallant steed,  
That last rade thro the town?'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.20  
\N1 'What colour was the fox?' they said,  
'What colour was the hounds?  
What colour was the gallant steed,  
That\'s far yont London town?'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.21  
\N1 'O dark grey was the fox,' she said,  
'And light grey was the hounds,  
But milk-white was the gallant steed  
That\'s far yont London town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.22  
\N1 'Rise up, rise up, Sweet William,' she says,  
'Rise up, and go away;  
For four and twenty belted knights  
Were seeking thy bodye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.23  
\N1 Sweet William, having his two-edged sword,  
He leaned it quite low to the ground,  
And he has given his own true-love  
A deep and deadly wound.  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.24

\N1 `What aileth thee, Sweet William?' she says,  
`What harm now have I done?  
I never harmed a hair of your head  
Since ever this love began.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.25  
\N1 `Oh live, oh live, my own true-love,  
Oh live but half an hour,  
And the best doctor in London town  
Shall come within thy bower.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.26  
\N1 `How can I live? how shall I live?  
How can I live half an hour?  
For don't you see my very heart\'s blood  
All sprinkled on the f+loor?'  
\SBALLADS Child 88C.27  
\N1 William, having his two-edged sword,  
He leaned it quite low to the ground,  
And he has given his own bodie  
A deep and deadly wound.  
\LBALLADS Child 88D.1  
\N1 JOHNSTON HEY and Young Caldwell  
Were drinking o the wine:  
`O will ye marry my sister?  
And I will marry thine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.2  
\N1 `I winna marry your sister,  
Altho her locks are broun;  
But I\'ll make her my concubine,  
As I ride through the toun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.3  
\N1 Syne Johnston drew a gude braid sword,  
That hang down by his knee,  
And he has run the Young Caldwell  
Out through the fair bodie.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.4  
\N1 Up he gat, and awa he rade,  
By the clear light o the moon,  
Until he came to his mother\'s door,  
And there he lichtit doun.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.5  
\N1 `Whare hae ye been, son Willie,' she said,  
`Sae late and far in the night?'  
`O I hae been at yon new slate house,  
Hearing the clergy speak.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.6  
\N1 `I dreamd a dream, son Willie,' she said,  
`I doubt it bodes nae gude;  
That your ain room was fu o red swine,  
And your bride\'s bed daubd wi blude.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.7  
\N1 `To dream o blude, mither,' he said,  
`It bodeth meikle ill;  
And I hae slain a Young Caldwell,  
And they\'re seeking me to kill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.8  
\N1 `Gin ye hae slain a Young Caldwell,  
Alace and wae is me!  
But gin your fair body\'s free frae skaith,  
The easier I will be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.9

\N1 Up he gat, and awa he rade,  
By the clear licht o the mune,  
Until he cam to his sister\'s bower,  
And there he lichtit doun.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.10  
\N1 `Whare hae ye been, brither,' she said,  
`Sae late and far in the night?'  
`O I hae been in yon new slate house,  
Hearing the clergy speak.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.11  
\N1 `I dreamd a dream, brither,' she said,  
`I doubt it bodes nae gude;  
I dreamd the ravens eat your f+lesh,  
And the lions drank your blude.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.12  
\N1 `To dream o blude, sister,' he said,  
`It bodeth meikle ill;  
And I hae slain a Young Caldwell,  
And they\'re seeking me to kill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.13  
\N1 `Gin ye hae slain a Young Caldwell,  
Alace and wae is me!  
To be torn at the tail o wild horses  
Is the death I weet ye\'ll die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.14  
\N1 Up he gat, and awa he rade,  
By the clear light o the mune,  
Untill he cam to his true-love\'s bower,  
And there he lichtit doun.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.15  
\N1 `Whare hae ye been, Love Willie,' she said,  
`Sae late and far in the night?'  
`O I hae been in yon new sklata house,  
Hearing the clergy speak.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.16  
\N1 `I dreamd a dream, Willie,' she said,  
`I doubt it bodes nae gude;  
I dreamd the ravens ate your f+lesh,  
And the lions drank your blude.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.17  
\N1 `To dream o ravens, love,' he said,  
`Is the loss o a near friend;  
And I hae killed your brither dear,  
And for it I\'ll be slain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.18  
\N1 `Gin ye hae slain my ae brither,  
Alace and wae is me!  
But gin your fair body\'s free frae skaith,  
The easier I will be.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.19  
\N1 `Lye doun, lye doun, Love Willie,' she said,  
`Lye doun and tak a sleep;  
And I will walk the castel wa,  
Your fair bodie to keep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.20  
\N1 He laid him doun within her bowr,  
She happit him wi her plaid,  
And she\'s awa to the castle-wa,  
To see what would betide.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.21

\N1 She hadna gane the castle round  
A time but only three,  
Till four and twenty beltit knichts  
Cam riding ower the lea.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.22  
\N1 And whan they came unto the gate,  
They stude and thus did say:  
'O did ye see yon bludie knicht,  
As he rade out this way?'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.23  
\N1 'What colour was his hawk?' she said,  
'What colour was his hound?  
What colour was the gudely steed  
The bludie knicht rade on?'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.24  
\N1 'Nut-brown was his hawk,' they said,  
'And yellow-f+it was his hound,  
And milk-white was the goodly steed  
The bluidie knicht rade on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.25  
\N1 'Gin nut-brown was his hawk,' she said,  
'And yellow-f+it was his hound,  
And milk-white was the gudely steed,  
He\'s up to London gone.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.26  
\N1 They spurrd their steeds out ower the lea,  
They being void o fear;  
Syne up she gat, and awa she gade,  
Wi tidings to her dear.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.27  
\N1 'Lye still, lye still, Love Willie,' she said,  
'Lye still and tak your sleep;'  
Syne he took up his good braid sword,  
And wounded her fu deep.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.28  
\N1 'O wae be to you, Love Willie,' she said,  
'And an ill death may ye die!  
For f+irst ye slew my ae brither,  
And now ye hae killd me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.29  
\N1 'Oh live, oh live, true-love,' he said,  
'Oh live but ae half hour,  
And there\'s not a docter in a\' London  
But sall be in your bower.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.30  
\N1 'How can I live, Love Willie,' she said,  
'For the space of half an hour?  
Dinnae ye see my clear heart\'s blood  
A rinnin down the f+loor?  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.31  
\N1 'Tak aff, tak aff my holland sark,  
And rive\'t frae gare to gair,  
And stap it in my bleeding wounds;  
They\'ll may be bleed nae mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.32  
\N1 Syne he took aff her holland sark,  
And rave\'t frae gare to gair,  
And stappit it in her bleeding wounds,  
But aye they bled the mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 88D.33



\N1 `Gae dress yoursell in black,' she said,  
`And gae whistling out the way,  
And mourn nae mair for your true-love  
When she\'s laid in the clay.'

\SBALLADS Child 88D.34

\N1 He leaned his halbert on the ground,  
The point o\'t to his breast,  
Saying, Here three sauls [\'] gaun to heaven;  
I hope they\'ll a\' get rest.

\LBALLADS Child 88E.1

\N1 LORD JOHN stands in his stable door,  
Says he, I will gae ride,  
His lady, in her bigly bower?  
Desired him to bide.

\SBALLADS Child 88E.2

\N1 `How can I bide? how can I bide?  
How shall I bide wi thee?  
When I hae killd your ae brother;  
You hae nae mair but he.'

\SBALLADS Child 88E.3

\N1 `If ye hae killd my ae brother,  
Alas, and wae is me!  
If ye be well yoursell, my love,  
The less matter will be.

\SBALLADS Child 88E.4

\N1 `Ye\'ll do you to yon bigly bower,  
And take a silent sleep,  
And I\'ll watch in my highest tower,  
Your fair body to keep.'

\SBALLADS Child 88E.5

\N1 She has shut her bigly bower,  
All wi a silver pin,  
And done her to the highest tower,  
To watch that nane come in.

\SBALLADS Child 88E.6

\N1 But as she looked round about,  
To see what she could see,  
There she saw nine armed knights  
Come riding oer the lea.

\SBALLADS Child 88E.7

\N1 `God make you safe and free, lady,  
God make you safe and free!  
Did you see a bludy knight  
Come riding oer the lea?'

\SBALLADS Child 88E.8

\N1 `O what like was his hawk, his hawk?  
And what like was his hound?  
If his steed has ridden well,  
He\'s passd fair Scotland\'s strand.

\SBALLADS Child 88E.9

\N1 `Come in, come in, gude gentlemen,  
And take white bread and wine;  
And aye the better ye\'ll pursue,  
The lighter that ye dine.'

\SBALLADS Child 88E.10

\N1 `We thank you for your bread, lady,  
We thank you for the wine,  
And I woud gie my lands sae broad  
Your fair body were mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 88E.11

\N1 She has gane to her bigly bower,  
 Her ain gude lord to meet;  
 A trusty brand he quickly drew,  
 Gae her a wound sae deep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 88E.12  
 \N1 `What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire  
 To wreak itself on me,  
 When thus I strove to save thy life,  
 Yet served for sic a fee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 88E.13  
 \N1 `Ohon, alas, my lady gay,  
 To come sae hastilie!  
 I thought it was my deadly foe,  
 Ye had trysted into me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 88E.14  
 \N1 `O live, O live, my gay lady,  
 The space o ae half hour,  
 And nae a leech in a\' the land  
 But I\'se bring to your bower.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 88E.15  
 \N1 `How can I live? how shall I live?  
 How can I live for thee?  
 Ye see my blude rin on the ground,  
 My heart\'s blude by your knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 88E.16  
 \N1 `O take to f+light, and f+lee, my love,  
 O take to f+light, and f+lee!  
 I woudna wish your fair body  
 For to get harm for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 88E.17  
 \N1 `Ae foot I winna f+lee, lady,  
 Ae foot I winna f+lee;  
 I\'ve dune the crime worthy o death,  
 It\'s right that I shoud die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 88E.18  
 \N1 `O deal ye well at my love\'s lyke  
 The beer but an the wine;  
 For ere the morn, at this same time,  
 Ye\'ll deal the same at mine.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 88F.1  
 \N1 AS WILLIE and the young Colnel  
 Were drinking at the wine,  
 `O will ye marry my sister?' says Will,  
 `And I will marry thine.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 89A.1  
 \N1 KING EASTER has courted her for her gowd,  
 King Wester for her fee,  
 King Honor for her lands sae braid,  
 And for her fair body.  
 \SBALLADS Child 89A.2  
 \N1 They had not been four months married,  
 As I have heard them tell,  
 Until the nobles of the land  
 Against them did rebel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 89A.3  
 \N1 And they cast kaivles them amang,  
 And kaivles them between,  
 And they cast kaivles them amang  
 Wha shoud gae kill the king.  
 \SBALLADS Child 89A.4

\N1 O some said yea, and some said nay,  
Their words did not agree;  
Till up it gat him Fa\'se Footrage,  
And sware it shoud be he.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.5  
\N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a\' man boon to bed,  
King Honor and his gay ladie  
In a hie chamer were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.6  
\N1 Then up it raise him Fa\'se Footrage,  
While a\' were fast asleep,  
And slew the porter in his lodge,  
That watch and ward did keep.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.7  
\N1 O four and twenty silver keys  
Hang hie upon a pin,  
And ay as a door he did unlock,  
He has fastend it him behind.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.8  
\N1 Then up it raise him King Honor,  
Says, What means a\' this din!  
Now what\'s the matter, Fa\'se Footrage?  
O wha was\'t loot you in?  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.9  
\N1 `O ye my errand well shall learn  
Before that I depart;'  
Then drew a knife baith lang and sharp  
And pierced him thro the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.10  
\N1 Then up it got the Queen hersell,  
And fell low down on her knee:  
`O spare my life now, Fa\'se Footrage!  
For I never injured thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.11  
\N1 `O spare my life now, Fa\'se Footrage!  
Until I lighter be,  
And see gin it be lad or lass  
King Honor has left me wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.12  
\N1 `O gin it be a lass,' he says,  
`Well nursed she shall be;  
But gin it be a lad-bairn,  
He shall be hanged hie.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.13  
\N1 `I winna spare his tender age,  
Nor yet his hie, hie kin;  
But as soon as eer he born is,  
He shall mount the gallows-pin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.14  
\N1 O four and twenty valiant knights  
Were set the Queen to guard,  
And four stood ay at her bower-door,  
To keep baith watch and ward.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.15  
\N1 But when the time drew till an end  
That she should lighter be,  
She cast about to f+ind a wile  
To set her body free.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.16

\N1 O she has birlled these merry young men  
Wi strong beer and wi wine,  
Until she made them a\' as drunk  
As any wallwood swine.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.17

\N1 `O narrow, narrow is this window,  
And big, big am I grown!'  
Yet thro the might of Our Ladie  
Out at it she has won.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.18

\N1 She wanderd up, she wanderd down,  
She wanderd out and in,  
And at last, into the very swines\' stye,  
The Queen brought forth a son.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.19

\N1 Then they cast kaivles them amang  
Wha should gae seek the Queen,  
And the kaivle fell upon Wise William,  
And he\'s sent his wife for him.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.20

\N1 O when she saw Wise William\'s wife,  
The Queen fell on her knee;  
'Win up, win up, madame,' she says,  
'What means this courtesie?'

\SBALLADS Child 89A.21

\N1 `O out of this I winna rise  
Till a boon ye grant to me,  
To change your lass for this lad-bairn  
King Honor left me wi.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.22

\N1 `And ye maun learn my gay gose-hawke  
Well how to breast a steed,  
And I shall learn your turtle-dow  
As well to write and read.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.23

\N1 `And ye maun learn my gay gose-hawke  
To wield baith bow and brand,  
And I shall learn your turtle-dow  
To lay gowd wi her hand.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.24

\N1 `At kirk or market where we meet,  
We dare nae mair avow  
But, Dame how does my gay gose-hawk?  
Madame, how does my dow?'

\SBALLADS Child 89A.25

\N1 When days were gane, and years came on,  
Wise William he thought long;  
Out has he taen King Honor\'s son,  
A hunting for to gang.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.26

\N1 It sae fell out at their hunting,  
Upon a summer\'s day,  
That they cam by a fair castle,  
Stood on a sunny brae.

\SBALLADS Child 89A.27

\N1 `O dinna ye see that bonny castle,  
Wi wa\'s and towers sae fair?  
Gin ilka man had back his ain,  
Of it you shoud be heir.'

\SBALLADS Child 89A.28

\N1 `How I shoud be heir of that castle  
In sooth I canna see,  
When it belongs to Fa\'se Footrage,  
And he\'s nae kin to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.29  
\N1 `O gin ye shoud kill him Fa\'se Footrage,  
You woud do what is right;  
For I wot he killd your father dear,  
Ere ever you saw the light.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.30  
\N1 `Gin you should kill him Fa\'se Footrage,  
There is nae man durst you blame;  
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,  
And she dares no take you hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.31  
\N1 The boy stared wild like a gray gose-hawke,  
Says, What may a\' this mean!  
'My boy, you are King Honor\'s son,  
And your mother\'s our lawful queen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.32  
\N1 `O gin I be King Honor\'s son,  
By Our Ladie I swear,  
This day I will that traytour slay,  
And relieve my mother dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.33  
\N1 He has sent his bent bow till his breast,  
And lap the castle-wa,  
And soon he\'s siesed on Fa\'se Footrage,  
Wha loud for help gan ca.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.34  
\N1 `O hold your tongue now, Fa\'se Footrage,  
Frae me you shanno f+lee;'  
Syne pierced him through the foul fa\'se heart,  
And set his mother free.  
\SBALLADS Child 89A.35  
\N1 And he has rewarded Wise William  
Wi the best half of his land,  
And sae has he the turtle-dow  
Wi the truth of his right hand.  
\LBALLADS Child 89B.1  
\N1 THE Eastmure king, and the Westmure king,  
And the king of Onorie,  
They have all courted a pretty maid,  
And guess wha she might be.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.2  
\N1 The Eastmure king courted her for gold,  
And the Westmure king for fee,  
The king of Onore for womanheid,  
And for her fair beautie.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.3  
\N1 The Eastmure king swore a solemn oath,  
He would keep it till May,  
That he would murder the king of Onore,  
Upon his wedding day.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.4  
\N1 When bells was rung, and psalms was sung,  
And all men boune for sleep,  
Up and started the Eastmure king  
At the king of Onore\'s head.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.5

\N1 He has drawn the curtains by+-  
Their sheets was made of dorn+-  
And he has murdered the king of Onore,  
As innocent as he was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.6  
\N1 This maid she awak\'d in the middle of the night,  
Was in a drowsy dream;  
She found her bride\'s-bed swim with blood,  
Bot and her good lord slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.7  
\N1 `What will the court and council say  
What will they say to me?  
What will the court and council say  
But this night I\'ve murderd thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.8  
\N1 Out and speaks the Eastmure king:  
`Hold your tongue, my pretty may,  
And come along with me, my dear,  
And that court ye\'ll never see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.9  
\N1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a gray;  
She turnd her back against the court,  
And weeping rode away.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.10  
\N1 `Now if you be with child,' he says,  
`As I trew well you be,  
If it be of a lassie-bairn,  
I\'ll give her nurses three.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.11  
\N1 `If it be a lassie-bairn,  
If you please she\'ll get f+ive;  
But if it be a bonnie boy,  
I will not let him live.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.12  
\N1 Word is to the city gone,  
And word is to the town,  
And word is to the city gone,  
She\'s delivered of a son.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.13  
\N1 But a poor woman in the town  
In the same case does lye,  
Wha gived to her her woman-child,  
Took awa her bonnie boy.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.14  
\N1 At kirk or market, whereer they met,  
They never durst avow,  
But `Thou be kind to my boy,' she says,  
`I\'ll be kind to your bonnie dow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.15  
\N1 This boy was sixteen years of age,  
But he was nae seventeen,  
When he is to the garden gone,  
To slay that Eastmure king.  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.16  
\N1 `Be aware, be aware, thou Eastmure king,  
Be aware this day of me;  
For I do swear and do declare  
Thy botcher I will be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 89B.17

\N1 `What aileth thee, my bonnie boy?  
What aileth thee at me?

I\'m sure I never did thee wrang;  
Thy face I neer did see.'

\SBALLADS Child 89B.18

\N1 `Thou murdered my father dear,  
When scarce conceived was I;  
Thou murdered my father dear,  
When scarce conceived was me:'  
So then he slew that Eastmure king,  
Beneath that garden tree.

\LBALLADS Child 89C.1

\N1 EASTMURE king, and Westmuir king,  
And king o Luve, a\' three,  
It\'s they coost kevils them amang,  
About a gay ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 89C.2

\N1 Eastmuir king he wan the gowd,  
An Wastmuir king the fee,  
But king o Luve, wi his lands sae broad,  
He\'s won the fair ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 89C.3

\N1 Thae twa kings, they made an aith,  
That, be it as it may,  
They wad slay him king o Luve,  
Upon his waddin day.

\SBALLADS Child 89C.4

\N1 Eastmuir king he brak his aith,  
An sair penance did he;  
But Wastmuir king he made it oot,  
An an ill deid mat he dee!

\LBALLADS Child 90A.1

\N1 O JELLON GRAME sat in Silver Wood,  
He whistled and he sang,  
And he has calld his little foot-page,  
His errand for to gang.

\SBALLADS Child 90A.2

\N1 `Win up, my bonny boy,' he says,  
`As quick as eer you may;  
For ye maun gang for Lillie Flower,  
Before the break of day.'

\SBALLADS Child 90A.3

\N1 The boy he\'s buckled his belt about,  
And thro the green-wood ran,  
And he came to the ladie\'s bower-door,  
Before the day did dawn.

\SBALLADS Child 90A.4

\N1 `O sleep ye, or wake ye, Lillie Flower?  
The red run\'s i the rain:'

`I sleep not aft, I wake right aft;  
Wha\'s that that kens my name?'

\SBALLADS Child 90A.5

\N1 `Ye are bidden come to Silver Wood,  
But I fear you\'ll never win hame;  
Ye are bidden come to Silver Wood,  
And speak wi Jellon Grame.'

\SBALLADS Child 90A.6

\N1 `O I will gang to Silver Wood,  
Though I shoud never win hame;  
For the thing I most desire on earth

Is to speak wi Jellon Game.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.7  
\N1 She had no ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile but barely three,  
Ere she came to a new made grave,  
Beneath a green oak tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.8  
\N1 O then up started Jellon Game,  
Out of a bush hard bye:  
'Light down, light down now, Lillie Flower,  
For it\'s here that ye maun ly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.9  
\N1 She lighted aff her milk-white steed,  
And knelt upon her knee:  
'O mercy, mercy, Jellon Game!  
For I\'m nae prepar\'d to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.10  
\N1 'Your bairn, that stirs between my sides,  
Maun shortly see the light;  
But to see it weltring in my blude  
Woud be a piteous sight.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.11  
\N1 'O shoud I spare your life,' he says,  
'Until that bairn be born,  
I ken fu well your stern father  
Woud hang me on the morn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.12  
\N1 'O spare my life now, Jellon Game!  
My father ye neer need dread;  
I\'ll keep my bairn i the good green wood,  
Or wi it I\'ll beg my bread.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.13  
\N1 He took nae pity on that ladie,  
Tho she for life did pray;  
But pierced her thro the fair body,  
As at his feet she lay.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.14  
\N1 He felt nae pity for that ladie,  
Tho she was lying dead;  
But he felt some for the bonny boy,  
Lay weltring in her blude.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.15  
\N1 Up has he taen that bonny boy,  
Gien him to nurices nine,  
Three to wake, and three to sleep,  
And three to go between.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.16  
\N1 And he\'s brought up that bonny boy,  
Calld him his sister\'s son;  
He thought nae man woud eer f+ind out  
The deed that he had done.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.17  
\N1 But it sae fell out upon a time,  
As a hunting they did gay,  
That they rested them in Silver Wood,  
Upon a summer-day.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.18  
\N1 Then out it spake that bonny boy,  
While the tear stood in his eye,  
'O tell me this now, Jellon Game,



And I pray you dinna lie.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.19  
\N1 `The reason that my mother dear  
Does never take me hame?  
To keep me still in banishment  
Is baith a sin and shame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.20  
\N1 `You wonder that your mother dear  
Does never send for thee;  
Lo, there\'s the place I slew thy mother,  
Beneath that green oak tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.21  
\N1 Wi that the boy has bent his bow,  
It was baith stout and lang,  
And through and thro him Jellon Grame  
He\'s gard an arrow gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 90A.22  
\N1 Says, Lye you thare now, Jellon Grame,  
My mellison you wi;  
The place my mother lies buried in  
Is far too good for thee.  
\LBALLADS Child 90B.1  
\N1 WORD has come to May Margerie,  
In her bower where she sat:  
`You are bid come to good green-wood,  
To make your love a shirt.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.2  
\N1 `I wonder much,' said May Margerie,  
`At this message to me;  
There is not a month gone of this year  
But I have made him three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.3  
\N1 Then out did speak her mother dear,  
A wise woman was she;  
Said, Stay at home, my daughter May,  
They seek to murder thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.4  
\N1 `O I\'ll cast off my gloves, mother,  
And hang them up, I say;  
If I come never back again,  
They will mind you on May.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.5  
\N1 `Go saddle my horseback,' she said,  
`It\'s quick as ever you may,  
And we will ride to good green-wood;  
It is a pleasant day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.6  
\N1 And when she came to good green-wood,  
It\'s through it they did ride;  
Then up did start him Hind Henry,  
Just at the lady\'s side.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.7  
\N1 Says, Stop, O stop, you May Margerie,  
Just stop I say to thee;  
The boy that leads your bridle reins  
Shall see you red and blue.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.8  
\N1 It\'s out he drew a long, long brand,  
And stroked it ower a strae,  
And through and through that lady\'s sides

He made the cauld weapon gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.9  
\N1 Says, Take you that now, May Margerie,  
Just take you that from me,  
Because you love Brown Robin,  
And never would love me.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.10  
\N1 There was less pity for that lady,  
When she was lying dead,  
As was for her bony infant boy,  
Lay swathed amang her bleed.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.11  
\N1 The boy fled home with all his might,  
The tear into his ee:  
'They have slain my lady in the wood,  
With fear I\'m like to die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.12  
\N1 Her sister\'s ran into the wood,  
With greater grief and care,  
Sighing and sobbing all the way,  
Tearing her cloaths and hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.13  
\N1 Says, I\'ll take up that fair infant,  
And lull him on my sleeve;  
Altho his father should wish me woe,  
His mother to me was leeve.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.14  
\N1 Now she has taken the infant up,  
And she has brought him hame,  
And she has called him Brown Robin,  
That was his father\'s name.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.15  
\N1 And when he did grow up a bit,  
She put him to the lair,  
And of all the youths was at that school  
None could with him compare.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.16  
\N1 And it fell once upon a day  
A playtime it was come,  
And when the rest went from the school,  
Each one to their own home,  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.17  
\N1 He hied him unto good green-wood,  
And leapt from tree to tree;  
It was to pull a hollin wand,  
To play his ownself wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.18  
\N1 And when he thus had passed his time,  
To go home he was fain,  
He chanced to meet him Hind Henry,  
Where his mother was slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.19  
\N1 'O how is this,' the youth cried out,  
'If it to you is known,  
How all this wood is growing grass,  
And on that small spot grows none?'  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.20  
\N1 'Since you do wonder, bonnie boy,  
I shall tell you anon;  
That is indeed the very spot

I killed your mother in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.21  
\N1 He caught hold of Henry\'s brand,  
And stroked it ower a strae,  
And thro and thro Hind Henry\'s sides  
He made the cauld metal gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 90B.22  
\N1 Says, Take you that, O Hind Henry,  
O take you that from me,  
For killing of my mother dear,  
And her not hurting thee.  
\LBALLADS Child 90C.1  
\N1 WHEN spring appeard in all its bloom,  
And f+lowers grew fresh and green,  
As May-a-Roe she set her down,  
To lay gowd on her seam.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.2  
\N1 But word has come to that lady,  
At evening when \'twas dark,  
To meet her love in gude greenwood,  
And bring to him a sark.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.3  
\N1 `That\'s strange to me,' said May-a-Roe,  
'For how can a\' this be?  
A month or twa is scarcely past  
Sin I sent my lovie three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.4  
\N1 Then May-a-Roe lap on her steed,  
And quickly rade away;  
She hadna ridden but hauf a mile,  
Till she heard a voice to say:  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.5  
\N1 `Turn back, turn back, ye ventrous maid,  
Nae farther must ye go;  
For the boy that leads your bridle rein  
Leads you to your overthrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.6  
\N1 But a\' these words she neer did mind,  
But fast awa did ride;  
And up it starts him Hynde Henry,  
Just fair by her right side.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.7  
\N1 `Ye\'ll tarry here, perf+idious maid,  
For by my hand ye\'se dee;  
Ye married my brother, Brown Robin,  
Whan ye shoud hae married me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.8  
\N1 `O mercy, mercy, Hynde Henry,  
O mercy have on me!  
For I am eight months gane wi child,  
Therefore ye\'ll lat me be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.9  
\N1 `Nae mercy is for thee, fair maid,  
Nae mercy is for thee;  
You married my brother, Brown Robin,  
Whan ye shoud hae married me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.10  
\N1 `Ye will bring here the bread, Henry,  
And I will bring the wine,  
And ye will drink to your ain love,

And I will drink to mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.11  
\N1 `I winna bring here the bread, fair maid,  
Nor yet shall ye the wine,  
Nor will I drink to my ain love,  
Nor yet shall ye to thine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.12  
\N1 `O mercy, mercy, Hynde Henry,  
Until I lighter be!  
Hae mercy on your brother\'s bairn,  
Tho ye hae nane for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.13  
\N1 `Nae mercy is for thee, fair maid,  
Nae mercy is for thee;  
Such mercy unto you I\'ll gie  
As what ye gae to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.14  
\N1 Then he\'s taen out a trusty brand,  
And stroakd it ower a strae,  
And thro and thro her fair body  
He\'s gart cauld iron gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.15  
\N1 Nae meen was made for that lady,  
For she was lying dead;  
But a\' was for her bonny bairn,  
Lay spartling by her side.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.16  
\N1 Then he\'s taen up the bonny bairn,  
Handled him tenderlie,  
And said, Ye are o my ain kin,  
Tho your mother ill used me.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.17  
\N1 He\'s washen him at the crystal stream,  
And rowd him in a weed,  
And namd him after a bold robber  
Who was calld Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.18  
\N1 Then brought to the next borough\'s town,  
And gae him nurses three;  
He grew as big in ae year auld  
As some boys woud in three.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.19  
\N1 Then he was sent to guid squeel-house,  
To learn how to thrive;  
He learnd as muckle in ae year\'s time  
As some Boys would in f+ive.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.20  
\N1 `But I wonder, I wonder,' said little Robin,  
`Gin eer a woman bare me;  
For mony a lady spiars for the rest,  
But nae ane spiars for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.21  
\N1 `I wonder, I wonder,' said little Robin,  
`Were I of woman born;  
Whan ladies my comrades do caress,  
They look at me wi scorn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.22  
\N1 It fell upon an evening-tide,  
Was ae night by it lane,  
Whan a\' the boys frae guid squeel-house

Were merrily coming hame,  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.23  
\N1 Robin parted frae the rest,  
He wishd to be alane;  
And when his comrades he dismiss,  
To guid greenwood he\'s gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.24  
\N1 When he came to guid greenwood,  
He clamb frae tree to tree,  
To pou some o the finest leaves,  
Ffor to divert him wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.25  
\N1 He hadna pu\'d a leaf, a leaf,  
Nor brake a branch but ane,  
Till by it came him Hynde Henry,  
And bade him lat alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.26  
\N1 `You are too bauld a boy,' he said,  
`Sae impudent you be,  
As pu the leaves that\'s nae your ain,  
Or yet to touch the tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.27  
\N1 `O mercy, mercy, gentleman,  
O mercy hae on me!  
For if that I offence hae done,  
It was unknown to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.28  
\N1 `Nae boy comes here to guid greenwood  
But pays a fine to me;  
Your velvet coat, or shooting-bow,  
Which o them will ye gie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.29  
\N1 `My shooting-bow arches sae well,  
Wi it I canno part;  
Lest wer\'t to send a sharp arrow  
To pierce you to the heart.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.30  
\N1 He turnd him right and round about,  
His countenance did change:  
`Ye seem to be a boy right bauld;  
Why can ye talk sae strange?  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.31  
\N1 `I\'m sure ye are the bauldest boy  
That ever I talkd wi;  
As for your mother, May-a-Roe,  
She was neer sae bauld to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.32  
\N1 `O, if ye knew my mother,' he said,  
`That\'s very strange to me;  
And if that ye my mother knew,  
It\'s mair than I could dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.33  
\N1 `Sae well as I your mother knew,  
Ance my sweet-heart was she;  
Because to me she broke her vow,  
This maid was slain by me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 90C.34  
\N1 `O, if ye slew my mother dear,  
As I trust ye make nae lie,  
I wyte ye never did the deed

That better paid shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 90C.35

\N1 `O mercy, mercy, little Robin,  
O mercy hae on me!'

`Sic mercy as ye pae my mother,  
Sic mercy I'll gie thee.

\SBALLADS Child 90C.36

\N1 `Prepare yourself, perf+idious man,  
For by my hand ye\'se dee;  
Now come\'s that bluidy butcher\'s end  
Took my mother frae me.'

\SBALLADS Child 90C.37

\N1 Then he hae chosen a sharp arrow,  
That was baith keen and smart,  
And let it f+ly at Hynde Henry,  
And piercd him to the heart.

\SBALLADS Child 90C.38

\N1 These news hae gaen thro Stirling town,  
Likewise thro Hunting-ha;  
At last it reachd the king\'s own court,  
Amang the nobles a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 90C.39

\N1 When the king got word o that,  
A light laugh then gae he,  
And he\'s sent for him little Robin,  
To come right speedilie.

\SBALLADS Child 90C.40

\N1 He\'s putten on little Robin\'s head  
A ribbon and gowden crown,  
And made him ane o\'s f+inest knights,  
For the valour he had done.

\LBALLADS Child 90D.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 D\R\'\'rYE mind, d\'ye mind, Lady Margerie,  
When we handed round the beer?  
Seven times I fainted for your sake,  
And you never dropt a tear.

\SBALLADS Child 90D.2

\N1 `D\'ye mind, d\'ye mind, Lady Margerie,  
When we handed round the wine?  
Seven times I fainted for your sake,  
And you never fainted once for mine.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 90D.3

\N1 And he\'s taen the baby out of her womb  
And thrown it upon a thorn:  
`Let the wind blow east, let the wind blow west,  
The cradle will rock its lone.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 90D.4

\N1 But when brother Henry\'s cruel brand  
Had done the bloody deed,  
The silver-buttons f+lew off his coat,  
And his nose began to bleed.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 90D.5

\N1 `O I have been killing in the silver wood  
What will breed mickle woe;  
I have been killing in the silver wood  
A dawdy and a doe.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 91A.1

\N1 WHEN we were silly sisters seven,  
sisters were so fair,  
Five of us were brave knights\' wives,  
and died in childbed lair.

\SBALLADS Child 91A.2

\N1 Up then spake Fair Mary,  
marry woud she nane;  
If ever she came in man\'s bed,  
the same gate wad she gang.

\SBALLADS Child 91A.3

\N1 `Make no vows, Fair Mary,  
for fear they broken be;  
Here\'s been the Knight of Wallington,  
asking good will of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 91A.4

\N1 `If here\'s been the knight, mother,  
asking good will of me,  
Within three quarters of a year  
you may come bury me.'

\SBALLADS Child 91A.5

\N1 When she came to Wallington,  
and into Wallington hall,  
There she spy\'d her mother dear,  
walking about the wall.

\SBALLADS Child 91A.6

\N1 `You\'re welcome, daughter dear,  
to thy castle and thy bowers;'  
`I thank you kindly, mother,  
I hope they\'ll soon be yours.'

\SBALLADS Child 91A.7

\N1 She had not been in Wallington  
three quarters and a day,  
Till upon the ground she could not walk,  
she was a weary prey.

\SBALLADS Child 91A.8

\N1 She had not been in Wallington  
three quarters and a night,  
Till on the ground she could not walk,  
she was a weary wight.

\SBALLADS Child 91A.9

\N1 `Is there neer a boy in this town,  
who\'ll win hose and shun,  
That will run to fair Pudlington,  
and bid my mother come?'

\SBALLADS Child 91A.10

\N1 Up then spake a little boy,  
near unto a-kin;  
`Full oft I have your errands gone,  
but now I will it run.'

\SBALLADS Child 91A.11

\N1 Then she calld her waiting-maid  
to bring up bread and wine:  
`Eat and drink, my bonny boy,  
thou\'ll neer eat more of mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 91A.12

\N1 `Give my respects to my mother,  
[as] she sits in her chair of stone,  
And ask her how she likes the news,

of seven to have but one.  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.13  
\N1 [``Give my respects to my mother,  
as she sits in her chair of oak,  
And bid her come to my sickening,  
or my merry lake-wake.]`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.14  
\N1 ``Give my love to my brother  
William, Ralph, and John,  
And to my sister Betty fair,  
and to her white as bone.`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.15  
\N1 ``And bid her keep her maidenhead,  
be sure make much on\`t,  
For if eer she come in man\`s bed,  
the same gate will she gang.'`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.16  
\N1 `Away this little boy is gone,  
as fast as he could run;  
When he came where brigs were broke,  
he lay down and swum.`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.17  
\N1 `When he saw the lady, he said,  
Lord may your keeper be!  
`What news, my pretty boy,  
hast thou to tell to me?'`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.18  
\N1 ``Your daughter Mary orders me,  
as you sit in a chair of stone,  
To ask you how you like the news,  
of seven to have but one.`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.19  
\N1 ``Your daughter gives commands,  
as you sit in a chair of oak,  
And bids you come to her sickening,  
or her merry lake-wake.`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.20  
\N1 ``She gives command to her brother  
William, Ralph, and John,  
[And] to her sister Betty fair,  
and to her white as bone.`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.21  
\N1 ``She bids her keep her maidenhead,  
be sure make much on\`t,  
for if eer she came in man\`s bed,  
the same gate woud she gang.'`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.22  
\N1 `She kickt the table with her foot,  
she kickt it with her knee,  
The silver plate into the f+ire,  
so far she made it f+lee.`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.23  
\N1 `Then she calld her waiting-maid  
to bring her riding-hood,  
So did she on her stable-groom  
to bring her riding-steed.`  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.24  
\N1 ``Go saddle to me the black [the black,]  
go saddle to me the brown,  
Go saddle to me the swiftest steed`



that eer rid [to] Wallington.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.25  
\N1 When they came to Wallington,  
and into Wallington hall,  
There she spy\'d her son Fenwick,  
walking about the wall.  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.26  
\N1 `God save you, dear son,  
Lord may your keeper be!  
Where is my daughter fair,  
that used to walk with thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.27  
\N1 He turnd his head round about,  
the tears did f+ill his ee:  
`'Tis a month,' he said, `Since she  
took her chambers from me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.28  
\N1 She went on . . .  
and there were in the hall  
Four and twenty ladies,  
letting the tears down fall.  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.29  
\N1 Her daughter had a scope  
into her cheek and into her chin,  
All to keep her life  
till her dear mother came.  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.30  
\N1 `Come take the rings off my f+ingers,  
the skin it is so white,  
And give them to my mother dear,  
for she was all the wite.  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.31  
\N1 `Come take the rings off my f+ingers,  
the veins they are so red,  
Give them to Sir William Fenwick,  
I\'m sure his heart will bleed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.32  
\N1 She took out a razor  
that was both sharp and f+ine,  
And out of her left side has taken  
the heir of Wallington.  
\SBALLADS Child 91A.33  
\N1 There is a race in Wallington,  
and that I rue full sare;  
Tho the cradle it be full spread up,  
the bride-bed is left bare.  
\LBALLADS Child 91B.1  
\N1 `WHEN we were sisters seven,  
An f+ive of us deyd wi child,  
And there is nane but you and I, Mazery,  
And we\'ll go madens mild.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91B.2  
\N1 But there came knights, and there came squiers,  
An knights of high degree;  
She pleasd hersel in Levieston,  
They wear a comly twa.  
\SBALLADS Child 91B.3  
\N1 He has bought her rings for her f+ingers,  
And garlands for her hair,  
The broochis till her bosome braid;

What wad my love ha mair?  
 And he has brought her on to Livingston,  
 And made her lady thear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.4  
 \N1 She had na been in Liveingston  
 A twelvemonth and a day,  
 Till she was as big wi bairn  
 As ony lady could gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.5  
 \N1 The knight he knocked his white f+ingers,  
 The goude rings f+lew in twa:  
 `Halls and bowers they shall go wast  
 Ere my bonny love gie awa!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.6  
 \N1 The knight he knocked his white f+ingers,  
 The goude rings f+lew in foure:  
 `Halls and bowers they shall go waste  
 Eren my bonny lady gie it ore!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.7  
 \N1 The knight he knocked his white f+ingers,  
 The lady<s] sewed and sung;  
 It was to comfort Lady Mazery,  
 But her life-days wear na long.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.8  
 \N1 `O whare will I get a bonny boy,  
 That will win both hoos and shoon,  
 That will win his way to Little Snoddown,  
 To my mother, the Queen?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.9  
 \N1 Up and stands a bonny boy,  
 Goude yellow was his hair;  
 I wish his mother mickle grace at him,  
 And his trew-love mickle mare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.10  
 \N1 `Here am I a bonny boy,  
 That will win baith hoos an shoon,  
 That will win my way to Little Snoddown,  
 To thy mother, the Queen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.11  
 \N1 `Here is the rings frae my f+ingers,  
 The garlonds frae my hair,  
 The broches fray my bosom braid;  
 Fray me she\'ll nere get mare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.12  
 \N1 `Here it is my weeding-goun,  
 It is a\' goude but the hem;  
 Gi it to my sister Allen,  
 For she is left now bird her lane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.13  
 \N1 `When you come whare brigs is broken,  
 Ye\'l bent your bow and swim;  
 An when ye come whare green grass grows,  
 Ye\'l slack your shoon and run.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.14  
 \N1 `But when you come to yon castle,  
 Bide neither to chap nor ca,  
 But you\'l set your bent bow to your breast,  
 And lightly loup the wa,  
 And gin the porter be half-gate,  
 Ye\'ll be ben throw the ha!

\SBALLADS Child 91B.15

\N1 O when he came whare brigs was broken,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
An when he came where green grass grows,  
He slackd his shoon an ran.

\SBALLADS Child 91B.16

\N1 And when he came to yon castel,  
He stayed neither to chap no ca\'l,  
But bent his bow unto his breast,  
And lightly lap the wa\'l;  
And gin the porter was hafe-gate,  
He was ben throw the ha\'l.

\SBALLADS Child 91B.17

\N1 `O peace be to you, ladys a\'l!  
As ye sit at your dine  
Ye ha little word of Lady Mazere+:,  
For she drees mickel pine.

\SBALLADS Child 91B.18

\N1 `Here is the rings frae her f+ingers,  
The garlands frae her hair,  
The broches frae her bosome brade;  
Fray her ye\'l nere get mare.

\SBALLADS Child 91B.19

\N1 `Here it is her weeding-goun,  
It is a\' goude but the hem;  
Ye\'ll ge it to her sister Allen,  
For she is left bird her lane.'

\SBALLADS Child 91B.20

\N1 She ca\'d the table wi her foot,  
And coped it wi her tae,  
Till siller cups an siller cans  
Unto the f+loor did gae.

\SBALLADS Child 91B.21

\N1 `Ye wash, ye wash, ye bonny boy,  
Ye wash, and come to dine;  
It does not f+it a bonny boy  
His errant for to tine.

\SBALLADS Child 91B.22

\N1 `Ge saddle to me the black, the black,  
Ge saddle to me the brown,  
Ge saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That ever rid frae a town.'

\SBALLADS Child 91B.23

\N1 The f+irst steed they saddled to her,  
He was the bonny black;  
He was a good steed, an a very good steed,  
But he tiyrd eer he wan the slack.

\SBALLADS Child 91B.24

\N1 The next steed they saddled to her,  
He was the bonny brown;  
He was a good steed, an a very good steed,  
But he tiyird ere he wan the town.

\SBALLADS Child 91B.25

\N1 The next steed they saddled to her,  
He was the bonny white;  
Fair fa the mair that fo\'d the fole  
That carried her to Mazeree<\'s] lear!

\SBALLADS Child 91B.26

\N1 As she gaed in at Leivingston,  
Thair was na mickel pride;

The scobs was in her lovely mouth,  
 And the razer in her side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.27  
 \N1 `O them that marrys your daughter, lady,  
 I think them but a foole;  
 A married man at Martimass,  
 An a widdow the next Yule!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.28  
 \N1 `O hold your toung now, Livingston,  
 Let all your folly abee;  
 I bear the burden in my breast,  
 Mun suffer them to dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.29  
 \N1 Out an speaks her Bird Allen,  
 For she spake ay through pride;  
 `That man shall near be born,' she says,  
 `That shall ly down by my side.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91B.30  
 \N1 `O hold your toung now, Bird Allen,  
 Let all your folly abee;  
 For you shall marry a man,' she says,  
 `Tho ye shoud live but rathes three.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 91C.1  
 \N1 `O WE were sisters seven, Maisry,  
 And f+ive are dead wi child;  
 There is nane but you and I, Maisry,  
 And we\'ll go maidens mild.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91C.2  
 \N1 She hardly had the word spoken,  
 And turnd her round about,  
 When the bonny Earl of Livingston  
 Was calling Maisry out.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91C.3  
 \N1 Upon a bonny milk-white steed,  
 That drank out o the Tyne,  
 And a\' was for her Lady Maisry,  
 To take her hyne and hyne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91C.4  
 \N1 Upon a bonny milk-white steed,  
 That drank out o the Tay,  
 And a\' was for her Lady Maisry,  
 To carry her away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91C.5  
 \N1 She had not been at Livingston  
 A twelve month and a day,  
 Until she was as big wi bairn  
 As any ladie coud gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91C.6  
 \N1 She calld upon her little foot-page,  
 Says, Ye maun run wi speed,  
 And bid my mother come to me,  
 For of her I\'ll soon have need.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91C.7  
 \N1 `See, there is the brootch frae my hause-bane,  
 It is of gowd sae ried;  
 Gin she winna come when I\'m alive,  
 Bid her come when I am dead.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91C.8  
 \N1 But ere she wan to Livingston,  
 As fast as she coud ride,

The gaggs they were in Maisry\'s mouth,  
And the sharp sheers in her side.

\SBALLADS Child 91C.9

\N1 Her good lord wrang his milk-white hands,  
Till the gowd rings f+law in three:  
'Let ha\'s and bowers and a\' gae waste,  
My bonny love\'s taen frae me!'

\SBALLADS Child 91C.10

\N1 'O hold your tongue, Lord Livingston,  
Let a\' your mourning be;  
For I bare the bird between my sides,  
Yet I maun thole her to die.'

\SBALLADS Child 91C.11

\N1 Then out it spake her sister dear,  
As she sat at her head:

'That man is not in Christendoom  
Shall gar me die sicken dead.'

\SBALLADS Child 91C.12

\N1 'O hold your tongue, my ae daughter,  
Let a\' your folly be,  
For ye shall be married ere this day week  
Tho the same death you should die.'

\LBALLADS Child 91D.1

\N1 'HERE it is was sisters seven,  
And f+ive is died with child;  
Was non but you and I, Hellen,  
And we\'se be maidens mild.'

\SBALLADS Child 91D.2

\N1 They hadna been maidens o bonny Snawdon  
A twalvemonth and a day,  
When lairds and lords a courting came,  
Seeking Mary away.

\SBALLADS Child 91D.3

\N1 The bonny laird of Livingstone,  
He liket Mary best;  
He gae her a ring, a royal ring,  
And he wedded her at last.

\SBALLADS Child 91D.4

\N1 She hed na been lady o Livingstone  
A twalvemonth and a day,  
When she did go as big wi bairn  
As iver a woman could be.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 91D.7

\N1 The knights were wringin their white f+ingers,  
And the ladys wer tearin their hair;  
It was a\' for the lady o Livingstone,  
For a word she never spake mare.

\SBALLADS Child 91D.8

\N1 Out and spake her sister Hellen,  
Where she sat by her side;  
'The man shall never be born,' she said,  
'Shall ever make me his bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 91D.9

\N1 'The man,' she said, 'That would merry me,  
I\'de count him but a feel,  
To merry me at Whitsunday,  
And bury me at Yele.'

\SBALLADS Child 91D.10

\N1 Out and spak her mother dear,

Whare she sat by the f+ire:  
 `I bare this babe now from my side,  
 Maun suffer her to die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91D.11  
 \N1 `And I have six boys now to my oyes,  
 And none of them were born,  
 But a hole cut in their mother\'s side,  
 And they from it were shorne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91D.12  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \LBALLADS Child 91E.1  
 \N1 `ARISE, arise, dochter,' she said,  
 `My bidding to obey;  
 The bravest lord in all Scotland  
 This night asked you of me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.2  
 \N1 `O haud your tongue, mother,' she said,  
 `These words they do me wrang;  
 For gin I lye in a man\'s bed,  
 My days will no be lang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.3  
 \N1 `There were seven sisters o us a\  
 We were a\' clad in white;  
 And f+ive of them were married,  
 And in child-bed they died.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.4  
 \N1 `Ye shall not be drest in black,  
 Nor sall ye be in broun;  
 But ye\'se be drest in shining gowd,  
 To gae glittering thro the town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.5  
 \N1 `Your father sall ride before you,' she said,  
 `And your brother sall ride ahin;  
 Your horses fore-feet siller shod,  
 And his hind anes wi gowd shall shine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.6  
 \N1 `Wi four and twenty buirdlie men  
 Atween ye and the wun,  
 And four and twenty bonnie mays  
 Atween ye and the sun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.7  
 \N1 `Four and twenty milk-white geese,  
 Stretching their wings sae wide,  
 Blawing the dust aff the high-way,  
 That Mild Mary may ride.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.8  
 \N1 They took to them their milk-white steeds,  
 Set her upon a grey,  
 And wi a napkin in her hand  
 Weeping she rade away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.9  
 \N1 O they rade on that lee-lang nicht,  
 And part o the neist day also,  
 And syne she saw her auld good mother  
 Stand in the gates below.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91E.10  
 \N1 `You\'r welcome, welcome, dochter,' she said,

`To your biggins and your bowers;'  
`I thank ye kindly, mither,' she said,  
`But I doubt they'll sune be yours.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 91F.1

\N1 `O WE were seven brave sisters,  
Five of us died wi child,  
And nane but you and I, Maisry,  
so we'll gae maidens mild.'

\SBALLADS Child 91F.2

\N1 `O had your tongue, now Lady Margaret,  
Let a' your folly be;  
I'll gar you keep your true promise  
To the lad ayont the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 91F.3

\N1 `O there is neither lord nor knight  
My love shall ever won,  
Except it be Lord Darlington,  
And here he winna come.'

\SBALLADS Child 91F.4

\N1 But when the hour o twall was past,  
And near the hour o one,  
Lord Darlington came to the yetts,  
Wi thirty knights and ten.

\SBALLADS Child 91F.5

\N1 Then he has wedded Lady Margaret,  
And brought her oer the sea,  
And there was nane that lived on earth  
Sae happy as was she.

\SBALLADS Child 91F.6

\N1 But when nine months were come and gane  
Strong travailling took she,  
And nae physician in the land  
Could ease her maladie.

\SBALLADS Child 91F.7

\N1 `Where will I get a little wee boy,  
Will won baith meat and fee,  
That will gae on to Seaton's yetts,  
Bring my mother to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 91F.8

\N1 `O here am I, a little wee boy,  
That will won meat and fee,  
That will gae on to Seaton's yetts,  
And bring your mother to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 91F.9

\N1 Then he is on to Seaton's yetts,  
As fast as gang could he;  
Says, Ye must come to Darlington,  
Your daughter for to see.

\SBALLADS Child 91F.10

\N1 But when she came to Darlington,  
Where there was little pride,  
The scobbs were in the lady's mouth,  
The sharp sheer in her side.

\SBALLADS Child 91F.11

\N1 Darlington stood on the stair,  
And gart the gowd rings f+lee:  
`My ha's and bowers and a' shall gae waste,  
If my bonny love die for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 91F.12

\N1 `O had your tongue, Lord Darlington,  
Let a\' your folly be;  
I boor the bird within my sides,  
I\'ll suffer her to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 91F.13  
\N1 `But he that marries my daughter,  
I think he is a fool;  
If he marries her at Candlemas,  
She\'ll be frae him ere Yule.  
\SBALLADS Child 91F.14  
\N1 `I had seven ance in companie,  
This night I go my lane;  
And when I come to Clyde\'s water,  
I wish that I may drown.'  
\LBALLADS Child 91[G.1]  
\N1 `We was sisters, we was seven,  
Five of us dayed we child,  
An you an me, Burd Ellen,  
Sall live maidens mild.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.2]  
\N1 Ther came leards, and ther came lords,  
An knights of high degree,  
A\' courting Lady Messry,  
Bat it widne deei.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.3]  
\N1 Bat the bonny lord of Livenston,  
He was f+lour of them a\',  
The bonny lord of Livenston,  
He stole the lady awaa.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.4]  
\N1 Broad was the horses hoves  
That dumped the water of Clide,  
An a\' was for honor of that gay lady  
That day she was Livenston\'s bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.5]  
\N1 Fan she came to Livenston  
Mukell mirth was ther;  
The knights knaked ther whit f+ingers  
The ladys curled ther hear.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.6]  
\N1 She had no ben in Livenston  
A tuall-month an a day,  
Till she was as big we bearn  
As a lady coud gaa.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.7]  
\N1 She had ne ben in Livenston  
A tuall-month an a hour,  
Till for the morning of the may  
The couldne ane come near her bour.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.8]  
\N1 `Far will I gett a bonny boy  
That will rean my earend shoun,  
That will goo to leve London,  
To my mother, the quin?'  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.9]  
\N1 `Hear am I, a bonny boy  
Will rin yer earend sune,  
That will rin on to fair London,  
To yer mother, the quin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.10]



\N1 `Hear is the bruch fra my breast-bane,  
The garlands fra my hear;  
Ye ge that to my mider,  
Fra me she\'ll never gett mare.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.11]  
\N1 `Hear is the rosses fra my shoun,  
The ribbons fra my hear;  
Ye gee that to my mider,  
Fra me she\'ll never gett mare.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.12]  
\N1 `Hear is my briddel-stand,  
It is a\' goud to the heam;  
Ye gie that to Burd Ellen,  
Forbed her to marry men.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.13]  
\N1 `Ye bid them and ye pray them bath,  
If they will dou it for my sake,  
If they be not att my death,  
To be att my leak-wake.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.14]  
\N1 `Ye bid them and ye pray them baith,  
If they will dou it for my name,  
If they be not att my leak-wake,  
To be att my birrien.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.15]  
\N1 Fan he came to grass grouen,  
He strated his bou an rane,  
An fan he came to brigs broken  
He slaked his bou an swam.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.16]  
\N1 An fan he came to yon castell,  
He bad nether to chap nor caa,  
But sait his bent bou to his breast  
An lightly lap the waa;  
Or the porter was att the gate,  
The boy was in the haa.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.17]  
\N1 `Mukell meatt is on yer table, lady,  
A littil of it is eaten,  
Bat the bonny lady of Livenston  
Ye have her clean forgotten.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.18]  
\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie, ye bonny boy,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie;  
Mukell ha I sold the [meatt],  
An littel hae I bought,  
Batt the bonny lady of Livenston  
Gass never out of my thought.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.19]  
\N1 `Mukell have I bought, bonny boy,  
An littel haa I sale,  
Bat the bonny lady of Livenston  
She couls my heart fue cale.'  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.20]  
\N1 `Hear is the ribbings fra her hear,  
The roses fra her shoun;  
I was bidden gie that to her midder,  
To her midder, the quin.  
\SBALLADS Child 91[G.21]  
\N1 `Hear is the bruch fra her breast-bean,

The garlands frae her hear;  
 I was bidden gee that to her mother,  
 Fra her she'll never gett mare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.22]  
 \N1 `Hear is her bridell-stand,  
 The\'r a\' goud to the heam;  
 I was bidden ga that to Burd Ellen,  
 Forbid her to marry man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.23]  
 \N1 `She bids ye on she prays ye bath,  
 Gin yee\'ll di et for her sake,  
 If ye be not att her death,  
 To be att her leak-wake.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.24]  
 \N1 `She bids yee an she prays ye bath,  
 Gine ye\'ll dou et for her name,  
 If ye be not att her leak-wake,  
 To be at her burrien.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.25]  
 \N1 `Garr saddell to me the blak,  
 Saddle to me the broun,  
 Gar saddel to me the suifttest stead  
 That ever read fraa a toun,  
 Till I gaa to Livenston  
 An see hou Measry fairs.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.26]  
 \N1 The f+irst stead was saddled to her,  
 It was the bonny black;  
 She spured him aftt and she spared him na,  
 An she tayened him at a slap.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.27]  
 \N1 The neast stead that was saddled to her  
 Was the berrey-broun;  
 She spured him aftt an she spared him not,  
 An she tayned him att a toun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.28]  
 \N1 The neast an steed that was saddled to her,  
 It was the milk-white:  
 `Fair faa the mear that folled the foll  
 Had me to Meassry\'s leak!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.29]  
 \N1 Fan she came to Livenston,  
 Mukel dolle was ther;  
 The knights wrang ther whit f+ingers,  
 The ladys tore ther hear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.30]  
 \N1 The knights they wrang ther whit f+ingers,  
 The rings they f+lue in four:  
 `Latt haas an tours an a\' doun fau!  
 My dear thing has gine it our.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.31]  
 \N1 Our spak him Livenston,  
 An a sorry man was he;  
 `I had rader lost the lands of Livenston,  
 Afor my gay lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 91[G.32]  
 \N1 `Had yer toung nou, Livenston,  
 An latt yer folly be;  
 I bare the burd in my bosom,  
 I man thole to see her diee.'

\SBALLADS Child 91[G.33]

\N1 Fan she came to her daughter\'s boure,  
Ther was littel pride;  
The scoups was in her daughter\'s mouth,  
An the sharp shirrs in her side.

\SBALLADS Child 91[G.34]

\N1 Out spake her Burd Ellen,  
An she spake ay threu pride;  
The wife sall never bear the sin  
Sall lay doun by my side.

\SBALLADS Child 91[G.35]

\N1 `Had your toung nou, Burd Ellen,  
Ye latt yer folly a be;  
Dinne+: ye mind that ye promised yer love  
To him that is ayond the seaa?'

\SBALLADS Child 91[G.36]

\N1 `Hold yer toung, my mother,  
Ye speak just leak a fooll;  
Tho I wer marred att Martimes,  
I wad be dead or Yeull.'

\SBALLADS Child 91[G.37]

\N1 `I have f+ive bonny oyes att heam,  
Ther was never ane of them born,  
Bat every ane of them  
Out of ther midder\'s sides shorn.'

\LBALLADS Child 92A.1

\N1 BY Arthur\'s Dale as late I went  
I heard a heavy moan;  
I heard a ladie lammenting sair,  
And ay she cried Ohone!

\SBALLADS Child 92A.2

\N1 `Ohon, alas! what shall I do,  
Tormented night and day!  
I never loved a love but ane,  
And now he\'s gone away.

\SBALLADS Child 92A.3

\N1 `But I will do for my true-love  
What ladies woud think sair;  
For seven year shall come and go  
Ere a kaim gang in my hair.

\SBALLADS Child 92A.4

\N1 `There shall neither a shoe gang on my foot,  
Nor a kaim gang in my hair,  
Nor eer a coal nor candle-light  
Shine in my bower nae mair.'

\SBALLADS Child 92A.5

\N1 She thought her love had been on the sea,  
Fast sailling to Bee Hom;  
But he was in a quiet chamer,  
Hearing his ladie\'s moan.

\SBALLADS Child 92A.6

\N1 `Be husht, be husht, my ladie dear,  
I pray thee mourn not so;  
For I am deep sworn on a book  
To Bee Hom for to go.'

\SBALLADS Child 92A.7

\N1 She has gien him a chain of the beaten gowd,  
And a ring with a ruby stone:  
`As lang as this chain your body binds,  
Your blude can never be drawn.

\SBALLADS Child 92A.8

\N1 `But gin this ring shoud fade or fail,  
Or the stone shoud change its hue,  
Be sure your love is dead and gone,  
Or she has proved untrue.'

\SBALLADS Child 92A.9

\N1 He had no been at Bonny Bee Hom  
A twelve month and a day,  
Till, looking on his gay gowd ring,  
The stone grew dark and gray.

\SBALLADS Child 92A.10

\N1 `O ye take my riches to Bee Hom,  
And deal them presentlie,  
To the young that canna, the auld that maunna,  
And the blind that does not see.'

\SBALLADS Child 92A.11

\N1 Now death has come into his bower,  
And split his heart in twain;  
So their twa souls f+lew up to heaven,  
And there shall ever remain.

\LBALLADS Child 92B.1

\N1 IN Lauderdale I chanc\'d to walk,  
And heard a lady\'s moan,  
Lamenting for her dearest dear,  
And aye she cried, Ohon!

\SBALLADS Child 92B.2

\N1 `Sure never a maid that eer drew breath  
Had harder fate than me;  
I\'d never a lad but one on earth,  
They forc\'d him to the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.3

\N1 `The ale shall neer be brewin o malt,  
Neither by sea nor land,  
That ever mair shall cross my hause,  
Till my love comes to hand.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.4

\N1 `A handsome lad, wi shoulders broad,  
Gold yellow was his hair;  
None of our Scottish youths on earth  
That with him could compare.'

\SBALLADS Child 92B.5

\N1 She thought her love was gone to sea,  
And landed in Bahome;  
But he was in a quiet chamber,  
Hearing his lady\'s moan.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.6

\N1 `Why make ye all this moan, lady?  
Why make ye all this moan?  
For I\'m deep sworn on a book,  
I must go to Bahome.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.7

\N1 `Traitors false for to subdue  
Oer seas I\'ll make me boun,  
That have trepand our kind Scotchmen,  
Like dogs to ding them down.'

\SBALLADS Child 92B.8

\N1 `Weell, take this ring, this royal thing,  
Whose virtue is unknown;  
As lang\'s this ring\'s your body on,  
Your blood shall neer be drawn.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.9

\N1 `But if this ring shall fade or stain,  
Or change to other hue,  
Come never mair to fair Scotland,  
If ye\'re a lover true.'

\SBALLADS Child 92B.10

\N1 Then this couple they did part,  
With a sad heavy moan;  
The wind was fair, the ship was rare,  
They landed in Bahome.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.11

\N1 But in that place they had not been  
A month but barely one,  
Till he lookd on his gay gold ring,  
And riven was the stone.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.12

\N1 Time after this was not expir\'d  
A month but scarcely three,  
Till black and ugly was the ring,  
And the stone was burst in three.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.13

\N1 `Fight on, f+ight on, you merry men all,  
With you I\'ll f+ight no more;  
I will gang to some holy place,  
Pray to the King of Glore.'

\SBALLADS Child 92B.14

\N1 Then to the chapel he is gone,  
And knelt most piteouslie,  
For seven days and seven nights,  
Till blood ran frae his knee.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.15

\N1 `Ye\'ll take my jewels that\'s in Bahome,  
And deal them liberallie,  
To young that cannot, and old that mannot,  
The blind that does not see.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.16

\N1 `Give maist to women in child-bed laid,  
Can neither fecht nor f+lee;  
I hope she\'s in the heavens high,  
That died for love of me.'

\SBALLADS Child 92B.17

\N1 The knights they wrang their white f+ingers,  
The ladies tore their hair;  
The women that neer had children born,  
In swoon they down fell there.

\SBALLADS Child 92B.18

\N1 But in what way the knight expir\'d,  
No tongue will eer declare;  
So this doth end my mournful song,  
From me ye\'ll get nae mair.

\LBALLADS Child 93A.1

\N1 IT\R\`rS Lamkin was a mason good  
As ever built wi stane;  
He built Lord Wearie\'s castle,  
But payment got he nane.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.2

\N1 `O pay me, Lord Wearie,  
come, pay me my fee:'  
`I canna pay you, Lamkin,  
For I maun gang oer the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.3

\N1 `O pay me now, Lord Wearie,  
Come, pay me out o hand.'  
`I canna pay you, Lamkin,  
Unless I sell my land.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.4

\N1 `O gin ye winna pay me,  
I here sall mak a vow,  
Before that ye come hame again,  
ye sall hae cause to rue.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.5

\N1 Lord Wearie got a bonny ship,  
to sail the saut sea faem;  
Bade his lady weel the castle keep,  
ay till he should come hame.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.6

\N1 But the nourice was a fause limmer  
as eer hung on a tree;  
She laid a plot wi Lamkin,  
whan her lord was oer the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.7

\N1 She laid a plot wi Lamkin,  
when the servants were awa,  
Loot him in at a little shot-window,  
and brought him to the ha.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.8

\N1 `O whare\'s a\' the men o this house,  
that ca me Lamkin?'  
`They\'re at the barn-well thrashing;  
\'twill be lang ere they come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.9

\N1 `And whare\'s the women o this house,  
that ca me Lamkin?'  
`They\'re at the far well washing;  
\'twill be lang ere they come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.10

\N1 `And whare\'s the bairns o this house,  
that ca me Lamkin?'  
`They\'re at the school reading;  
\'twill be night or they come hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.11

\N1 `O whare\'s the lady o this house,  
that ca\'s me Lamkin?'  
`She\'s up in her bower sewing,  
but we soon can bring her down.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.12

\N1 Then Lamkin\'s tane a sharp knife,  
that hang down by his gaire,  
And he has gien the bonny babe  
A deep wound and a sair.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.13

\N1 Then Lamkin he rocked,  
and the fause nourice sang,  
Till frae ilkae bore o the cradle  
the red blood out sprang.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.14

\N1 Then out it spak the lady,  
as she stood on the stair:  
`What ails my bairn, nourice,  
that he\'s greeting sae sair?

\SBALLADS Child 93A.15  
\N1 `O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the pap!'  
`He winna still, lady,  
for this nor for that.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93A.16  
\N1 `O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the wand!'  
`He winna still, lady,  
for a\' his father\'s land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93A.17  
\N1 `O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the bell!'  
`He winna still, lady,  
till ye come down yoursel.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.18  
\N1 O the f+irsten step she steppit,  
she steppit on a stane;  
But the neisten step she steppit,  
she met him Lamkin.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.19  
\N1 `O mercy, mercy, Lamkin,  
hae mercy upon me!  
Though you\'ve taen my young son\'s life,  
Ye may let mysel be.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.20  
\N1 `O sall I kill her, nourice,  
or sall I lat her be?'  
`O kill her, kill her, Lamkin,  
for she neer was good to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.21  
\N1 `O scour the bason, nourice,  
and mak it fair and clean,  
For to keep this lady\'s heart\'s blood,  
For she\'s come o noble kin.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.22  
\N1 `There need nae bason, Lamkin,  
lat it run through the f+loor;  
What better is the heart\'s blood  
o the rich than o the poor?'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.23  
\N1 But ere three months were at an end,  
Lord Wearie came again;  
But dowie, dowie was his heart  
when f+irst he came hame.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.24  
\N1 `O wha\'s blood is this,' he says,  
'That lies in the chamer?'  
`It is your lady\'s heart\'s blood;  
\'tis as clear as the lamer.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.25  
\N1 `And wha\'s blood is this,' he says,  
'That lies in my ha?'  
`It is your young son\'s heart\'s blood;  
\'tis the clearest ava.'

\SBALLADS Child 93A.26  
\N1 O sweetly sang the black-bird  
that sat upon the tree;  
But sairer grat Lamkin,  
when he was condemnd to die.

\SBALLADS Child 93A.27  
\N1 And bonny sang the mavis,  
Out o the thorny brake;  
But sairer grat the nourice,  
when she was tied to the stake.  
\LBALLADS Child 93B.1  
\N1 BALANKIN was as gude a mason  
as eer picked a stane;  
He built up Prime Castle,  
but payment gat nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.2  
\N1 The lord said to his lady,  
when he was going abroad,  
O beware of Balankin,  
for he lyes in the wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.3  
\N1 The gates they were bolted,  
baith outside and in;  
At the sma peep of a window  
Blankin crap in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.4  
\N1 `Good morrow, good morrow,'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
`Good morrow to yoursell, sir,'  
said the false nurse to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.5  
\N1 `O where is your good lord?'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
`He\'s awa to New England,  
to meet with his king.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.6  
\N1 `O where is his auld son?'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
`He\'s awa to buy pearlings,  
Gin our lady lye in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.7  
\N1 `Then she\'ll never wear them,'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
`And that is nae pity,'  
said the false nurse to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.8  
\N1 `O where is your lady?'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
`She\'s in her bower sleeping,'  
said the false nurse to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.9  
\N1 `How can we get at her?'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
`Stab the babe to the heart,  
wi a silver bokin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.10  
\N1 `That would be a pity,'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
`No pity, no pity,'  
said the false nurse to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.11  
\N1 Balankin he rocked,  
and the false nurse she sang,  
Till all the tores of the cradle  
wi the red blood down ran.



\SBALLADS Child 93B.12  
\N1 `O still my babe, nurice,  
O still him wi the knife!'  
`He`ll no be still, lady,  
tho I lay doun my life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.13  
\N1 `O still my babe, nurice,  
O still him wi the kame!'  
`He`ll be no still, lady,  
till his daddy come hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.14  
\N1 `O still my babe, nurice,  
O still him wi the bell!'  
`He`ll no be still, lady,  
till ye come doun yoursell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.15  
\N1 `It`s how can I come down,  
this cauld winter nicht,  
Without eer a coal,  
or a clear candle-licht?'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.16  
\N1 `There`s two smocks in your coffer,  
as white as a swan;  
Put one of them about you,  
it will shew you licht down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.17  
\N1 She took ane o them about her,  
and came tripping doun;  
But as soon as she viewed,  
Balankin was in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.18  
\N1 `Good morrow, good morrow,'  
said Lambert Linkin:  
`Good morrow to yoursell, sir,  
said the lady to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.19  
\N1 `O save my life, Balankin,  
till my husband come back,  
And I`ll gie you as much red gold  
as you`ll hold in your hat.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.20  
\N1 `I`ll not save your life, lady,  
till your husband come back,  
Tho you would give me as much red gold  
as I could hold in a sack.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.21  
\N1 `Will I kill her?' quo Balankin,  
'will I kill her, or let her be?'  
`You may kill her,' said the false nurse,  
'She was neer good to me;  
And ye`ll be laird of the castle,  
and I`ll be ladie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.22  
\N1 Then he cut aff her head  
fram her lily breast-bane,  
And he hung`t up in the kitchen,  
it made a` the ha shine.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.23  
\N1 The lord sat in England,  
a drinking the wine:

`I wish a\' may be weel  
with my lady at hame;  
For the rings of my f+ingers  
the\'re now burst in twain!'  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.24  
\N1 He saddled his horse,  
and he came riding doun,  
But as soon as he viewed,  
Balankin was in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.25  
\N1 He had na weel stepped  
twa steps up the stair,  
Till he saw his pretty young son  
lying dead on the f+loor.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.26  
\N1 He had not weel stepped  
other twa up the stair,  
Till he saw his pretty lady  
lying dead in despair.  
\SBALLADS Child 93B.27  
\N1 He hanged Balankin  
out over the gate,  
And he burnt the fause nurice,  
being under the grate.  
\LBALLADS Child 93C.1  
\N1 LAMERLINKIN, as gude a mason  
as eer laid a stane,  
Built a house to Lord Arran,  
but entrance had nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.2  
\N1 Says the lord to his lady,  
when going abroad,  
Take care of Lamerlinkin,  
wha bides in the wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.3  
\N1 `I care not for Lamkin,  
nor none of his kin;  
My house is plastered outside,  
and bolted within.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.4  
\N1 The gates they were locked,  
baith outside and in,  
But there was a wee hole  
that let Lamkin creep in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.5  
\N1 `Good woman, good woman,'  
said Lamerlinkin:  
`Good woman, good woman,'  
said the fause nurse to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.6  
\N1 `Where\'s the lord o this house?  
is he not within?'  
`He\'s up in Old England,  
he\'s dining wi the king.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.7  
\N1 `Where\'s the lady of this house?  
or is she not within?'  
`She\'s up in her high room,  
and cannot come down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.8

\N1 `Where is the maids o this house?  
or are they not within?'  
`They are at the well washing,  
and cannot get in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.9  
\N1 `Where is the men o this house?  
or are they not within?'  
`They are at the barn threshing,  
and cannot win hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.10  
\N1 `O what will I do,  
to mak her come doun?'  
`We\'ll kill her auld son,  
to mak her come doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.11  
\N1 He took out a pen-knife,  
baith pointed and sharp,  
And he stabbed the babie  
three times in the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.12  
\N1 Lamerlinkin did rock,  
and the fause nurse did sing;  
Ower the four-cornered cradle  
the red blood did spring.  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.13  
\N1 `O please my babie, nurse,  
O please him wi wands!'  
`He\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
for a\' his father\'s lands.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.14  
\N1 `O please my babie, nurse,  
O please him wi keys!'  
`He\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
let me do what I please.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.15  
\N1 `O please my babie, nurse,  
O please him with bells!'  
`He\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
till you come doun yoursell.  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.16  
\N1 `How can I come doun  
this cold frosty night,  
Without coal or candle  
for to shew me light?'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.17  
\N1 `The gold rings on your f+inger  
are bright as the sun;  
You may see to cum doun the stair  
with the light o them.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.18  
\N1 O then she came doun the stair,  
stepping step by step;  
So ready was Lamkin  
to grip her in his lap.  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.19  
\N1 `Save my life, Lamkin,  
till f+ive minutes break,  
And I\'ll give thee gold,  
the fu o a peck.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93C.20

\N1 `I'll no save your life,  
till f+ive minutes break,  
Tho thou should give me gold,  
the fu of a sack.'

\SBALLADS Child 93C.21

\N1 `O Jeany, O Jeany,  
O scour the bason clean,  
That your lady\'s noble blood  
may be kepped clean.'

\SBALLADS Child 93C.22

\N1 `O no, no, no, Lambkin,  
my heart will be sare;  
O take my life, Lambkin,  
let my lady go.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93C.23

\N1 He sent for the false nurse,  
to give her her fee;  
All the fee that he gave her  
was to hang her on a tree.

\SBALLADS Child 93C.24

He sent for Lamerlinkin,  
to give him his hire;  
All the hire that he gave him  
was to burn him in the f+ire.

\LBALLADS Child 93D.1

\N1 SAID the lord to his lady,  
Beware of Rankin;  
For I am going to England,  
to wait on the king.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.2

\N1 `No fears, no fears,'  
said the lady, said she,  
'For the doors shall be bolted,  
and the windows pindee.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.3

\N1 `Go bar all the windows,  
both outside and in;  
Don\'t leave a window open,  
to let Bold Rankin in.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.4

\N1 She has barred all the windows,  
both outside and in;  
But she left one of them open,  
to let Bold Rankin in.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.5

\N1 `O where is the master of this house?'  
said Bold Rankin;  
'He\'s up in Old England.'  
said the false nurse to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.6

\N1 `O where is the mistress of this house?'  
said Bold Rankin;  
'She\'s up in the chamber sleeping,'  
said the false nurse to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.7

\N1 `O how shall we get her down?'  
said Bold Rankin;  
'By piercing the baby,'  
said the false nurse to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.8

\N1 `Go please the baby, nursy,  
go please it with a bell;'  
`It will not be pleased, madam,  
till you come down yoursel.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.9

\N1 `How can I come down stairs,  
so late into the night,  
Without coal or candle,  
to shew me the light?

\SBALLADS Child 93D.10

\N1 `There is a silver bolt  
lies on the chest-head;  
Give it to the baby,  
give it sweet milk and bread.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.11

\N1 She rammed the silver bolt  
up the baby\'s nose,  
Till the blood it came trinkling  
down the baby\'s fine clothes.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.12

\N1 `Go please the baby, nursie,  
go please it with the bell:'  
`It will not please, madam,  
till you come down yoursel.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.13

\N1 `It will neither please with breast-milk,  
nor yet with pap;  
But I pray, loving lady,  
Come and roll it in your lap.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.14

\N1 The first step she stepit,  
she stepit on a stone;  
And the next step she stepit,  
she met Bold Rankin.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.15

\N1 `O rankin, O Rankin,  
spare me till twelve o\'clock,  
And I will give you as many guineas  
as you can carry on your back.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.16

\N1 `What care I for as many guineas  
as seeds into a sack,  
When I cannot keep my hands off  
your lily-white neck?'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.17

\N1 `O will I kill her, nursie,  
or let her abee?'  
`O kill her,' said the false nurse,  
'She was never good to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.18

\N1 `Go scour the bason, lady,  
both outside and in,  
To hold your mother\'s heart\'s blood,  
sprung from a noble kin.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.19

\N1 `To hold my mother\'s heart\'s blood  
would make my heart full woe;  
O rather kill me, Rankin,  
and let my mother go.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.20

\N1 `Go scour the bason, servants,  
both outside and in,  
To hold your lady\'s heart\'s blood,  
sprung from a noble kin.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.21

\N1 `To hold my lady\'s heart\'s blood  
would make my heart full woe;  
O rather kill me, Rankin,  
and let my lady go.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.22

\N1 `Go scour the bason, nursy,  
both outside and in,  
To hold your lady\'s heart\'s blood,  
sprung from a noble kin.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.23

\N1 `To hold my lady\'s heart\'s blood  
would make my heart full glad;  
Ram in the knife, Bold Rankin,  
and gar the blood to shed.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.24

\N1 `She\'s none of my comrades,  
she\'s none of my kin;  
Ram in the knife, Bold Rankin,  
and gar the blood rin.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.25

\N1 `O will I kill her, nursy,  
or let her abee?'  
`O kill her,' said the false nurse,  
'She was never good to me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93D.26

\N1 `I wish my wife and family  
may be all well at home;  
For the silver buttons of my coat  
they will not stay on.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.27

\N1 As Betsy was looking  
oer her window so high,  
She saw her dear father  
come riding by.

\SBALLADS Child 93D.28

\N1 `O father, dear father,  
don\'t put the blame on me  
It was false nurse and Rankin  
that killed your lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 93D.29

\N1 O wasn\'t that an awful sight,  
when he came to the stair,  
To see his fairest lady  
lie bleeding there!

\SBALLADS Child 93D.30

\N1 The false nurse was burnt  
on the mountain hill-head,  
And Rankin was boiled  
in a pot full of lead.

\LBALLADS Child 93E.1

\N1 LAMBKIN was as good a mason  
as ever laid stone;  
He builded Lord Montgomery\'s castle,

but payment got none.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.2  
\N1 He builded the castle  
without and within;  
But he left an open wake  
for himself to get in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.3  
\N1 Lord Montgomery said to his lady,  
when he went abroad,  
Take care of Bold Lambkin,  
for he is in the wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.4  
\N1 `Gar bolt the gate, nourice,  
without and within,  
Leave not the wake open,  
to let Bold Lambkin in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.5  
\N1 She bolted the gates,  
without and within,  
But she left the wake open,  
to let Bold Lambkin in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.6  
\N1 `Gude morrow, gude morrow,'  
says Bold Lambkin then;  
`Gude morrow, gude morrow,'  
says the false nurse to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.7  
\N1 `Where is Lord Montgomery?  
or where is he gone?'  
`He is gone up to England,  
to wait on the king!  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.8  
\N1 `Where are the servants?  
and where are they gone?'  
`They are all up to England,  
to wait upon him.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.9  
\N1 `Where is your lady?  
or where is she gone?'  
`She is in her bower sitting,  
and sewing her seam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.10  
\N1 `O what shall we do  
for to make her come down?'  
`We\'ll kill the pretty baby,  
that\'s sleeping so sound.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.11  
\N1 Lambkin he rocked,  
and the false nurse she sung,  
And she stabbed the babe to the heart  
with a silver bodkin.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.12  
\N1 `O still my babe, nourice,  
O still him with the pap:'  
`He\'ll no be stilled, madam,  
for this nor for that.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.13  
\N1 `O still my babe, nourice,  
go still him with the keys:'  
`He\'ll no be stilled, madam,

let me do what I please.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.14  
\N1 `O still my babe, nourice,  
go still him with the bell:'  
`He\`ll no be stilled, madam,  
till you come down yoursel.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.15  
\N1 `How can I come down,  
this cold winter night,  
When there\`s neither coal burning,  
nor yet candle-light?'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.16  
\N1 `The sark on your back  
is whiter than the swan;  
Come down the stair, lady,  
by the light of your hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.17  
\N1 The lady she cam down  
the stair trip for trap;  
Who so ready as Bold Lambkin  
to meet her in the dark?  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.18  
\N1 `Gude morrow, gude morrow,'  
said Bold Lambkin then;  
`Gude morrow, gude morrow,'  
said the lady to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.19  
\N1 `O where is Lord Montgomery?  
or where is he gone?'  
`O he is up to England,  
to wait on the king.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.20  
\N1 `O where are your servants?  
or where are they gone?'  
`They are all up to England,  
to wait upon him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.21  
\N1 `I\`ll give you as much gold, Lambkin,  
as you\`ll put in a peck,  
If you\`ll spare my life  
till my lord comes back.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.22  
\N1 `Tho you would [give] me as much  
as I could put in a sack,  
I would not spare thy life  
till thy lord comes back.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.23  
\N1 Lord Montgomery sate in England,  
drinking with the king;  
The buttons f+lew off his coat,  
all in a ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 93E.24  
\N1 `God prosper, God prosper  
my lady and son!  
For before I get home  
they will all be undone.'  
\LBALLADS Child 93F.1  
\N1 SAID my lord to his ladye,  
as he mounted his horse, (\ibis\r)  
Take care of Long Lankyn,



who lies in the moss. (\ibis\r)  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.2  
\N1 Said my lord to his ladye,  
as he rode away,  
Take care of Long Lankyn,  
who lies in the clay.  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.3  
\N1 Let the doors be all bolted,  
and the windows all pinned,  
And leave not a hole  
for a mouse to creep in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.4  
\N1 Then he kissed his fair ladye,  
and he rode away;  
He must be in London  
before break of day.  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.5  
\N1 The doors were all bolted,  
and the windows were pinned,  
All but one little window,  
where Long Lankyn crept in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.6  
\N1 `Where is the lord of this house?'  
said Long Lankyn:  
`He is gone to fair London,'  
said the false nurse to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.7  
\N1 `Where is the ladye of this house?'  
said Long Lankyn:  
`She\'s asleep in her chamber,'  
said the false nurse to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.8  
\N1 `Where is the heir of this house?'  
said Long Lankyn:  
`He\'s asleep in his cradle,'  
said the false nurse to him.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.9  
\N1 `We\'ll prick him, and prick him,  
all over with a pin,  
And that will make your ladye  
to come down to him.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.10  
\N1 So she pricked him and pricked,  
all over with a pin,  
And the nurse held a basin  
for the blood to run in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.11  
\N1 `Oh nurse, how you sleep!  
Oh nurse, how you snore!  
And you leave my little son Johnstone  
to cry and to roar.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.12  
\N1 `I\'ve tried him with suck,  
and I\'ve tried him with pap;  
So come down, my fair ladye,  
and nurse him in your lap.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93F.13  
\N1 `Oh nurse, how you sleep!  
Oh nurse, how you snore!

And you leave my little son Johnstone  
to cry and to roar.'

\SBALLADS Child 93F.14

\N1 `I\`ve tried him with apples,  
I\`ve tried him with pears;  
So come down, my fair ladye,  
and rock him in your chair.'

\SBALLADS Child 93F.15

\N1 `How can I come down,  
\`tis so late in the night,  
When there\`s no candle burning,  
nor f+ire to give light?'

\SBALLADS Child 93F.16

\N1 `You have three silver mantles  
as bright as the sun;  
So come down, my fair ladye,  
by the light of one.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93F.17

\N1 `Oh spare me, Long Lankyn,  
oh spare me till twelve o\`clock,  
You shall have as much gold  
as you can carry on your back.'

\SBALLADS Child 93F.18

\N1 `If I had as much gold  
as would build me a tower,'

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 93F.19

\N1 `Oh spare me, Long Lankyn,  
oh spare me one hour,  
You shall have my daughter Betsy,  
she is a sweet f+lower.'

\SBALLADS Child 93F.20

\N1 `Where is your daughter Betsy?  
she may do some good;  
She can hold the silver basin,  
to catch your heart\`s blood.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93F.21

\N1 Lady Betsy was sitting  
in her window so high,  
And she saw her father,  
as he was riding by.

\SBALLADS Child 93F.22

\N1 `Oh father, oh father,  
don\`t lay the blame on me;  
\`Twas the false nurse and Long Lankyn  
that killed your ladye.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93F.23

\N1 Then Long Lankyn was hanged  
on a gallows so high,  
And the false nurse was burnt  
in a f+ire just by.

\LBALLADS Child 93G.1

\N1 THE lord said to his ladie,  
as he mounted his horse,  
Beware of Long Lonkin,  
that lies in the moss.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.2

\N1 The lord said to his ladie,  
as he rode away,  
Beware of Long Lonkin,  
that lies in the clay.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.3

\N1 `What care I for Lonkin,  
or any of his gang?  
My doors are all shut,  
and my windows penned in.'

\SBALLADS Child 93G.4

\N1 There were six little windows,  
and they were all shut,  
But one little window,  
and that was forgot.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.5

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

And at that little window  
long Lonkin crept in.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.6

\N1 `Where\'s the lord of the hall?'  
says the Lonkin:

`He\'s gone up to London,'  
says Orange to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.7

\N1 `Where\'s the men of the hall?'  
says the Lonkin:

`They\'re at the f+ield ploughing,'  
says Orange to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.8

\N1 `Where\'s the maids of the hall?'  
says the Lonkin:

`They\'re at the well washing,'  
says Orange to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.9

\N1 `Where\'s the ladies of the hall?'  
says the Lonkin:

`They\'re up in their chambers,'  
says Orange to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.10

\N1 `How shall we get them down?'  
says the Lonkin:

`Prick the babe in the cradle,'  
says Orange to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93G.11

\N1 `Rock well my cradle,  
and bee-ba my son;  
You shall have a new gown  
when the lord he comes home.'

\SBALLADS Child 93G.12

\N1 Still she did prick it,  
and bee-ba she cried:  
`Come down, dearest mistress,  
and still your own child.'

\SBALLADS Child 93G.13

\N1 `Oh still my child, Orange,  
still him with a bell:'  
`I can\'t still him, ladie,  
till you come down yoursell.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93G.14  
\N1 `Hold the gold basin,  
for your heart\'s blood to run in,'

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 93G.15  
\N1 `To hold the gold basin,  
it grieves me full sore;  
Oh kill me, dear Lonkin,  
and let my mother go.'

\LBALLADS Child 93H.1  
\N1 BAULD RANKIN was as gude a mason  
as eer biggit wi stane;  
He has biggit a bonny castle,  
but siller he gat nane.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93H.2  
\N1 `Gae bar the gates,' the lady said,  
'gae bar them out and in;  
Leave not a door open,  
lest Rankin should come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 93H.3  
\N1 They\'ve bard them on the outer side,  
sae hae they on the in;  
But left the cellar-door open,  
and Bauld Rankin crap in.

\SBALLADS Child 93H.4  
\N1 `Where\'s a\' the women o the house?'  
says Bauld Rankin:  
'They\'re at the well washing,'  
says the fause nurse to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93H.5  
\N1 `Where\'s a\' the men of this house?'  
says the Bauld Rankin:  
'They are at the barn thrashing,'  
says the fause nurse to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93H.6  
\N1 `Where\'s the lady of this house?'  
says the Bauld Rankin:  
'She\'s in the chamber, sleeping,'  
says the fause nurse to him.

\SBALLADS Child 93H.7  
\N1 `How will we get her wakent?  
how will we get her down?'  
'We\'ll pierce the baby\'s heart\'s blood,'  
says the fause nurse to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93H.8  
\N1 `Come, please the babe, nurse,  
come please it wi the keys:'  
'It\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
tho I\'ll down on my knees.'

\SBALLADS Child 93H.9  
\N1 `Come, please the babe, nurse,  
come, please it wi the knife:'  
'It\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
should I lay down my life.'

\SBALLADS Child 93H.10  
\N1 `Come, please the babe, nurse,

come, please it wi the bell:'  
 `It\`ll no be pleased, madam,  
 till ye come down yoursel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93H.11  
 \N1 `How can I come down, how can I come,  
 sae late in the night,  
 And neither coal nor candle,  
 for to shew me light?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93H.12  
 \N1 The f+irst step she steppit,  
 she steppit on a stane;  
 The next step she steppit,  
 she met the Bauld Rankin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93H.13  
 \N1 `O spare my life, Rankin,  
 O spare it most dear!  
 I\`ll gie you as monie guineas  
 as birds in the air.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93H.14  
 \N1 `O spare my life, Rankin,  
 O save it most sweet!  
 I\`ll gie you as monie guineas  
 as there\`s stanes in the street.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 93H.15  
 \N1 `I wish my wife and bairns  
 may be all well at hame;  
 For the buttons on my waistcoat  
 they winna bide on.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93H.16  
 \N1 `I wish my wife and family  
 may be all well at home;  
 For the rings upon my f+ingers  
 they winna bide on.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 93H.17  
 \N1 He has kindled a big bane-f+ire,  
 in the middle o the closs,  
 And he has burned Bauld Rankin,  
 likewise the fause nurse.  
 \LBALLADS Child 93I.1  
 \N1 LANCKIN was as guid a mason  
 as ever did use stane;  
 He biggit Lord Murray\`s house,  
 an payment neer got nane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93I.2  
 \N1 It fell ance on a day  
 Lord Murray went frae hame,  
 An Lankin came to the fause nourice,  
 . . . . .  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 93I.3  
 \N1 `O still my bairn, nourice,  
 still him wi the knife:'  
 `He winna still, lady,  
 Tho I should lay down my life.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93I.4  
 \N1 `O still my bairn, nurice,  
 still him wi the bell:'  
 `He winna still, lady,

till ye come down yersel.'

\SBALLADS Child 93I.5

\N1 The f+irst [step she steppit],  
she came on the marble stane;  
The next step [she steppit],  
she met him Lankin.

\SBALLADS Child 93I.6

\N1 `O spare my life, Lankin,  
an I'll gie ye a peck o goud;  
An that dinna please ye,  
I'll heap it wi my hand.'

\SBALLADS Child 93I.7

\N1 `O will I kill the lady, nurice,  
or will I lat her be?'

`O kill her, Lankin,  
she was never guid to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 93I.8

\N1 `O wanted ye yer meat, nurice?  
or wanted ye yer fee?  
Or wanted ye the othir bounties  
ladys are wont to gie?'

\SBALLADS Child 93I.9

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`O kill her, Lankin,  
she was never guid to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 93I.10

\N1 `Gae wash a bason, nurice,  
an ye wash it clean,  
To cape this ladie\'s blood;  
she is come o high kine.'

\SBALLADS Child 93I.11

\N1 `I winna wash a bason,  
nor will I wash it clean,  
To cape this ladie\'s blood,  
tho she\'s come o high kine.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93I.12

\N1 Bonny sang yon bird,  
as he sat upon the tree,  
But sare grat Lankin.  
for he was hangit hie.

\SBALLADS Child 93I.13

\N1 Bonny sang the bird,  
that sat upon the hill,  
But sare grat the nurice,  
whan the caudron gan to boil.

\SBALLADS Child 93I.14

\N1 . . . . .

Lankin was hangit hie,  
And the fause nourice burnt  
in the caudron was she.

\LBALLADS Child 93J.1

\N1 O LAMMIKIN was as good a mason  
as ever bigget stane;  
He\'s bigget Lord Erley\'s castle,  
but money he got nane.

\SBALLADS Child 93J.2

\N1 It fell out upon a time  
Lord Earley went from home;

He left his lady in his castle,  
but and his young son.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93J.3

\N1 `Where is the lord o this house,  
that calls me Lammikin?'

`He\'s on the sea sailing,  
he will not come home.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.4

\N1 `Where are the men o this house,  
that call me Lammikin?'

`They are at the barn threshing,  
they will not come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.5

\N1 `Where are the maids of this house,  
that call me Lammikin?'

`They are at the well washing,  
they will not come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.6

\N1 `Where is the lady o this house,  
that calls me Lammikin?'

`She\'s in her room shewing,  
she will not come down.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.7

\N1 `How shall we contrive  
for to make her come down?'

`We\'ll stick her dear infant,  
and make her come down.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.8

\N1 O Lammikin he rocket,  
and the fause nurice sung,  
While out o the cradle  
the infant\'s blude sprung.

\SBALLADS Child 93J.9

\N1 `O still my bairn, nurice,'  
the lady did cry:

`He will not still, lady,  
for you nor for I.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.10

\N1 `O still my bairn, nurice,  
still him wi the wan:'

`He will not still, lady,  
for a\' his father\'s lan.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.11

\N1 `Oh still my bairn, nurice,  
still him wi the keys:'

`Oh he winna still, lady,  
for a\' his father\'s leys.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.12

\N1 `Oh still my bairn, nurice,  
still him wi the bell:'

`Oh he winna still, lady,  
till ye come down yersell.'

\SBALLADS Child 93J.13

\N1 The f+irsten step that lady stepped,  
it was upon a stone;

The nexten step that lady stepped,  
she saw him Lammikin.

\SBALLADS Child 93J.14

\N1 The nexten step that lady stepped

was in her own child\'s blood,

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 93J.15

\\N1 `Oh will I kill her, nurice,  
or will I let her be?'

`Kill her, dear Lammikin,  
she was never gude to me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 93J.16

\\N1 `Oh wanted you meat, nurice?  
or wanted you fee?

Or wanted you anything  
that a lady can gie?'

\\SBALLADS Child 93J.17

\\N1 `I wanted no meat, lady,  
nor wanted I fee,  
But I wanted mony a thing  
that a lady could gie.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\LBALLADS Child 93K.1

\\N1 MY lord said to my lady,  
when he went from home,  
Take care of Long Longkin,  
he lies in the lone.

\\SBALLADS Child 93K.2

\\N1 My lady said to my lord,  
when he went abroad,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\\SBALLADS Child 93K.3

\\N1 `I care not for Longkin,  
nor none of his kin,  
For my gate\'s fast barrd,  
and my windows shut in.'

\\SBALLADS Child 93K.4

\\N1 My lord was not gone  
many miles from the place,  
Until the false Longkin  
came straight to the place.

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 93K.5

\\N1 `Pinch the bairn, nourry,  
pinch it very sore,  
Untill the mother  
shall come down below.'

\\SBALLADS Child 93K.6

\\N1 `Still the bairn, nury,  
still it with the pap:'  
`It wont be stilld, madam,  
with neither this nor that.'

\\SBALLADS Child 93K.7

\\N1 `Still the bairn, nury,  
still it with a bell:'  
`It wont be stilld, madam,  
till you cum down yoursell.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 93K.8

\\N1 `Come down, Lady Betty,  
the f+lower of all your kin,



And see your mother\'s heart\'s blood,  
 so freely running.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93K.9  
 \N1 Down came Lady Betty,  
 her heart full of woe:  
 `Oh take my life, Longkin,  
 and let my mother go.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93K.10  
 \N1 `Come down, Lady Nelly,  
 the f+lower of all your kin,  
 And see your sister\'s heart\'s blood,  
 so freely running.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93K.11  
 \N1 Down came Lady Nelly,  
 her heart full of woe:  
 `Oh take my life, Longkin,  
 and let my sister go.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93K.12  
 \N1 `Come down, Lady Jenny, etc\  
 \LBALLADS Child 93L.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 `O WHERE\R\'\'rS the men of this house?'  
 quo the Lamkin:  
 `They\'re in the barn threshing,'  
 quo the false nurse within.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93L.2  
 \N1 `O where\'s the women of the house?'  
 quo the Lamkin:  
 `They\'re at the well washing,'  
 quo the false nurse within.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93L.3  
 \N1 `O where\'s the lord of this house?'  
 quo the Lamkin:  
 `He\'s in the wood hunting,'  
 quo the false nurse within.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93L.4  
 \N1 `O where\'s the lady of the house?'  
 quo the Lamkin:  
 `She\'s in her bower dressing,'  
 quo the false nurse within.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 93L.5  
 \N1 `O please my babie, nourrice,  
 O please him with the keys:'  
 `He\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
 let me do what I please.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93L.6  
 \N1 `O please my babie, nourrice,  
 O please him with the bell:'  
 `He\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
 till ye come down yoursell.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 93L.7  
 \N1 There was blood in the chaumer,  
 and blood in the ha,  
 And blood in his ladie\'s room,  
 which he liked warst of a\  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 93M.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\N1 BUT it fell out upon a day  
Lord Wearie was to gae frae hame,  
And he has left his lady gay  
In his castell to stay her lane.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93M.2

\N1 Lamkin rocked,  
and fausse nourice sang,  
And a\' the four tors o the cradle  
red blood sprang.

\SBALLADS Child 93M.3

\N1 `O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the wan:  
`He winna still, lady,  
for a\' his father\'s lan.'

\SBALLADS Child 93M.4

\N1 `O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the keys:  
`He winna still, lady,  
for a\' his father\'s leys.'

\SBALLADS Child 93M.5

\N1 `O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the pap:  
`He winna still, lady,  
for this nor for that.'

\SBALLADS Child 93M.6

\N1 `O still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him wi the bell:  
`He winna still, lady,  
untill ye cum down yersell.'

\SBALLADS Child 93M.7

\N1 The f+irsten step she steppet,  
she stepped on a stane,  
And the nexten step she stepped,  
she keppit him fause Lamkin.

\SBALLADS Child 93M.8

\N1 The thirdden step she steppit,  
she saw her young son\'s red blood run on,

: : : : :  
: : : : :

\SBALLADS Child 93M.9

\N1 `Ye\'ve killed my bairn, Lamkin,  
but lat mysell be;

Ye\'se be as weel payit a mason  
as was ever payd a fee.'

\LBALLADS Child 93N.1

\N1 LAMKIN was as gude a mason  
as ever biggit stone;  
He biggit Laird Earie\'s house,  
and payment he got none.

\SBALLADS Child 93N.2

\N1 O it fell ance upon a day  
Laird Earie went from home,  
And Lamkin came cravin  
his lady alone.

\SBALLADS Child 93N.3

\N1 `O far\'s the laird o this place?  
O neerice, tell me:  
`He\'s on the sea sailin,  
O Lamkin,' said she.

\SBALLADS Child 93N.4

\N1 `O far\'s the lady o this place?  
neerice, tell me:'

`She\'s up the stair dressin,  
O Lamkin,' said she.

\SBALLADS Child 93N.5

\N1 `O far\'s the bairns o this place?  
neerice, tell me:'

`The\'re at the scheel . .  
O Lamkin,' said she.

`O will I get a word o her,  
neerice?' said he.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93N.6

\N1 The f+irst step that lady steppet  
she steppd on a stone;  
The next step that lady stept  
she met wi Lamkin.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93N.7

\N1 Ere the basin was washen,  
or haf made clean,  
The ladie\'s heart-bleed  
was rinnin in the reem.

\LBALLADS Child 930.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `YOU have two bright diamonds,  
as bright as the stars,  
Put one on each f+inger,  
they\'ll show you doun stairs.'

\SBALLADS Child 930.2

\N1 The f+irst step this lady took,  
she dreaded no harm;  
But the second step this lady took,  
she was in Lammikin\'s arms.

\SBALLADS Child 930.3

\N1 `Will I kill her, nursie,  
or will I let her be?'

`Oh yes, kill her, Lammikin,  
she was never gude to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 930.4

\N1 `How can [ye] say so, nursie?  
how can ye say so?

For your head neer did ache  
but my heart it was sore.

\SBALLADS Child 930.5

\N1 `Oh spare my life, nursie,  
oh spare my life, spare;  
Ye\'ll have as mony gowd guineas  
as there\'s birds in the air.

\SBALLADS Child 930.6

\N1 `O spare my life, nursie,  
till my lord comes back;  
Ye\'ll have as mony gowd guineas  
as the fou of a sack.'

\SBALLADS Child 930.7

\N1 `Oh yes kill her and . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 930.8

\N1 `Go scour the silver basin,  
go scour it f+ine,  
For our lady\'s heart\'s blude  
is gentle to tine.

\SBALLADS Child 930.9

\N1 `Go scour the silver skewer,  
oh scour it richt f+ine,  
For our lady\'s heart\'s blude  
is gentle to tine.'

\LBALLADS Child 93P.1

\N1 A BETTER mason than Lammikin  
nevir builded wi the stane,  
Wha builded Lord Weire\'s castill,  
but wages nevir gat nane.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93P.2

\N1 They stecked doors, they stecked yates,  
close to the cheik and the chin;  
They stecked them a\' but a little wickit,  
and Lammikin crap in.

\SBALLADS Child 93P.3

\N1 `Now where\'s the lady of this castle?  
nurse, tell to Lammikin:'  
`She\'s sewing up intill her bowir,'  
the fals nourrice she sung.

\SBALLADS Child 93P.4

\N1 `What sall we do, what sall we say,  
to gar her cum there down?'  
`We\'ll nip the baby in the cradle,  
the fals nourrice she sung.

\SBALLADS Child 93P.5

\N1 Lammikin nipped the bonie babe,  
while loud fals nourrice sings;  
Lammikin nipped the bony babe,  
while hich the red blude springs.

\SBALLADS Child 93P.6

\N1 `O gentil nourice, please my babe,  
O please him wi the keys:'  
`He\'ll no be pleased, gay lady,  
gin I\'d sit on my knees.'

\SBALLADS Child 93P.7

\N1 `Gude gentil nourice, please my babe,  
O please him wi a knife:'  
`He winna be pleased, mistress myne,  
gin I wad lay down my lyfe.'

\SBALLADS Child 93P.8

\N1 `Sweet nourice, loud, loud cries my babe,  
O please him wi the bell:'  
`He winna be pleased, gay lady,  
till ye cum down yoursell.'

\LBALLADS Child 93Q.1

\N1 LAMMIKIN was as gude a mason  
as ever hewed a stane;  
He biggit Lord Weire\'s castle,  
but payment gat he nane.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93Q.2

\N1 `Where are the lads o this castle?'  
says the Lammikin:

`They are a\' wi Lord Weire, hunting,'  
the false nourice did sing.  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.3  
\N1 `Where are the lasses o this castle?'  
says the Lammikin:  
`They are a\' out at the washing,'  
the false nourice did sing.  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.4  
\N1 `But where\'s the lady o this house?'  
says the Lammikin:  
`She is in her bower sewing,'  
the false nourice did sing.  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.5  
\N1 `Is this the bairn o this house?'  
says the Lammikin:  
`The only bairn Lord Weire aughts,'  
the false nourice did sing.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.6  
\N1 `Still my bairn, nourice,  
O still him if ye can:'  
`He will not still, madam,  
for a\' his father\'s lan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.7  
\N1 `O gentle nourice, still my bairn,  
O still him wi the keys:'  
`He will not still, fair lady,  
let me do what I please.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.8  
\N1 `O still my bairn, kind nourice,  
O still him wi the ring:'  
`He will not still, my lady,  
let me do any thing.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.9  
\N1 The f+irst step she stepped,  
she stepped on a stane;  
The next step she stepped,  
she met the Lammikin.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.10  
\N1 `O nourice, wanted ye your meat?  
or wanted ye your fee?  
Or wanted ye for any thing  
a fair lady could gie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.11  
\N1 `I wanted for nae meat, ladie,  
I wanted for nae fee;  
But I wanted for a hantle  
a fair lady could gie.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.12  
\N1 `I wish a\' may be weel,' he says,  
'wi my ladie at hame;  
For the rings upon my f+ingers  
are bursting in twain.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 93Q.13  
\N1 `There\'s bluid in my nursery,  
there\'s bluid in my ha,

There\'s bluid in my fair lady\'s bower,  
an that\'s warst of a\'.\'

\SBALLADS Child 93Q.14

\N1 O sweet, sweet sang the birdie,  
upon the bough sae hie,  
But little cared false nourice for that,  
for it was her gallows-tree.

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 93R.1

\N1 WHEN Sir Guy and his train  
gaed to hunt the wild boar,  
He gard bar up his castle,  
behind and before.

\SBALLADS Child 93R.2

\N1 And he bade his fair lady  
guard weel her young son,  
For wicked Balcanqual  
great mischief had done.

\SBALLADS Child 93R.3

\N1 So she closed a\' the windows,  
without and within,  
But forgot the wee wicket,  
and Balcanqual crap in.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93R.4

\N1 Syne Balcanqual he rocked,  
and fause nourice sang,  
Till through a\' the cradle  
the baby\'s blood sprang.

\SBALLADS Child 93R.5

\N1 `O please the bairn, nourice,  
and please him wi the keys:\  
`He\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
for a\' thet he sees.'

\SBALLADS Child 93R.6

\N1 And Balcanqual ay rocked,  
while fause nourice sang,  
And through a\' the cradle  
the baby\'s blood ran.

\SBALLADS Child 93R.7

\N1 `Please the bairn, nourice,  
and please him wi the knife:\  
`He\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
tho I\'d gie my life.'

\SBALLADS Child 93R.8

\N1 And Balcanqual still rocked,  
and fause nourice sang,  
While through a\' the cradle  
the baby\'s blood ran.

\SBALLADS Child 93R.9

\N1 `Now please the bairn, nourice,  
and please him wi the bell:\  
`He\'ll no be pleased, madam,  
till ye come yoursell.'

\SBALLADS Child 93R.10

\N1 Down came this fair lady,  
tripping down the stair,  
To see her sick bairn,  
but returned never mair.

\SBALLADS Child 93R.11



\SBALLADS Child 93T.10

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

False Lantin he took her  
so brave in his arms.

\SBALLADS Child 93T.11

\N1 Saying, Where is your friend,  
or where is your foe,  
That will hold the gold basin,  
your heart\'s blood to f+low?

\SBALLADS Child 93T.12

\N1 `My nurse is not my friend,  
my nurse is my foe;  
She\'ll hold the gold basin,  
my heart\'s blood to f+low.

\SBALLADS Child 93T.13

\N1 `O spare my life  
for one summer\'s day,  
And I\'ll give you as much money  
as there\'s sand in the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 93T.14

\N1 `I\'ll not spare your life  
for one summer\'s day,  
And I wont have as much money  
as there\'s sand in the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 93T.15

\N1 `O spare me my life  
until one o\'clock,  
And I\'ll give you Queen Betsie,  
the f+lower of the f+lock.'

\SBALLADS Child 93T.16

\N1 `O mama, dear mama,  
then please him awhile;  
My dada is coming,  
he\'s dressed in great style.'

\SBALLADS Child 93T.17

\N1 False Lantin he heard  
the words from the high,  
Saying, Your mama is dead,  
and away I will f+ly.

\SBALLADS Child 93T.18

\N1 `O dada, dear dada,  
do not blame me,  
\'Tis nurse and false Lantin  
betrayed your ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 93T.19

\N1 `I\'ll bury my mama  
against the wall,  
And I\'ll bury my baba,  
white all, white all.'

\LBALLADS Child 93U.1

\N1 AS my lord and my lady  
were out walking one day,  
Says my lord to my lady,  
Beware of Lamkin.

\SBALLADS Child 93U.2

\N1 `O why should I fear him,  
or any such man,  
When my doors are well barrd,  
and my windows well pinnd?'



\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93U.3

\N1 `O keep your gold and silver,  
it will do you some good;  
It will buy you a coff+in,  
when you are dead.'

\SBALLADS Child 93U.4

\N1 There\'s blood in the kitchen,  
and blood in the hall,  
And the young Mayor of England  
lies dead by the wall.

\LBALLADS Child 93V.1

\N1 I WALD be very sorry  
to wash a basin clean,  
To haud my mither\'s heart\'s blude,  
that\'s comin, an I ken.

\LBALLADS Child 93[W.1]

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 And it was weel built,  
without and within,  
Except a little hole,  
to let Bloody Lambkin come in.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93[W.2]

\N1 He stabbed her young son,  
with the silver bodkin,  
Till oot o the cradle  
the reed blude did rin.

\SBALLADS Child 93[W.3]

\N1 `Oh still my babe, nourrice,  
still him wi the keys:'  
`He\'ll no be still, madam,  
let me do what I please.'

\SBALLADS Child 93[W.4]

\N1 `Oh still my babe, nourrice,  
still him wi the knife:'  
`He\'ll no be still, madam,  
na, no for my life.'

\SBALLADS Child 93[W.5]

\N1 `Oh still my babe, still my babe,  
still him wi the bell:'  
`He\'ll no be still, madam,  
till ye come down yoursel.'

\SBALLADS Child 93[W.6]

\N1 `How can I come down,  
his cold frosty night?  
I have neither coal nor candle,  
for to show me light!'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 93[W.7]

\N1 `O haud your tongue, nourrice,  
sae loud as ye lee;  
Ye\'d neer a cut f+inger  
but I pitied thee.'

\LBALLADS Child 93[X.1]

\N1 Lamkin was as good a mason  
As ever liftit stane;  
He built to the laird o Lariston,  
But payment gat he nane.

\SBALLADS Child 93[X.2]

\N1 Oft he came, an ay he came,  
To that good lord\'s yett,  
But neither at dor nor window  
Ony entrance could get.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.3]  
\N1 Till ae wae an weary day  
Early he came,  
An it fell out on that day  
That good lord was frae hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.4]  
\N1 He bade steek dor an window,  
An prick them to the gin,  
Nor leave a little wee hole,  
Else Lamkin wad be in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.5]  
\N1 Noorice steekit dor an window,  
She steekit them to the gin;  
But she left a little wee hole  
That Lamkin might win in.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.6]  
\N1 `O where\'s the lady o this house?'  
Said cruel Lamkin;  
`She\'s up the stair sleepin,'  
Said fause noorice then.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.7]  
\N1 `How will we get her down the stair?'  
Said cruel Lamkin;  
`We\'l stogg the baby i the cradle,'  
Said fause noorice then.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.8]  
\N1 He stoggit, and she rockit,  
Till a\' the f+loor swam,  
An a\' the tors o the cradle  
Red wi blude ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.9]  
\N1 `O still my son, noorise,  
O still him wi the kane;'  
`He winna still, madam,  
Till Lariston come hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.10]  
\N1 `O still my son, noorice,  
O still him wi the knife;'  
`I canna still him, madam,  
If ye sude tak my life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.11]  
\N1 `O still my soon, noorice,  
O still him wi the bell;'  
`He winna still, madam,  
Come see him yoursel.'  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.12]  
\N1 Wae an weary rase she up,  
Slowly pat her on  
Her green claethin o the silk,  
An slowly came she down.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.13]  
\N1 The f+irst step she steppit,  
It was on a stone;  
The f+irst body she saw  
Was cruel Lamkin.  
\SBALLADS Child 93[X.14]

\N1 `O pity, pity, Lamkin,  
 Hae pity on me!'  
 `Just as meikle pity, madam,  
 As ye paid me o my fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[X.15]  
 \N1 `I\'ll g\' ye a peck o good red goud,  
 Streekit wi the wand;  
 An if that winna please ye,  
 I\'ll heap it wi my hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[X.16]  
 \N1 `An if that winna please ye,  
 O goud an o fee,  
 I\'ll g\' ye my eldest daughter,  
 Your wedded wife to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[X.17]  
 \N1 `Gae wash the bason, lady,  
 Gae wash\'t an mak it clean,  
 To kep your mother\'s heart\'s-blude,  
 For she\'s of noble kin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[X.18]  
 \N1 `To kep my mother\'s heart\'s-blude  
 I wad be right wae;  
 O tak mysle, Lamkin,  
 An let my mother gae.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[X.19]  
 \N1 `Gae wash the bason, noorice,  
 Gae wash\'t an mak it clean,  
 To kep your lady\'s heart\'s-blude,  
 For she\'s o noble kin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[X.20]  
 \N1 `To wash the bason, Lamkin,  
 I will be right glad,  
 For mony, mony bursen day  
 About her house I\'ve had.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[X.21]  
 \N1 But oh, what dule an sorrow  
 Was about that lord\'s ha,  
 When he fand his lady lyin  
 As white as driven snaw!  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[X.22]  
 \N1 O what dule an sorrow  
 Whan that good lord cam in,  
 An fand his young son murderd,  
 I the chimley lyin!  
 \LBALLADS Child 93[Y.1]  
 \N1 Lie in your room, my wife,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.2]  
 \N1 `You\'ll fasten doors and windows,  
 you\'ll fasten them out an in,  
 For if you leave ae window open  
 Lammikin will come in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.3]  
 \N1 They\'ve fastened doors an windows,  
 they\'ve fastened them out an in,  
 But they have left ae window open,  
 and Lammikin cam in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.4]

\N1 `O where are a\' the women  
 that dwell here within?'  
 `They\'re at the well washin,  
 and they will not come in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.5]  
 \N1 `O where are a\' the men  
 that dwell here within?'  
 `They\'re at the . . . . .,  
 and they will not come in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.6]  
 \N1 `O where is the lady  
 that dwells here within?'  
 `She\'s up the stair dressin,  
 and she will not come doun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.7]  
 \N1 `It\'s what will we do  
 to mak her come doun?  
 We\'ll rock the cradle, nourrice,  
 an mak her come doun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.8]  
 \N1 They [hae] rocked the cradle  
 to mak her come doun,  
 . . . . .  
 the red bluid out sprung.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.9]  
 \N1 `O still the bairn, nourrice,  
 O still him wi the bell;;  
 `He winna still, my lady,  
 till ye come doun yersel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.10]  
 \N1 The f+irst step she steppit,  
 it was upon a stane;  
 The next step she steppit,  
 she keppit Lammikin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.11]  
 \N1 `O mercy, mercy, Lammikin,  
 hae mercy upo me!  
 Tho ye hae killed my young son,  
 ye may lat mysel abee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.12]  
 \N1 `O it\'s will I kill her, nourrice,  
 or will I lat her be?'  
 `O kill her, kill her, Lammikin,  
 she neer was gude to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.13]  
 \N1 `O it\'s wanted ye your meat?  
 or wanted ye your fee?'  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 93[Y.14]  
 \N1 `I wanted not my meat,  
 I wanted not my fee,  
 But I wanted some bounties  
 That ladies can gie.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 94.1  
 \N1 ABOUT Yule, when the wind blew cule,  
 And the round tables began,  
 A there is cum to our king\'s court  
 Mony a well-favourd man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 94.2

\N1 The queen luikt owre the castle-wa,  
Beheld baith dale and down,  
And then she saw Young Waters  
Cum riding to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 94.3  
\N1 His footmen they did rin before,  
His horsemen rade behind;  
Ane mantel of the burning gowd  
Did keip him frae the wind.  
\SBALLADS Child 94.4  
\N1 Gowden-graithd his horse before,  
And siller-shod behind;  
The horse Young Waters rade upon  
Was f+leeter than the wind.  
\SBALLADS Child 94.5  
\N1 Out then spake a wylie lord,  
Unto the queen said he,  
'O tell me wha\'s the fairest face  
Rides in the company?'  
\SBALLADS Child 94.6  
\N1 'I\'ve sene lord, and I\'ve sene laird,  
And knights of high degree,  
But a fairer face than Young Waters  
Mine eyne did never see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 94.7  
\N1 Out then spack the jealous king,  
And an angry man was he:  
'O if he had been twice as fair,  
You micht have excepted me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 94.8  
\N1 'You\'re neither laird nor lord,' she says,  
'Bot the king that wears the crown;  
There is not a knight in fair Scotland  
But to thee maun bow down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 94.9  
\N1 For a\' that she could do or say,  
Appeasd he wad nae bee,  
Bot for the words which she had said,  
Young Waters he maun dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 94.10  
\N1 They hae taen Young Waters,  
And put fetters to his feet;  
They hae taen Young Waters,  
And thrown him in dungeon deep.  
\SBALLADS Child 94.11  
\N1 'Aft I have ridden thro Stirling town  
In the wind bot and the weit;  
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town  
Wi fetters at my feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 94.12  
'Aft have I ridden thro Stirling town  
In the wind bot and the rain;  
Bot I neir rade thro Stirling town  
Neir to return again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 94.13  
\N1 They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His young son in his craddle,  
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His horse bot and his saddle.  
\SBALLADS Child 94.14

\N1 They hae taen to the heiding-hill  
His lady fair to see,  
And for the words the queen had spoke  
Young Waters he did dee.

\LBALLADS Child 95A.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `O GOOD Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own father,  
Come riding by the stile.

\SBALLADS Child 95A.2

\N1 `Oh father, oh father, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee!  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.3

\N1 `None of my gold now you shall have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hanged you shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.4

\N1 `Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own mother,  
Come riding by the stile.

\SBALLADS Child 95A.5

\N1 `Oh mother, oh mother, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree!'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.6

\N1 `None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hanged you shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.7

\N1 `Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own brother,  
Come riding by the stile.

\SBALLADS Child 95A.8

\N1 `Oh brother, oh brother, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree!'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.9

\N1 `None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hanged you shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.10

\N1 `Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own sister,  
Come riding by the stile.

\SBALLADS Child 95A.11

\N1 `Oh sister, oh sister, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To keep my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree!'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.12

\N1 `None of my gold now shall you have,  
Nor likewise of my fee;  
For I am come to see you hangd,  
And hanged you shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.13

\N1 `Oh good Lord Judge, and sweet Lord Judge,  
Peace for a little while!  
Methinks I see my own true-love,  
Come riding by the stile.

\SBALLADS Child 95A.14

\N1 `Oh true-love, oh true-love, a little of your gold,  
And likewise of your fee,  
To save my body from yonder grave,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95A.15

\N1 `Some of my gold now you shall have,  
And likewise of my fee,  
For I am come to see you saved,  
And saved you shall be.'

\LBALLADS Child 95B.1

\N1 `IT\R'\rS hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,  
`O hold your hand for a while!  
For yonder I see my father a coming,  
Riding many\'s the mile.

\SBALLADS Child 95B.2

\N1 `Have you any gold, father?' she says,  
`Or have you any fee?  
Or did you come to see your own daughter a hanging,  
Like a dog, upon a tree?'

\SBALLADS Child 95B.3

\N1 `I have no gold, daughter,' he says,  
`Neither have I any fee;  
But I am come to see my ain daughter hanged,  
And hanged she shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95B.4

\N1 `Hey the broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cauthery Knowes!  
I wish I were at hame again,  
Milking my ain daddie\'s ewes.

\SBALLADS Child 95B.5

\N1 `Hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,  
`O hold your hand for a while!  
For yonder I see my own mother coming,  
Riding full many a mile.

\SBALLADS Child 95B.6

\N1 `Have you any gold, mother?' she says,  
`Or have you any fee?  
Or did you come to see your own daughter hanged,  
Like a dog, upon a tree?'

\SBALLADS Child 95B.7

\N1 `I have no gold, daughter,' she says,  
`Neither have I any fee;  
But I am come to see my own daughter hanged,  
And hanged she shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95B.8

\N1 `Hey the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom o the Cauthery Knowes!  
I wish I were at hame again,  
Milking my ain daddie\'s ewes.

\SBALLADS Child 95B.9

\N1 `Hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,  
`O hold your hand for a while!  
For yonder I see my ae brother a coming,  
Riding many\'s the mile.

\SBALLADS Child 95B.10

\N1 `Have you any gold, brother?' she says,  
`Or have you any fee?  
Or did you come to see your ain sister a hanging,  
Like a dog, upon a tree?'

\SBALLADS Child 95B.11

\N1 `I have no gold, sister,' he says,  
`Nor have I any fee'  
But I am come to see my ain sister hanged,  
And hanged she shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95B.12

\N1 `Hey the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom,  
The broom o the Cathery Knowes!  
I wish I were at hame again,  
Milking my ain daddie\'s ewes.

\SBALLADS Child 95B.13

\N1 `Hold your hand, dear judge,' she says,  
`O hold your hand for a while!  
For yonder I see my own true-love coming,  
Riding full many a mile.

\SBALLADS Child 95B.14

\N1 `Have you any gold, my true-love?' she says,  
`Or have you any fee?  
Or have you come to see your own love hanged,  
Like a dog, upon a tree?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 95C.1

\N1 `HOLD up thy hand, most righteous judge,  
Hold up thy hand a while!  
For here I see my own dear father,  
Come tumbling over the stile.

\SBALLADS Child 95C.2

\N1 `Oh hast thou brought me silver or gold,  
Or jewels, to set me free?  
Or hast thou come to see me hung?  
For hanged I shall be.

\SBALLADS Child 95C.3

\N1 `If I could get out of this prickly bush,  
That prickles my heart so sore,  
If I could get out of this prickly bush,  
I\'d never get in it no more.'

\SBALLADS Child 95C.4

\N1 `Oh I have brought nor silver nor gold,  
Nor jewels, to set thee free;  
But I have come to see thee hung,  
For hanged thou shall be.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 95C.5

\N1 `It\'s I have brought thee silver and gold,  
And jewels, to set thee free;  
I have not come to see thee hung,  
For hanged thou shall not be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95C.6

\N1 `Now I have got out of this prickly bush,  
That prickled my heart so sore,



And I have got out of this prickly bush,  
I'll never get in it no more.'

\LBALLADS Child 95D.1

\N1 . . . . .

`O had your hand a while!  
For yonder comes my father,  
I'm sure he'll borrow me.

\SBALLADS Child 95D.2

\N1 `O some of your goud, father,  
An of your well won fee!  
To save me [frae the high hill],  
[And] frae the gallow-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95D.3

\N1 `Ye\'se get nane of my goud,  
Nor of my well won fee,  
For I would gie f+ive hundred poun  
To see ye hangit hie.'

\SBALLADS Child 95D.4

\N1 . . . . .

`O had yer hand a while!  
Yonder is my love Willie,  
Sure he will borrow me.

\SBALLADS Child 95D.5

\N1 `O some o your goud, my love Willie,  
An some o yer well won fee!  
To save me frae the high hill,  
And frae the gallow-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95D.6

\N1 `Ye\'se get a\' my goud,  
And a\' my well won fee,  
To save ye fra the headin-hill,  
And frae the gallow-tree.'

\LBALLADS Child 95E.1

\N1 `HOLD your hands, ye justice o peace,  
Hold them a little while!

For yonder comes my father and mother,  
That\'s travelld mony a mile.

\SBALLADS Child 95E.2

\N1 `Gie me some o your gowd, parents,  
Some o your white monie,  
To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95E.3

\N1 `Ye\'ll get nane o ourgowd, daughter,  
Nor nane o our white monie,  
For we have travelld mony a mile,  
This day to see you die.'

\SBALLADS Child 95E.4

\N1 `Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,  
Hold them a little while!

For yonder comes him Warenston,  
The father of my chile.

\SBALLADS Child 95E.5

\N1 `Give me some o your gowd, Warenston,  
Some o your white monie,  
To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95E.6

\N1 `I bade you nurse my bairn well,  
And nurse it carefullie,

And gowd shoud been your hire, Maisry,  
 And my body your fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 95E.7  
 \N1 He\'s taen out a purse o gowd,  
 Another o white monie,  
 And he\'s tauld down ten thousand crowns,  
 Says, True-love, gang wi me.  
 \LBALLADS Child 95F.1  
 `STOP, stop, . . .  
 . . . . .  
 I think I see my father coming,  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 95F.2  
 \N1 `O hae ye brocht my silken cloak,  
 Or my golden key?  
 Or hae ye come to see he hanged,  
 On this green gallows-tree?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 95F.3  
 \N1 `I\'ve neither brocht your silken cloak,  
 Nor your golden key,  
 But I have come to see you hanged,  
 On this green gallows-tree.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 95F.4  
 \N1 `I\'ve neither brocht your silken cloak,  
 Nor your golden key,  
 But I am come to set you free  
 From this green gallows-tree.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 95G.1  
 `HANGMAN, hangman, stop a minute,  
 . . . . .  
 I think I see my father coming,  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 95G.2  
 \N1 `Father, father, have you found the key,  
 And have you come to set me free?  
 Or have you come to see me hanged,  
 Upon this gallows-tree?'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 95G.3  
 \N1 `I have not come to see you hanged,  
 Upon the gallows-tree,  
 For I have found the golden key,'  
 . . . . .  
 \LBALLADS Child 95H.1  
 `STOP, stop! . . .  
 . . . . .  
 I think I see my mother coming,  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 95H.2  
 \N1 `Oh mother, hast brought my golden ball,  
 And come to set me free?  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 95H.3  
 \N1 `I\'ve neither brought thy golden ball,  
 Nor come to set thee free,  
 But I have come to see thee hung,  
 Upon this gallows-tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 95H.4

\N1 `Stop, stop! . . .

. . . . .  
I think I see my father coming,

. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 95H.5

\N1 `O father, hast brought my golden ball,  
And come to set me free?

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 95H.6

\N1 `I\'ve neither brought thy golden ball,  
Nor come to set thee free,  
But I have come to see thee hung,  
Upon this gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95H.7

\N1 `Stop, stop! . . .

. . . . .  
I see my sweet-heart coming,

. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 95H.8

\N1 `Sweet-heart, hast brought my golden ball,  
And come to set me free?

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 95H.9

\N1 `Aye, I have brought thy golden ball,  
And come to set thee free;  
I have not come to see thee hung,  
Upon this gallows-tree.'

\LBALLADS Child 95[I.1]

\N1 `Hold your tongue, Lord Judge,' she says,  
`Yet hold it a little while;

Methinks I see my ain dear father  
Coming wandering many a mile.

\SBALLADS Child 95[I.2]

\N1 `O have you brought me gold, father?  
Or have you brought me fee?

Or are you come to save my life  
From off this gallows-tree?'

\SBALLADS Child 95[I.3]

\N1 `I have not brought you gold, daughter,  
Nor have I brought you fee,  
But I am come to see you hangd,  
As you this day shall be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 95[I.4]

\N1 `I have not brought you gold, true-love,  
Nor yet have I brought fee,  
But I am come to save thy life  
From off this gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95[I.5]

\N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, father,' she says,  
`Gae hame and saw yer seed;

And I wish not a pickle of it may grow up,  
But the thistle and the weed.

\SBALLADS Child 95[I.6]

\N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, gae hame, mother,  
Gae hame and brew yer yill;  
And I wish the girds may a\' loup off,  
And the Deil spill a\' yer yill.

\SBALLADS Child 95[I.7]

\N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, gae hame, brother,  
Gae hame and lie with yer wife;  
And I wish that the first news I may hear  
That she has tane your life.

\SBALLADS Child 95[I.8]

\N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, sister,' she says,  
`Gae hame and sew yer seam;  
I wish that the needle-point may break,  
And the craws pyke out yer een.'

\LBALLADS Child 95[J.1]

\N1 `Hold up, hold up your hands so high!  
Hold up your hands so high!  
For I think I see my own father  
Coming over yonder stile to me.

\SBALLADS Child 95[J.2]

\N1 `Oh father, have you got any gold for me?  
Any money for to pay me free?  
To keep my body from the cold clay ground,  
And my neck from the gallows-tree?'

\SBALLADS Child 95[J.3]

\N1 `Oh no, I've got no gold for thee,  
No money for to pay thee free,  
For I've come to see thee hangd this day,  
And hange+d thou shalt be.'

\SBALLADS Child 95[J.4]

\N1 `Oh the briers, prickly briers,  
Come prick my heart so sore;  
I ever I get from the gallows-tree,  
I'll never get there any more.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 95[J.5]

\N1 `Oh yes, I've got some gold for thee,  
Some money for to pay thee free;  
I'll save thy body from the cold clay ground,  
And thy neck from the gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95[J.6]

\N1 `Oh the briers, prickly briers,  
Don't prick my heart any more;  
For now I've got from the gallows'tree  
I'll never get there any more.'

\LBALLADS Child 95[K.1]

\N1 `O hangman, hold thy hand,' he cried,  
`O hold thy hand awhile,  
For I can see my own dear father  
Coming over yonder stile.

\SBALLADS Child 95[K.2]

\N1 `O father, have you brought me gold?  
Or will you set me free?  
Or be you come to see me hung,  
All on this high gallows-tree?'

\SBALLADS Child 95[K.3]

\N1 `No, I have not brought thee gold,  
And I will not set thee free,  
But I am come to see thee hung,  
All on this high gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 95[K.4]

\N1 `Oh, the prickly bush, the prickly bush,  
It pricked my heart full sore;  
If ever I get out of the prickly bush,

I'll never get in any more.'  
\SBALLADS Child 95[K.5]  
\N1 `Yes, I have brought thee gold,' she cried,  
`And I will set thee free,  
And I am come, but not to see thee hung  
All on this high gallous-tree.'  
`Oh, the prickly bush,' etc\  
\LBALLADS Child 96A.1  
\N1 `O WELL\R\`rS me o my gay goss-hawk,  
That he can speak and f+lee;  
He'll carry a letter to my love,  
Bring back another to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.2  
\N1 `O how can I your true-love ken,  
Or how can I her know?  
Whan frae her mouth I never heard couth,  
Nor wi my eyes her saw.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.3  
\N1 `O well sal ye my true-love ken,  
As soon as you her see;  
For, of a\' the f+lowrs in fair Englan,  
The fairest f+lowr is she.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.4  
\N1 `At even at my love\'s bowr-door  
There grows a bowing birk,  
An sit ye down and sing thereon,  
As she gangs to the kirk.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.5  
\N1 `An four-an-twenty ladies fair  
Will wash and go to kirk,  
But well shall ye my true-love ken,  
For she wears goud on her skirt.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.6  
\N1 `An four and twenty gay ladies  
Will to the mass repair,  
But well sal ye my true-love ken,  
For she wears goud on her hair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.7  
\N1 O even at that lady\'s bowr-door  
There grows a bowin birk,  
And she set down and sang thereon,  
As she ged to the kirk.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.8  
\N1 `O eet and drink, my marys a\  
The wine f+flows you among,  
Till I gang to my shot-window,  
An hear yon bonny bird\'s song.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.9  
\N1 `Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,  
The song ye sang the streen,  
For I ken by your sweet singin  
You\'re frae my true-love sen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.10  
\N1 O f+irst he sang a merry song,  
An then he sang a grave,  
An then he peckd his feathers gray,  
To her the letter gave.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.11  
\N1 `Ha, there\'s a letter frae your love,  
He says he sent you three;

He canna wait your love langer,  
But for your sake he'll die.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.12  
\N1 `He bids you write a letter to him;  
He says he's sent you f+ive;  
He canno wait your love langer,  
Tho you're the fairest woman alive.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.13  
\N1 `Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,  
And brew his bridal-ale,  
An I'll meet him in fair Scotlan  
Lang, lang or it be stale.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.14  
\N1 She's doen her to her father dear,  
Fa'n low down on her knee:  
'A boon, a boon, my father dear,  
I pray you, grant it me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.15  
\N1 `Ask on, ask on, my daughter,  
An granted it sal be;  
Except ae squire in fair Scotlan,  
An him you sall never see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.16  
\N1 `The only boon, my father dear,  
That I do crave of the,  
Is, gin I die in southin lands,  
In Scotland to bury me.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.17  
\N1 `An the f+irstin kirk that ye come till,  
Ye gar the bells be rung,  
An the nextin kirk that ye come till,  
Ye gar the mess be sung.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.18  
\N1 `An the thirdin kirk that ye come till,  
You deal gold for my sake,  
An the fourthin kirk that ye come till,  
You tarry there till night.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.19  
\N1 She is doen her to her bigly bowr,  
As fast as she coud fare,  
An she has tane a sleepy draught,  
That she had mixed wi care.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.20  
\N1 She's laid her down upon her bed,  
An soon she's fa'n asleep,  
And soon oer every tender limb  
Cauld death began to creep.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.21  
\N1 Whan night was f+low'n, an day was come,  
Nae ane that did her see  
But thought she was as surely dead  
As ony lady coud be.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.22  
\N1 Her father an her brothers dear  
Gard make to her a bier;  
The tae half was o guide red gold,  
The tither o silver clear.  
\SBALLADS Child 96A.23  
\N1 Her mither an her sisters fair  
Gard work for her a sark;

The tae half was o cambrick f+ine,  
 The tither o needle wark.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96A.24  
 \N1 The f+irstin kirk that they came till,  
 They gard the bells be rung,  
 An the nextin kirk that they came till,  
 They gard the mess be sung.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96A.25  
 \N1 The thiridin kirk that they came till,  
 They dealt gold for her sake,  
 An the fourthin kirk that they came till,  
 Lo, there they met her make!  
 \SBALLADS Child 96A.26  
 \N1 `Lay down, lay down the bigly bier,  
 Lat me the dead look on;'  
 Wi cherry cheeks and ruby lips  
 She lay an smil\'d on him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96A.27  
 \N1 `O ae sheave o your bread, true-love,  
 An ae glass o your wine,  
 For I hae fasted for your sake  
 These fully days is nine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96A.28  
 \N1 `Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold brothers,  
 Gang hame and sound your horn;  
 An ye may boast in southin lans  
 Your sister\'s playd you scorn.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 96B.1  
 \N1 OUT then spoke the king of Scotland,  
 And he spak wondrous clear:  
 Where will I get a boy, and a pretty little boy,  
 That will my tidings bear?  
 \SBALLADS Child 96B.2  
 \N1 Out then spak a pretty little bird,  
 As it sat on a brier:  
 What will ye gie me, king of Scotland, he said,  
 If I your tidings will bear?  
 \SBALLADS Child 96B.3  
 \N1 `One wing of the beaten gowd,  
 And another of the silver clear;  
 It\'s all unto thee, my pretty little bird,  
 If thou my tidings will bear.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96B.4  
 \N1 The bird f+lew high, the bird f+lew low,  
 This bird f+lew to and fro,  
 Until that he came to the king of England\'s dochter,  
 Who was sitting in her bower-window.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96B.5  
 \N1 `Here is a gift, a very rare gift,  
 And the king has sent you three;  
 He says if your father and mother winna let,  
 You may come privately.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96B.6  
 \N1 `Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,  
 The king has sent you f+ive;  
 He says he will not wait any longer on you,  
 If there be another woman alive.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96B.7  
 \N1 She\'s away to her mother dear,  
 Made a low beck on her knee:

`What is your asking of me, daughter?  
Queen of Scotland you never shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.8  
\N1 `That\'s not my asking of thee, mother,  
That\'s not my asking of thee;  
But that if I die in merry England,  
In Scotland you will bury me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.9  
\N1 She\'s awa to her father dear,  
Made a low beck on her knee:  
`What is your asking of me, daughter?  
Queen of Scotland you never shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.10  
\N1 `That\'s not my asking of thee, father,  
That\'s not my asking of thee;  
But that if I die in merry England,  
In Scotland you will bury me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.11  
\N1 She walked to and fro,  
She walked up and down,  
But ye wud na spoken three words to an end  
Till she was in a deep swoon.  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.12  
\N1 Out then spoke an auld witch-wife,  
And she spoke random indeed:  
Honoured madam, I would have you to try  
Three drops of the burning lead.  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.13  
\N1 Her mother went weeping round and round,  
She dropped one on her chin;  
`Och and alace,' her mother did say,  
`There is no breath within!'  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.14  
\N1 Her mother went weeping round and round,  
She dropt one on her briest;  
`Och and alace,' her mother did cry,  
`For she\'s died without a priest!'  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.15  
\N1 Her mother went weeping round and round,  
She dropped one on her toe;  
`Och and alace,' her mother did cry,  
`To Scotland she must goe!  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.16  
\N1 `Call down, call down her sisters f+ive,  
To make to her a smock;  
The one side of the bonny beaten gold,  
And the other of the needle-work.  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.17  
\N1 `Call down, call down her brothers seven,  
To make for her a bier;  
The one side of the bonny beaten gold,  
And the other of the silver clear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.18  
\N1 Many a mile by land they went,  
And many a league by sea,  
Until that they came to the king of Scotland,  
Who was walking in his own valley.  
\SBALLADS Child 96B.19  
\N1 `Here is a gift, and a very rare gift,  
And you to have made her your own;



But now she is dead, and she\'s new come from her steed,  
And she\'s ready to lay in the ground.'

\SBALLADS Child 96B.20

\N1 O he has opened the lid of the coff+in,  
And likewise the winding sheet,  
And thrice he has kissed her cherry, cherry cheek,  
And she smiled on him full sweet.

\SBALLADS Child 96B.21

\N1 `One bit of your bread,' she says,  
`And one glass of your wine;  
It\'s all for you and your sake  
I\'ve fasted long days nine.

\SBALLADS Child 96B.22

\N1 `One glass of your wine,' she says,  
`And one bit of your bread;  
For it\'s all for you and for your sake  
I suffered the burning lead.

\SBALLADS Child 96B.23

\N1 `Go home, go home, my brothers seven,  
You may go blow your horn;  
And you may tell it in merry England  
That your sister has given you the scorn.

\SBALLADS Child 96B.24

\N1 `Go home, go home, my brothers seven,  
Tell my sisters to sew their seam;  
And you may tell it in merry England  
That your sister she is queen.'

\LBALLADS Child 96C.1

\N1 `O WELL is me, my jolly goshawk,  
That ye can speak and f+lee,  
For ye can carry a love-letter  
To my true-love from me.'

\SBALLADS Child 96C.2

\N1 `O how can I carry a letter to her,  
When her I do not know?  
I bear the lips to her never spake,  
And the eyes that her never saw.'

\SBALLADS Child 96C.3

\N1 `The thing of my love\'s face is white  
It\'s that of dove or maw;  
The thing of my love\'s face that\'s red  
Is like blood shed on snaw.

\SBALLADS Child 96C.4

\N1 `And when you come to the castle,  
Light on the bush of ash,  
And sit you there and sing our loves,  
As she comes from the mass.

\SBALLADS Child 96C.5

\N1 `And when she goes into the house,  
Sit ye upon the whin;  
And sit you there and sing our loves,  
As she goes out and in.'

\SBALLADS Child 96C.6

\N1 And when he f+lew to that castel,  
He lighted on the ash;  
And there he sat and sang their loves,  
As she came from the mass.

\SBALLADS Child 96C.7

\N1 And when she went into the house,  
He f+lew unto the whin;

And there he sat and sang their loves,  
 As she went out and in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.8  
 \N1 `Come hither, come hither, my maidens all,  
 And sip red wine anon,  
 Till I go to my west window,  
 And hear a birdie\'s moan.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.9  
 \N1 She\'s gone unto her west window,  
 And fainly aye it drew,  
 And soon into her white silk lap  
 The bird the letter threw.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.10  
 \N1 `Ye\'re bidden send your love a send,  
 For he has sent you twa;  
 And tell him where he can see you,  
 Or he cannot live ava.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.11  
 \N1 `I send him the rings from my white f+ingers,  
 The garlands off my hair;  
 I send him the heart that\'s in my breast:  
 What would my love have mair?  
 And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,  
 Ye\'ll bid him meet me there.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.12  
 \N1 She hied her to her father dear,  
 As fast as gang could she:  
 `An asking, an asking, my father dear,  
 An asking ye grant me;  
 That, if I die in fair England,  
 In Scotland bury me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.13  
 \N1 `At the f+irst kirk of fair Scotland,  
 You cause the bells be rung;  
 At the second kirk of fair Scotland,  
 You cause the mass be sung.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.14  
 \N1 `At the third kirk of fair Scotland,  
 You deal gold for my sake;  
 And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,  
 O there you\'ll bury me at.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.15  
 \N1 `And now, my tender father dear,  
 This asking grant you me;'  
 `Your asking is but small,' he said,  
 `Weel granted it shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.16  
 \N1 She hied her to her mother dear,  
 As fast as gang could she:  
 `An asking, an asking, my mother dear,  
 An asking ye grant me;  
 That if I die in fair England  
 In Scotland bury me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.17  
 \N1 `And now, my tender mother dear,  
 This asking grant you me;'  
 `Your asking is but small,' she said,  
 `Weel granted it shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.18  
 \N1 She hied her to her sister dear,

As fast as gang could she:  
`An asking, an asking, my sister dear,  
An asking ye grant me;  
That if I die in fair England,  
In Scotland bury me.  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.19  
\N1 `And now, my tender sister dear,  
This asking grant you me:'  
`Your asking is but small,' she said,  
`Weel granted it shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.20  
\N1 She hied her to her seven brothers,  
As fast as gang could she:  
`An asking, an asking, my brothers seven,  
An asking ye grant me;  
That if I die in fair England,  
In Scotland ye bury me.  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.21  
\N1 `And now, my tender brothers dear,  
This asking grant you me:'  
`Your asking is but small,' they said,  
`Weel granted it shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.22  
\N1 Then down as dead that lady drapd,  
Beside her mother\'s knee;  
Then out it spoke an auld witch-wife,  
By the f+ire-side sat she.  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.23  
\N1 Says, Drap the hot lead on her cheek,  
And drop it on her chin,  
And drop it on her rose-red lips,  
And she will speak again:  
For much a lady young will do,  
To her true-love to win.  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.24  
\N1 They drapd the het lead on her cheek,  
So did they on her chin;  
They drapt it on her red-rose lips,  
But they breathed none again.  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.25  
\N1 Her brothers they went to a room,  
To make to her a bier;  
The boards of it was cedar wood,  
And the plates ow it gold so clear.  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.26  
\N1 Her sisters they went to a room,  
To make to her a sark;  
The cloth of it was satin f+ine,  
She bids you meet her there.'  
And the steeking silken wark.  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.27  
\N1 `But well is me, my jolly goshawk,  
That ye can speak and f+lee;  
Come shew to my any love-tokens  
That you have brought to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96C.28  
\N1 `She sends you the rings from her f+ingers,  
The garlands from her hair;  
She sends you the heart within her breast;  
And what would you have mair?

And at the fourth kirk of fair Scotland,  
 She bids you meet her there.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.29  
 \N1 `Come hither, all my merry young men,  
 And drink the good red wine;  
 For we must on to fair Scotland,  
 To free my love frae pine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.30  
 \N1 At the f+irst kirk of fair Scotland,  
 They gart the bells be rung;  
 At the second kirk of fair Scotland,  
 They gart the mass be sung.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.31  
 \N1 At the third kirk of fair Scotland,  
 They dealt gold for her sake;  
 And the fourth kirk of fair Scotland  
 Her true-love met them at.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.32  
 \N1 `Set down, set down the corpse,' he said,  
 `Till I look on the dead;  
 The last time that I saw her face,  
 She ruddy was and red;  
 But now, alas, and woe is me!  
 She\'s wallowit like a weed.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.33  
 \N1 He rent the sheet upon her face,  
 A little above her chin;  
 With lily-white cheeks, and lemin een,  
 She lookt and laughd to him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.34  
 \N1 `Give me a chive of your bread, my love,  
 A bottle of your wine;  
 For I have fasted for your love  
 These long days nine;  
 There\'s not a steed in your stable  
 But would have been dead ere syne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.35  
 \N1 `Go home, go home, my seven brothers,  
 Go home and blow the horn;  
 For you can say in the south of England  
 Your sister gave you a scorn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.36  
 \N1 `I came not here to fair Scotland  
 To lye amang the meal;  
 But I came here to fair Scotland  
 To wear the silks so weel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96C.37  
 \N1 `I came not here to fair Scotland  
 To ly amang the dead;  
 But I came here to fair Scotland  
 To wear the gold so red.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 96D.1  
 \N1 `O WHERE\R\`rLL I get a pretty little bird  
 That\'ll go my errand soon,  
 That will f+ly to the Queen of England\'s dochter,  
 And bid my trew-luve come?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96D.2  
 \N1 `Here am I, a pretty little bird,  
 That\'ll go your errands soon,  
 That will f+ly to the Queen of England\'s daughter,

And bid your trew-luve come.'

\SBALLADS Child 96D.3

\N1 This wee birdie\'s taken its f+light,  
 And it\'s f+lown owre the sea,  
 Until it cam to the Queen of England\'s daughter;  
 She\'s sitting in her bower-windie.

\SBALLADS Child 96D.4

\N1 Then out bespoke these nine ladies,  
 As they sat in a ring:  
 `O we\'ll awa to the west window,  
 To hear this birdie sing.'

\SBALLADS Child 96D.5

\N1 This wee birdie\'s taken its f+light,  
 And it\'s f+lown owre them a\',  
 And at the lady\'s left shoulder  
 It loot a letter fa.

\SBALLADS Child 96D.6

\N1 She has taken the letter up,  
 And read it speedilie:  
 `O mother, the queen, O mother, the queen,  
 Grant this request to me;  
 Whenever I do chance for to die,  
 In Scotland gar bury me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 96D.7

\N1 `Bring to me the red, red lead,  
 And rub it on her chin;  
 It\'s Oh and alace for my dochter Janet!  
 But there is not a breath within.

\SBALLADS Child 96D.8

\N1 `Bring to me the red, red lead,  
 And rub it on her toe;  
 It\'s Oh and alace for my daughter Janet!  
 To Scotland she must go.'

\SBALLADS Child 96D.9

\N1 `Rise up, rise up, ye seven sisters,  
 And make her winding sheet,  
 With the one side of the beaten gold,  
 And the other o the needle-wark.

\SBALLADS Child 96D.10

\N1 `Rise up, rise up, ye seven brethren,  
 And make her carriage-bier,  
 With the one side of the beaten gold,  
 And the other o the silver clear.'

\SBALLADS Child 96D.11

\N1 `They\'ve carried east, they\'ve carried west,  
 They\'ve carried her high and low,  
 Until that they came to the king of Scotland,  
 Was sitting in his bower-window.

\SBALLADS Child 96D.12

\N1 `Here is a token of your trew-love,  
 And here is a token come down,  
 For she is dead, and she\'s ready to be buried,  
 And she wants to be laid in your ground.'

\SBALLADS Child 96D.13

\N1 He\'s taen out his mickle knife,  
 And tore her winding sheet,  
 And there she lay like the crimson red,  
 And she smiled in his face so sweet.

\SBALLADS Child 96D.14

\N1 `Go home, go home, you seven brethren,  
Go home and saw your corn,  
For she if f+it for the queen of Scotland now,  
And she\'s gien you the scorn.

\SBALLADS Child 96D.15

\N1 `Go home, go home, you seven sisters,  
Go home and sew your seam,  
For she is f+it for the queen of Scotland now,  
And she\'s ready to be my queen.'

\LBALLADS Child 96E.1

\N1 `O WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,  
Gin your feathering be sheen!'  
`And waly, waly, my master dear,  
Gin ye look pale and lean!

\SBALLADS Child 96E.2

\N1 `O have ye tint at tournament  
Your sword, or yet your spear?  
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,  
Whom you may not win near?'

\SBALLADS Child 96E.3

\N1 `I have not tint at tournament  
My sword, nor yet my spear,  
But sair I mourn for my true-love,  
Wi mony a bitter tear.

\SBALLADS Child 96E.4

\N1 `But weel\'s me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,  
Ye can baith speak and f+lee;  
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,  
Bring an answer back to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 96E.5

\N1 `But how sall I your true-love f+ind,  
Or how suld I her know?  
I bear a tongue neer wi her spake,  
An eye that neer her saw.'

\SBALLADS Child 96E.6

\N1 `O weel sall ye my true-love ken,  
Sae sune as ye her see,  
For of a\' the f+lowers of fair England,  
The fairest f+lower is she.

\SBALLADS Child 96E.7

\N1 `The red that\'s on my true-love\'s cheik  
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;  
The white that is on her breast bare  
Like the down o the white sea-maw.

\SBALLADS Child 96E.8

\N1 `And even at my love\'s bouer-door  
There grows a f+lowering birk,  
And ye maun sit and sing thereon,  
As she gangs to the kirk.

\SBALLADS Child 96E.9

\N1 `And four-and-twenty fair ladyes  
Will to the mass repair,  
But weel may ye my ladye ken,  
The fairest ladye there.'

\SBALLADS Child 96E.10

\N1 Lord William has written a love-letter,  
Put it under his pinion gray,  
And he is awa to southern land,  
As fast as wings can gae.

\SBALLADS Child 96E.11

\N1 And even at that ladye\'s bour  
There grew a f+lowering birk,  
And he sat down and sang thereon,  
As she gaed to the kirk.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.12  
\N1 And weel he kent that ladye feir  
Amang her maidens free,  
For the f+lower that springs in May morning  
Was not sae sweet as she.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.13  
\N1 [He lighted at the ladye\'s yate,  
And sat him on a pin,  
And sang fu sweet the notes o love,  
Till a\' was cosh within.]  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.14  
\N1 And f+irst he sang a low, low note,  
And syne he sang a clear,  
And aye the oerword of the sang  
Was, Your love can no win here.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.15  
\N1 `Feast on, feast on, my maidens a\`,  
The wine f+lows you amang,  
While I gang to my shot-window,  
And hear yon bonny bird\'s sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.16  
\N1 `Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,  
The sang ye sung yestreen;  
For weel I ken by your sweet singing  
Ye are frae my true-love sen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.17  
\N1 O f+irst he sang a merry sang,  
And syne he sang a grave,  
And syne he peckd his feathers gray,  
To her the letter gave.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.18  
\N1 `Have there a letter from Lord William;  
He says he\'s sent ye three;  
He canna wait your love langer,  
But for your sake he\'ll die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.19  
\N1 `Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,  
And brew his bridal ale,  
And I sall meet him at Mary\'s kirk,  
Lang, lang ere it be stale.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.20  
\N1 The lady\'s gane to her chamber,  
And a moanfu woman was she,  
As gin she had taen a sudden brash,  
And were about to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.21  
\N1 `A boon, a boon, my father deir,  
A boon I beg of thee!'  
`Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,  
For him you neer shall see.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.22  
\N1 `But, for your honest asking else,  
Weel granted it shall be:'  
`Then, gin I die in southern land,  
In Scotland gar bury me.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.23

\N1 `And the f+irst kirk that ye come to,  
Ye\'s gar the mass be sung,  
And the next kirk that ye come to,  
Ye\'s gar the bells be rung.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.24  
\N1 `And when ye come to St Mary\'s kirk,  
Ye\'s tarry there till night:'  
And so her father pledged his word,  
And so his promise plight.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.25  
\N1 She has taen her to her bigly bour,  
As fast as she could fare,  
And she has drank a sleepy draught,  
That she had mixed wi care.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.26  
\N1 And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,  
That was sae bright of blee,  
And she seemed to be as surely dead  
As any one could be.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.27  
\N1 They drapt a drap o the burning red gowd,  
They drapt it on her chin;  
'And ever alas,' her mother cried,  
'There is nae life within!'  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.28  
\N1 They drapt a drap o the burning red gowd,  
They drapt it on her breast-bane;  
'Alas,' her seven bauld brothers said,  
'Our sister\'s dead and gane!'  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.29  
\N1 Then up arose her seven brethren,  
And hewd to her a bier;  
They hewd it frae the solid aik,  
Laid it oer wi silver clear.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.30  
\N1 Then up and gat her seven sisters,  
And sewed to her a kell,  
And every steek that they pat in  
Sewd to a siller bell.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.31  
\N1 The f+irst Scots kirk that they cam to,  
They gard the bells be rung;  
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,  
They gard the mass be sung.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.32  
\N1 But when they cam to St Mary\'s kirk,  
There stude spearmen all on raw,  
And up and started Lord William,  
The chieftane amang them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.33  
\N1 `Set down, set down the bier,' he said,  
'Let me looke her upon:'  
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand,  
Her colour began to come.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.34  
\N1 She brightened like the lily-f+lower,  
Till her pale colour was gone;  
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,  
She smiled her love upon.  
\SBALLADS Child 96E.35



\N1 `A morsel of your bread, my lord,  
And one glass of your wine,  
For I hae fasted these three lang days,  
All for your sake and mine.

\SBALLADS Child 96E.36

\N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,  
Gae hame and blaw your horn;  
I trow you wad hae gien me the skaith,  
But I\'ve gien you the scorn.

\SBALLADS Child 96E.37

\N1 `Ah woe to you, you light woman,  
An ill death may you die!  
For we left father and mother at hame  
Breaking their hearts for thee.'

\LBALLADS Child 96F.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 SHE got three drops of boiling lead,  
And dropped them on her hand:  
`Oh and alas, my daughter dear,  
I\'d rather all my land!'

\SBALLADS Child 96F.2

\N1 She got three drops of boiling lead,  
And dropped them on her chin:  
`Oh and alas, my daughter dear,  
There is no life within!'

\SBALLADS Child 96F.3

\N1 She got three drops of boiling lead,  
And dropped them on her toe:  
`Oh and alas, my daughter dear,  
To fair Scotland you must go!'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 96F.4

\N1 `Give me a cake of the new made bread,  
And a cup of the new made wine,  
For for your sake, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
`I fasted those days nine.'

\LBALLADS Child 96G.1

\N1 WHEN grass grew green on Lanark plains,  
And fruit and f+lowers did spring,  
A Scottish squire in cheerfu strains,  
Sae merrily thus did sing:

\SBALLADS Child 96G.2

\N1 `O well fails me o my parrot  
That he can speak and f+lee;  
For he will carry love-letters  
Between my love and me.

\SBALLADS Child 96G.3

\N1 `And well fails me o my parrot  
He can baith speak and gang;  
And he will carry love-letters  
To the maid in South England.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.4

\N1 `O how shall I your love f+ind out?  
Or how shall I her know?  
When my tongue with her never spake,  
Nor my eyes her ever saw.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.5

\N1 `O what is red of her is red  
As blude drappd on the snaw;  
And what is white o her is white

As milk, or the sea-maw.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.6  
\N1 `Even before that lady\'s yetts  
You\'ll f+ind a bowing birk;  
And there ye\'ll sit, and sing thereon,  
Till she gaes to the kirk.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.7  
\N1 `Then even before that lady\'s yetts  
You\'ll f+ind a bowing ash;  
And ye may sit and sing thereon,  
Till she comes frae the mass.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.8  
\N1 `And even before that lady\'s window  
You\'ll f+ind a bed o tyme;  
And ye may sit and sing thereon,  
Till she sits down to dine.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.9  
\N1 `Even abeen that lady\'s window  
There\'s f+ixd a siller pin;  
And a\' these words that I tell you,  
Ye\'ll sit and sing therein.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.10  
\N1 `Ye\'ll bid her send her love a letter,  
For he has sent her f+ive;  
And he\'ll never send anither ane,  
To nae woman alive.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.11  
\N1 `Ye\'ll bid her send her love a letter,  
For he has sent her seven;  
And he\'ll never send anither send,  
To nae maid under heaven.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.12  
\N1 This little bird then took his f+light,  
Beyond the raging sea,  
And lighted at that lady\'s yetts,  
On tower o gowd sae hie.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.13  
\N1 Even before that lady\'s yetts  
He found a bowing birk;  
And there he sat, and sang thereon,  
Till she went to the kirk.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.14  
\N1 Even before that lady\'s yetts  
He found a bowing ash;  
And then he sat and sang thereon,  
Till she came frae the mass.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.15  
\N1 Even before that lady\'s window  
He found a bed o tyme;  
And then he sat and sang thereon,  
Till she sat down to dine.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.16  
\N1 Even abeen that lady\'s window  
Was f+ixd a siller pin;  
And a\' the word that were tauld him,  
He sat and sang them in.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.17  
\N1 `You\'re bidden send your love a letter,  
For he has sent you f+ive;  
Or he\'ll never send anither send,

To nae woman alive.

\SBALLADS Child 96G.18

\N1 `You\'re bidden send your love a letter,  
For he has sent you seven;  
And he\'ll never send anither send,  
To nae maid under heaven.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.19

\N1 `Sit in the hall, good ladies all,  
And drink the wine sae red,  
And I will to yon small window,  
And hear you bridie\'s leed.

\SBALLADS Child 96G.20

\N1 `Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,  
The sang ye sung just now;'  
`I\'ll sing nae mair, ye lady fair,  
My errand is to you.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.21

\N1 `If ye be my true-lovie\'s bird,  
Sae well\'s I will you ken;  
You will gae in at my gown-sleeve,  
Come out at my gown-hem.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.22

\N1 `That I am come frae your true-love,  
You soon shall see right plain;  
And read these lines below my wing,  
That I hae brought frae him.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.23

\N1 When she looked these lines upon,  
She read them, and she leuch:  
`O well fails me, my true-love, now,  
O this I hae eneuch.

\SBALLADS Child 96G.24

\N1 `Here is the broach on my breast-bane,  
The garlings frae my hair,  
Likewise the heart that is within;  
What woud my love hae mair?

\SBALLADS Child 96G.25

\N1 `The nearest kirk in fair Scotland,  
Ye\'ll bid him meet me there:'  
She has gane to her dear father,  
Wi heart perplexd and sair.

\SBALLADS Child 96G.26

\N1 When she came to her auld father,  
Fell low down on her knee:  
`An asking, asking, father dear,  
I pray you grant it me.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.27

\N1 `Ask what you will, my dear daughter,  
And I will grant it thee;  
Unless to marry yon Scottish squire;  
That\'s what shall never be.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.28

\N1 `O that\'s the asking, father,' she said,  
`That I\'ll neer ask of thee;  
But if I die in South England,  
In Scotland ye\'ll bury me.'

\SBALLADS Child 96G.29

\N1 h5The asking\'s nae sae great, daughter,  
But granted it shall be;  
And tho ye die in South England,

In Scotland we\'ll bury thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.30  
\N1 She has gane to her step-mother,  
Fell low down on her knee:  
'An asking, asking, mother dear,  
I pray you grant it me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.31  
\N1 'Ask what ye please, my lily-white dove,  
And granted it shall be:'  
'If I die in South England,  
In Scotland bury me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.32  
\N1 'Had these words spoke been in again,  
I woud not granted thee;  
You hae a love in fair Scotland,  
Sae fain\'s you woud be tee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.33  
\N1 She scarce was to her chamber gane  
Nor yet was well set down,  
Till on the sofa where she sat  
Fell a deadly swoon.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.34  
\N1 Her father and her seven brithers,  
They made for her a bier;  
The one half o \'t was gude red gowd,  
The other siller clear.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.35  
\N1 Her seven sisters were employed  
In making her a sark;  
The one half o \'t was cambric f+ine,  
The other needle-wark.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.36  
\N1 Then out it speaks her auld step-dame,  
Sat on the sofa\'s end:  
Ye\'ll drap the het lead on her cheek,  
Sae do you on her chin;  
For women will use mony a wile  
Their true-loves for to win.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.37  
\N1 Then up it raise her eldest brither,  
Into her bower he\'s gane;  
Then in it came her youngest brither,  
The het leed to drap on.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.38  
\N1 He drapt it by her cheek, her cheek,  
Sae did he by her chin;  
Sae did he by her comely hause;  
He knew life was therein.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.39  
\N1 The bier was made wi red gowd laid,  
Sae curious round about;  
A private entrance there contriv\'d,  
That her breath might win out.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.40  
\N1 The f+irst an kirk in fair Scotland,  
They gard the bells be rung;  
The niest an kirk in fair Scotland,  
They caud the mass be sung.  
\SBALLADS Child 96G.41  
\N1 The third an kirk in fair Scotland,

They passd it quietly by;  
 The fourth an kirk in fair Scotland,  
 Clerk Sandy did them spy.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96G.42  
 \N1 `O down ye\'ll set this corpse o clay,  
 Lat me look on the dead;  
 For I may sigh, and say, alas!  
 For death has nae remeid.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96G.43  
 \N1 Then he has cut her winding sheet  
 A little below her chin,  
 And wi her sweet ruby lips  
 She sweetly smil\'d on him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96G.44  
 \N1 `Gie me a sheave o your white bread,  
 A bottle o your wine;  
 For I hae fasted for your sake  
 Fully these lang days nine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96G.45  
 \N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,  
 Gae hame and blaw your trumpet;  
 And ye mat tell to your step-dame  
 This day she is affronted.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96G.46  
 \N1 `I camna here to fair Scotland  
 To lye amo the dead;  
 But came to be Clerk Sandy\'s wife,  
 And lay gowd on my head.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96G.47  
 \N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brithers,  
 Gae hame and blaw your horn;  
 And ye may tell in fair England  
 In Scotland ye got the scorn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96G.48  
 \N1 `I came not here to fair Scotland  
 To mix amang the clay;  
 But came to be Clerk Sandy\'s wife,  
 And wear gowd to my tae.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96G.49  
 \N1 `Sin ye hae gien us this ae scorn,  
 We shall gie you anither;  
 Ye sall hae naething to live upon  
 But the bier that brought you hither.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 96[H.1]  
 \N1 Lord William was walkin i the garden green,  
 Viewin the roses red,  
 An there he spyed his bonnie spier-hawk,  
 Was f+leein aboon his head.  
 \SBALLADS Child 96[H.2]  
 \N1 `O could ye speak, my bonnie spier-hawk,  
 As ye hae wings to f+lee,  
 Then ye wad carry a luv-letter  
 Atween my love an me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96[H.3]  
 \N1 `But how can I your true-love ken?  
 Or how can I her know?  
 Or how can I your true-love ken,  
 The face I never saw?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 96[H.4]  
 \N1 `Ye may esily my love ken

Amang them ye never saw;  
The red that\'s on o my love\'s cheek  
Is like bluid drapt on the snaw.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.5]

\\N1 `O what will be my meat, master?

An what\'ll be my fee?

An what will be the love-tokens

That ye will send wi me?'

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.6]

\\N1 `Ye may tell my love I\'ll send her a kiss,

A kiss, aye, will I three;

If ever she come [to] fair Scotland,

My wedded wife she\'s be.

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.7]

\\N1 `Ye may tell my love I\'ll send her a kiss,

A kiss, aye, will I twae;

An ever she come to fair Scotland,

I the red gold she sall gae.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.8]

\\N1 The hawk f+lew high, an she f+lew leugh,

An south aneath the sun,

Untill it cam, etc.

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.9]

\\N1 `Sit still, sit still, my six sisters,

An sew your silken seam,

Till I gae to my bower-window

An hear yon Scottish bird sing.'

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.10]

\\N1 Than she f+lew high, an she f+lew leugh,

An\' far aboon the wa;

She drapit to that ladie\'s side,

An loot the letter fa.

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.11]

\\N1 `What news, what news, my bonnie burd?

An what word carry ye?

An what are a\' the love-tokens

My love has sent to me?'

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.12]

\\N1 `O ye may send your love a kiss,

For he has sent ye three;

Ye hae the heart within his buik,

What mair can he send thee?'

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.13]

\\N1 `O I will send my love a kiss,

A kiss, I, will I three;

If I can win to fair Scotland,

His wedded wife I\'ll be.

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.14]

\\N1 `O I will send my love a kiss,

An the caim out o my hair;

He has the hart that\'s in my buik,

What can I send him mair?

\\SBALLADS Child 96[H.15]

\\N1 `An gae yer ways, my bonnie burd,

An tell my love frae me,

If [I] be na there gin Martinmas,

Gin Yool I there will be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 96[H.16]  
\N1 \ 'Twas up an spak her ill step-minnie,  
An ill deed may she die!  
`Yer daughter Janet\'s taen her bed,  
An she\'ll do nought but die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.17]  
\N1 `An askin, an askin, dear father,  
An askin I crave o thee;  
If I should die just at this time,  
In Scotland burry me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.18]  
\N1 `There\'s room enugh in wide England  
To burry thee an me;  
But sould ye die, my dear daughter,  
I Scotland I\'ll burry thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.19]  
\N1 She\'s warnd the wrights in lilly Londeen,  
She\'s warnd them ane an a`',  
To mak a kist wi three windows,  
The cauler air to blaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.20]  
\N1 `O will ye gae, my six sisters,  
An sew to me a sheet,  
The tae half o the silk sae f+ine,  
The tother o cambric white.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.21]  
\N1 Then they hae askit the surgeon at, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.22]  
\N1 Then said her cruel step-minnie,  
Take ye the boilin lead  
An some o \ 't drap on her bosom;  
We\'ll see gif she be dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.23]  
\N1 Then boilin lead than they hae taen  
An drappit on her breast;  
`Alas! alas!' than her father he cried,  
`For she\'s dead without the priest!'  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.24]  
\N1 She neither chatterd in her teeth  
Nor shivert wi her chin;  
`Alas! alas!' her father cried,  
`For there nae life within!'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.25]  
\N1 `It\'s nine lang days, an nine lang nights,  
She\'s wantit meat for me;  
But for nine days, nine langer nights,  
Her face ye salna see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.26]  
\N1 He\'s taen the coff+in wi his f+it,  
Gar it in f+linders f+lie, etc\  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.27]  
\N1 `Fetch me,' she said, a+e cake o yer bread  
An a wi drap o your wine,  
For luve o you an for your sake  
I\'ve fastit lang nights nine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.28]  
\N1 \ 'Twas up then spak an eldrin knight,  
A grey-haird knight was he;  
`Now ye hae left yer auld father,

For you he\'s like to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.29]  
\N1 `An ye hae left yer sax sisters  
Lamentin a\' for you;  
I wiss that this, my dear ladie,  
Ye near may hae to rue.'  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.30]  
\N1 `Commend me to my auld father,  
If eer ye come him niest;  
But nought say to my ill step-minnie,  
Gard burn me on the breist.  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.31]  
\N1 `Commend me to my six sisters,  
If ye gang bak again;  
But nought say to my ill step-minnie,  
Gard burn me on the chin.  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.32]  
\N1 `Commend me to my brethren bald,  
An ever ye them see;  
If ever they come to fair Scotland  
They\'s fare nae war than me.  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.33]  
\N1 `For I cam na to fair Scotland  
To lie amang the dead,  
But I cam down to fair Scotland  
To wear goud on my head.  
\SBALLADS Child 96[H.34]  
\N1 `Nor did I come to fair Scotland  
To rot amang the clay,  
But I cam to fair Scotland  
To wear goud ilka day.'  
\LBALLADS Child 97A.1  
\N1 THE king but an his nobles a\  
Sat birling at the wine;  
He would ha nane but his ae daughter  
To wait on them at dine.  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.2  
\N1 She\'s servd them butt, she\'s servd them ben,  
Intill a gown of green,  
But her ee was ay on Brown Robin,  
That stood low under the rain.  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.3  
\N1 She\'s doen her to her bigly bowr,  
As fast as she coud gang,  
An there she\'s drawn her shot-window,  
An she\'s harped an she sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.4  
\N1 `There sits a bird i my father\'s garden,  
An O but she sings sweet!  
I hope to live an see the day  
Whan wi my love I\'ll meet.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.5  
\N1 `O gin that ye like me as well  
As your tongue tells to me,  
What hour o the night, my lady bright,  
At your bowr sal I be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.6  
\N1 `Whan my father an gay Gilbert  
Are baith set at the wine,  
O ready, ready I will be



To lat my true-love in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.7  
\N1 O she has birl'd her father\'s porter  
Wi strong beer an wi wine,  
Until he was as beastly drunk  
As ony wild-wood swine:  
She\'s stown the keys o her father\'s yates  
An latten her true-love in.  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.8  
\N1 Whan night was gane, an day was come,  
An the sun shone on their feet,  
Then out it spake him Brown Robin,  
I\'ll be discoverd yet.  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.9  
\N1 Then out it spake that gay lady:  
My love, ye need na doubt;  
For wi ae wile I\'ve got you in,  
Wi anither I\'ll bring you out.  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.10  
\N1 She\'s taen her to her father\'s cellar,  
As fast as she can fare;  
She\'s drawn a cup o the gude red wine,  
Hung \'t low down by her gare;  
An she met wi her father dear  
Just coming down the stair.  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.11  
\N1 `I woud na gi that cup, daughter,  
That ye hold i your han  
For a\' the wines in my cellar,  
An gantrees whare the stan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.12  
\N1 `O wae be to your wine, father,  
That ever\'t came oer the sea;  
\'T\' is pitten my head in sick a steer  
I my bowr I canna be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.13  
\N1 `Gang out, gang out, my daughter dear,  
Gang out an tack the air;  
Gang out an walk i the good green wood,  
An a\' your marys fair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.14  
\N1 Then out it spake the proud porter--  
Our lady wishd him shame--  
`We\'ll send the marys to the wood,  
But we\'ll keep our lady at hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.15  
\N1 `There\'s thirty marys i my bowr,  
There\'s thirty o them an three;  
But there\'s nae ane amo them a\  
Kens what f+lowr gain for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.16  
\N1 She\'s doen her to her bigly bowr,  
As fast as she could gang,  
An she has dresst him Brown Robin  
Like ony bowr-woman.  
\SBALLADS Child 97A.17  
\N1 The gown she pat upon her love  
Was o the dainty green,  
His hose was o the saft, saft silk,  
His shoon o the cordwain f+ine.

\SBALLADS Child 97A.18

\N1 She\'s pitten his bow in her bosom,  
His arrow in her sleeve,  
His sturdy bran her body next,  
Because he was her love.

\SBALLADS Child 97A.19

\N1 Then she is unto her bowr-door,  
As fast as she coud gang;  
But out it spake the proud porter--  
Our lady wishd him shame--  
'We\'ll cout our marys to the wood,  
An we\'ll cout them back again.'

\SBALLADS Child 97A.20

\N1 The f+irsten mary she sent out  
Was Brown Robin by name;  
Then out it spake the king himsel,  
'This is a sturdy dame.'

\SBALLADS Child 97A.21

\N1 O she went out in a May morning,  
In a May morning so gay,  
But she came never back again,  
Her auld father to see.

\LBALLADS Child 97B.1

\N1 A FEATHERD fowl\'s in your orchard, father,  
O dear, but it sings sweet!  
What would I give, my father dear,  
That bonnie bird to meet!  
What would I give, etc\.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.2

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,  
Let a\' your folly be;  
There\'s six Scots lords tomorrow, child,  
That will a\' dine wi me,  
And ye maun serve tham a\', Mary,  
As \'twere for meat and fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.3

\N1 She served them up, sae has she down,  
The footmen a\' the same,  
But her mind was aye on Love Robbie,  
Stood out below the rain.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.4

\N1 A hundred pun o pennies roun,  
Tied in a towel so sma,  
She has gien to him Love Robbie,  
Out oer the castle-wa;  
Says, Tak ye that, my love Robbie  
And mysel ye may hae.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.5

\N1 A hundred pun o pennies roun,  
Tied in a napkin white,  
She has gien to him Love Robbie,  
Out oer the garden-dyke;  
Says, Tak ye that, my Love Robbie,  
And mysel gin ye like.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.6

\N1 `If this be true ye tell to me,  
As your tongue woudna lee,  
I shall be in your bigly bower  
Before the clock strike three;  
I shall be in your bigly bower,

Dressd like a gay ladye.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.7

\N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And all men bound for bed,  
 Love Robbie came to Mary\'s bower,  
 Dressd like a comely maid.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.8

\N1 They had not kissd nor love clappe+:d,  
 As lovers when they meet,  
 Till sighing said he Love Robbie,  
 My life, my life I doubt.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.9

\N1 `Your life, your life, you Love Robbie,  
 Your life you needna doubt;  
 For it was wiles brought in Robbie,  
 And wiles will lat him out.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.10

\N1 Then in it came her father dear,  
 And stood upon the f+loor,  
 And she f+illd the cup of good red wine,  
 Said, Father, will ye drink more?

\SBALLADS Child 97B.11

\N1 `O better I love the cup, Mary,  
 The cup that\'s in your hand,  
 Than all my barrels full of wine,  
 On the gantrees where they stand.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.12

\N1 `O woe be to your wine, father,  
 It eer came oer the sea!  
 If I getna the air o good greenwood  
 O I will surely dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.13

\N1 `There\'s seven maries in your bower,  
 There\'s seven o them and three,  
 And I\'ll send them to good greenwood,  
 For f+lowers to shortsome thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.14

\N1 `There\'s seven maries in my bower,  
 There\'s seven o them and three,  
 But there\'s nae a mary mang them a\  
 Can pu f+lowers to shortsome me:  
 `Then by my sooth,' said her father dear,  
 `Let yoursel gang them wi.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.15

\N1 She dressd hersel in the royal red,  
 Love Robbie was in dainty green;  
 Love Robbie\'s brand was about his middle,  
 And he shone like ony queen.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.16

\N1 The f+irsten ane that took the f+loor,  
 Love Robbie was that ane:  
 `Now by my sooth,' said the proud porter,  
 `She is a sonsie dame;  
 I would not care now very much  
 To turn her in again.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.17

\N1 `I\'d fain see any woman or man,  
 Of high or low degree,  
 Would turn a mary in again  
 That once came out with me.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.18

\N1 They had not been in good greenwood,  
Pu\'d a f+lower but only three,  
Till the porter stood behind a bush,  
And shot him Love Robbie.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.19

\N1 Now word has come to her father dear,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
Lady Mary\'s sick in good greenwood,  
And cannot come away.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.20

\N1 He\'s taen his mantle him about,  
His cane into his han,  
And he is on to good greenwood,  
As fast as he could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 97B.21

\N1 `O want you f+ish out o the f+leed,  
Or whale out o the sea?  
Or is there any one alive  
This day has angerd thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.22

\N1 `I want not f+ish out o the f+leed,  
Nor whale out o the sea;  
But woe be to your proud porter,  
Sae sair\'s he\'s angerd me!  
He\'s shot the fairest f+lower this day,  
That would hae comfort me.'

\SBALLADS Child 97B.23

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my daughter Mary,  
Let a\' your folly be;  
Tomorrow ere I eat or drink  
High hange+:d shall he be.'

\LBALLADS Child 97C.1

\N1 `THERE is a bird in my father\'s orchard,  
And dear, but it sings sweet!  
I hope to live to see the day  
This bird and I will meet.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.2

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my daughter Mally,  
Let a\' your folly be;  
What bird is that in my orchard  
Sae shortsome is to thee?

\SBALLADS Child 97C.3

\N1 `There are four-an-twenty noble lords  
The morn shoud dine wi me;  
And ye maun serve them a\', Mally,  
Like one for meat and fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.4

\N1 She servd the nobles all as one,  
The horsemen much the same;  
But her mind was aye to Brown Robyn,  
Beneath the heavy rain.

\SBALLADS Child 97C.5

\N1 Then she\'s rowd up a thousand pounds  
Intil a servit white,  
And she gae that to Brown Robyn,  
Out ower the garden-dyke:  
Says, Take ye that, my love Robyn,  
And mysell gin ye like.

\SBALLADS Child 97C.6

\N1 `If this be true, my dame,' he said,  
`That ye hae tauld to me,  
About the hour o twall at night,  
At your bower-door I\'ll be.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.7

\N1 But ere the hour o twall did chap,  
And lang ere it was ten,  
She had hersell there right and ready  
To lat Brown Robyn in.

\SBALLADS Child 97C.8

\N1 They hadna kissd nor love clapped  
Till the birds sang on the ha;

`O,' sighing says him Brown Robyn,  
`I wish I were awa!'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.9

\N1 They hadna sitten muckle langer  
Till the guards shot ower the way;  
Then sighing says him Brown Robyn,

`I fear my life this day.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.10

\N1 `O had your tongue, my love Robyn,  
Of this take ye nae doubt;

It was by wiles I brought you in,  
By wiles I\'ll bring you out.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.11

\N1 Then she\'s taen up a cup o wine,  
To her father went she;

`O drink the wine, father,' she said,  
`O drink the wine wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.12

\N1 `O well love I the cup, daughter,  
But better love I the wine;

And better love I your fair body  
Than a\' the gowd in Spain.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.13

\N1 `Wae be to the wine, father,  
That last came ower the sea;

Without the air o gude greenwood,  
There\'s nae remeid for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.14

\N1 `Ye\'ve thirty maries in your bower,  
Ye\'ve thirty and hae three;

Send ane o them to pu a f+lower,  
Stay ye at hame wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.15

\N1 `I\'ve thirty maries in my bower,  
I\'ve thirty o them and nine;

But there\'s nae a marie amo them a\  
That kens my grief and mind.

\SBALLADS Child 97C.16

\N1 `For they may pu the nut, the nut,  
And sae may they the slae,

But there\'s nane amo them a\  
The herb that I woud hae.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.17

\N1 `Well, gin ye gang to gude greenwood,  
Come shortly back again;

Ye are sae fair and are sae rare,  
Your body may get harm.'

\SBALLADS Child 97C.18

\N1 She dressd hersell into the red,  
Brown Robyn all in green,  
And put his brand across his middle,  
He was a stately dame.  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.19  
\N1 The f+irst ane stepped ower the yett,  
It was him Brown Robyn;  
'By my sooth,' said the proud porter,  
'This is a stately dame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.20  
\N1 'O wi your leave, lady,' he said,  
'And leave o a\' your kin,  
I woudna think it a great sin  
To turn that marie in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.21  
\N1 'O had your tongue, ye proud porter,  
Let a\' your folly be;  
Ye darena turn a marie in  
That ance came forth wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.22  
\N1 'Well shall I call your maries out,  
And as well shall I in;  
For I am safe to gie my oath  
That marie is a man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.23  
\N1 Soon she went to gude greenwood,  
And soon came back again;  
'Gude sooth,' replied the proud porter,  
'We\'ve lost our stately dame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.24  
\N1 'My maid\'s faen sick in gude greenwood,  
And sick and liken to die;  
The morn before the cocks do crow,  
That marie I maun see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.25  
\N1 Out it spake her father then,  
Says, Porter, let me know  
If I will cause her stay at hame,  
Or shall I let her go?  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.26  
\N1 'She says her maid\'s sick in the wood,  
And sick and like to die;  
I really think she is too gude  
Nor ever woud make a lie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.27  
\N1 Then he whispered in her ear,  
As she was passing by,  
'What will ye say if I reveal  
What I saw wi my eye?'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.28  
\N1 'If ought ye ken about the same,  
O heal that well on me,  
And if I live or brook my life,  
Rewarded ye shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.29  
\N1 Then she got leave o her father  
To gude greenwood again,  
And she is gane wi Brown Robyn,  
But \'twas lang ere she came hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.30

\N1 O then her father began to mourn,  
And thus lamented he:  
`O I woud gie ten thousand pounds  
My daughter for to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.31  
\N1 `If ye will promise,' the porter said,  
`To do nae injury,  
I will f+ind out your daughter dear,  
And them that\'s gane her wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.32  
\N1 Then he did swear a solemn oath,  
By a\' his gowd and land,  
Nae injury to them\'s be dune,  
Whether it be maid or man.  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.33  
\N1 The porter then a letter wrote,  
And seald it wi his hand,  
And sent it to that lady fair,  
For to return hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.34  
\N1 When she came to her father\'s ha,  
He received her joyfullie,  
And married her to Brown Robyn;  
Now a happy man was he.  
\SBALLADS Child 97C.35  
\N1 She hadna been in her father\'s ha  
A day but barely three,  
Till she settled the porter well for life,  
Wi gowd and white monie.  
\LBALLADS Child 98A.1  
\N1 O WHA woud wish the win to blow,  
Or the green leaves fa therewith?  
Or wha wad wish a leeler love  
Than Brown Adam the Smith?  
\SBALLADS Child 98A.2  
\N1 His hammer\'s o the beaten gold,  
His study\'s o the steel,  
His f+ingers white are my delite,  
He blows his bellows well.  
\SBALLADS Child 98A.3  
\N1 But they ha banishd him Brown Adam  
Frae father and frae mither,  
An they ha banishd him Brown Adam  
Frae sister and frae brither.  
\SBALLADS Child 98A.4  
\N1 And they ha banishd Brown Adam  
Frae the f+lowr o a\' his kin;  
An he\'s biggit a bowr i the good green wood  
Betwen his lady an him.  
\SBALLADS Child 98A.5  
\N1 O it fell once upon a day  
Brown Adam he thought lang,  
An he woud to the green wood gang,  
To hunt some venison.  
\SBALLADS Child 98A.6  
\N1 He\'s ta\'en his bow his arm oer,  
His bran intill his han,  
And he is to the good green wood,  
As fast as he coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 98A.7

\N1 O he\'s shot up, an he\'s shot down,  
The bird upo the briar,  
And he\'s sent it hame to his lady,  
Bade her be of good cheer.

\SBALLADS Child 98A.8

\N1 O he\'s shot up, an he\'s shot down,  
The bird upo the thorn,  
And sent it hame to his lady,  
And hee\'d be hame the morn.

\SBALLADS Child 98A.9

\N1 Whan he came till his lady\'s bowr-door  
He stood a little foreby,  
And there he heard a fu fa\'se knight  
Temptin his gay lady.

\SBALLADS Child 98A.10

\N1 O he\'s taen out a gay gold ring,  
Had cost him mony a poun:  
'O grant me love for love, lady,  
An this sal be your own.'

\SBALLADS Child 98A.11

\N1 'I loo Brown Adam well,' she says,  
'I wot sae does he me;  
An I woud na gi Brown Adam\'s love  
For nae fa\'se knight I see.'

\SBALLADS Child 98A.12

\N1 Out has he ta\'en a purse of gold,  
Was a\' fu to the string:  
'Grant me but love for love, lady,  
An a\' this sal be thine.'

\SBALLADS Child 98A.13

\N1 'I loo Brown Adam well,' she says,  
'An I ken sae does he me;  
An I woudna be your light leman  
For mair nor ye coud gie.'

\SBALLADS Child 98A.14

\N1 Then out has he drawn his lang, lang bran,  
And he\'s f+lashd it in her een:  
'Now grant me love for love, lady,  
Or thro you this sal gang!'

\SBALLADS Child 98A.15

\N1 'O,' sighing said that gay lady,  
'Brown Adam tarrys lang!'  
Then up it starts Brown Adam,  
Says, I\'m just at your han.

\SBALLADS Child 98A.16

\N1 He\'s gard him leave his bow, his bow,  
He\'s gard him leave his bran;  
He\'s gard him leave a better pledge,  
Four f+ingers o his right han.

\LBALLADS Child 98B.1

\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .

For wha ere had a lealer luve  
Than Broun Edom the smith?

\SBALLADS Child 98B.2

\N1 His studie was o the beaten gowd,  
His hammer o the pith;  
His cords waur o the gude green silk,  
That blew his bellows with.

\SBALLADS Child 98B.3



\N1 It fell out ance upon a time  
Broun Edom he thoucht lang,  
That he wald gae to see his luve,  
By the le licht o the mune.

\LBALLADS Child 98C.1

\N1 O WHA woud wish the win to blaw,  
The green leaves fa therewith?  
O wha would wish a leeler luve  
Than Brown Adam the Smith?

\SBALLADS Child 98C.2

\N1 O he forsook the royal court,  
And knights and lords sae gude,  
And he is to the black smithy,  
To learn to shoe a steed.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.3

\N1 His hammer-shaft o gude red gowd,  
His studdy o the steel,  
His f+ingers whyte, and maids\' delight,  
And blows his bellows weel.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.4

\N1 He being a favourite with the king  
Caused him get mony a fae,  
And sae their plots they did contrive  
To work him grief and wae.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.5

\N1 Of treason then he was accused  
By his fauseemie,  
Which caused the king to make a vow  
That banishd he shoud be.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.6

\N1 Then banishd hae they Brown Adam,  
Frae father and frae mither,  
And banished hae they him Brown Adam  
Frae sister and frae brither.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.7

\N1 And they hae banishd him Brown Adam,  
The f+lower o a\' his kin;  
He built a bower in gude green wood,  
For his true love and him.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.8

\N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
The king\'s young son thought lang,  
And minded him on Brown Adam,  
Oft rade on his right han.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.9

\N1 Then he sent for him Brown Adam,  
To shoe his milk-white steed,  
That he might see him ance in court,  
Mang knights o noble bleed.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.10

\N1 When Brown Adam he read these lines,  
A light laugh then gae hee:  
'What\'s this that\'s made their hearts to fa,  
They lang sae sair for mee?'

\SBALLADS Child 98C.11

\N1 Then out it speaks his gay ladye:  
Brown Adam, bide wi mee;  
For if ye gang to court, I fear  
Your face I\'ll never see.

\SBALLADS Child 98C.12

\N1 `Cheer up your heart, my ain true-love,  
Let naething cause your grief;  
Though I be absent for some days,  
Ye seen will get relief.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.13  
\N1 Then he has kissd his gay ladye,  
And rade alang the lay,  
And hunted a\' the wild birds there,  
As he rade on the way.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.14  
\N1 He shot the bunting o the bush,  
The linnet o the brier,  
And sent them on to gude green wood,  
His ladye\'s heart to cheer.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.15  
\N1 He shot the bunting o the bush,  
The linnet o the wand,  
And sent them on to his ladye,  
Forbade her to think lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.16  
\N1 He shot the bunting o the bush,  
The linnet o the thorn,  
And sent them on to his ladye,  
Said he\'d be hame the morn.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.17  
\N1 A thought then came into his mind,  
As he rade on the way,  
Some evil in his absence might  
Befa his ladye gay.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.18  
\N1 Now when he had the prince\' steed shod,  
And bound again to ryde,  
He turned his horse to Ringlewood;  
Some days he meant to byde.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.19  
\N1 But when he turned to Ringlewood;  
Ae foot\'s horse woudna ryde;  
Whan he turned to his luver\'s bower,  
He f+lew like ony glyde.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.20  
\N1 When he drew near to his luve\'s bower,  
There he alighted down,  
For the hearing o his great horse tramp  
Ere he wan to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.21  
\N1 Whan he came to his luver\'s bower,  
He heard a dolefu din;  
He wasna aware o a fu fause knight,  
His true-love\'s bower within.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.22  
\N1 He bound his steed to his ain stall,  
And gae him corn and hay,  
And listened at a shott-window,  
To hear what he would say.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.23  
\N1 The f+irst and thing the knight drew out,  
It was a coffer f+ine;  
It was as fu o gude black silk,  
Make ladyes for to shine.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.24

\N1 `Ye are too lack o luve, ladye,  
And that\'s a hatefu thing;  
Luve me, and lat Brown Adam be,  
And a\' this shall be thine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.25  
\N1 `O well I like Brown Adam,' she said,  
`I wyte hee hates nae mee;  
I winna forsake him Brown Adam  
For a\' your gifts an thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.26  
\N1 The next and thing the knight drew out,  
It was a coffer small;  
It was as fou o shambo gluves,  
Woud had her hands frae caul.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.27  
\N1 `Ye are too lack o luve, ladye,  
An that\'s a hatefu thing;  
Luve me, an lat Brown Adam be,  
An a\' this shall be thine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.28  
\N1 `O well like I Brown Adam,' she said,  
`I\'m sure he hates nae me;  
I winna forsake him Brown Adam  
For a\' your gifts an thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.29  
\N1 The next and thing the knight drew out  
It was a coffer f+ine;  
It was as fu of gude red gowd  
As a guinea coud get in.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.30  
\N1 `You are too lack o luve, ladye,  
And that\'s a hatefu thing;  
Luve me, and lat Brown Adam be,  
And a\' this shall be thine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.31  
\N1 `O well I like Brown Adam,' she said,  
`I\'m sure hee hates nae mee;  
I winna forsake him Brown Adam  
For a\' the gowd ye\'ll gie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.32  
\N1 Then his mild mood did quickly change,  
And grew mair f+ierce and cruel,  
And then drew out a trusty brand,  
Which made her heart to pruel.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.33  
\N1 `Since I by you am slighted sae,  
Since I frae you maun part,  
I swear a vow before I gae,  
That this shall pierce your heart.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.34  
\N1 `But still I like Brown Adam,' she said,  
`I wat hee hates nae mee;  
And if he knew my troubles now  
At my call woud hee be.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.35  
\N1 `Although he were sax miles awa,  
He\'d seen be at my han;  
But wae is me, sae may I say,  
Brown Adam tarries lang!'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.36

\N1 He hit the door then wi his foot,  
Made a\' the bands to f+lee:  
`Cheer up your heart, my luve Janet,  
Your love\'s nae far frae thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.37  
\N1 Then he drew out a trusty brand,  
And chassd him thro the ha;  
The knight jumpd to a shott-window,  
And woud hae been awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.38  
\N1 `Stay still, stay still,' Brown Adam said,  
`Make nae sic haste frae mee'  
You or I maun rue the race  
That I came ower the lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.39  
\N1 Then frae the knight he\'s taen a wad,  
His mantle and his brand;  
Likewise he\'s taen anither wad,  
His sword and his sword-hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.40  
\N1 He threw him ower the shott-window,  
Bade him lie there wi care,  
And never come back to gude green wood  
To marr fair ladies mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.41  
\N1 `O I am brown,' said Brown Adam,  
`And I was never whyte;  
But my love has robes o different hues,  
To wear at her delyght.  
\SBALLADS Child 98C.42  
\N1 `Her kirchies be o cambricks f+ine,  
Wi gowd pinnd to the chin;  
Her robes shall be o the scarlet hue  
She shall gang daily in.'  
\LBALLADS Child 99A.1  
\N1 O JOHNEY was as brave a knight  
As ever saild the sea,  
An he\'s done him to the English court,  
To serve for meat and fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.2  
\N1 He had nae been in fair England  
But yet a little while,  
Untill the kingis ae daughter  
To johney proves wi chil.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.3  
\N1 O word\'s come to the king himsel,  
In his chair where he sat,  
That his ae daughter was wi bairn  
To Jack, the Little Scott.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.4  
\N1 `Gin this be true that I do hear,  
As I trust well it be,  
Ye pit her into prison strong,  
An starve her till she die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.5  
\N1 O Johney\'s on to fair Scotland,  
A wot he went wi speed,  
An he has left the kingis court,  
A wot good was his need.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.6

\N1 O it fell once upon a day  
That Johny he thought lang,  
An he\'s gane to the good green wood,  
As fast as he coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.7

\N1 `O whare will I get a bonny boy,  
To rin my errand soon,  
That will rin into fair England,  
An haste him back again?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.8

\N1 O up it starts a bonny boy,  
Gold yallow was his hair,  
I wish his mither meickle joy,  
His bonny love mieckle mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.9

\N1 `O here am I, a bonny boy,  
Will rin your errand soon;  
I will gang into fair England,  
An come right soon again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.10

\N1 O whan he came to broken briggs,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
An whan he came to the green grass growan,  
He slaikid his shoone an ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.11

\N1 Whan he came to yon high castzel,  
He ran it roun about,  
An there he saw the king\'s daughter,  
At the window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.12

\N1 `O here\'s a sark o silk, lady,  
Your ain han sewd the sleeve;  
You\'r bidden come to fair Scotlan,  
Speer nane o your parents leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.13

\N1 `Ha, take this sark o silk, lady,  
Your ain han swed the gare;  
You\'re bidden come to good green wood,  
Love Johny waits you there.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.14

\N1 She\'s turnd her right and roun about,  
The tear was in her ee:  
`How can I come to my true-love,  
Except I had wings to f+lee?  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.15

\N1 `Here am I kept wi bars and bolts,  
Most grievous to behold;  
My breast-plate\'s o the sturdy steel,  
Instead of the beaten gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.16

\N1 `But tak this purse, my bonny boy,  
Ye well deserve a fee,  
An bear this letter to my love,  
An tell him what you see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.17

\N1 Then quickly ran the bonny boy  
Again to Scotlan fair,  
An soon he reachd Pitnachton\'s towrs,  
An soon found Johny there.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.18

\N1 He pat the letter in his han  
An taul him what he sa,  
But eer he half the letter read,  
He loote the tears doun fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.19  
\N1 `O I will gae back to fair Englan,  
Tho death shoud me betide,  
An I will relieve the damesel  
That lay last by my side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.20  
\N1 Then out it spake his father dear,  
My son, you are to blame;  
An gin you\'r catchd on English groun,  
I fear you\'ll neer win hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.21  
\N1 Then out it spake a valiant knight,  
Johny\'s best friend was he;  
I can commaun f+ive hunder men,  
An I\'ll his surety be.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.22  
\N1 The f+irstin town that they came till,  
They gard the bells be rung;  
An the nextin town that they came till,  
They gard the mess be sung.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.23  
\N1 The thirdin town that they came till,  
They gard the drums beat roun;  
The king but an his nobles a\',  
Was startld at the soun.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.24  
\N1 Whan they came to the king\'s palace  
They rade it roun about,  
An there they saw the king himsel,  
At the window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.25  
\N1 `Is this the Duke o Albany,  
Or James, the Scottish king?  
Or are ye some great foreign lord,  
That\'s come a visiting?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.26  
\N1 `I\'m nae the Duke of Albany,  
Nor James, the Scottish king;  
But I\'m a valiant Scottish knight,  
Pitnachten is my name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.27  
\N1 `O if Pitnachten be your name,  
As I trust well it be,  
The morn, or I tast meat or drink,  
You shall be hanged hi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.28  
\N1 Then out it spake the valiant knight  
That came brave Johney wi;  
Behold f+ive hunder bowmen bold,  
Will die to set him free.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.29  
\N1 Then out it spake the king again,  
An a scornfu laugh laugh he;  
I have an Italian i my house  
Will f+ight you three by three.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.30

\N1 `O grant me a boon,' brave Johney cried;  
`Bring your Italian here;  
Then if he fall beneath my sword,  
I\'ve won your daughter dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.31  
\N1 Then out it came that Italian,  
An a gurious ghost was he;  
Upo the point o Johney\'s sword  
This Italian did die.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.32  
\N1 Out has he drawn his lang, lang bran,  
Struck it across the plain:  
`Is there any more o your English dogs  
That you want to be slain?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.33  
\N1 `A clark, a clark,' the king then cried,  
`To write her tocher free;'  
`A priest, a priest,' says Love Johney,  
`To marry my love and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 99A.34  
\N1 `I\'m seeking nane o your gold,' he says,  
`Nor of your silver clear;  
I only seek your daughter fair,  
Whose love has cost her dear.'  
\LBALLADS Child 99B.1  
\N1 JOHNNY\R\'rS into England gane,  
Three quarters of a year;  
Johnny\'s into England gane,  
The king\'s banner to bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.2  
\N1 He had na been in England lang,  
But and a little while,  
Untill the king\'s daughter  
To Johnny gaes wi child.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.3  
\N1 Word is to the kitchin gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word is to the king\'s palace,  
Amang the nobles a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.4  
\N1 Word\'s gane to the king\'s palace,  
The palace where she sat,  
That his ae daughter gaes wi child  
To Jock, the Little Scot.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.5  
\N1 `If she be wi child,' he says,  
`As I trow well she be,  
I\'ll put her into strang prison,  
And hang her till she die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.6  
\N1 But up and spak young Johnny,  
And O he spake in time:  
Is there never a bony boy here  
Will rin my errand soon?  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.7  
\N1 That will gae to yon castle,  
And look it round about?  
And there he\'ll see a fair lady,  
The window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.8

\N1 Up then spak a bony boy,  
And a bony boy was he:  
I\'ll run thy errand, Johnny, he said,  
Untill the day I die.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.9  
\N1 `Put on your gown o silk, madam,  
And on your hand a glove,  
And gang into the good green-wood,  
To Johnny, your true-love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.10  
\N1 `The fetters they are on my feet,  
And O but they are cauld!  
My bracelets they are sturdy steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.11  
\N1 `But I will write a lang letter,  
And seal it tenderlie,  
And I will send to my true-love,  
Before that I do die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.12  
\N1 The f+irst look that Johnny lookd,  
A loud laughter gae he;  
But the next look that Johnny gae,  
The tear blinded his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.13  
\N1 He says, I\'ll into England gae,  
Whatever may betide,  
And a\' to seek a fair woman  
That sud hae been my bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.14  
\N1 But up and speaks his father,  
And O he spak in time:  
If that ye into England gae,  
I\'m feerd ye neer come hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.15  
\N1 But up then speaks our gude Scotch king,  
And a brisk young man was he:  
He\'s hae f+ive hunder o my life-guard,  
To bear him companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.16  
\N1 When Johnny was on saddle set,  
And seemly for to see,  
There was not a married man  
Into his companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.17  
\N1 When Johnny sat on saddle-seat,  
And seemly to behold,  
The hair that hang on Johnny\'s head  
Was like the threads o gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.18  
\N1 When he cam to . . .  
He gard the bells a\' ring,  
Untill the king and a\' his court  
Did marvel at the thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.19  
\N1 `Is this the brave Argyle,' he said,  
`That\'s landed and come hame?  
Is this the brave Argyle,' he said,  
`Or James, our Scottish king?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.20



\N1 `It\'s no the brave Argyle,' they said,  
`That\'s landed and come hame;  
But it is a brave young Scottish knight,  
McNaughtan is his name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.21  
\N1 `If McNaughtan be his name,' he says,  
`As I trow weel it be,  
The fairest lady in a\' my court  
Gangs wi child to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.22  
\N1 `If that she be wi child,' he says,  
`As I wat weel she be,  
I\'ll mak it lord o a\' my land,  
And her my gay lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.23  
\N1 `I have a champion in my court  
Will f+ight you a\' by three;  
But up then speaks a brisk young man,  
And a brisk young man was he:  
I will f+ight to my life\'s end,  
Before poor Johnny die.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.24  
\N1 The king but and his nobles a\  
Went out into the plain,  
The queen but and her maidens a\  
To see young Johnny slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.25  
\N1 The f+irst wound that Johnny gae the champion  
Was a deep wound and sair;  
The next wound that he gae the champion,  
He never spak mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.26  
\N1 `A priest, a priest,' young Johnny cries,  
`To wed me and my love;  
`A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,  
`To sign her tocher gude.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.27  
\N1 `I\'ll hae nane o your goud,' he says,  
`I\'ll hae nane o your gear,  
But a\' I want is my true-love,  
For I hae bought her dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99B.28  
\N1 He took out a little goat-horn,  
And blew baith loud and shill;  
The victry\'s into Scotland gane,  
Tho sair against their will.  
\LBALLADS Child 99C.1  
\N1 O JOHNIE\R\'rS to the hunting gone,  
Unto the woods sae wild,  
And Earl Percy\'s old daughter  
To Johnie goes with child.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.2  
\N1 O word is to the kitchen gone,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word is to the highest towers,  
Amang the nobles a\  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.3  
\N1 `If she be with child,' her father said,  
`As woe forbid it be,  
I\'ll put her into a prison strong,

And try the veritie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.4  
\N1 `But if she be with child,' her mother said,  
`As woe forbid it be,  
I\`ll put her intil a dungeon dark,  
And hunger her till she die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.5  
\N1 Then she has wrote a braid letter,  
And sealed it wi her hand,  
And sent T to the merry green wood,  
Wi her own boy at command.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.6  
\N1 The f+irst line of the letter he read,  
His heart was full of joy;  
But he had not read a line past two  
Till the salt tears blind his eye.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.7  
\N1 `O I must up to England go,  
What ever me betide,  
For to relieve that fair ladie  
That lay last by my side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.8  
\N1 Out and spak his father then,  
And he spak all in time:  
Johnie, if ye to England go,  
I fear ye\`ll neer return.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.9  
\N1 But out and spak his uncle then,  
And he spak bitterlie:  
Five hundred of my good life-guards  
Shall go along with thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.10  
\N1 When they were mounted on their steeds,  
They were comely to behold;  
The hair that hung owre Johnie\'s shoulders  
Was like the yellow gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.11  
\N1 The f+irst town that they came to,  
They made the bells to ring;  
And when they rode the town all owre,  
They made the trumpets sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.12  
\N1 When they came to Earl Percy\'s gates,  
They rode them round about,  
And who saw he but his own true-love,  
At a window looking out!  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.13  
\N1 `The doors they are bolted with iron and steel,  
The windows round about;  
My feet they are in fetters strong;  
And how can I get out?  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.14  
\N1 `My garters they are of the lead,  
And oh but they be cold!  
My breast-plate\'s of the beaten steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.15  
\N1 But when they came to Earl Percy\'s yett,  
They tirlled at the pin;  
None was so ready as Earl Percy

To open and let them in.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.16  
\N1 `Art thou the King of Aulsberry,  
Or art thou the King of Spain?  
Or art thou one of our gay Scots lords,  
McNachtan by thy name?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.17  
\N1 `I\'m not the King of Aulsberry,  
Nor yet the King of Spain;  
But I am one of our gay Scots lords,  
Johnie Scot I am called by name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.18  
\N1 `If Johnnie Scot be thy name,' he said,  
`As I trow weel it be,  
The fairest lady in a\' our court  
Gaes big with child to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.19  
\N1 `If she be with child,' fair Johnie said,  
`As I trow weel she be,  
I\'ll make it heir owre a\' my land,  
And her my gay ladie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.20  
\N1 `But if she be with child,' her father said,  
`As I trow weel she be,  
Tomorrow morn again eight o clock  
High hanged thou shalt be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.21  
\N1 But out and spak his uncle then,  
And he spak bitterlie:  
Before that we see Johnie Scot slain,  
We\'ll a\' f+ight till we die.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.22  
\N1 `But is there ever a Tailliant about your court,  
That will f+ight duels three?  
Before that I be hanged or slain,  
On the Tailliant\'s sword I\'ll die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.23  
\N1 But some is to the good green wood,  
And some is to the plain,  
Either to see fair Johnie hanged,  
Or else to see him slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.24  
\N1 And they began at eight o clock of the morning,  
And they fought on till three,  
Till the Tailliant, like a swallow swift,  
Owre Johnie\'s head did f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.25  
\N1 But Johnie being a clever young boy,  
He wheeled him round about,  
And on the point of Johnie\'s broad sword  
The Tailliant he slew out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.26  
\N1 `A priest, a priest,' fair Johnie cried,  
`To wed my love and me;'  
`A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
`To sum the tocher free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.27  
\N1 `I\'ll have non of your gold,' fair Johnie said,  
`Nor none of your white monie;  
But I will have my own fair bride,

For I vow that I\`ve bought her dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.28  
\N1 He\`s taen his true-love by the hand,  
He led her up the plain:  
`Have you any more of your English dogs  
You want for to have slain?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99C.29  
\N1 He took a little horn out of his pocket,  
He blew it baith loud and shill,  
And honour\`s into Scotland gone,  
In spite of England\`s skill.  
\LBALLADS Child 99D.1  
\N1 O JOHNNIE Scot walks up and down  
Among the woods sae wild;  
Who but the Earl of Percy\`s ae daughter  
To him goes big with child!  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.2  
\N1 O word is to the kitchen gone,  
And word\`s gone to the hall,  
And word is to King Henry gane,  
And amongst his nobles all.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.3  
\N1 O Johnnie\`s called his waiting-man,  
His name was Germanie:  
`O thou must to fair England go,  
Bring me that fair ladie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.4  
\N1 He rode till he came to Earl Percy\`s gate,  
He tirlled at the pin;  
`O who is there?' said the proud porter,  
`But I daurna let thee in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.5  
\N1 So he rade up, and he rode down,  
Till he rode it round about;  
Then he saw her at a wee window,  
Where she was looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.6  
\N1 `O thou must go to Johnnie Scot,  
Unto the woods so green,  
In token of thy silken shirt,  
Thine own hand sewed the seam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.7  
\N1 `How can I go to Johnnie Scot?  
Or how can I get out?  
My breast plate\`s o the hard, hard iron,  
With fetters round about.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.8  
\N1 `But I will write a lang letter,  
And give it unto thee,  
And thou must take that to Johnnie Scot,  
See what answer he sends to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.9  
\N1 When Johnnie looked the letter upon  
A sorry man was he;  
He had not read one line but two  
Till the saut tear did blind his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.10  
\N1 `O I must to fair England go,  
Whatever me betide,  
All for to f+ight for that gay ladie

That last lay by my side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.11  
\N1 O out and spoke his father then,  
And he spoke well in time:  
O if you to fair England go,  
I doubt your coming home.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.12  
\N1 `O no, O no,' said good King James,  
`Before such a thing shall be,  
I'll send f+ive hundred of my life-guards,  
To bear Johnnie company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.13  
\N1 When they were all on saddle set,  
Most pleasant to behold,  
The hair that hung over Johnnie\'s neck  
Was like the links of gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.14  
\N1 When they were all marching away,  
Most beautiful to see,  
There was not so much as a married man  
In Johnnie\'s company.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.15  
\N1 O Johnnie was the foremost man  
In the company that did ride;  
King James he was the second man,  
Wi his rapier by his side.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.16  
\N1 They rode till they came to Earl Percy\'s yate,  
They tirlled at the pin:  
`O who is there?' said the proud porter;  
`But I daurnot let thee in.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.17  
\N1 `Is it the Duke of York,' he said,  
`Or James, our Scotish king?  
Or is it one of the Scotish lords,  
From hunting new come home?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.18  
\N1 `It\'s not the Duke of York,' he said,  
`Nor James, our Scotish king;  
But it is one of the Scotish lords,  
Earl Hector is my name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.19  
\N1 When Johnnie came before the king,  
He fell low down on his knee:  
`O the brawest lady in a\' my court  
With child goes big to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.20  
\N1 `O if she be with child,' Johnnie said,  
`As I trew well she be,  
I will make it heir of all my land,  
And her my gay ladie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.21  
\N1 `But if she be with child,' said the king,  
`As I trew well she be,  
Before the morn at ten o clock  
High hanged thou shalt be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.22  
\N1 `O no, O no,' said good King James,  
`Before such a thing shall be,  
Before that Johnnie Scot be hanged,

We\`ll a\` f+ight till we die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.23  
\N1 `But there is a Talliant in my court,  
Of men he will f+ight f+ive;  
Go bring them out to the green wood,  
See wha will gain the prize.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.24  
\N1 Lords and ladies f+locked all,  
They f+locked all amain,  
They f+locked all to the green wood,  
To see poor Johnnie slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.25  
\N1 This Talliant he could f+ind no way  
To be poor Johnnie\`s dead,  
But, like unto a swallow swift,  
He jumped oer Johnnie\`s head.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.26  
\N1 But Johnnie was a clever man,  
Cunning and crafty withal,  
And up on the top of his braid sword  
He made this Talliant fall.  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.27  
\N1 `A priest, a priest,' then Johnnie cried,  
`To marry my love and me;'  
`A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
`To sum the tocher free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99D.28  
\N1 `I\`ll take none of your gold,' Johnnie said,  
`Nor none of your other gear,  
But I\`ll just have my own true-love,  
This day I\`ve won her dear.'  
\LBALLADS Child 99E.1  
\N1 MCNAUGHTON\R\`\rS unto England gane,  
The king\`s banner to bear:  
`O do you see yon castle, boy?  
It\`s walled round about;  
There you will spy a fair ladye,  
In the window looking out.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.2  
\N1 `Here is a silken sark, fair lady,  
Thine own hand sewed the sleeve,  
And thou must go to yon green wood,  
To Johnnie thy true-love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.3  
\N1 `The castle it is high, my boy,  
And walled round about;  
My feet are in the fetters strong,  
And how can I get out?  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.4  
\N1 `My garters o the gude black iron,  
And they are very cold;  
My breast plate\`s of the sturdy steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.5  
\N1 `But had I paper, pen and ink,  
And candle at my command,  
It\`s I would write a lang letter  
To John in fair Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.6  
\N1 The f+irst line that Johnnie looked on,

A loud, loud lauch leuch he;  
The second line that Johnnie looked on,  
The tear did blind his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.7  
\N1 Says, I must unto England go,  
Whatever me betide,  
For to relieve my own fair lady,  
That lay last by my side.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.8  
\N1 Then up and spoke Johnnie\'s auld mither,  
A well spoke woman was she:  
If you do go to England, Johnnie,  
I may take farewell o thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.9  
\N1 Then up and spoke Johnnie\'s old father,  
A well spoke man was he:  
It\'s twenty-four of my gay troop  
Shall go along with thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.10  
\N1 When Johnnie was on saddle set,  
Right comely to be seen,  
There was not so much as a married man  
In Johnnie\'s companie;  
There was not so much as a married man,  
Not a one only but ane.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.11  
\N1 The first gude toun that Johnnie came to,  
He made the bells be rung;  
The next gude toun that Johnnie came to,  
He made the psalms be sung.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.12  
\N1 The next gude toun that Johnnie came to,  
He made the drums beat round,  
Till the king and all his merry men  
A-marvelled at the sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.13  
\N1 `Are you the Duke of Mulberry,  
Or James, our Scotish king?  
Are you the Duke of Mulberry,  
From Scotland new come home?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.14  
\N1 `I\'m not the Duke of Mulberry,  
Nor James, our Scotish king;  
But I am a true Scotishman,  
McNaughtoun is my name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.15  
\N1 `If McNaughtoun be your name,' he said,  
`As I trew well it be,  
The fairest lady in a\' my court  
She goes with child to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.16  
\N1 `If McNaughton be your name,' he said,  
`As I trew well it be,  
Tomorrow morn by eight o clock  
O hanged you shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99E.17  
\N1 O Johnnie had a bonnie little boy,  
His name was Germany:  
`Before that we be all hanged, my sovereign,  
We\'ll fight you till we die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99E.18

\N1 `Say on, say on, my bonnie little boy,  
It is well spoken of thee,  
For there is a campioun in my court  
Shall f+ight you three by three.'

\SBALLADS Child 99E.19

\N1 Next morning about eight o'clock  
The king and his merry men,  
The queen and all her maidens fair,  
Came whistling down the green,  
To see the cruel f+ight begin,  
And see poor Johnnie slain.

\SBALLADS Child 99E.20

They fought on, and Johnie fought on,  
Wi swords of tempered steel,  
Until the drops of red, red blood  
Ran prinkling down the f+ield.

\SBALLADS Child 99E.21

\N1 They fought on, and Johnie fought on,  
They fought so manfullie  
They left not a man alive in all the king\'s court,  
Not a man only but three.

\SBALLADS Child 99E.22

\N1 `A priest, a priest,' poor Johnie cries,  
`To wed my love and me;'  
`A clerk, a clerk,' the king did cry,  
`To write her portion free.'

\SBALLADS Child 99E.23

\N1 `I\'ll have none of your gold,' he says,  
`Nor none of your white money,  
But I will have mine own fair lady,  
Who has been dear to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 99E.24

\N1 Johnie put a horn unto his mouth,  
He blew it wondrous schill;  
The sound is unto Scotland gane,  
Sair against all their will.

\SBALLADS Child 99E.25

\N1 He put his horn to his mouth,  
He blew it ower again,  
And aye the sound the horn cried,  
`McNaughtoun\'s cure to them!'

\LBALLADS Child 99F.1

\N1 WORD has to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word has to the king himsell,  
In the chamber where he sat,  
That his ae daughter gaes wi bairn  
To bonnie Johnie Scot.

\SBALLADS Child 99F.2

\N1 Word has to the kitchen gane,  
And word has to the ha,  
And word has to the queen hersell,  
In the chamber where she sat,  
That her ae dochter gaes wi bairn  
To bonnie Johnie Scot.

\SBALLADS Child 99F.3

\N1 `O if she be wi bairn,' he says,  
`As I trew well she be,  
We\'ll put her in a prison strang,



And try her verity.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.4  
\N1 `O if she be wi bairn,' she says,  
`As I trew weel she be,  
We'll put her in a dungeon dark,  
And hunger her till she die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.5  
\N1 Now she has written a letter,  
And sealed it with her hand,  
And sent it unto Johnie Scot,  
To come at her command.  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.6  
\N1 The first lang line that he looked to,  
He laughed at the same;  
The neist lang line that he did read,  
The tears did blin his een.  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.7  
\N1 `Once more to England I must go,  
May God be my sure guide!  
And all to see that lady fair  
That last lay by my side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.8  
\N1 Then out bespoke our Scotish king,  
And he spoke manfullie:  
I and three thousand of my guards  
Will bear you companye.  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.9  
\N1 They all were mounted on horseback,  
So gallantly they rode;  
The hair that hung owre Johnie's shoulders  
Was like the links of goud.  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.10  
\N1 When they came to the king of England's gate,  
They knocked at the pin;  
So ready was the king himsell  
To open and let them in.  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.11  
\N1 `Are you the Duke [of York],' he says,  
`Or are ye the King of Spain?  
Or are ye some of the gay Scots boys,  
From hunting now come hame?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.12  
\N1 `I am not the Duke of York,' he says,  
`Nor yet the King of Spain;  
But I am one of the gay Scots boys,  
From hunting just come hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.13  
\N1 `If you are one of the Scots boys,  
As I trew weel you be,  
The fairest lady in my hall  
Gaes big wi child to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.14  
\N1 `Then if she be wi bairn,' he says,  
`As I trew weel she be,  
I'll make him heir of a' my gear,  
And her my fair ladye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99F.15  
\N1 `If she be wi bairn,' her father says,  
`As I trew weel she be,  
Before the morn at ten o'clock

High hanged thou shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 99F.16

\N1 Then out bespake our Scotish king,  
 And he spoke manfullie:  
 Before that Johnie Scott be slain,  
 We'll all f+ight till we die.

\SBALLADS Child 99F.17

\N1 `I have a Talliant in my house  
 We'll f+ight your men by three;'  
 `Bring out your trooper,' Johnie says,  
 `For fain I would him see.'

\SBALLADS Child 99F.18

\N1 Some gade unto the high mountain,  
 Some gade unto the plain,  
 Some at high windows looked out,  
 To see poor Johnie slain.

\SBALLADS Child 99F.19

\N1 The Talliant he fought on a while,  
 Thinking of Johnie would retire,  
 And then he, like a swallow swifte,  
 Owre Johnie\'s head did f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 99F.20

\N1 But Johnie was a clever man,  
 And turned about with speed,  
 And on the edge of his broadsword  
 He slew the Talliant dead.

\SBALLADS Child 99F.21

\N1 Then he has brought the lady out,  
 And sat her on a dapple-gray,  
 And being mounted on before,  
 They briskly rode away.

\SBALLADS Child 99F.22

\N1 Now the honour unto Scotland came,  
 In spite of England\'s skill;  
 The honour unto Scotland came  
 In spite of England\'s will.

\LBALLADS Child 99G.1

\N1 JOHNIE SCOTT\R\`rS a hunting gone,  
 To England woods so wild,  
 Until the king\'s old dochter dear  
 She goes to him with child.

\SBALLADS Child 99G.2

\N1 `If she be with bairn,' her mother says,  
 `As I trew weel she be,  
 We'll put her in a dark dungeon,  
 And hunger her till she die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99G.3

\N1 `If she be with bairn,' her father says,  
 `As oh forbid she be!  
 We'll put her in a prison strong,  
 And try the veritie.'

\SBALLADS Child 99G.4

\N1 The king did write a long letter,  
 Sealed it with his own hand,  
 And he sent it to Johnie Scot,  
 To speak at his command.

\SBALLADS Child 99G.5

\N1 When Johnie read this letter long,  
 The tear blindit his ee:  
 `I must away to Old England;

King Edward writes for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.6  
\N1 Out and spak his mother dear,  
She spoke aye in time:  
Son, if thou go to Old England,  
I fear thou'll neer come hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.7  
\N1 Out and spoke a Scottish prince,  
And a weel spoke man was he:  
Here's four and twenty o my braw troops,  
To bear thee companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.8  
\N1 Away they gade, awa they rade,  
Away they rade so slie;  
There was not a maried man that day  
In Johnie's companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.9  
\N1 The first good town that they passed thro,  
They made their bells to ring;  
The next good town that they passed thro,  
They made their music sing.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.10  
\N1 The next gude town that they passed thro,  
They made their drums beat round,  
The king and a' his gay armies  
Admiring at the sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.11  
\N1 When they came to the king's court,  
They travelled round about,  
And there he spied his own true-love,  
At a window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.12  
\N1 'O fain wald I come down,' she says,  
'Of that ye needna dout;  
But my garters they're of cauld, cauld iron,  
And I can no win out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.13  
\N1 'My garters they're of cauld, cauld iron,  
And it is very cold;  
My breast-plate is of sturdy steel,  
Instead o beaten gold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.14  
\N1 Out and spoke the king himsell,  
And an angry man was he:  
The fairest lady in a' my court,  
She goes with child to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.15  
\N1 'If your old daughter be with child,  
As I trew weel she be,  
I'll make it heir of a' my land,  
And her my gay lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.16  
\N1 'There is a Talliant in my court,  
This day he's killed three;  
And gin the morn by ten o'clock  
He'll kill thy men and thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.17  
\N1 Johnie took sword into his hand,  
And walked cross the plain;  
There was many a weeping lady there,

To see young Johnie slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.18  
\N1 The Talliant, never knowing this,  
Now he\'ll be Johnie\'s dead,  
But, like unto a swallow swift,  
He flew out owre his head.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.19  
\N1 Johnie was a valliant man,  
Weel taught in war was he,  
And on the point of his broad sword  
The Talliant stickit he.  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.20  
\N1 Johnie took sword into his hand,  
And walked cross the plain:  
'Are there here any moe of your English dogs  
That\'s wanting to be slain?  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.21  
\N1 'A priest, a priest,' young Johnie cries,  
'To wed my bride and me;'  
'A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
'To tell her tocher wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.22  
\N1 'I\'m wanting none of your gold,' he says,  
'As little of your gear;  
But give me just mine own true-love,  
I think I\'ve won her dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99G.23  
\N1 Johnie sets horn into his mouth,  
And he blew loud and schrill;  
The honour it\'s to Scotland come,  
Sore against England\'s will.  
\LBALLADS Child 99H.1  
\N1 'WHERE will I gett a bony boy,  
That would fain win hose and shoon,  
That will go on to yon palace,  
And hast him back again?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.2  
\N1 'Here am I, a bony boy,  
That would fain win hose and shoon,  
That will go on to yon palace,  
And haste me back again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.3  
\N1 'When you come to yon palace,  
You\'ll run it round about;  
There you\'ll see a gay lady,  
At the window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.4  
\N1 'Give hir this shirt of silk,  
Hir own hand sewed the slive,  
And bid her come to good green woods,  
Spear no hir parents\' leave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.5  
\N1 'Give hir this shirt of silk, boy,  
Hir own hand sewed the gare;  
You\'ll bid her come to good green woods,  
Love Johny, I\'ll meet hir there.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.6  
\N1 When he came to yon palace,  
He ran it round about,  
And there he saw a gay lady,

At the window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.7  
\N1 `Take here this shirt of silk, lady,  
Your own hand sewed the slive;  
You\'re biden come to good green woods,  
Spire no your parents\' leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.8  
\N1 `Take here this shirt of silk, lady,  
Your own hand sewed the gare;  
You\'re biden come to good green woods,  
Love Johny\'ll meet you there.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.9  
\N1 `The staunchens they are strong, boy,  
Dear, vow but they are stout!  
My feet they are in strong fetters,  
And how shall I win out?  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.10  
\N1 `My garters is of the cold iron,  
Dear, vow but they are cold!  
And three splits of the sturdy steel,  
Instead of beaten goold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.11  
\N1 `But I will write a braud leter,  
And sign it with my hand,  
And I will send it to Love Johny,  
Weel may he understand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.12  
\N1 And she has wrote [a] braud leter,  
And signd it with hir hand,  
And sent it on to Love Jony,  
Weel did he understand.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.13  
\N1 When he got this letter,  
A light laugh did he gie;  
But or he read it half down through,  
The salt tears blinded \'s ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.14  
\N1 Says, I\'ll awa to fair England,  
What ever may betide,  
And all is for the fair lady  
That lay close by my side.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.15  
\N1 Out it spoke Jony\'s mother,  
And she spoke ay through pride;  
Says, If ye go to fair England,  
Sir, better to you bide.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.16  
\N1 When Jony was on his sadle set,  
And seemly to behold,  
Every tet o Love Jony\'s hair  
Was like the threads of goold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.17  
\N1 When Jony was on his sadle set,  
And seemly for to see,  
There was not a married man  
In a\' Jony\'s company.  
\SBALLADS Child 99H.18  
\N1 The f+irst town that they came till,  
They gard the bells be rung;  
The next town that they came till,

They gard the mess bee sung.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.19  
 \N1 When they came to the king\'s palace,  
 The drums they did beat round,  
 And the quien and her marys all  
 Amased at the sound.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.20  
 \N1 `Is this the Duke of Mulberry,  
 Or James, our Scottish king?  
 Or is it any noble lord  
 That\'s going a visiting?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.21  
 \N1 `It\'s not the Duke of Mulberry,  
 Nor James, our Scottish king;  
 But it is Jack, the Little Scot,  
 And Auchney is his name.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.22  
 \N1 `If Auchney bee your name,' he said,  
 `As I trust weel it be,  
 The fairest lady in all my court  
 She goes with bairn to the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.23  
 \N1 `If she be with bairn,' he said,  
 `As I doubt not nor she be,  
 I will make it heir oer all my land,  
 And hir my gay lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.24  
 \N1 The king he swore a solemn oath,  
 And a solemn oath swore he,  
 `The morn, before I eat or drink,  
 High hanged he shall be!'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.25  
 \N1 The king and his nobles all  
 Went out into the plain,  
 And the quen and hir marys all,  
 To see Love Johny slain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.26  
 \N1 They fought up, and they fought down,  
 With swords of temperd steel,  
 But not a drop of Johny\'s blood  
 In that day he did spill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.27  
 \N1 Out they brought the Itilian,  
 And a greecy ghost was he,  
 But by the edge o Love Johny\'s sword  
 That Itilian did die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.28  
 \N1 Johny\'s taen his neat drawn sword,  
 And stript it to the stran:  
 `Is there any more of your English dogs  
 That wants for to be slain?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.29  
 \N1 `A clerck, a clerck,' now says the king,  
 `To sign her tocher free;'  
 `A priest, a priest,' said Love Johny,  
 `To mary my dear and me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99H.30  
 \N1 `I fought not for your goold, your goold,  
 I fought not for your gear,

But I fought for my rose Mary,  
 And vow! I\ 've bought hir dear.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 99I.1  
 \N1 JOHNIE is up to London gane,  
 Three quarters o the year,  
 And he is up to London gane,  
 The king\ 's banner for to bear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.2  
 \N1 He had na been in fair London  
 A twalmonth and a day,  
 Till the king\ 's ae daughter  
 To Johnie gangs wi child.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.3  
 \N1 O word is to the kitchen gane,  
 And word is to the ha,  
 And word is to the king himsel  
 Amang his nobles a\'.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.4  
 \N1 She has wrote a braid letter,  
 She has wrote it tenderly,  
 And she\ 's wrote a braid letter,  
 To lat her Johnie see  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.5  
 \N1 That her bower is very high,  
 It\ 's aw weel walled about;  
 Her feet are in the fetters strang,  
 Her body looking out.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.6  
 \N1 Her garters are of cauld iron,  
 And they are very cold;  
 Her breist-plate is o the sturdy steel,  
 Instead o the beaten gold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.7  
 \N1 Whan he lookit the letter on,  
 A licht lauch gaed he;  
 But eer he read it til an end,  
 The tear blindit his ee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.8  
 \N1 `I maun up to London gang,  
 Whatever me betide,  
 And louse that lady out o prison strang;  
 She lay last by my side.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.9  
 \N1 Up spak Johnie\ 's ae best man,  
 That stood by Johnie\ 's knie:  
 Ye\ 'll get twenty four o my best men,  
 To bear ye companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.10  
 \N1 When Johnie was in his saddle set,  
 A pleasant sicht to see,  
 There was na ae married man  
 In Johnie\ 's companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.11  
 \N1 The f+irst toun that he cam till,  
 He made the mass be sung;  
 The niest toun that he cam till,  
 He made the bells be rung.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.12  
 \N1 When he cam to fair London,

He made the drums gae round;  
 The king and his nobles aw  
 They marvelld at the sound.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.13  
 \N1 `Is this the Duke of Winesberry,  
 For James, the Scotish king;  
 Or is it a young gentleman,  
 That wants for to be in?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.14  
 \N1 `It\'s na the Duke of Winesberry,  
 Nor James, the Scotish king;  
 But it is a young gentleman,  
 Buneftan is his name.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.15  
 \N1 Up spak the king himsel,  
 An angry man was he:  
 The morn eer I eat or drink  
 Hie hangit sall he be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.16  
 \N1 Up spak Johnie\'s ae best man,  
 That stood by Johnie\'s knie:  
 Afore our master he be slain  
 We\'ll aw fecht till we die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.17  
 \N1 Up spak the king himsel,  
 And up spak he:  
 I have an Italian in my court  
 That will fecht ye manifullie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.18  
 \N1 `If ye hae an Italian in your court,  
 Fu fain wad I him see;  
 If ye hae an Italian in your court,  
 Ye may bring him here to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.19  
 \N1 The king and his nobles aw  
 Went tripping doun the plain,  
 Wi the queen and her maries aw,  
 To see fair Johnie slain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.20  
 \N1 Even anent the prison-door  
 The battle did begin;  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.21  
 \N1 They foucht up, and they foucht doun,  
 Wi swerds o tempered steel,  
 Til Johnie wi his gude braidsword  
 Made the Italian for to yield.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.22  
 \N1 He has kickd him with his foot,  
 And he has kickd him oure the plain:  
 `Onie mair Italians in your court  
 Ye want for to be slain?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.23  
 \N1 `A clerk, a clerk,' the king cried,  
 `To sign her tocher-fee;'  
 `A priest, a priest,' young Johnie said,  
 `To marry her and me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99I.24  
 \N1 `For I want nane o your gowd,



Nor nane o your weel won fee;  
 I only want your fair dochter,  
 I have won her mannfullie.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 99J.1  
 \N1 O word is to the queen hersel,  
 In parlour whare she sat,  
 That the king\'s dochter goes wi child  
 To Jock, that little Scot.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.2  
 \N1 O word is to the king himsel,  
 And an angry man was he;  
 Says, I will put her in cold prison,  
 And hunger her till she dee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.3  
 \N1 The ladie was laid in cold prison,  
 By the king, a grievous man;  
 And up and starts a little boy,  
 Upon her window-stane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.4  
 \N1 Says, Here\'s a silken shift, ladye,  
 Your ane hand sewed the sleeve,  
 And ye maun gang to yon greenwud,  
 And of your freends speir na leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.5  
 \N1 `My bouer is very hie,' said the lady,  
 `And it\'s wondrous hie round about;  
 My feet are lockit in the iron fetters,  
 And how can I get out?  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.6  
 \N1 `But I will write a braid letter,  
 And seal it tenderlie,  
 And send it to yon greenwud,  
 And let young Johnie see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.7  
 \N1 O Johnie\'s to his father gane,  
 And til him did say,  
 O I maun up to London, father,  
 And fecht for that lady gay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.8  
 \N1 His father spak but ae word,  
 Says, I speak it in time;  
 For an ye gang to London, Johnie,  
 I fear your coming hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.9  
 \N1 And out and spak anither youth,  
 And a pretty youth was he:  
 Afore I see young Johnie dung  
 I\'ll fecht for him till I dee.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.10  
 \N1 He has wallowd it, he has wallowd it,  
 He\'s wallowd it again;  
 Cries, Onie mae o your English dogs  
 That wants for to be slain?  
 \SBALLADS Child 99J.11  
 \N1 He set the horn until his mouth,  
 And he has blawn baith loud and shill;  
 The victor\'s doun to Scotland gane,  
 Richt sair against their will.  
 \LBALLADS Child 99K.1

\N1 JOHNIE\R\'\rS up to England gane,  
Three quarters o a year;  
Johnie\'s up to England gane,  
The king\'s banner to bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.2  
\N1 He had not in fair England been  
A month \'twas barely ane,  
When the fairest lady o the court  
To Johnie wi child is gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.3  
\N1 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word\'s gane to the ha;  
Word\'s gane to the high, high rooms,  
Among the nobles a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.4  
\N1 And word o\'t to the king is gane,  
In the chamber where he sat,  
His only daughter goes wi child  
To Johnie, the Little Scot.  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.5  
\N1 `O if she be wi child,' he says,  
`As I trow weel she be,  
I\'ll lock her up in strong prison,  
And punish her till she dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.6  
\N1 Then she has wrote a long letter,  
And seald it without a blot,  
And she has sent it to fair Scotland,  
To Johnie, the Little Scot.  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.7  
\N1 The f+irst line that he did read,  
In laughter loud was he;  
But or he gat the hindmost read  
The tear blindit his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.8  
\N1 `Get ready for me the black, black steed,  
Get ready for me the brown,  
And saddle to me the swiftest horse  
Eer carried man to town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.9  
\N1 Whan he cam to Edinburgh town,  
He made the bells to ring,  
And when he cam to merry Carlisle,  
He made the monks to sing.  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.10  
\N1 When he cam to the king\'s gates,  
He made his drums beat round;  
The king bot and his nobles a\  
They wonderd at the sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.11  
\N1 `Is this [the] King of France,' he cried,  
`Or is\'t the King of Spain?  
Or is it Johnie, the Little Scot,  
That\'s wanting to be slain?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99K.12  
\N1 `It\'s neither the King of France,' he said,  
`Nor is\'t the King of Spain;  
But it is Johnie, the Little Scot,  
That\'s come to claim his ain.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 99K.13

\N1 They foucht it ance, they foucht it twice,  
They foucht it oure again,  
Till draps o blood, like draps o rain,  
War rinning to the plain.

\SBALLADS Child 99K.14

\N1 Then Johnnie drew a nut-brown brand,  
And strook it oure the plain,  
Saying, Are there onie mae o your Englishmen  
That\'s wanting to be slain?

\SBALLADS Child 99K.15

\N1 `A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,  
`To sign her tocher-fee;'  
`A priest, a priest,' then Johnnie cried,  
`To marry my love and me.

\SBALLADS Child 99K.16

\N1 `I\'ll hae nane o your gowd,' he says,  
`As little o your gear;  
But I\'ll hae her, my ain true-love,  
For I\'m sure I\'ve coft her dear.'

\LBALLADS Child 99L.1

\N1 JOHNNIE SCOTT\R\`rS a hunting gane,  
To England\'s woods sae wild;  
The fairest f+lower of all England  
To Johnnie provd big with child.

\SBALLADS Child 99L.2

\N1 It\'s word\'s going up, and word\'s going down,  
Going to the king\'s bower,  
That his dear daughter was with child,  
That was his daily f+lower.

\SBALLADS Child 99L.3

\N1 `If she be with child,  
As I suppose she be,  
I\'ll put her into prison strong,  
And hunger her till she die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.4

\N1 The king he wrote a letter broad,  
And sealed it with his hands,  
And sent it down to Johnnie Scott,  
In Scotland where he stands.

\SBALLADS Child 99L.5

\N1 The f+irst line that Johnnie lookd on,  
A merry man was he;  
The next line that he lookd on,  
The salt tears blinded his eye.

\SBALLADS Child 99L.6

\N1 Out then spoke his old father,  
Who neer spoke out of time:  
And if you go to England, son,  
I doubt your coming home.

\SBALLADS Child 99L.7

\N1 Out then spoke our Scottish James,  
Sitting low by Johnnie\'s knee:  
Fifteen score of my life-guards  
Shall ride in your company.

\SBALLADS Child 99L.8

\N1 When Johnnie came to the king\'s court  
He rode it round about,  
And there he spied his own true-love,  
From the jail-window looking out.

\SBALLADS Child 99L.9

\N1 `Come down, true-love,' said Johnnie Scott,  
`And now you\`ll ride behind me;  
Before I leave fair England  
Some life shall die for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.10

\N1 `My feet are in the fetters strong,  
I\`m belted round about;  
My breastplate is of the stubborn steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.11

\N1 When Johnnie came to the king\`s bower  
He tinkled at the ring;  
Who was so ready as the king himself  
To let proud Johnnie in!

\SBALLADS Child 99L.12

\N1 `Are ye the Duke of Marlborough,' he said,  
`Or James, our Scottish king?  
Or are you my bastard son,  
From Scotland new come home?'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.13

\N1 `I\`m not the Duke of Marlborough,' he said,  
`Nor James, our Scottish king;  
But I am just a good Scotch lad,  
And Johnnie Scott\`s my name.'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.14

\N1 `If you be Johnnie Scott,' says he,  
`As I suppose you be,  
The fairest f+lower in all England  
Is big with child by thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.15

\N1 `If she be big with child,' said he,  
`As I hope her to be,  
I\`ll make it heir of all my lands,  
And she my gay lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.16

\N1 `O no,' then the king he crys,  
`There\`s no such thing will be;  
There is an Italian in my court,  
And by his hands ye\`ll die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.17

\N1 `I\`ll stand my ground,' says Johnnie Scott,  
`I\`ll stand it till I die;  
I\`ll stand my ground,' says Johnnie Scott,  
`One foot I\`d scorn to f+ly.'

\SBALLADS Child 99L.18

\N1 When the Italian was brought out,  
A fearsome sight was he;  
Between his brows three women\`s spang,  
His shoulders was yards three.

\SBALLADS Child 99L.19

\N1 As Johnnie, being a crafty lad,  
Well tried at the sword was he,  
Upon the point of his broad sword  
He made the Italian die.

\LBALLADS Child 99M.1

\N1 LORD JOHNNIE\`R\`s up to England gane,  
Three quarters of an year;  
Lord Johnnie\`s up to England gone,  
The king\`s banner to bear.

\SBALLADS Child 99M.2

\N1 He had not been in fair England,  
Three quarters he was not,  
Till the king\'s eldest daughter  
Goes with child to Lord Johnnie Scott.

\SBALLADS Child 99M.3

\N1 Word has to the kitchen gone,  
And word\'s gone to the hall,  
And word\'s gone to the high, high room,  
Among the nobles all.

\SBALLADS Child 99M.4

\N1 And word has gaen to the king himsel,  
In his chamber where he sat,  
That his eldest daughter goes wi child  
To good Lord Johnnie Scott.

\SBALLADS Child 99M.5

\N1 `Gin that be true,' the king replied,  
`As I suppose it be,  
I\'ll put her in a prison strong,  
And starve her till she die.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 99M.6

\N1 `O where will I get a little page,  
That will win baith hose and shoon,  
And run into fair Scotland,  
And tell my love to come?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 99M.7

\N1 `What news, what news, my little page?  
What news hae ye brought to me?'  
`Bad news, bad news, my master dear,  
The king\'s daughter maun die.

\SBALLADS Child 99M.8

\N1 `Here is a shirt, O master dear,  
Her ain hand sewd the sleeve;  
She bad me run and tell ye this,  
And ask nae person\'s leave.

\SBALLADS Child 99M.9

\N1 `They have her in a prison strong,  
And in a dungeon deep;  
Her feet are in the fetters strong,  
And they\'ve left her to weep.

\SBALLADS Child 99M.10

\N1 `Her feet are in the cold, cold iron,  
Instead of beaten gold;  
Her garters are of the cauld, cauld iron,  
And O but they are cold!'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 99M.11

\N1 `A clerk, a clerk,' the king did cry,  
`To cry the toucher-fee;'  
`A priest, a priest,' Lord Johnnie cry\'d,  
`To join my love and me.

\SBALLADS Child 99M.12

\N1 `I want none of your gold,' he said,  
`Nor as little want I a fee;  
But I do want your daughter dear,  
My wedded wife to be.'

\LBALLADS Child 99N.1

\N1 LORD JOHN he\'s on to England gone,

To England gone is he;  
 Love John he\'s on to England gone,  
 The king\'s banneret to be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.2  
 \N1 He hadna been in fair England  
 O but a little while,  
 Till faen in love wi the king\'s daughter,  
 And to him she\'s with chile.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.3  
 \N1 Now word is to the kitchen gane,  
 And word is to the ha,  
 And word is to the king\'s high court,  
 And that was warst of a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.4  
 \N1 Out then spake the king himsell,  
 An angry man was he:  
 I\'ll put her in prison strong,  
 And starve her till she die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.5  
 \N1 Love John he\'s on to Scotland gone,  
 I wat he\'s on wi speed;  
 Love John he\'s on to Scotland gone,  
 And as good was his need.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.6  
 \N1 He hadna been in fair Scotland  
 But a very short tide,  
 Till he minded on the damsel  
 That lay last by his side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.7  
 \N1 `Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
 Will win baith meat and fee,  
 That will run on to fair England,  
 And haste him back to me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.8  
 \N1 `O here am I, a bonny boy,  
 Will win baith meat and fee,  
 That will run on to fair England,  
 And haste him back to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.9  
 \N1 `Where ye f+ind the grass grow green,  
 Ye\'ll slack your shoes and rin;  
 And when ye f+ind the brigs broken,  
 Ye\'ll bend your bow and swim.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.10  
 \N1 `And when ye come to the king\'s high court,  
 Ye\'ll rin it round about,  
 And there ye\'ll see a lady gay,  
 At a window looking out.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.11  
 \N1 `Bid her take this shirt of silk,  
 Her ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
 Bid her come to good green-wood,  
 At her parents spier nae leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.12  
 \N1 `Bid her take this shirt of silk,  
 Her ain hand sewed the gair;  
 Bid her come to good green-wood,  
 Love John he waits her there.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.13  
 \N1 Where he found the grass grow green,

He slackd his shoes and ran;  
Where he fan the brigs broken,  
He bent his bow and swam.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.14  
\N1 When he came to the king\'s high court,  
He ran it round about;  
And there he saw the lady gay,  
At the window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.15  
\N1 `Ye\'re bidden take this shirt of silk,  
Yere ain hand sewed the sleeve;  
Ye\'re bidden come to good green-wood,  
At your parents spier nae leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.16  
\N1 `Ye\'re bidden take this shirt of silk,  
Yere ain hand sewed the gair;  
Ye\'re bidden come to good green-wood,  
Love John he waits you there.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.17  
\N1 `My feet are in the fetters strong,  
Instead of silken sheen;  
My breast-plate\'s of the cold iron,  
Instead of gold so f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.18  
\N1 `But I will write a broad letter,  
And seal it with my hand,  
And send it off to my Love Johnny,  
And let him understand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.19  
\N1 The f+irst line that he looked on,  
A loud laughter laught he;  
But ere he read it to the end,  
The tear blinded his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.20  
\N1 `O I will on to fair England,  
Whatever me betide,  
For to relieve the damsel  
That lay last by my side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.21  
\N1 Out it spake his father dear,  
A noble lord was he:  
If ye gang to England, Johnny,  
Ye\'ll neer come back to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.22  
\N1 Out it spake a noble lord,  
A noble lord, I wat, was he:  
Fifteen of our Scottish lords  
Will bear his honour companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.23  
\N1 The f+irst town that they eer came till,  
They gart the bells be rung;  
The next town that they came till,  
They gart the mass be sung.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.24  
\N1 And when they came to the king\'s court,  
They gart the trumpet soun,  
Till the king and all his merry young men  
Did marvel at the tune.  
\SBALLADS Child 99N.25  
\N1 `Is this the Duke of Marlborough,

Or James, the Scottish king?  
 Or is it else some Scottish lord,  
 Come here a visiting?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.26  
 \N1 `It\'s not the Duke of Marlborough,  
 Nor James, the Scottish king:  
 It is Love John of fair Scotland,  
 Come here a visiting.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.27  
 \N1 `If this be John of fair Scotland,  
 He\'s dearly welcome to me;  
 The morn ere he eat or drink,  
 High hanged he shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.28  
 \N1 He\'s taen his broadsword in his hand,  
 And stripd it oer a stane;  
 Then thro and thro the king\'s high court  
 With broadsword now is gane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.29  
 \N1 They fought it up, they fought it down,  
 Till they were weary men,  
 When the blood, like drops of rain,  
 Came trickling down the plain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.30  
 \N1 Out it spake the king himsel,  
 Ane angry man was he:  
 I have ane Italian within my court  
 Will f+ight ye three and three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.31  
 \N1 Out it came that ae Italian,  
 As pale as death was he,  
 And on the point of Johnny\'s sword  
 That ae Italian did die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.32  
 \N1 `A clerk, a clerk,' the king he cried,  
 `And seal her tocher wi;'  
 `A priest, a priest,' Lord John he cried,  
 `That we may married be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99N.33  
 \N1 `For I want neither gold,' he said,  
 `Nor do I want your gear;  
 But I do want my ain true-love,  
 For I have bought her dear.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 990.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 out then spak his auld faither,  
 And a blythe auld man was he,  
 Saying, I\'ll send f+ive hunner o my brisk young men,  
 To bear Johnie companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 990.2  
 \N1 And when they were on saddle set,  
 They were a pleasant sight for to see,  
 For there was na ae married man  
 In a\' Johnie\'s companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 990.3  
 \N1 And when they were on saddle set,  
 They were a pleasant sight to behold,  
 For the hair that hung down Johnie\'s back  
 Was like the links of gold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 990.4



\N1 And when they came to Newcastle,  
 They reined their horses about;  
 Wha did he see but his ain Jeanie,  
 At a window looking out!  
 \SBALLADS Child 990.5  
 \N1 `Come doun, come doun, Jeanie,' he says,  
 `Come doun, come doun to me;'  
 `I canna come doun, Johnie,' she says,  
 `For King Edward has bolted me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 990.6  
 \N1 `My stockings are o the heavy iron,  
 I feel them very cold;  
 And my breast-plate\'s o the sturdy steel,  
 Instead of beaten gold.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 990.7  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `I\'ll make it heir o a\' my lands,  
 And her my gay lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 990.8  
 \N1 `There is an Italian in this court;  
 This day he has slain knights three;  
 And before tomorrow at eight o\'clock  
 The Italian will slay thee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 99P.1  
 \N1 JOHNIE\R\`rS up to England gone,  
 Three quarters of a year;  
 Johnie\'s up to England gone,  
 The king\'s banner to bear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99P.2  
 \N1 He hadna been in fair England  
 A month but only three,  
 The king he had but one dochter,  
 And she fell in love with he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99P.3  
 \N1 And word is up, and word is down,  
 And word is to the ha,  
 And word is to the king\'s court gane,  
 Among the nobles a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99P.4  
 \N1 Now word is to the king himsell,  
 On throne where he did sit,  
 That his ae dochter goes wi child  
 To John that little Scot.  
 \LBALLADS Child 99[Q.1]  
 \N1 Young Johnie\'s up to England gane  
 Three quarters of a year;  
 Young Johnie\'s up to England gane,  
 The king\'s banner for to bear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99[Q.2]  
 \N1 But he had not in England been  
 The one half of the time  
 Till the fairest laidy in all the court  
 Was going with child to him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 99[Q.3]  
 \N1 Word unto the kitchen\'s gane,  
 And word\'s to the hall,  
 And word unto the court has gane,  
 Among the nobles all.

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.4]  
\N1 And word unto the chamber\'s gane,  
The place where the king sat,  
That his only daughter is with child  
To Johnie, the little Scott.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.5]  
\N1 `If this be true,' then sais the king,  
`As I true well it be,  
I\'ll put hir in a strong castle,  
And hungre hir till she dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.6]  
\N1 Hir breast-plate was made of iron,  
In place of the beaten gold,  
A belt of steel about hir waist,  
And O but she was cold!  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.7]  
\N1 `O where will I get a pritty little boy,  
That will win hoes ahd soon,  
That will go doun to yonder lee  
And tell young Johnie to come?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.8]  
\N1 `Here am I, a pritty little boy,  
That will win hoes ahd soon,  
And I\'ll go doun to yonder lee  
And tell young Johnie to come.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.9]  
\N1 She has wrote a brod letter,  
And seald it tenderly,  
And she has sent it to Johnie the Scott,  
That lay on yonder lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.10]  
\N1 When Johnie f+irst the letter got,  
A blith, blith man was be;  
But or he read the half of it  
The salt teer blind Johnie\'s ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.11]  
\N1 `I will go to fair England,' says he,  
`What ever may betide,  
For to releave that gay laidy  
Who last lay by my side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.12]  
\N1 Up then spoke his old mother,  
A sorrifull woman was she;  
`If you go to England, John,  
I\'ll never see you mare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.13]  
\N1 Up then spoke Johnie\'s father,  
His head was growing gray;  
`If you go to England, John,  
O fair you well for me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.14]  
\N1 up then spoke Johnie\'s uncle,  
Our Scottish king was he;  
\N1 `Five hundred of my merry men  
Shall bear you company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.15]  
\N1 When Johnie was mounted on his steed  
He looked wondrous bold,  
The hair that oer his shouldiers hang  
Like threads of yellow gold.

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.16]

\N1 `Now come along with me, my men,  
O come along with me,  
We\`l blow thier castles in the air,  
And set free my gay laidy.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.17]

\N1 The f+irst gay town that they came to,  
Made mass for to be sung;  
The nixt gay town that they came to,  
Made bells for to be rung.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.18]

\N1 But when they came to London town,  
They made the drums beat round,  
Who made the king and all his court  
To wonder at the sound.

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.19]

\N1 `Is this the Duke of Mulberry,  
Or James the Scottish king?  
Or is it a young gentleman  
To England new come home?'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.20]

\N1 `It is not the Duke of Mulberry,  
Nor James the Scottish [king];  
But is a young gentleman,  
MacNaughten is his name.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.21]

\N1 `If MacNaughten be your name,' says the king,  
`As I true well it be,  
Before the morn at eight o clock  
Dead hanged you shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.22]

\N1 Up bespoke one of Johnie\`s little boys,  
And a well-spoke boy was he;  
`Before we see our master hangd,  
We\`l all f+ight till we dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.23]

\N1 `Well spoke, well spoke, my little boy,  
That is well spoke of thee;  
But I have a champion in my bower  
That will f+ight you three by three.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.24]

\N1 Up then spoke Johnie himself,  
And he spoke manfully;  
`If it please your Majesty,  
May I this champion see?'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.25]

\N1 The king and all his nobles then  
Rode down unto the plain,  
The queen and all [her] gay marries,  
To see young Johnie slain.

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.26]

\N1 When the champion came out of the bower,  
He looked at Johnie with disdain;  
But upon the tope of Johnie\`s brodsword  
This champion soon was slain.

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.27]

\N1 He fought on, and Johnie fought on,  
With swords of tempered steel,  
And ay the blood like dropes of rain  
Came trinkling down thier hiel.

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.28]

\N1 The very nixt stroke that Johnie gave,  
He brought him till his knee;  
The nixt stroke that Johnie gave,  
He clove his head in twa.

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.29]

\N1 He swapt his sword on every side,  
And turned him on the plain:  
'Have you any more of your English dogs  
That wants for to be slain?'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.30]

\N1 'A clerk, a clerk!' the king he crys,  
'I'll seal her taucher free;'  
'A priest, a priest!' the queen she crys,  
'For weded they shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[Q.31]

\N1 'I'll have none of your [gold],' say<s] he,  
'Nor any of your white money;  
But I will have my ain true-love;  
This day she has cost me dear.'

\LBALLADS Child 99[R.1]

\N1 Lord Jonnie\'s up to England gone  
Three quarters of an year;  
Lord Jonnie\'s up to England gone,  
The king\'s banner to bear.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.2]

\N1 He had not been in fair England,  
Three quarters he was not,  
Till the king\'s eldest daughter  
Goes with child to Lord Jonnie Scott.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.3]

\N1 Word is to the kitchen gone,  
And word\'s gone to the hall,  
And word\'s gone to the high, high room,  
Among the nobles all.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.4]

\N1 Word\'s gone to the king himsel,  
In the chamber where he sat,  
That his eldest daughter goes with child  
To Lord Jonnie Scott.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.5]

\N1 'If that be true,' the king replied,  
'As I suppose it be,  
I'll put her in a prison strong,  
And starve her till she die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.6]

\N1 'O where will I get a little boy,  
That has baith hose and shoon,  
That will run into fair Scotland,  
And tell my love to come?'

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.7]

\N1 'O here is a shirt, little boy,  
Her own hand sewed the sleeve;  
Tell her to come to good greenwood,  
Not ask her father\'s leave.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.8]

\N1 'What news, what news, my little boy?  
What news have ye brought to me?'  
'No news, no news, my master dear,  
But what I will tell thee.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.9]

\N1 `O here is a shirt, madam,  
Your awn hand sewed the sleeve;  
You must gang to good greenwood,  
Not ask your parents\' leave.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.10]

\N1 `My doors they are all shut, little boy,  
My windows round about;  
My feet is in the fetters strong,  
And I cannot get out.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.11]

\N1 `My garters are of the black, black iron,  
And O but they are cold!  
My breast-plate\'s o the strong, strong steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.12]

\N1 `But tell him for to bide away,  
And not come near to be,  
For there\'s a champion in my father\'s ha  
Will f+ight him till he dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.13]

\N1 `What news, what news, my little boy?  
What news have ye to me?'  
`No news, no news, my master dear,  
But what I will tell thee.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.14]

\N1 `Her doors they are all shut, kind sir,  
Her windows round about;  
Her feet are in the fetters strong,  
And she cannot get out.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.15]

\N1 `Her garters are of the black, black iron,  
And O but they are cold!  
Her breast-plate\'s of the strong, strong steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.16]

\N1 `She bids you for to bide away,  
And not go near to see,  
For there\'s a champion in her father\'s house  
Will f+ight you till you die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.17]

\N1 Then up and spoke Lord Jonnie\'s mother,  
But she spoke out of time;  
`O if you go to fair England  
I fear you will be slain.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.18]

\N1 But up nd spoke a little boy,  
Just at Lord Jonnie\'s knee,  
`Before you lose your ain true-love,  
We\'ll a\' f+ight till we die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.19]

\N1 The f+irst church-town that they came to,  
They made the bells be rung;  
The next church-town that they came to,  
The<y] gard the mass be sung.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.20]

\N1 The next church-town that they came to,  
They made the drums go through;  
The king and all his nobles stood  
Amazing for to view.

\SBALLADS Child 99[R.21]  
\N1 `Is this any English gentleman,  
Or James our Scottish king?  
Or is it a Scottish gentleman,  
To England new come in?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.22]  
\N1 `No, `tis no English gentleman,  
Nor James the Scottish king;  
But is is a Scottish gentleman,  
Lord Jonnie is my name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.23]  
\N1 `If Lord Jonnie be your name,  
As I suppose it be,  
I have a champion in my hall  
Will f+ight you till you die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.24]  
\N1 `O go fetch out that gurrley fellow,  
Got fetch him out to me;  
Before I lose my ain true-love,  
We`ll all f+ight till we die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.25]  
\N1 Then out and came that gurrly fellow,  
A gurrly fellow was he,  
With twa lang sclasps between his eyes,  
His shoulders there were three.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.26]  
\N1 The king and all his nobles stood  
To see the battle gained;  
The queen and all her maries stood  
To see Lord Jonnie slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.27]  
\N1 The f+irst stroke that Lord Jonnie gave,  
He wounded very sore;  
The next stroke that Lord Jonnie gave,  
The champion could f+ight no more.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.28]  
\N1 He`s taen a whistle out from his side,  
He`s blawn a blast loud and shill:  
`Is there any more of your English dogs  
To come here and be killed?'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.29]  
\N1 `A clerk, a clerk!' the king did say,  
`To cry her toucher free;'  
`A priest, a priest!' Lord Jonnie [did] cry  
`To wed my love and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[R.30]  
\N1 `Twas for none of your monnie I fought,  
Nor for none of your world`s gear;  
But it was for my own true-love;  
I think I`ve bought her dear.'  
\LBALLADS Child 99[S.1]  
\N1 O Johny`s up thro England gane  
Three quarters of a year,  
An Johny`s up thro England gane,  
The king`s banner to bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.2]  
\N1 He had not been in London town  
But a very little while  
Till the fairest lady in the court  
By Johny gaes wi child.

\SBALLADS Child 99[S.3]  
\N1 But word is to the kitchin gane,  
An word\'s gane to the ha,  
An word\'s gane to yon high, high court,  
Amang our nobles a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.4]  
\N1 An when the king got wit o that  
An angry man was he:  
'On the highest tree in a\' the wood  
High hangit shall he be!  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.5]  
\N1 'An for the lady, if it\'s true,  
As I do fear it be,  
I\'ll put her in yon castle strong,  
An starve her till she die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.6]  
\N1 But Johny had a clever boy,  
A clever boy was he,  
O Johny had a clever boy,  
His name was Gregory.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.7]  
\N1 'O run, my boy, to yon castle,  
All windows round about,  
An there you\'l see a fair lady,  
At a window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.8]  
\N1 Ye maun bid her take this silken sark--  
Her ain hand sewd the gare--  
An bid her come to the green wood,  
For Johny waits her there.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.9]  
\N1 Away he ran to yon castle,  
All windows round about,  
Where he espy\'d a lady fair,  
At a window looking out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.10]  
\N1 'O madam, there\'s a silken sark--  
Your ain hand sewd the gare--  
An haste ye to the good green wood,  
For Johny waits you there.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.11]  
\N1 'O I\'m conf+in\'d in this castle,  
Though lighted round about;  
My feet are bound with fetters strong,  
That I cannot win out.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.12]  
\N1 'My gartens are of stubborn ern,  
Alas! baith stiff and cold;  
My breastplate of the sturdy steel,  
Instead of beaten gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.13]  
\N1 'Instead of silken stays, my boy,  
With steel I\'m lac\'d about;  
My feet are bound with fetters strong,  
And how can I get out?  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.14]  
\N1 'But tell him he must stay at home,  
Nor venture here for me;  
Else an Italian in our court  
Must f+ight him till he die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[S.15]  
\N1 When Johny he got wit o that,  
An angry man was he:  
'But I will gae wi a\' my men  
My dearest dear to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.16]  
\N1 But up then spake a noble lord,  
A noble lord was he;  
'The best of a\' my merry men  
Shall bear you company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.17]  
\N1 But up then spake his auld mother,  
I wat wi meikle pain;  
'If ye will gae to London, son,  
Ye\'l neer come back again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.18]  
\N1 But Johny turnd him round about,  
I wat wi meikle pride:  
'But I will gae to London town,  
Whatever may betide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.19]  
\N1 When they were a\' on horseback set,  
How comely to behold!  
For a\' the hairs o Johny\'s head  
Did shine like threads o gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.20]  
\N1 The first ae town that they gaed through,  
They gart the bells be rung,  
But the neist town that they gaed through  
They gart the mass be sung.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.21]  
\N1 But when they gaed to London town  
The trumpets loud were blown,  
Which made the king and a\' his court  
To marvel at the sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.22]  
\N1 'Is this the Duke of Morebattle?  
Or James the Scottish king?'  
'No, sire, I\'m a Scottish lord,  
McNaughten is my name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.23]  
\N1 'If you be that young Scottish lord,  
As I believe you be,  
The fairest lady in my court  
She gaes wi child by thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.24]  
\N1 'And if she be with child by me,  
As I think sae may be,  
It shall be heir of a\' my land,  
And she my gay lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.25]  
\N1 'O no, O no,' the king reply\'d,  
'That thing can never be,  
Fore ere the morn at ten o clock  
I\'ll slay thy men an thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 99[S.26]  
\N1 'A bold Italian in my court  
Has vanquishd Scotchmen three,  
And ere the morn at ten o clock  
I\'m sure he will slay thee.'



\SBALLADS Child 99[S.27]

\N1 But up the spake young Johny\'s boy,  
A clever boy was he;  
'O master, ere that you be slain,  
There\'s mae be slain than thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[S.28]

\N1 The king and all his court appeard  
Neist morning on the plain,  
The queen and all her ladies came  
To see youn<g] Johny slain.

\SBALLADS Child 99[S.29]

\N1 Out then stepd the Italian bold,  
And they met on the green;  
Between his shoulders was an ell,  
A span between his een.

\SBALLADS Child 99[S.30]

\N1 When Johny in the list appeard,  
Sae young and fair to see,  
A prayer staw frae ilka heart,  
A tear frae ilka ee.

\SBALLADS Child 99[S.31]

\N1 And lang they fought, and sair they fought,  
Wi swords o temperd steel,  
Until the blood like draps o rain  
Came trickling to their heal.

\SBALLADS Child 99[S.32]

\N1 But Johny was a wannle youth,  
And that he weel did show;  
For wi a stroke o his broad sword  
He clove his head in two.

\SBALLADS Child 99[S.33]

\N1 'A priest, a priest!' then Johny cry\'d,  
'To wed my love and me;'  
'A clerk, a clerk!' the king reply\'d,  
'To write her tocher free.'

\LBALLADS Child 99[T.1]

\N1 Johnny\'s gane up to fair England  
Three quarters of a year,  
And Johny\'s gane up to fair England,  
The king\'s broad banner to bear.

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.2]

\N1 He had not been in fair England,  
Even but a little while,  
When that the king\'s ae dochter  
To Johnny gaes wi child.

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.3]

\N1 And word is gane to the kitchen,  
And word\'s gane to the ha,  
And word\'s gane to the high, high court,  
Among the nobles a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.4]

\N1 And word is gane unto the king,  
In the chair where he sat,  
That his ae dochter\'s wi bairn  
To John the little Scott.

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.5]

\N1 'If that I thought she is wi bairn,  
As I true weel she be,  
I\'ll put her up in high prison,  
And hunger her till she die.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.6]

\N1 `There is a silken sark, Johnny,  
My ain sell sewed the gare,  
And if ye come to tak me hence  
Ye need nae taken mare.

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.7]

\N1 `For I am up in high prison,  
And O but it is cold!  
My garters are o the cold, cold iron,  
In place o the beaten gold.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.8]

\N1 `Is this the Duke o York?' they said,  
`Or James the Scottish king?  
Or is it John the little Scott,  
Frae Scotland new come hame?'

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.9]

\N1 `I have an Italian in my bower,  
This day he has eaten three;  
Before I either eat or sleep  
The fourth man ye shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.10]

\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .

Between his een there was two spans,  
His shoulders ells were three.

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.11]

\N1 Johnny drew forth his good braid glaive  
And slate it on the plain:  
`Is there any more of your Italian dogs  
That wanteth to be slain?'

\SBALLADS Child 99[T.12]

\N1 `A clerk, a clerk!' her father cry\  
`To register this deed;'  
`A priest, a priest!' her mother cry\  
`To marry them wi speed.'

\LBALLADS Child 100A.1

\N1 THE king he hath been a prisoner,  
A prisoner lang in Spain, O  
And Willie o the Winsbury  
Has lain lang wi his daughter at hame. O

\SBALLADS Child 100A.2

\N1 `What aileth thee, my daughter Janet,  
Ye look so pale and wan?  
Have ye had any sore sickness,  
Or have ye been lying wi a man?  
Or is it for me, your father dear,  
And biding sae lang in Spain?'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.3

\N1 `I have not had any sore sickness,  
Nor yet been lying wi a man;  
But it is for you, my father dear,  
In biding sae lang in Spain.'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.4

\N1 `Cast ye off your berry-brown gown,  
Stand straight upon the stone,  
That I may ken ye by yere shape,  
Whether ye be a maiden or none.'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.5

\N1 She\  
Stooden straight upo yon stone;

Her apron was short, and her haunches were round,  
Her face it was pale and wan.

\SBALLADS Child 100A.6

\N1 `Is it to a man o might, Janet?  
Or is it to a man of fame?  
Or is it to any of the rank robbers  
That\'s lately come out o Spain?'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.7

\N1 `It is not to a man of might,' she said,  
`Nor is it to a man of fame;  
But it is to William of Winsbury;  
I could lye nae langer my lane.'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.8

\N1 The king\'s called on his merry men all,  
By thirty and by three:  
`Go fetch me William of Winsbury,  
For hanged he shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.9

\N1 But when he cam the king before,  
He was clad o the red silk;  
His hair was like to threeds o gold.  
And his skin was as white as milk.

\SBALLADS Child 100A.10

\N1 `It is nae wonder,' said the king,  
`That my daughter\'s love ye did win;  
Had I been a woman, as I am a man,  
My bedfellow ye should hae been.'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.11

\N1 `Will ye marry my daughter Janet,  
By the truth of thy right hand?  
I\'ll gie ye gold, I\'ll gie ye money,  
And I\'ll gie ye an earldom o land.'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.12

\N1 `Yes, I\'ll marry yere daughter Janet,  
By the truth of my right hand;  
But I\'ll hae nane o yer gold, I\'ll hae nane o yer money,  
Nor I winna hae an earldom o land.'

\SBALLADS Child 100A.13

\N1 `For I hae eighteen corn-mills,  
Runs all in water clear,  
And there\'s as much corn in each o them  
As they can grind in a year.'

\LBALLADS Child 100B.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `WHAT aileth ye, my dochter Dysmill,  
Ye look sae pale and wan?  
Hae ye had ony sair sickness,  
Or ill luve wi a man?'

\SBALLADS Child 100B.2

\N1 `Cast aff, cast aff your bony brown gown,  
And lay\'t down on the stane,  
And I sall tell ye ay or no  
Ye hae layn wi a man.'

\SBALLADS Child 100B.3

\N1 She has taen aff her bony brown gown,  
She has laid it on the stane;  
Her waist was big, her side was round,  
Her fair colour was gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 100B.4

\N1 `Now is it to a man of micht,

Or to a man of mean?  
 Or is it to the ranke robber  
 That robs upon the main?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100B.5  
 \N1 `O it\'s nor to a man of micht,  
 Nor to a man of mean;  
 But it\'s to Willie Winchberrie,  
 That came frae France and Spain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100B.6  
 \N1 The king he\'s turnd him round about,  
 An angry man was he:  
 `Gar bring to me your fals leman,  
 Wha sall high hanged be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100B.7  
 \N1 Then Dysmill turnd her round about,  
 The tear blinded her ee:  
 `Gin ye begin to hang, father,  
 Ye maun begin wi mee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100B.8  
 \N1 When Willie he cam to the king,  
 His coat was o the silk;  
 His hair was like the thread o gowd,  
 His skin white as the milk.  
 \SBALLADS Child 100B.9  
 \N1 `Ne wonder, ne wonder,' quoth the king,  
 `My dochter shoud like ye;  
 Gin ye were a woman, as ye\'re a man,  
 My bedfellow ye sould be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 100B.10  
 \N1 `Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,  
 By the truth o your right hand?  
 Now will ye marry my dochter Dysmill,  
 And be a lord o the land?'  
 \LBALLADS Child 100C.1  
 \N1 THE king has been long seven years away,  
 Long seven years away frae hame;  
 Our king has been long seven years away,  
 A hunting oer in Spain.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 100C.2  
 \N1 `What aileth thee, my ae daughter,  
 Thou lookst so pale and wan?  
 Hast thou had any sore sickness,  
 Or hast thou loved man?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100C.3  
 \N1 `I have not had any sore sickness,  
 To make me look sae wan;  
 But it is for your own majestie,  
 You staid sae lang in Spain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100C.4  
 \N1 `Cast aff, cast aff thy silken gown,  
 And lay it on yon stane,  
 And I\'ll tell to thee if with child you be,  
 Or if ye be with nane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100C.5  
 \N1 She\'s casten aff her costly gown,  
 That\'s made o the silk sae f+ine;  
 Her stays were sae strait she could na loot,  
 And her fair colour was wan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 100C.6

\N1 `Oh is it to any mighty man?  
Or any lord of fame?

Or is it to the rank robbers  
That I sent out o Spain?'

\SBALLADS Child 100C.7

\N1 `It is no to the rank robbers  
That you sent out o Spain;  
But it is to Thomas of Winsbury,  
For I dought na lie my lane.'

\SBALLADS Child 100C.8

\N1 `If it be to Lord Thomas,' he says,  
`It\'s hanged shall he be:'

`If you hang Thomas of Winsbury,  
You\'ll get na mair gude o me.'

\SBALLADS Child 100C.9

\N1 The king\'s called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and three;  
Lord Thomas should hae been the foremost man,  
But the hindmost man was he.

\SBALLADS Child 100C.10

\N1 `No wonder, no wonder,' the king he said ,  
`My daughter loved thee;

For wert thou a woman, as thou art a man,  
My bedfellow thou shouldst be.

\SBALLADS Child 100C.11

\N1 `O will you marry my daughter dear,  
By the faith of thy right hand?  
And thou shalt reign, when I am dead,  
The king over my whole land.'

\SBALLADS Child 100C.12

\N1 `I will marry your daughter dear,  
With my heart, yea and my hand;  
But it never shall be that Lord Winsbury  
Shall rule oer fair Scotland.'

\SBALLADS Child 100C.13

\N1 He\'s mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself on a dapple-grey,  
And made her a lady of as much land  
She could ride in a whole summer day.

\LBALLADS Child 100D.1

\N1 THERE was a lady f+ine and gay,  
She was so neat and trim;  
She went unto her own garden-wall,  
To see her own ships come in.

\SBALLADS Child 100D.2

\N1 And there she spied her daughter Jane,  
Who lookd so pale and wan:

`What, have you had some long sickness,  
Or lain with some young man?'

\SBALLADS Child 100D.3

\N1 `No, I have had no long sickness,  
Nor lain with no young man:'  
Her petticoats they were so short,  
She was full nine months gone.

\SBALLADS Child 100D.4

\N1 `Oh is it by some nobleman?  
Or by some man of fame?  
Or is it by Johnny Barbary,  
That\'s lately come from Spain?'

\SBALLADS Child 100D.5

\N1 `No, it is by no nobleman,  
 Nor by no man of fame;  
 But it is by Johnny Barbary,  
 That\'s lately come from Spain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100D.6  
 \N1 Then she calld down her merry men,  
 By one, by two, by three;  
 Johnny Barbary used to be the f+irst,  
 But now the last came he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 100D.7  
 \N1 `Oh will you take my daughter Jane,  
 And wed her out of hand?  
 And you shall dine and sup with me,  
 And be heir of my land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100D.8  
 \N1 `Yes, I will take your daughter Jane,  
 And wed her out of hand;  
 And I will dine and sup with you,  
 But I do not want your land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100D.9  
 \N1 Then she calld down her merry men,  
 With a shrill and a pleasant voice:  
 `Come, let us all now mery be,  
 Since she has made such a happy choice.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 100E.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 `OH daughter, oh daughter,' her father he said,  
 `What makes you look so pale?  
 . . . . .  
 Or are you in love with any man?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100E.2  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `But if it be one of my own sailor lads,  
 High hanged he shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100E.3  
 \N1 Johnnie Barbour he cam down the stair,  
 His shirt was of the silk;  
 His two bonnie black een were rolling in his head,  
 And his skin was as white as milk.  
 \SBALLADS Child 100E.4  
 \N1 `Oh are you ready to marry my daughter,  
 And take her by the hand,  
 And to eat and drink with me at the table,  
 And be heir of all my land?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 100E.5  
 \N1 `Oh it\'s I am ready to marry your daughter,  
 And take her by the hand,  
 And to eat and drink with her at the table,  
 And to f+ight for all your land.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 100F.1  
 \N1 OUR king hath been a poor prisoner,  
 And a poor prisoner in Spain; O  
 When seven long years was past and gone,  
 Our Scottish king came hame.O  
 \SBALLADS Child 100F.2  
 \N1 As he was riding along the way,  
 He met with his dear dochter:  
 `What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter dear,  
 Thou looks so pale and wan?

\SBALLADS Child 100F.3

\N1 `Have ye had any sore sickness,  
Or have ye lovd a man?  
Or is it for me, my dochter dear,  
I have been so long in Spain?'

\SBALLADS Child 100F.4

\N1 `I have had no sore sickness,  
Nor yet have I loved a man;  
But it is for you, my father dear,  
Thou\'ve been so long in Spain.'

\SBALLADS Child 100F.5

\N1 `Cast aff, cast aff thy brown silk gown,  
And spread it on yonder stone,  
And I will tell you by and by  
Whether thou art a maid or none.'

\SBALLADS Child 100F.6

\N1 She\'s coosten off her brown silk gown,  
And spread it on yonder stone,  
And her belly was big, and her face pale and wan,  
And she was about half gone.

\SBALLADS Child 100F.7

\N1 `Is it to a man o micht?  
Or to a man of fame?  
Or is it to one of the rank rebels  
That I sent out of Spain?'

\SBALLADS Child 100F.8

\N1 `It is not to a man of micht,  
Nor to a man of fame,  
Nor yet to one of the rank rebels  
That ye sent out o Spain;  
But it is to Willie o Winsberry,  
Thy very own serving-man.'

\SBALLADS Child 100F.9

\N1 `If it be to Willie o Winsberry,  
As I trew well it be,  
Gin the morn at ten o the clock  
It\'s hanged shall he be.'

\SBALLADS Child 100F.10

\N1 As the king was riding up the gate  
He met Willie clothed in scarlet red,  
And his hair was as yellow as the beam, beam gold,  
And his breast as white as milk.

\SBALLADS Child 100F.11

\N1 `No wonder, no wonder,' quo the king,  
`My dochter luvit thee;  
For if thou was a woman, as thou\'rt a man,  
My bedfellow thou should be.'

\SBALLADS Child 100F.12

\N1 The king called down his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Sweet Willie should ha been the foremost man,  
But the hindmost man drew he.

\SBALLADS Child 100F.13

\N1 `Will you take my dochter Jean,  
By the faith of her richt hand?  
And you shall sup and dine with me,  
And heir the third part of my land.'

\SBALLADS Child 100F.14

\N1 `I will take your dochter Jean,  
By the faith of her richt hand,

And I will sup and dine with you,  
But a f+ig for all your land;  
For I\`ve as much land in Winsberry  
As we\`ll ride in a long summer\`s day.'  
\LBALLADS Child 100G.1  
\N1 SEVEN years the king he staid  
Into the land of Spain,  
And seven years True Thomas was  
His daughter\`s chamberlain.  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.2  
\N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
The king he did come home;  
She baked and she benjed ben,  
And did him there welcome.  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.3  
\N1 `What aileth you, my daughter Janet,  
You look sae pale and wan?  
There is a dreder in your heart,  
Or else you love a man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.4  
\N1 `There is no dreder in my heart,  
Nor do I love a man;  
But it is for your lang byding  
Into the land of Spain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.5  
\N1 `Ye\`ll cast aff your bonny brown gown,  
And lay it on a stone,  
And I\`ll tell you, my jelly Janet,  
If ever ye lovd a man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.6  
\N1 She\`s cast aff her bonny brown gown,  
And laid it on a stone;  
Her belly was big, her twa sides high,  
Her colour it was quite gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.7  
\N1 `Is it to a man o the might, Janet,  
Or is it till a man o the main?  
Or is it to one o my poor soldiers,  
That I brought hame frae Spain?'  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.8  
\N1 `It\`s not till a man o the might,' she says,  
`Nor yet to a man o the main;  
But it\`s to Thomas o Winsbury,  
That cannot longer len.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.9  
\N1 `O where are all my wall-wight men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
That will go for him True Thomas,  
And bring him in to me?  
For the morn, ere I eat or drink,  
High hanged shall he be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.10  
\N1 She\`s turnd her right and round about,  
The tear blinded her ee:  
`If ye do any ill to True Thomas,  
Ye\`se never get gude o me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100G.11  
\N1 When Thomas came before the king  
He glanced like the f+ire;  
His hair was like the threads o gold,



His eyes like crystal clear.

\SBALLADS Child 100G.12

\N1 `It was nae wonder, my daughter Janet,  
Altho ye loved this man;  
If he were a woman, as he is a man,  
My bed-fellow he would been.

\SBALLADS Child 100G.13

\N1 `O will ye marry my daughter Janet?  
The truth\'s in your right hand;  
Ye\'s hae some o my gold, and some o my gear,  
And the twalt part o my land.'

\SBALLADS Child 100G.14

\N1 `It\'s I will marry your daughter Janet;  
The truth\'s in my right hand;  
I\'ll hae nane o your gold, nor nane o your gear,  
I\'ve enough in my own land.

\SBALLADS Child 100G.15

\N1 `But I will marry your daughter Janet  
With thirty ploughs and three,  
And four and twenty bonny breast-mills,  
And a\' on the water o Dee.'

\LBALLADS Child 100H.1

\N1 IT fell upon a time, when the proud king of France  
Went a hunting for f+ive months and more,  
That his dochter fell in love with Thomas of Winesberrie,  
From Scotland newly come oer.

\SBALLADS Child 100H.2

\N1 Whan her father cam hame frae hunting the deer,  
And his dochter before him cam,  
Her belly it was big, and her twa sides round,  
And her fair colour was wan.

\SBALLADS Child 100H.3

\N1 `What ails thee, what ails thee, my dochter Janet?  
What makes thee to look sae wan?  
Ye\'ve either been sick, and very, very sick,  
Or else ye hae lain wi a man.'

\SBALLADS Child 100H.4

`Ye\'re welcome, ye\'re welcome, dear father,' she says,  
`Ye\'re welcome hame to your ain,  
For I hae been sick, and very, very sick,  
Thinking lang for your coming hame.

\SBALLADS Child 100H.5

\N1 `O pardon, O pardon, dear father,' she says,  
`A pardon ye\'ll grant me:'  
`Na pardon, na pardon, my dochter,' he says,  
`Na pardon I\'ll grant thee.

\SBALLADS Child 100H.6

\N1 `O is it to a man of micht,  
Or to a man of mean?  
Or is it to onie of thae rank robbers  
That I sent hame frae Spain?'

\SBALLADS Child 100H.7

\N1 `It is not to a man of micht,  
Nor to a man of mean;  
But it is to Thomas o Winesberrie,  
And for him I suffer pain.'

\SBALLADS Child 100H.8

\N1 `If it be to Thomas o\' Winesberrie,  
As I trust well it be,  
Before I either eat or drink,

Hie hangit sall he be.'

\SBALLADS Child 100H.9

\N1 When this bonnie boy was brought afore the king,  
His claithing was o the silk,  
His f+ine yellow hair hang dangling doun,  
And his skin was like the milk.

\SBALLADS Child 100H.10

\N1 `Na wonder, na wonder, Lord Thomas,' he says,  
`My dochter fell in love wi thee,  
For if I war a woman, as I am a man,  
My bed-fellow ye shoud be.

\SBALLADS Child 100H.11

\N1 `Then will ye marry my dochter Janet,  
To be heir to a\' my land?  
O will ye marry my dochter Janet,  
Wi the truth o your richt hand?'

\SBALLADS Child 100H.12

\N1 `I will marry your dochter Janet,  
Wi the truth o my richt hand;  
I\'ll hae nane o your gowd, nor yet o your gear,  
I\'ve eneuch in fair Scotland.

\SBALLADS Child 100H.13

\N1 `But I will marry your dochter Janet,  
I care na for your land,  
For she\'s be a queen, and I a king,  
Whan we come to fair Scotland.'

\LBALLADS Child 100I.1

\N1 IT fell upon a time that the proud king of France  
Went a hunting for f+ive months and more;  
His daughter fell in love with Lord Winsberry,  
Who from Scotland was newly come oer.

\SBALLADS Child 100I.2

\N1 `You\'re welcome, welcome, dear father,' she said,  
`You\'re welcome again to your own;  
For I have been sick, and very, very sick,  
Thinking long for your coming home.'

\SBALLADS Child 100I.3

\N1 `Put off, put off your gown of green,' he says,  
`And spread it on yonder green,  
And tell them from me that in mourning you are,  
Or that he have lain with a man.'

\SBALLADS Child 100I.4

\N1 She\'s put off her gown of green,  
And spread it on the strand;  
Her haunches were round, and her belly was big,  
From her face the colour is gone.

\SBALLADS Child 100I.5

\N1 `O is it to a man of might,' he says,  
`Or is it to a man that\'s mean?  
Or is it to one of those rank rebels,  
That lately from Scotland came?'

\SBALLADS Child 100I.6

\N1 `O it is to a man of might,' she says,  
`It is not to one that is mean;  
It is to Lord Thomas of Winsberry,  
And for him I must suffer pain.'

\SBALLADS Child 100I.7

\N1 The king called up his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three:  
`Go fetch me Lord Thomas of Winsberry,

For tomorrow he shall die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.8  
\N1 They sought him up, they sought him down,  
As fast as fast could be;  
There they found Lord Thomas of Winsberry,  
Sitting under an orange tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.9  
\N1 `Get up, get up, Lord Thomas,' they said,  
`Get up, and bound your way;  
For the king has sworn by his honoured crown  
That tomorrow is thy dying-day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.10  
\N1 `O what have I robbd, or what have I stolen,  
Or what have I killed or slain,  
That I should be afraid to speak to your king?  
For I have done him no wrong.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.11  
\N1 Lord Thomas came tripping up the stair,  
His cloathing was of the silk;  
His fine yellow hair hung dangling down,  
His skin was white as the milk.  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.12  
\N1 And when he came before the king  
He kneeled down on his knee;  
Says, What is your will with me, my liege,  
What is your will with me?  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.13  
\N1 `I think no wonder, Lord Thomas,' he says,  
`That my daughter fell in love with thee;  
If thou wert a woman, as thou art a man,  
My bed-fellow thou wouldst be.  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.14  
\N1 `Will ye marry my daughter Jean,  
By the faith of thy right hand?  
Thou'se have part of my gold, part of my gear,  
And a third part of my land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.15  
\N1 `Yes, I will marry thy daughter Jean,  
By the faith of my right hand;  
I'll have none of your gold, none of your gear;  
I have enough in fair Scotland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 100I.16  
\N1 He has mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself on a dapple-grey;  
He's got as much land in fair Scotland  
As they can ride in a summer's day.  
\LBALLADS Child 101A.1  
\N1 O WILLY was as brave a lord  
As ever saild the sea,  
And he has gane to the English court,  
To serve for meat and fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 101A.2  
\N1 He had nae been at the kingis court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till he longd for a sight o the king's daughter,  
But ane he coud never see.  
\SBALLADS Child 101A.3  
\N1 O it fell ance upon a day  
To the green wood she has gane,  
An Willy he has followd her,

With the clear light o the moon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.4  
 \N1 He looted him low, by her did go,  
 Wi his hat intill his hand:  
 `O what\'s your will wi me, Sir Knight?  
 I pray keep your hat on.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.5  
 \N1 `O I am not a knight, Madam,  
 Nor never thinks to be;  
 For I am Willy o Douglassdale,  
 An I serve for meat and fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.6  
 \N1 `O I\'ll gang to my bowr,' she says,  
 `An sigh baith even an morn  
 That ever I saw your face, Willy,  
 Or that ever ye was born.  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.7  
 \N1 `O I\'ll gang to my bowr,' she says,  
 `An I\'ll pray baith night an day,  
 To keep me frae your tempting looks,  
 An frae your great beauty.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.8  
 \N1 O in a little after that  
 He keepit Dame Oliphant\'s bowr,  
 As the love that passd between this twa,  
 It was like paramour.  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.9  
 \N1 `O narrow, narrow\'s my gown, Willy,  
 That wont to be sae wide;  
 An short, short is my coats, Willy,  
 That wont to be sae side;  
 An gane is a\' my fair colour,  
 An low laid is my pride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.10  
 \N1 `But an my father get word of this,  
 He\'ll never drink again;  
 An gin my mother get word of this,  
 In her ain bowr she\'ll go brain;  
 An gin my bold brothers get word this,  
 I fear, Willy, you\'ll be slain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.11  
 \N1 `O will you leave your father\'s court,  
 An go along wi me?  
 I\'ll carry you unto fair Scotland,  
 And mak you a lady free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.12  
 \N1 She pat her han in her pocket  
 An gae him f+ive hunder poun:  
 `An take you that now, Squire Willy,  
 Till awa that we do won.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.13  
 \N1 Whan day was gane, and night was come,  
 She lap the castle-wa;  
 But Willy kepit his gay lady,  
 He was laith to let her fa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 101A.14  
 \N1 Whan night was gane, an day come in,  
 An lions gaed to their dens,  
 An ay the lady followd him,  
 An the tears came hailing down.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.15

\N1 `O want ye ribbons to your hair?  
Or roses to your shoone?  
Or want ye as meickle dear bought love  
As your ain heart can contain?'

\SBALLADS Child 101A.16

\N1 `I want nae ribbons to my hair,  
Nor roses till my shoone;  
An Ohone, alas, for dear bought love!  
I have mair nor I can contain.'

\SBALLADS Child 101A.17

\N1 O he\'s pu\'d the oak in good green wood,  
An he\'s made to her a f+ire;  
He coverd it oer wi withred leaves,  
An gard it burn thro ire.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.18

\N1 He made a bed i the good green wood,  
An he\'s laid his lady down,  
An he\'s coverd her oer wi f+ig-tree leaves,  
But an his ain night-gown.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.19

\N1 `O had I a bunch o yon red roddins,  
That grows in yonder wood,  
But an a drink o water clear,  
I think it woud do me good.'

\SBALLADS Child 101A.20

\N1 He\'s pu\'d her a bunch o yon red roddins,  
That grew beside yon thorn,  
But an a drink o water clear,  
Intill his hunting-horn.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.21

\N1 He\'s bent his bow, and shot the deer,  
An thro the green wood gane,  
An ere that he came back again  
His lady took travailing.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.22

\N1 `O up ye tak that horn,' she says,  
`An ye blaw a blast for me;  
Gin my father be in good green wood,  
Sae seen\'s he\'ll come me ti.'

\SBALLADS Child 101A.23

\N1 `O gin there be a man on earth  
That ye loo better nor me,  
Ye blaw the horn yoursel,' he says,  
`For it\'s never be blawn by me.'

\SBALLADS Child 101A.24

\N1 O he\'s bent his bow, an shot the deer,  
An thro the green wood has he gane,  
An lang or he came back again  
His lady bare him a son.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.25

\N1 O up has he tane his bonny young son,  
An washn him wi the milk,  
An up has he tane his gay lady,  
An rowd her i the silk.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.26

\N1 He\'s bent his bow, and shot the deer,  
An thro the green wood has he gane,  
Till he met wi a well-fard may,  
Her father\'s f+lock feeding.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.27

\N1 `Ye leave your father\'s flock feeding,  
An go along wi me;  
I\'ll carry you to a lady fair,  
Will gi you both meat and fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 101A.28

\N1 O whan she came the lady before,  
She\'s fa\'n down on her knee:  
`O what\'s your will wi me, my dame?  
An a dame you seem to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 101A.29

\N1 `O I\'m Dame Oliphant, the king\'s daughter,  
Nae doubt but ye\'ve heard o me;  
Will you leave your father\'s flock feeding,  
An go to Scotlan wi me?

\SBALLADS Child 101A.30

\N1 `An ye sal get a nouriship  
Intill an earldome,  
An I will gar provide for the  
To marry some brave Scotsman.'

\SBALLADS Child 101A.31

\N1 The may she keepit the bonny boy,  
An Willy led his lady,  
Untill they took their fair shippin,  
Then quickly hame came they.

\SBALLADS Child 101A.32

\N1 The win was fair, an the sea was clear,  
An they a\' wan safe to lan;  
He\'s haild her lady of Douglassdale,  
Himsel the lord within.

\LBALLADS Child 101B.1

\N1 WILLIE was an earl\'s ae son,  
And an earl\'s ae son was he,  
But he thought his father lack to sair,  
And his mother of low degree.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.2

\N1 But he is on to fair England,  
To sair for meat an fee,  
And all was for Dame Oliphant,  
A woman of great beauty.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.3

\N1 He hadna been in fair England  
A month but barely ane,  
Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant  
Gied him a gay gold ring.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.4

\N1 He hadna been in fair England  
A month but barely four,  
Ere he dreamd that fair Dame Oliphant  
Gied him a red rose flower,  
Well set about with white lilies,  
Like to the paramour.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.5

\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
Dame Oliphant thought lang,  
And she gaed on to good green wood,  
As fast as she could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.6

\N1 As Willie stood in his chamber-door,  
And as he thought it good,

There he beheld Dame Oliphant,  
As she came thro the wood.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.7

\N1 He\'s taen his bow his arm oer,  
His sword into his hand,  
And he is on to good green wood,  
As fast as he could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.8

\N1 And there he found Dame Oliphant,  
Was lying sound asleep,  
And aye the sounder she did sleep  
The nearer he did creep.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.9

\N1 But when she wakend from her sleep  
An angry maid was she,  
Crying, Had far away frae me, young man,  
Had far away frae me!

For I fear ye are the Scottish knight  
That beguiles young ladies free.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.10

\N1 `I am not the Scottish knight,  
Nor ever thinks to be;  
I am but Willie o Douglass Dale,  
That serves for meat an fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 101B.11

\N1 `If ye be Willie o Douglass Dale,  
Ye\'re dearly welcome to me;  
For oft in my sleep have I thought on  
You and your merry winking ee.'

\SBALLADS Child 101B.12

\N1 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,  
And the lions took the hill,  
And Willie he gaed hame again,  
To his hard task and till;  
And likewise did Dame Oliphant,  
To her book and her seam.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.13

\N1 Till it fell ance upon a day  
Dame Oliphant thought lang,  
And she went on to Willie\'s bower-yates,  
As fast as she could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.14

\N1 `O are ye asleep now, Squire Willie?  
O are you asleep?' said she;  
O waken, waken, Squire Willie,  
O waken, and speak to me.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.15

\N1 `For the gowns that were oer wide, Willie,  
They winna meet on me,  
And the coats that were oer side, Willie,  
They winna come to my knee;  
And if the knights of my father\'s court get word,  
I\'m sure they\'ll gar you die.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 101B.16

\N1 But she\'s taen a web of the scarlet,  
And she tare it f+ine an sma,  
And even into Willie\'s arms  
She leapt the castle-wa;  
And Willie was wight and well able,

And he kept her frae a fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.17  
\N1 But the cocks they crew, and the horns blew,  
And the lions took the hill,  
And Willie\'s ladie followed him,  
And the tears did twinkle still.  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.18  
\N1 `O want ye ribbons to your hair?  
Or roses to your sheen?  
Or want ye chains about your neck?  
Ye\'se get mair ere that be deen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.19  
\N1 `I want not ribbons to my hair,  
Nor roses to my sheen,  
And there\'s mair chains about my neck  
Nor ever I\'ll see deen;  
But I have as much dear bought love  
As my heart can contain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.20  
\N1 `Will ye go to the cards or dice?  
Or to the table ee?  
Or to a bed, so well down spread,  
And sleep till it be day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.21  
\N1 I\'ve mair need of the roddins, Willie,  
That grow on yonder thorn;  
Likewise a drink o Marywell water,  
Out of your grass-green horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.22  
\N1 `I\'ve mair need of a f+ire, Willie,  
To had me frae the cauld;  
Likewise a glass of your red wine,  
Ere I bring my son to the fauld.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.23  
\N1 He\'s got a bush o roddins till her,  
That grows on yonder thorn;  
Likewise a drink o Marywell water,  
Out of his grass-green horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.24  
\N1 He carried the match in his pocket  
That kindled to her the f+ire,  
Well set about wi oaken spells,  
That leamd oer Lincolnshire.  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.25  
\N1 And he has bought to his lady  
The white bread and the wine;  
And the milk he milked from the goats,  
He fed his young son on.  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.26  
\N1 Till it fell ance upon a day  
Dame Oliphant thought lang:  
`O gin ye hae a being, Willie,  
I pray ye hae me hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.27  
\N1 He\'s taen his young son in his arms,  
His lady by the hand,  
And they\'re down thro good green wood,  
As fast as they could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 101B.28  
\N1 Till they came to a shepherd-may,



Was feeding her flocks alone;  
Said, Will ye gae along wi me,  
And carry my bonny young son?

\SBALLADS Child 101B.29

\N1 The gowns that were shapen for my back,  
They shall be sewd for thine;

And likewise I'll gar Squire Willie

Gie you a braw Scotsman.

\SBALLADS Child 101B.30

\N1 When they came on to Willie's bower-yates,  
And far beyond the sea,

She was haild the lady o Douglass Dale,

And Willie an earl to be:

Likewise the maid they brought awa,

She got a braw Scotsman.

\LBALLADS Child 101C.1

\N1 SWEET Sir William of Douglas Dale,

A knight's ae son was he;

He dreamed of dear Dame Oliphant,

Lang ere he did her see.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.2

\N1 He dreamed a woman of great beauty

Gave him a red rose flower,

Well busket about wi the lillies white,

Just like the paramour.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.3

\N1 O sweet Sir William of Douglas Dale,

A knight's ae son was he,

And he is on to the king's high court,

To serve for meat and fee.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 101C.4

\N1 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

Tied in a towel so white,

And that she has given her Lord William,

Out oer the castle-dyke.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.5

\N1 Five hundred pounds of Spanish gold,

Tied in a towel sae sma,

And that she has given her own true-love,

Out ore the castle-wa.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.6

\N1 She rowed hersell in a robe o silk,

To loup the castle-wa;

He ceppet her in his armes twa,

And he let not her get a fa.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 101C.7

\N1 The cocks do crow, and the day does daw,

And the wild fowl bodes on hill;

The lassie she followed her Sweet William,

And let the tears down fall.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 101C.8

\N1 `O want you ribbons to your hair?

Or roses to your sheen?

Or want ye as much of feel daft love

As your heart can contain?'

\SBALLADS Child 101C.9

\N1 `I want nor ribbons to my hair,

Nor roses to my sheen;  
I\ 've got as much o dear bought love  
As my heart can contain.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 101C.10

\N1 He carried a f+lint in his pocket,  
And he strack to her a f+ire,  
And he buskit it roun wi the leaves o oak,  
And gart it burn wi ire.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.11

\N1 He\ 's taen his big coat him about,  
And his gun into his hand,  
And he has gone to good green wood,  
To kill some venison.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.12

\N1 He\ 's taen his big coat him about,  
And his gun into his han,  
But lang ere he came back again  
She bare his dear young son.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.13

\N1 He rowed her in his muckle coat,  
But in his good night-gown,  
And he fed her wi the good goat-milk,  
Till she was well able to gang.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.14

\N1 He\ 's taen his young son in his arm,  
His lady in his hand,  
And they are down thro good green wood,  
As fast as they can gang.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.15

\N1 And they came to a shepherd\ 's daughter,  
Was feeding at her sheep;  
Says, Will ye go to Douglass Dale,  
Wi my yong son to keep?

\SBALLADS Child 101C.16

\N1 O I will gee you gold, maiden,  
And I will gee you fee,  
Gin ye will go to Douglas Dale,  
Wi my yong son and me.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.17

\N1 She\ 's taen his young son in her arm,  
And kissed baith cheek and chin;  
Says, I will go to Douglas Dale,  
As fast as I can win.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.18

\N1 He\ 's taen his big coat him about,  
And his lady in his hand,  
And they are off to Douglas Dale,  
As fast as they can gang.

\SBALLADS Child 101C.19

\N1 And when they came to Douglas Dale  
A happy man was he,  
For his lady, and his young son,  
And his nurse, a\ ' three.

\LBALLADS Child 101[D.1]

\N1 Willie was a rich man\ 's son,  
A rich man\ 's son was he;  
Hee thought his father lake to sair,  
An his mother of mine digree,  
An he is on to our English court,

To serve for meatt an fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.2]  
\N1 He hadno ben in our king\'s court  
A tuall-month an a day,  
Till he fell in love we Mary, Dem [Ele>fon,  
An a great buity was she.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.3]  
\N1 He hadno ben in our king\'s court  
A tuall-month an a houere,  
Till he dreamed a lady of buty bright  
Gave him a rosey f+lour.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.4]  
\N1 The lady touk her mantell her about,  
Her gooun-teall in her hand,  
An she is on to gued grean woud,  
As fast as she could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.5]  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
An ther she spayed a gellant knight,  
Kamen his yallou hear.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.6]  
\N1 `What is yer name, sir knight?  
For a knight I am sure ye be;'  
`I am called Willie of Duglas Dall,  
Did ye never hear of me?'  
`If ye be Willie of Duglass Daill,  
I afft have heard of thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.7]  
\N1 `What is yer name, ye lovely dame?  
For a lady I trou ye be;'  
`I am called Mary, Dem Elefond,  
Did ye never hear of me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.8]  
\N1 `In ye be Mary, Dem Elefon,  
As I trust well ye be,  
. . . . .  
My heart ye haa ye we.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.9]  
\N1 The lady was fair an rear,  
The knight\'s heart had she;  
The knight was tall an straght withall,  
The lady\'s hart had he.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.10]  
\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
Dem Elofen thought lang,  
An she is on to Willie\'s bour,  
As fast as she could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.11]  
\N1 `Narrou is my pettecot, Willie,  
It ance was saa wide,  
An narrou is my stays, Willie,  
Att ance wer saa wide,  
An paill is my chikes, Willie,  
An laigh, laigh is my pride.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.12]  
\N1 '. . . . .  
. . . . .  
An the knights of my father\'s court gat word of this,  
I feer they wad gare ye diee.'

\SBALLADS Child 101[D.13]  
\N1 He touke . . . . .  
The lady by the hand,  
An they are one to gued green woud,  
As fast as they coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.14]  
\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
Strong travileng came her tell,  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.15]  
\N1 `Ye take your boue on yer shoulder,  
Yer arrous in yer hand,  
An ye gaa farr throu green woud,  
An shout some veneson.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.16]  
\N1 `Fan ye hear me loud cray,  
Bide far awaa fra me,  
Bat fan ye hear me laying still  
Ye may come back an see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.17]  
\N1 Fan he hard her loud cray,  
He bad far awaa,  
Bat fan he heard her laying still  
He did come an see,  
An he got her  
An her young son her wee.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.18]  
\N1 He milked the goats,  
An feed his young son wee,  
And he made a f+ire of the oken speals,  
An warmed his lady wee.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.19]  
\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
The lady though<t] lang:  
`An ye haa any place in fair Scotland, Willie,  
I wiss ye wad haa me hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.20]  
\N1 '. . . . .  
I ha lands an reants saa friee,  
The bonny lands of Duglass Dail,  
They a\' lay bread an friee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.21]  
\N1 He\'s taen the knight-bairn in his arms,  
His lady by the hand,  
An he is out throu gued green woud,  
As fast as they coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.22]  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
Till they came to a maid kepping her goats,  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.23]  
\N1 `Halle+:, ye maid,  
For a maid ye seem to be;  
Will ye live your goats kepping  
An goo we me?  
\SBALLADS Child 101[D.24]  
\N1 `I cannot live my father, I canno live my midder,  
Nor yet my brethren three;

I cannot live my goats kepping,  
 An goo along we the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 101[D.25]  
 \N1 `Fatt is your name, ye lovely dame?  
 For a lady I am shour ye be;'  
 `I am called Mary, Dem Elifond,  
 Did ye nver hear of me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 101[D.26]  
 \N1 `If ye be Mary, Dem Elifond,  
 As I trust weel ye be,  
 I will live my goats kepping  
 An goo along we the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 101[D.27]  
 \N1 `For I will live my father, an I ill live my mother,  
 An my brothers three,  
 An I will live my goats,  
 An go along we thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 101[D.28]  
 \N1 The maid touke the knight-bairn in her ar<m>s,  
 An his lady took he,  
 An they are to gued ship-bourd,  
 And took God to be ther foresteed, an didne fear to droun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 101[D.29]  
 \N1 An they landed att Duglas Dalle,  
 Far the lands was briad an frie,  
 An the knight-bairn was Black Sir James of Duglas Dall,  
 An a gallant knight was hee.  
 \LBALLADS Child 102A.1  
 \N1 O WILLIE\R\`rS large o limb and lith,  
 And come o high degree,  
 And he is gane to Earl Richard,  
 To serve for meat and fee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.2  
 \N1 Earl Richard had but ae daughter,  
 Fair as a lily-f+lower,  
 And they made up their love-contract  
 Like proper paramour.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.3  
 \N1 It fell upon a simmer\'s nicht,  
 Whan the leaves were fair and green,  
 That Willie met his gay ladie  
 Intil the wood alane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.4  
 \N1 `O narrow is my gown, Willie,  
 That wont to be sae wide;  
 And gane is a\' my fair colour,  
 That wont to be my pride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.5  
 \N1 `But gin my father should get word  
 What\'s past between us twa,  
 Before that he should eat or drink,  
 He\'d hang you oer that wa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.6  
 \N1 `But ye\'ll come to my bower, Willie,  
 Just as the sun gaes down,  
 And kep me in your arms twa,  
 And latna me fa down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.7  
 \N1 O whan the sun was now gane down,  
 He\'s doen him till her bower,

And there, by the lee licht o the moon,  
 Her window she lookit oer.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.8  
 \N1 Intill a robe o red scarlet  
 She lap, fearless o harm;  
 And Willie was large o lith and limb,  
 And keepit her in his arm.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.9  
 \N1 And they've gane to the gude green wood,  
 And, ere the night was deen,  
 She's born to him a bonny young son,  
 Amang the leaves sae green.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.10  
 \N1 Whan night was gane, and day was come,  
 And the sun began to peep,  
 Up and raise the Earl Richard  
 Out o his drowsy sleep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.11  
 \N1 He's ca'd upon his merry young men,  
 By ane, by twa, and by three:  
 `O what's come o my daughter dear,  
 That she's nae come to me?  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.12  
 \N1 `I dreamt a dreary dream last night,  
 God grant it come to gude!  
 I dreamt I saw my daughter dear  
 Drown in the saut sea f+llood.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.13  
 \N1 `But gin my daughter be dead or sick,  
 Or yet be stown awa,  
 I mak a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
 I'll hang ye ane and a`!'`  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.14  
 \N1 They sought her back, they sought her fore,  
 They sought her up and down;  
 They got her in the gude green wood,  
 Nursing her bonny young son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.15  
 \N1 He took the bonny boy in his arms,  
 And kist him tenderlie;  
 Says, Though I would your father hang,  
 Your mother's dear to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.16  
 \N1 He kist him oer and oer again:  
 `My grandson I thee claim,  
 And Robin Hood in gude green wood,  
 And that shall be your name.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.17  
 \N1 And mony ane sings o grass, o grass,  
 And mony ane sings o corn,  
 And mony ane sings o Robin Hood  
 Kens little whare he was born.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102A.18  
 \N1 It wasna in the ha, the ha,  
 Nor in the painted bower,  
 But it was in the gude green wood,  
 Amang the lily-f+lower.  
 \LBALLADS Child 102B.1  
 \N1 MONY ane talks o the grass, the grass,  
 And mony ane o the corn,

And mony ane talks o gude Robin Hood  
Kens little whar he was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.2  
\N1 He was gotten in a earl\'s ha,  
And in a lady\'s bower,  
And born into gude greenwood,  
Thro mony cauld winter\'s shower.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.3  
\N1 His father was the earl\'s own steward,  
Sprung frae sma pedigree;  
His mother, Earl Huntingdon\'s ae daughter,  
For he had nane else but she.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.4  
\N1 When nine months were near an end,  
And eight months they were gone,  
The lady\'s cheeks wi tears were wet,  
And thus she made her moan:  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.5  
\N1 `What shall I say, my love Archibald,  
This day for you and me?  
I will be laid in cauld irons,  
And ye\'ll be hanged on tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.6  
\N1 `What aileth my love Clementina?  
What gars you mourn sae sair?'  
`You know,' said she, `I\'m with child to thee,  
These eight lang months and mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.7  
\N1 `Will ye gae to my mother\'s bower,  
Stands on yon stately green?  
Or will ye gae to the gude greenwood,  
Where ye will not be seen?'  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.8  
\N1 `I winna gang to your mother\'s bower,  
Stands on yon stately green;  
But I will on to gude greenwood,  
For I will not be seen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.9  
\N1 He\'s girt his sword down by his side,  
Took his lady by the hand,  
And they are on thro gude greenwood,  
As fast as they could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.10  
\N1 With slowly steps these couple walkd,  
About miles scarcely three.  
When this lady, being sair wearied out,  
Lay down beneath a tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.11  
\N1 `O for a few of yon junipers,  
To cheer my heart again,  
And likewise for a gude midwife,  
To ease me of my pain!'  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.12  
\N1 `I\'ll bring to you yon junipers,  
To cheer your heart again,  
And I\'ll be to you a gude midwife,  
To ease you of your pain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.13  
\N1 `Had far awa frae me, Archibald,  
For this will never dee;

That\'s nae the fashion o our land,  
And it\'s nae be used by me.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.14  
\N1 `Ye\'ll take your small-sword by your side,  
Your buckler and your bow,  
And ye\'ll gae down thro gude greenwood,  
And hunt the deer and roe.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.15  
\N1 `You will stay in gude greenwood,  
And with the chase go on,  
Until yon white hind pass you by,  
Then straight to me ye\'ll come.'  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.16  
\N1 He\'s girt his sword then by his side,  
His buckler and his bow,  
And he is on thro gude greenwood,  
To hunt the deer and roe.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.17  
\N1 And in the greenwood he did stay,  
And with the chase gaed on,  
Until the white hind passd him by,  
Then to his love he came.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.18  
\N1 He girt his sword then by his side,  
Fast thro greenwood went he,  
And there he found his love lie dead,  
Beneath the green oak tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.19  
\N1 The sweet young babe that she had born  
Right lively seemed to be;  
`Ohon, alas!' said young Archibald,  
`A mournful scene to me!  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.20  
\N1 `Altho my sweet babe is alive,  
This does increase my woe;  
How to nourish a motherless babe  
Is mair than I do know.'  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.21  
\N1 He looked east, he looked west,  
To see what he could see,  
Then spied the Earl o Huntingdon,  
And mony a man him wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.22  
\N1 Then Archibald f+led from the earl\'s face,  
Among the leaves sae green,  
That he might hear what might be said,  
And see, and nae be seen.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.23  
\N1 The earl straight thro the greenwood came,  
Unto the green oak tree,  
And there he saw his daughter dead,  
Her living child her wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.24  
\N1 Then he\'s taen up the little boy,  
Rowed him in his gown-sleeve;  
Said, Tho your father\'s to my loss,  
Your mother\'s to me leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 102B.25  
\N1 And if ye live until I die,  
My bowers and lands ye\'se heir;



You are my only daughter\'s child;  
 But her I never had mair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102B.26  
 \N1 Ye\'se hae all kinds of nourishment,  
 And likewise nurses three;  
 If I knew where the fause knave were,  
 High hanged should he be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102B.27  
 \N1 His daughter he buried in gude church-yard,  
 All in a mournful mood,  
 And brought the boy to church that day,  
 And christend him Robin Hood.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102B.28  
 \N1 This boy was bred in the earl\'s ha  
 Till he became a man,  
 But loved to hunt in gude greenwood,  
 To raise his noble fame.  
 \LBALLADS Child 102C.1  
 \N1 MONY ane speaks o grass, o grass,  
 And mony mare o corn,  
 And mony ane sings o Robin Heed  
 Kens little whare he was born.  
 \SBALLADS Child 102C.2  
 \N1 He was born in good green wood,  
 At the fut o yon olive tree;  
 His father was a knight\'s ae son,  
 And his mother a lady free.  
 \LBALLADS Child 103A.1  
 \N1 O ROSE the Red and White Lilly,  
 Their mother dear was dead,  
 And their father married an ill woman,  
 Wishd them twa little guede.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.2  
 \N1 Yet she had twa as fu fair sons  
 As eer brake manis bread,  
 And the tane of them loed her White Lilly,  
 An the tither lood Rose the Red.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.3  
 \N1 O biggit ha they a bigly bowr,  
 And strawn it oer wi san,  
 And there was mair mirth i the ladies\' bowr  
 Than in a\' their father\'s lan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.4  
 \N1 But out is spake their step-mother,  
 Wha stood a little foreby:  
 I hope to live and play the prank  
 Sal gar your loud sang ly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.5  
 \N1 She\'s calld upon her eldest son:  
 Come here, my son, to me;  
 It fears me sair, my eldest son,  
 That ye maun sail the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.6  
 \N1 `Gin if fear you sair, my mither dear,  
 Your bidding I maun dee;  
 But never war to Rose the Red  
 Than ye ha been to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.7  
 \N1 `O had your tongue, my eldest son,  
 For sma sal be her part;

You\`ll nae get a kiss o her comely mouth  
Gin your very fair heart should break.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.8  
\N1 She\`s calld upon her youngest son:  
Come here, my son, to me;  
It fears me sair, my youngest son,  
That ye maun sail the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.9  
\N1 `Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,  
Your bidding I maun dee;  
But be never war to White Lilly  
Than ye ha been to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.10  
\N1 `O haud your tongue, my youngest son,  
For sma sall be her part;  
You\`ll neer get a kiss o her comely mouth  
Tho your very fair heart should break.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.11  
\N1 When Rose the Red and White Lilly  
Saw their twa loves were gane,  
Then stopped ha they their loud, loud sang,  
And tane up the still mournin;  
And their step-mother stood listnin by,  
To hear the ladies\` mean.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.12  
\N1 Then out it spake her White Lilly:  
My sister, we\`ll be gane;  
Why should we stay in Barnsdale,  
To waste our youth in pain?  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.13  
\N1 Then cutted ha they their green cloathing  
A little below their knee,  
An sae ha they there yallow hair,  
A little aboon there bree;  
An they\`ve doen them to haely chapel,  
Was christened by Our Lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.14  
\N1 There ha they chang\`d their ain twa names,  
Sae far frae ony town,  
An the tane o them hight Sweet Willy,  
An the tither o them Roge the Roun.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.15  
\N1 Between this twa a vow was made,  
An they sware it to fulf+il;  
That at three blasts o a bugle-horn,  
She\`d come her sister till.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.16  
\N1 Now Sweet Willy\`s gane to the kingis court,  
Her true-love for to see,  
An Roge the Roun to good green wood,  
Brown Robin\`s man to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.17  
\N1 As it fell out upon a day  
They a\` did put the stane,  
Full seven foot ayont them a\  
She gard the puttin-stane gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.18  
\N1 She leand her back against an oak,  
And gae a loud Ohone!  
Then out it spake him Brown Robin,

But that\'s a woman\'s moan!  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.19  
\N1 `O ken ye by my red rose lip?  
Or by my yallow hair?  
Nor ken ye by my milk-white breast?  
For ye never saw it bare?'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.20  
`I ken no by your red rose lip,  
Nor by your yallow hair;  
Nor ken I by your milk-white breast,  
For I never saw it bare;  
But come to your bowr whaever sae likes,  
Will f+ind a lady there.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.21  
\N1 `O gin ye come to my bowr within,  
Thro fraud, deceit, or guile,  
Wi this same bran that\'s in my han,  
I swear I will the kill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.22  
\N1 `But I will come thy bowr within,  
An spear nae leave,' quoth he;  
`An this same bran that\'s i my han  
I sall ware back on the.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.23  
\N1 About the tenth hour of the night  
The ladie\'s bower-door was broken,  
An eer the f+irst hour of the day  
The bonny knave-bairn was gotten.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.24  
\N1 When days were gane, and months were run,  
The lady took travailing,  
And sair she cry\'d for a bowr-woman,  
For to wait her upon.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.25  
\N1 Then out it spake him Brown Robin:  
Now what needs a\' this din?  
For what coud any woman do  
But I coud do the same?  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.26  
\N1 `\'Twas never my mither\'s fashion,' she says,  
`Nor sall it ever be mine,  
That belted knights shoud eer remain  
Where ladies dreed their pine.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.27  
\N1 `But ye take up that bugle-horn,  
An blaw a blast for me;  
I ha a brother in the kingis court  
Will come me quickly ti.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.28  
\N1 `O gin ye ha a brither on earth  
That ye love better nor me,  
Ye blaw the horn yoursel,' he says,  
`For ae blast I winna gie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.29  
\N1 She\'s set the horn till her mouth,  
And she\'s blawn three blasts sae shrill;  
Sweet Willy heard i the kingis court,  
And came her quickly till.  
\SBALLADS Child 103A.30  
\N1 Then up it started Brown Robin,

An an angry man was he:  
 `There comes nae man this bowr within  
 But f+irst must f+ight wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.31  
 \N1 O they hae fought that bowr within  
 Till the sun was gaing down,  
 Till drops o blude frae Rose the Red  
 Came hailing to the groun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.32  
 \N1 She leand her back against the wa,  
 Says, Robin, let a\' be;  
 For it is a lady born and bred  
 That\'s foughten sae well wi thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.33  
 \N1 O seven foot he lap a back;  
 Says, Alas, and wae is me!  
 I never wishit in a\' my life,  
 A woman\'s blude to see;  
 An a\' for the sake of ae fair maid  
 Whose name was White Lilly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.34  
 \N1 Then out it spake her White Lilly,  
 An a hearty laugh laugh she:  
 She\'s lived wi you this year an mair,  
 Tho ye kentna it was she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.35  
 \N1 Now word has gane thro a\' the lan,  
 Before a month was done,  
 That Brown Robin\'s man, in good green wood,  
 Had born a bonny young son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.36  
 \N1 The word has gane to the kingis court,  
 An to the king himsel;  
 `Now, by my fay,' the king could say,  
 `The like was never heard tell!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.37  
 \N1 Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,  
 An a hearty laugh laugh he:  
 I trow some may has playd the loun,  
 And f+led her ain country.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.38  
 \N1 `Bring me my steed,' then cry\'d the king,  
 `My bow and arrows keen;  
 I\'ll ride mysel to good green wood,  
 An see what\'s to be seen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.39  
 \N1 `An\'t please your grace,' said Bold Arthur,  
 `My liege, I\'ll gang you wi,  
 An try to f+in a little foot-page,  
 That\'s strayd awa frae me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.40  
 \N1 O they\'ve hunted i the good green wood  
 The buck but an the rae,  
 An they drew near Brown Robin\'s bowr,  
 About the close of day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 103A.41  
 \N1 Then out it spake the king in hast,  
 Says, Arthur, look an see  
 Gin that be no your little foot-page  
 That leans against yon tree.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.42

Then Arthur took his bugle-horn,  
An blew a blast sae shrill;  
Sweet Willy started at the sound,  
An ran him quickly till.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.43

\N1 `O wanted ye your meat, Willy?  
Or wanted ye your fee?  
Or gat ye ever an angry word,  
That ye ran awa frae me?'

\SBALLADS Child 103A.44

\N1 `I wanted nought, my master dear;  
To me ye ay was good;  
I came but to see my ae brother,  
That wons in this green wood.'

\SBALLADS Child 103A.45

\N1 Then out it spake the king again,  
Says, Bonny boy, tell to me  
Wha lives into yon bigly bowr,  
Stands by yon green oak tree?

\SBALLADS Child 103A.46

\N1 `O pardon me,' says Sweet Willy,  
'My liege, I dare no tell;  
An I pray you go no near that bowr,  
For fear they do you fell.'

\SBALLADS Child 103A.47

\N1 `O haud your tongue, my bonny boy,  
For I winna be said nay;  
But I will gang that bowr within,  
Betide me weel or wae.'

\SBALLADS Child 103A.48

\N1 They\'ve lighted off their milk-white steeds,  
An softly enterd in,  
An there they saw her White Lilly,  
Nursing her bonny yong son.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.49

\N1 `Now, by the rood,' the king coud say,  
'This is a comely sight;  
I trow, instead of a forrester\'s man,  
This is a lady bright!'

\SBALLADS Child 103A.50

\N1 Then out it spake her Rose the Red,  
An fell low down on her knee:  
O pardon us, my gracious liege,  
An our story I\'ll tell thee.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.51

\N1 Our father was a wealthy lord,  
That wond in Barnsdale;  
But we had a wicked step-mother,  
That wrought us meickle bale.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.52

\N1 Yet she had twa as fu fair sons  
As ever the sun did see,  
An the tane o them lood my sister dear,  
An the tither sayd he lood me.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.53

\N1 Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,  
As by the king he stood:  
Now, by the faith o my body,  
This shoud be Rose the Red!

\SBALLADS Child 103A.54

\N1 Then in it came him Brown Robin,  
Frae hunting o the deer,  
But whan he saw the king was there,  
He started back for fear.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.55

\N1 The king has taen him by the hand,  
An bade him naithing dread;  
Says, Ye maun leave the good green wood,  
Come to the court wi speed.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.56

\N1 Then up he took White Lilly\'s son,  
An set him on his knee;  
Says, Gin ye live to wiald a bran,  
My bowman ye sall bee.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.57

\N1 The king he sent for robes of green,  
An girdles o shinning gold;  
He gart the ladies be arrayd  
Most comely to behold.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.58

\N1 They\'ve done them unto Mary Kirk,  
An there gat fair wedding,  
An fan the news spread oer the lan,  
For joy the bells did ring.

\SBALLADS Child 103A.59

\N1 Then out it spake her Rose the Red,  
An a hearty laugh laugh she:  
I wonder what would our step-dame say,  
Gin she this sight did see!

\LBALLADS Child 103B.1

\N1 NOW word is gane thro a\' the land,  
Gude seal that it sae spread!  
To Rose the Red and White Lillie,  
Their mither dear was dead.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.2

\N1 Their father\'s married a bauld woman,  
And brought her ower the sea,  
Twa sprightly youths, her ain young sons,  
Intill her companie.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.3

\N1 They f+ixd their eyes on those ladies,  
On shipboard as they stood,  
And sware, if ever they wan to land,  
These ladies they woud wed.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.4

\N1 But there was nae a quarter past,  
A quarter past but three,  
Till these young lovers a\' were fond  
O other\'s companie.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.5

\N1 The knights they harped i their bower,  
The ladies sewd and sang;  
There was mair mirth in that chamer  
Than a\' their father\'s lan.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.6

\N1 Then out it spak their step-mither,  
At the stair-foot stood she:  
I\'m plagued wi your troublesome noise!  
What makes your melodie?

\SBALLADS Child 103B.7

\N1 O Rose the Red, ye sing too loud,  
White Lillie, your voice is strang;  
But gin I live and brook my life,  
I\'se gar you change your sang.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.8

\N1 `We maunna change our loud, loud song  
For nae duke\'s son ye\'ll bear;  
We winna chnage our loud, loud song,  
But aye we\'ll sing the mair.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.9

\N1 `We never sung the sang, mither,  
But we\'ll sing ower again;  
We\'ll take our harps into our hands,  
And we\'ll harp, and we\'ll sing.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.10

\N1 She\'s calld upon her twa young sons,  
Says, Boun ye for the sea;  
Let Rose the Red and White Lillie  
Stay in their bower wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.11

\N1 `O God forbid,' said her eldest son,  
`Nor lat it ever be,  
Unless ye were as kind to our luves  
As gin we were them wi.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.12

\N1 `Yet never the less, my pretty sons,  
Ye\'ll boun you for the faem;  
Let Rose the Red and White Lillie  
Stay in their bowers at hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.13

\N1 `O when wi you we came along,  
We felt the stormy sea,  
And where we go, ye neer shall know,  
Nor shall be known by thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.14

\N1 Then wi her harsh and boisterous word  
She forc\'d these lads away,  
While Rose the Red and White Lillie  
Still in their bowers did stay.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.15

\N1 But there was not a quarter past,  
A quarter past but ane,  
Till Rose the Red in rags she gaed,  
White Lillie\'s claithing grew thin.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.16

\N1 Wi bitter usage every day,  
The ladies they thought lang;  
`Ohon, alas!' said Rose the Red,  
`She\'s gard us change our sang.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.17

\N1 `But we will change our own fu names,  
And we\'ll gang frae the town,  
Frae Rose the Red and White Lillie  
To Nicholas and Roger Brown.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.18

\N1 `And we will cut our green claithing  
A little aboon our knee,  
And we will on to gude greenwood,  
Twa bauld bowmen to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.19

\N1 `Ohon, alas!' said White Lillie,  
`My f+ingers are but sma,  
And tho my hands woud wield the bow,  
They winna yield at a\.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.20

\N1 `O had your tongue now, White Lillie,  
And lat these fears a\` be;  
There\`s naething that ye\`re awkward in  
But I will learn thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.21

\N1 Then they are on to gude greenwood,  
As fast as gang coud they;  
O then they spied him Robin Hood,  
Below a green aik tree.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.22

\N1 `Gude day, gude day, kind sir,' they said,  
`God make you safe and free:'  
`Gude day, gude day,' said Robin Hood,  
`What is your wills wi me?'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.23

\N1 `Lo here we are, twa banishd knights,  
Come frae our native hame;  
We\`re come to crave o thee service,  
Our king will gie us nane.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.24

\N1 `If ye be twa young banishd knights,  
Tell me frae what countrie:'  
`Frae Anster town into Fifeshire;  
Ye know it as well as we.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.25

\N1 `If a\` be true that ye hae said,  
And tauld just now to me,  
Ye\`re welcome, welcome, every one;  
Your master I will be.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.26

\N1 `Now ye shall eat as I do eat,  
And lye as I do lye;  
Ye salna wear nae waur claithing  
Nor my young men and I.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.27

\N1 Then they went to a ruinous house,  
And there they enterd in,  
And Nicholas fed wi Robin Hood,  
And Roger wi Little John.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.28

\N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
They were at the putting-stane,  
Whan Rose the Red she viewd them a\`,  
As they stood on the green.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.29

\N1 She hit the stane then wi her foot,  
And kept it wi her knee,  
And spaces three aboon them a\  
I wyte she gard it f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.30

\N1 She sat her back then to a tree,  
And gae a loud Ohon!  
A lad spak in the companie,  
I hear a woman\`s moan.



\SBALLADS Child 103B.31

\N1 `How know you that, young man?' she said,  
`How know you that o me?  
Did eer ye see me in that place  
Ae foot my ground to f+lee?

\SBALLADS Child 103B.32

\N1 `Or know ye by my cherry cheeks?  
Or by my yellow hair?  
Or by the paps on my breast-bane?  
Ye never saw them bare.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.33

\N1 `I know not by your cherry cheeks,  
Nor by your yellow hair;  
But I know by your milk-white chin,  
On it there grows nae hair.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.34

\N1 `I never saw you in that cause  
Ae foot your ground to f+lee;  
I've seen you stan wi sword in han  
Mang men\'s blood to the knee.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.35

\N1 `But if I come your bower within,  
By night, or yet by day,  
I shall know before I go  
If ye be man or may.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.36

\N1 `O if you come my bower within,  
By night, or yet by day,  
As soon\'s I draw my trusty brand,  
Nae lang ye\'ll wi me stay.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.37

\N1 But he is haunted to her bower,  
Her bigly bower o stane,  
Till he has got her big wi bairn,  
And near sax months she\'s gane.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.38

\N1 Whan three mair months were come and gane,  
They gaed to hunt the hynde;  
She wont to be the foremost ane,  
But now stayd far behynd.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.39

\N1 Her luver looks her in the face,  
And thus to her said he;  
I think your cheeks are pale and wan;  
Pray, what gaes warst wi thee?

\SBALLADS Child 103B.40

\N1 O want ye roses to your breast?  
Or ribbons to your sheen?  
Or want ye as muckle o dear bought luve  
As your heart can conteen?

\SBALLADS Child 103B.41

\N1 `I want nae roses to my breast,  
Nae ribbons to my sheen;  
Nor want I as muckle dear bought luve  
As my heart can conteen.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.42

\N1 `I\'d rather hae a f+ire behynd,  
Anither me before,  
A gude midwife at my right side,  
Till my young babe be bore.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.43

\N1 `I\`ll kindle a f+ire wi a f+lint-stane,  
Bring wine in a green horn;  
I\`ll be midwife at your right side,  
Till your young babe be born.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.44

\N1 `That was neer my mither\`s custom,  
Forbid that it be mine!  
A knight stan by a lady bright  
Whan she drees a\` her pine.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.45

\N1 `There is a knight in gude greenwood,  
If that he kent o me,  
Thro stock and stane and the hawthorn  
Sae soon\`s he woud come me tee.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.46

\N1 `If there be a knight in gude greenwood  
Ye like better than me,  
If ance he come your bower within,  
Ane o us twa shall dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.47

\N1 She set a horn to her mouth,  
And she blew loud and shrill;  
Thro stock and stane and the hawthorn  
Brave Roger came her till.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.48

\N1 `Wha\`s here sae bauld,' the youth replied,  
`Thus to encroach on me?'  
`O here I am,' the knight replied,  
`Hae as much right as thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.49

\N1 Then they fought up the gude greenwood,  
Sae did they down the plain;  
They niddart ither wi lang braid-swords,  
Till they were bleedy men.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.50

\N1 Then out it spak the sick woman,  
Sat under the greenwood tree;  
O had your han, young man, she said,  
She\`s a woman as well as me.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.51

\N1 Then out it speaks anither youth,  
Among the companie;  
Gin I had kent what I ken now,  
\`Tis for her I woud dee.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.52

\N1 `O wae mat worth you, Rose the Red,  
An ill death mat ye dee!  
Altho ye tauld upo yoursell,  
Ye might hae heald on me.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.53

\N1 `O for her sake I was content  
For to gae ower the sea;  
For her I left my mither\`s ha,  
Tho she proves fause to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 103B.54

\N1 But whan these lovers were made known,  
They sung right joyfullie,  
Nae blyther was the nightingale,  
Nor bird that sat on tree.

\SBALLADS Child 103B.55  
\N1 Now they hae married these ladies,  
Brought them to bower and ha;  
And now a happy life they lead;  
I wish sae may we a\'.  
\LBALLADS Child 103C.1  
\N1 THE king has wedded an ill woman,  
Into some foreign land;  
His daughters twa, that stood in awe,  
They bravely sat and sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 103C.2  
\N1 Then in became their step-mother,  
Sae stately steppin ben:  
'O gin I live and bruik my life,  
I'll gar ye change your tune.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103C.3  
\N1 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,  
But we will sing again;  
\N1 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,  
But we will sing again;  
\N1 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,  
But we will sing again;  
\N1 'O we sang neer that sang, ladie,  
But we will sing again;  
And ye neer boor that son, ladie,  
But we will sing again;  
And ye neer boor that son, ladie,  
We wad lay our love on.  
\SBALLADS Child 103C.4  
\N1 'But we will cow our yellow locks  
A little abune our bree,  
And we will on to gude greenwud,  
And serve for meat and fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 103C.5  
\N1 'And we will kilt our gay claithing  
A little below the knee,  
And we will on to gude greenwud,  
Gif Robin Hood we see.  
And we will on to gude greenwud,  
Gif Robin Hood we see.  
And we will on to gude greenwud,  
Gif Robin Hood we see.  
And we will on to gude greenwud,  
Gif Robin Hood we see.  
\SBALLADS Child 103C.6  
\N1 'And we will change our ain twa names,  
When we gae frae the toun;  
The tane we will call Nicholas,  
The tither Rogee Roun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 103C.7  
\N1 Then they hae cowl their yellow locks  
A little abune their bree,  
And they are on to gude greenwud,  
To serve for meat and fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 103C.8  
\N1 And they hae kilt their gay claithing  
A little below their knee,  
And they are on to gud greenwud,  
Gif Robin Hood they see.  
\SBALLADS Child 103C.9

\N1 And they hae chang\'d thair ain twa names,  
Whan they gaed frae the toun;  
The tane they\'ve called Nicholas,  
The tither Rogee Roun.

\SBALLADS Child 103C.10

\N1 And they hae staid in gude greenwud,  
And never a day thought lang,  
Till it fell ance upon a day  
That Rogee sang a sang.

\SBALLADS Child 103C.11

\N1 `Whan we were in our father\'s bouer,  
We sewd the silken seam;  
But now we walk the gude greenwud,  
And bear anither name.

\SBALLADS Child 103C.12

\N1 `When we were in our father\'s ha,  
We wore the beaten gold;  
But now we wear the shield sae sharp;  
Alas, we\'ll die with cold!'

\SBALLADS Child 103C.13

\N1 Then up bespak him Robin Hood,  
As he to them drew near:

`Instead of boys to carry the bow,  
Two ladies we\'ve got here.'

\SBALLADS Child 103C.14

\N1 So they had not been in gud greenwud  
A twalmonth and a day,  
Till Rogee Roun was as big wi bairn  
As onie lady could gae.

\SBALLADS Child 103C.15

\N1 `O wae be to my stepmother,  
That garrd me leave my hame!  
For I\'m wi bairn to Robin Hood,  
And near nine month is gane.

\SBALLADS Child 103C.16

\N1 `O wha will be my bouer-woman?  
Na bouer-woman is here;

O wha will be my bouer-woman,  
Whan that sad time draws near?'

\SBALLADS Child 103C.17

\N1 Then up bespak him Robin Hood,  
At the foot o yon greenwud tree:  
O hold your tongue, fair Rogee Roun,  
For married ye sall be.

\SBALLADS Child 103C.18

\N1 The tane was wedded to Robin Hood,  
And the tither to Little John;  
And it was a\' owing to their stepmother,  
That garrd them leave their hame.

\LBALLADS Child 104A.1

\N1 LADY MARGERIE MAY sits in her bower,  
Sewing at her seem;

By there comes a heathen knight,  
From her her maidenhead has tane.

\SBALLADS Child 104A.2

\N1 He has put her in a tower strong,  
With double locks on fifty doors:

`Lady Margery May, will you ga now?'

`O ye heathen knight, not yet for you.

\SBALLADS Child 104A.3

\N1 `I am asking, you heathen knight;  
What I am asking will you grant to me?  
Will ye let one of your waitmen  
A drink of your well bring to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 104A.4  
\N1 `Meat nor drink you shall never get,  
Nor out of that shall you never come,  
Meat nor drink shall you never get,  
Until you bear to me daughter or son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104A.5  
\N1 Thus time drew on, and further on,  
For travail came this young lady to;  
She travailed up, so did she down,  
But lighter could she never be.  
\SBALLADS Child 104A.6  
\N1 `An asking, an asking, you heathen knight;  
An asking will you grant to me?  
Will you give me a scread of silk,  
For to row your young son wi?'  
\SBALLADS Child 104A.7  
\N1 He took the horse-sheet in his hand,  
The tears came twinkling down:  
`Lady Margaret May, will ye ga now?'  
`O ye heathen knight, not yet for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104A.8  
\N1 `I'll wash my young son with the milk,  
I will dry my young son with the silk;  
For hearts will break, and bands will bow;  
So dear will I love my lady now!'  
\LBALLADS Child 104B.1  
\N1 LADY MARGARET sat in her bower-door,  
Sewing at her silken seem,  
When by it came Prince Heathen then,  
An gae to her a gay gold ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.2  
\N1 He turnd about, an gied a bow;  
She said, Begone, I love na you;  
When he sware by his yellow hair  
That he woud gar her greet fu sair.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.3  
\N1 But she sware by her milk-white skin  
Prince Heathen shoud gar her greet nane:  
\N1 But she sware by her milk-white skin  
Prince Heathen shoud gar her greet nane:  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.3r  
\N1 `O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
`Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.4  
\N1 He's taen her in his arms twa,  
Laid her between him an the wa,  
An ere he let her free again,  
Her maidenhead frae her he's taen.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.4r  
\N1 `O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
`Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.5  
\N1 `I killd your father in his bed,  
And your gay mother by his side,  
And your seven brothers, ane by ane,  
And they were seven pretty men.

\SBALLADS Child 104B.5r  
\N1 O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.6  
\N1 `I`ll put you in a vault o stone,  
Where f+ive an thirty locks hing on;  
Naebody there then shall you see,  
For I will keep the keys wi me.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.6r  
\N1 O bonny may, winna ye greet now?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, nae yet for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.7  
\N1 `He`'s put her in a vault o stone,  
Where f+ive an thirty locks hing on;  
Naebody there coud eer her see,  
Prince Heathen kept the keys him wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.7r  
\N1 But ae she cried, What shall I do!  
The heathenish dog has gart me rue.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.8  
\N1 Prince heathen from the mountains came,  
Attended by his armed men,  
And he`'s gane to the bonny may,  
And to the prison where she lay:  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.8r  
\N1 `O bonny may, what do you now?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.9  
\N1 `I`ll take you out upon the green,  
Where women ye shall neer see ane,  
But only me and my young men,  
Till ye bring daughter hame or son.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.9r  
\N1 O bonny may, what do you now?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.10  
\N1 He`'s taen her out upon the green,  
Where she saw women never ane,  
But only him and `s merry young men,  
Till she brought hame a bonny young son.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.1r  
\N1 `O bonny may, what do you now?'  
'Ye heathenish dog, dying for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.11  
\N1 `A drink, a drink, frae Prince Heathen`'s hand,  
Though it were frae yon cauld well strong!'  
'O neer a drap, Prince Heathen,' said one,  
'Till ye row up your bonny young son.'  
'How can I row up my bonny young son.'  
When I hae naething to row him in?'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.12  
\N1 `I will lend you my horse`'s sheet,  
That will row him baith head and feet.'  
As soon`'s she took it in her han,  
Tears oer her cheeks down rapping ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.1r  
\N1 `O bonny may, ye do greet now:'  
'Ye heathenish dog, but nae for you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.13  
\N1 `But a`' is for my bonny young son;

Your sheets are rough to row him in;  
Ohon, alas, sair may I rue  
That eer I saw such rogues as you!'  
\SBALLADS Child 104B.14  
\N1 `Ye`'ll row my young son in the silk,  
An ye will wash him wi the milk,  
An lay my lady very saft,  
That I may see her very aft.'  
When hearts are broken, bands will bow;  
Sae well`'s he loved his lady now!  
\LBALLADS Child 105.1  
\N1 THERE was a youth, and a well belovd youth,  
And he was a esquire`s son,  
He loved the bayliff`s daughter dear,  
That lived in Islington.  
\SBALLADS Child 105.2  
\N1 She was coy, and she would not believe  
That he did love her so,  
No, nor at any time she would  
Any countenance to him show.  
\SBALLADS Child 105.3  
\N1 But when his friends did understand  
His fond and foolish mind,  
They sent him up to fair London,  
An apprentice for to bind.  
\SBALLADS Child 105.4  
\N1 And when he had been seven long years,  
And his love he had not seen,  
`Many a tear have I shed for her sake  
When she little thought of me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 105.5  
\N1 All the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and play;  
All but the bayliff`s daughter dear;  
She secretly stole away.  
\SBALLADS Child 105.6  
\N1 She put off her gown of gray,  
And put on her puggish attire;  
She`s up to fair London gone,  
Her true-love to require.  
\SBALLADS Child 105.7  
\N1 As she went along the road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
There was she aware of her true-love,  
At length came riding by.  
\SBALLADS Child 105.8  
\N1 She stept to him, as red as any rose,  
And took him by the bridle-ring:  
`I pray you, kind sir, give me one penny,  
To ease my weary limb.'  
\SBALLADS Child 105.9  
\N1 `I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me  
Where that thou wast born?'  
`At Islington, kind sir,' said she,  
Where I have had many a scorn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 105.10  
\N1 `I prithee, sweetheart, canst thou tell me  
Whether thou dost know  
The bailiff`s daughter of Islington?'  
`She`s dead, sir, long ago.'

\SBALLADS Child 105.11

\N1 `Then will I sell my goodly steed,  
My saddle and my bow;  
I will into some far countrey,  
Where no man doth me know.'

\SBALLADS Child 105.12

\N1 `O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth!  
She\'s alive, she is not dead;  
Here she standeth by thy side,  
And is ready to be thy bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 105.13

\N1 `O farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
Ten thousand times and more!  
For now I have seen my own true-love,  
That I thought I should have seen no more.'

\LBALLADS Child 106.1

\N1 YOU beautious ladies, great and small,  
I write unto you one and all,  
Whereby that you may understand  
What I have suffered in this land.

\SBALLADS Child 106.2

\N1 I was by birth a lady fair,  
My father\'s chief and onely heir,  
But when my good old father dy\'d,  
Then was I made a young knight\'s bride.  
But when my good old father dy\'d,  
Then was I made a young knight\'s bride.  
But when my good old father dy\'d,  
Then was I made a young knight\'s bride.

\SBALLADS Child 106.3

\N1 And then my love built me a bower,  
Bedeckt with many a fragrant f+lower;  
A braver bower you never did see  
Then my true-love did build for me.

\SBALLADS Child 106.4

\N1 But there came thieves late in the night,  
They rob\'d my bower, and slew my knight,  
And after that my knight was slain,  
I could no longer there remain.

\SBALLADS Child 106.5

I could no longer there remain.

\SBALLADS Child 106.5

\N1 My servants all from me did f+lye,  
In the midst of my extremity,  
And left me by my self alone,  
In the midst of my extremity,  
And left me by my self alone,  
With a heart more cold then any stone.

\SBALLADS Child 106.6

\N1 Yet, though my heart was full of care,  
Heaven would not suffer me to despair;  
Wherefore in hast I chang\'d my name  
From Fair Elise to Sweet William.

\SBALLADS Child 106.7

\N1 And therewithal I cut my hair,  
And drest my self in man\'s attire,  
My doublet, hose, and bever-hat,  
And a golden band about my neck.

\SBALLADS Child 106.8

\N1 With a silver rapier by my side,



So like a gallant I did ride;  
The thing that I delighted on,  
Was for to be a serving-man.

\SBALLADS Child 106.9

Was for to be a serving-man.

\SBALLADS Child 106.9

Was for to be a serving-man.

\SBALLADS Child 106.9

\N1 Thus in my sumptuous man\'s array,  
I bravely rode along the way;  
And at the last it chanced so  
That I unto the king\'s court did go.

\SBALLADS Child 106.10

\N1 Then to the king I bowed full low,  
My love and duty for to show,  
And so much favour I did crave  
My love and duty for to show,  
And so much favour I did crave  
My love and duty for to show,  
And so much favour I did crave  
My love and duty for to show,  
And so much favour I did crave  
My love and duty for to show,  
And so much favour I did crave  
My love and duty for to show,  
And so much favour I did crave  
That I a serving-man\'s place might have.

\SBALLADS Child 106.11

\N1 `Stand up, brave youth, the king replyd,  
`Thy service shall not be denyd;  
But tell me first what thou canst do;  
Thou shalt be fitted thereunto.

\SBALLADS Child 106.12

\N1 `Wilt thou be usher of my hall,  
To wait upon my nobles all?  
Or wilt thou be taster of my wine,  
To wait on me when I shall dine?

\SBALLADS Child 106.13

\N1 `Or wilt thou be my chamberlain,  
To make my bed both soft and fine?  
Or wilt thou be one of my guard?  
And I will give thee thy reward.'

\SBALLADS Child 106.14

\N1 Sweet William, with a smiling face,  
Said to the king, If\'t please your grace  
To show such favour unto me,  
Your chamberlain I fain would be.

\SBALLADS Child 106.15

\N1 The king then did the nobles call,  
To ask the counsel of them all,  
Who gave consent Sweet William he  
The king\'s own chamberlain should be.

\SBALLADS Child 106.16

\N1 Now mark what strange things come to pass:  
As the king one day a hunting was,  
With all his lords and noble train,  
Sweet William did at home remain.

\SBALLADS Child 106.17

\N1 Sweet William had no company then  
With him at home but an old man;  
And when he saw the coast was clear,  
He took a lute which he had there.

And when he saw the coast was clear,  
He took a lute which he had there.  
And when he saw the coast was clear,  
He took a lute which he had there.  
\SBALLADS Child 106.18  
He took a lute which he had there.  
\SBALLADS Child 106.18  
\N1 Upon the lute Sweet William plaid,  
And to the same he sung and said,  
With a pleasant and most noble voice,  
Which made the old man to rejoyce:  
\SBALLADS Child 106.19  
\N1 `My father was as brave a lord  
As ever Europe did afford;  
\N1 `My father was as brave a lord  
As ever Europe did afford;  
My mother was a lady bright,  
My husband was a valiant knight.  
My mother was a lady bright,  
My husband was a valiant knight.  
My mother was a lady bright,  
My husband was a valiant knight.  
\SBALLADS Child 106.20  
\N1 `And I my self a lady gay,  
Bedeckt with gorgious rich array;  
The bravest lady in the land  
Had not more pleasures to command.  
\SBALLADS Child 106.21  
\N1 `I had my musick every day,  
Harmonious lessons for to play;  
I had my virgins fair and free,  
Harmonious lessons for to play;  
I had my virgins fair and free,  
Continually to wait on me.  
I had my virgins fair and free,  
Continually to wait on me.  
\SBALLADS Child 106.22  
\N1 `But now, alas! my husband\'s dead,  
And all my friends are from me fled;  
My former joys are past and gone,  
For now I am a serving-man.'  
My former joys are past and gone,  
For now I am a serving-man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 106.23  
\N1 At last the king from hunting came,  
And presently upon the same  
He called for the good old man,  
And thus to speak the king began.  
\SBALLADS Child 106.24  
\N1 `What news, what news, old man?' quod he;  
`What news hast thou to tell to me?'  
`Brave news,' the old man he did say;  
`Sweet William is a lady gay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 106.25  
\N1 `If this be true thou tellest me  
I\'le make thee a lord of high degree;  
But if thy words do prove a lye,  
Thou shalt be hanged up presently.'  
\SBALLADS Child 106.26  
\N1 But when the king the truth had found,

His joys did more and more abound;  
According as the old man did say,  
Sweet William was a lady gay.

\SBALLADS Child 106.27

\N1 Therefore the king without delay  
Put on her glorious rich array,  
And upon her head a crown of gold,  
Which was most famous to behold.

\SBALLADS Child 106.28

\N1 And then, for fear of further strife,  
He took Sweet William for his wife;  
The like before was never seen,  
A serving-man to be a queen.

\LBALLADS Child 107A.1

\N1 ADLATTS parke is wyde and broad,  
And grass growes greene in our countrye;  
\N1 ADLATTS parke is wyde and broad,  
And grass growes greene in our countrye;  
Eche man can gett the loue of his ladye,  
But alas, I can gett none of mine!

\SBALLADS Child 107A.2

\N1 Itt\ 's by two men I sing my song,  
Their names is W\ii\rll\iiam\r Stewart and Iohn;  
Will\iiam\r he is the elder brother,  
But Iohn hee is the wiser man.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.3

\N1 But Will\iiam\r he is in care-bed layd,  
And for the loue of a f+faire ladye;  
If he haue not the loue of the Erle of Mar\'s daughter,  
In f+faith f+for loue \itha\rt he must dye.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.4

In f+faith f+for loue \itha\rt he must dye.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.4

\N1 Then Iohn was sorry f+for his brother,  
To see him lye and languish soe:

`What do you mourne for, brother?' he saies,  
`I pray you tell to me yo\iu\rr woe.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.5

\N1 `Doe [you] mourne for gold, brother?' he saies,  
`Or doe you mourne f+for f+fee?

Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,

`Or doe you mourne f+for f+fee?

Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,

You neuer saw her w\ii\rth yo\iu\rr eye?'

Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,

You neuer saw her w\ii\rth yo\iu\rr eye?'

Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,

You neuer saw her w\ii\rth yo\iu\rr eye?'

Or doe you mourne for a likesome ladye,

You neuer saw her w\ii\rth yo\iu\rr eye?'

\SBALLADS Child 107A.6

\N1 `I doe not mourne for gold,' he saies,

`Nor I doe not mourne for any f+fee;

But I doe mourne for a likesome ladye,

I neere blinke on her w\ii\rth mine eye.'

\SBALLADS Child 107A.7

\N1 `But when haruest is gotten, my deere brother--

All this is true \itha\rt I tell thee--

Gentlemen, they loue hunting well,

And giue wight-men their cloth and f+fee.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.8

\N1 `Then I\le goe a wooing f+for thy sake,  
In all the speed \itha\rt I can gone,  
And for to see this likesome ladye,  
And hope to send thee good tydings home.'

\SBALLADS Child 107A.9

\N1 Iohn Stewart is gone a wooing for his brother,  
Soe f+farr into f+faire Scottland,  
And left his brother in mikle f+feare,  
Vntill he heard the good tydand.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.10

\N1 And when he came to the Erle of Mar\'s his house,  
Soe well he could his curtesye,  
And when he came before the erle,  
He kneeled low downe vpon his knee.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.11

\N1 `O rise vp, rise vp, Iohn Steward,  
Rise vp, now, I doe bidd thee;

\N1 `O rise vp, rise vp, Iohn Steward,  
Rise vp, now, I doe bidd thee;

How doth thy f+father, Iohn Stewart,  
And all the lords in his countrys?'`

\SBALLADS Child 107A.12

\N1 `And itt please you, my lo\ird\r, my f+father is dead;  
My brother and I cannott agree;  
My brother and I am f+fallen att discord,  
And I am come to craue a service of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 107A.13

\N1 `O welcome, welcome, Iohn Stewart,  
A welcome man thou art to me;  
I\le make thee chamberlaine to my daughter,  
And f+for to tend of \itha\rt ladye soe f+free.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.14

\N1 `And if thou wilt haue a better off+ice,  
Aske, and thou shall haue itt of mee;  
And where I giue other men a penny of wage,  
Inffaith, Iohn, thou shalt haue three.'

\SBALLADS Child 107A.15

\N1 And then bespake him Iohn Stewart,  
And these were the words said hee:

There is no off+ice in yo\iu\rr court  
This day \itha\rt better pleaseth mee.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.16

\N1 The Ffryday is gone, the Sunday is come--  
All this is true \itha\rt I doe say--  
And to the church that they be gone,  
Iohn Stewart and the lady gay.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.17

\N1 And as they did come home againe--  
I-wis itt was a meeten mile--  
Iohn Stewart and the lady gay.  
They thought itt but a [little] while.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.18

\N1 `I am a messenger, ladye,' he saies,  
'I am a messenger to thee:'

`O speake f+for thy selfe, Iohn Stewart,' shee saies,  
'A welcome man \itha\rt thou shalt bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 107A.19

\N1 `Nay, by my f+faith,' saies Iohn Stewart,  
'W\ihi\rch euer, alas \itha\rt may not bee!

He hath a higher degree in honour,  
Allas, ladye, then euer I!

\SBALLADS Child 107A.20

\N1 `He is a lo\ird\r now borne by birth,  
And an erle affter his f+father doth dye;  
His haire is yellow, his eyes beene gray;  
All this is true \itha\rt I tell yee.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.21

\N1 `He is f+f+ine in the middle, and small in the wast,  
And pleasant in a woman\'s eye;  
And more nor this, he dyes for yo\iu\rr loue,  
Therefore, lady, show some pittye.'

\SBALLADS Child 107A.22

\N1 `If this be soe,' then saies the lady,  
'If this be true \itha\rt thou tells mee,  
By my f+faith then, Iohn Stewart,  
I can loue him hartilye.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.23

\N1 `Bidd him meete me att St Patr<i>cke\'s Church  
On Sunday after St Andrew\'s day;  
The f+f+lower of Scottland will be there,  
And then begins our summer\'s play.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.24

\N1 `And bidd him bring w\ii\rth him a hundred gunners,  
And rawnke ryders lett them bee,  
And lett them bee of the rankest ryders  
\iTha\rt be to be f+found in \itha\rt countrye.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.25

\N1 `They best and worst, and all in like,  
Bidd him cloth them in one liuerye;  
And f+for his men, greene is the best,  
And greene now lett their liueryes bee.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.26

\N1 `And clothe himselfe in scarlett redd,  
\iTha\rt is soe seemlye f+for to see;  
Ffor scarlett is a f+faire coulour,  
And pleasant allwayes in a woman\'s eye.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.27

\N1 `He must play sixteene games att ball,  
Against the men of this countrye,  
And if he winn the greater p\iar\rt,  
Then I shall love him more tenderlye.'

\SBALLADS Child 107A.28

\N1 What the lady said, Iohn Stewart writt,  
And to Argyle Castle sent it hee;  
And [when] Willie Steward saw the letter,  
Fforth of care-bed then lope hee.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.29

\N1 Hee mustered together his merry men all,  
Hee mustered them soe louelilye;  
Hee thought hee had had scarson halfe a hundred,  
Then had hee eleuen score and three.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.30

\N1 He chose f+forth a hundred of the best  
\iTha\rt were to be f+found in \itha\rt countrye,  
He cladd them all in one coulour,  
And greene i-wis their liueryes bee.

\SBALLADS Child 107A.31

\N1 He cladd himselfe in scarlett redd,  
\iTha\rt is soe seemlye f+for to see;

Ffor scarlett is a f+faire coulor,  
 And seemlye in a woman\'s eye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.32  
 \N1 And then towards Patricke Church he went,  
 W\ii\rth all his men in braue array,  
 To gett a sight, if he might,  
 And speake w\ii\rth his lady gay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.33  
 \N1 When they came to Patricke\'s churche,  
 Shee kneeled downe by her mother trulye:  
 `O mother, if itt please you to giue me leaue,  
 The Stewart\'s horsse f+faine wold I see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.34  
 \N1 `I\'le giue you leaue, my deere daughter,  
 And I and my maide will goe w\ii\rth yee:'  
 The lady had rather haue gone her selfe  
 Then haue had her mother\'s companye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.35  
 \N1 When they came before Willie Steward,  
 Soe well hee cold his curtesye:  
 `I wold kisse yo\iu\rr daughter, ladye,' he said,  
 `And if yo\iu\rr will \itha\rt soe itt bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.36  
 \N1 The ladye\'s mother was content  
 To doe a straunger \itha\rt curtesye;  
 And when Willie had gotten a kisse,  
 I-wis shee might haue teemed him three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.37  
 \N1 Sixteen games were plaid \itha\rt day there--  
 This is the truth as I doe say--  
 Willie Stewart and his merry men,  
 The+: carryed twelue of them away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.38  
 \N1 And when they games \itha\rt they were done,  
 And all they f+folkes away were gone  
 But the Erle of Marr and Will\iiam\r Stewart,  
 The erle wold needs haue Will\iiam\r home.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.39  
 \N1 And when they came vnto the erle\'s howse,  
 They walked to a garden greene;  
 Ffor to conferr of their bussines,  
 Into the garden they be gone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.40  
 \N1 `I loue yo\iu\rr daughter,' saies Will\iiam\r Stewart,  
 `But I cannott tell whether she loueth mee:'  
 `Marry, God defend,' saies the Erle of Mar,  
 '\iTha\rt euer soe \itha\rt itt shold bee!  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.41  
 \N1 `I had rather a gallowes there was made,  
 And hange thee f+for my daughter\'s sake;  
 I had rather a f+fyer were made att a stake,  
 And burne thee f+for my daughter\'s sake!  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.42  
 \N1 `To chamber, to chamber, gay ladye,' he saies,  
 `In the deuill\'s name now I bidd thee!  
 And thou gett thee not to the chamber soone,  
 I\'le beate thee before the Stewart\'s eye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.43  
 \N1 And then bespake Will\iiam\r Stewart,  
 These were the words said hee:

`If thou beate thy daughter for my sake,  
 Thou\'st beate a hundred men and mee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.44  
 \N1 Then bespake Iohn Stewart--  
 Lo\ird\r! an angry man was hee--  
 `O churle, if thou wouldest not haue macht w\ii\rth my brother,  
 Thou might haue answerd him curteouslye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.45  
 \N1 `O hold thy peace, Iohn Stewart,  
 And chamber thy words now, I bidd thee;  
 If thou chamber not thy words soone,  
 Thou\'st loose a good service; soe shalt thou doe me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.46  
 \N1 `Marry! hang them \itha\rt cares,' saies Iohn Stewart,  
 `Either f+for thy service or f+for thee;  
 Services can I haue enoughe,  
 But brethren wee must euer bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.47  
 \N1 Will\iiam\r Stewart and his brother Iohn,  
 To Argyle Castle gon they bee;  
 And when Willye came to Argyle Castle,  
 Into care-bedd then lope hee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.48  
 \N1 A parlaiment att Edenborrow was made,  
 The k\iing\r and his nobles all mett there;  
 The+: sent f+for Will\iiam\r Stewart and Iohn,  
 To come amongst the other peeres.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.49  
 \N1 Their clothing was of scarlett redd,  
 \iTha\rt was soe seemelye f+for to see;  
 Blacke hattes, white f+feathers plewed w\ii\rth gold,  
 And sett all on their heads trulye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.50  
 \N1 Their stockings were of twisted silke,  
 W\ii\rth garters f+fringed about w\ii\rth gold;  
 Their shoes were of the cordevine,  
 And all was comelye to behold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.51  
 \N1 And when they came to Edenborrowe,  
 They called f+for Iohn Stew\iart\r and Willie:  
 `I answer in a l\iord\r\'s roome,' saies Will Stewart,  
 `But an erle I hope to bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.52  
 \N1 `Come downe, come downe,' saies the Lo\ird\r of Marr,  
 `I knew not what was thy degree:'  
 `O churle, if I might not haue macht w\ii\rth thy daughter,  
 Itt had not beene long of my degree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.53  
 \N1 `My f+father, hee is the k\iing\r his brother,  
 And then the k\iing\r is vnckle to me;  
 O churle, if I might not haue macht w\ii\rth thy daughter,  
 Itt had not beene long of my degree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.54  
 \N1 `O hold yo\iu\rr peace,' then sayd the k\iing\r,  
 `Cozen William, I doe bidd thee;  
 Infaith, cozen Will\iiam\r, he loues you the worsse  
 Because you are a-kinn to mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.55  
 \N1 `I\'le make thee an erle w\ii\rth a siluer wande,  
 And adde more honors still to thee;

Thy brother Iohn shall be a lord,  
 Of the best att home in his countrye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.56  
 \N1 `Thy brother Kester shalbe a k\inigh\rt,  
 Lands and liuings I will him giue,  
 And still hee shall liue in court w\ii\rth mee,  
 And I\le maintaine him whilest he doth liue.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.57  
 \N1 And when the p\iar\rlaiment was done,  
 And all the f+folkes away were gone,  
 Willye Stewart and Iohn his brother,  
 To Argyle Castle they be gone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.58  
 \N1 But when they came to Argyle Castle,  
 That was soe f+farr in \itha\rt countrye,  
 He thought soe much then of his loue  
 \iTha\rt into care-bedd then lope hee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.59  
 \N1 Iohn Stewart did see his brother soe ill,  
 Lo\ird\r in his heart \itha\rt hee was woe!  
 `I will goe wooing for thy sake  
 Againe yonder gay ladye to.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.60  
 \N1 `I\le cloth my selfe in strange array,  
 In a beggar\'s habbitt I will goe,  
 \iTha\rt when I come before the Erle of Marr  
 My clothing strange he shall not knowe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.61  
 \N1 Iohn hee gott on a clouted cloake,  
 Soe meete and low then by his knee,  
 W\ii\rth four garters vpon one legg,  
 Two aboue, and towe below trulye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.62  
 \N1 `But if thou be a beggar, brother,  
 Thou art a beggar \itha\rt is vnknowne;  
 Ffor thou art one of the stoutest beggars  
 \iTha\rt euer I saw since I was borne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.63  
 \N1 `Heere, geeue the lady this gay gold ringe,  
 A token to her \itha\rt well is knowne;  
 And if shee but aduise itt well,  
 Shee\le know some time itt was her owne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.64  
 \N1 `Stay, by my f+faith, I goe not yett,'  
 Iohn Stew\iart\r he can repleye;  
 `I\le haue my bottle f+full of beere,  
 The best \itha\rt is in thy butterye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.65  
 \N1 `I\le haue my sachell f+f+illd full of meate,  
 I am sure, brother, [it] will doe noe harme;  
 Ffor, before I come to the Erle of Marr\'s his house,  
 My lipps, I am sure, they wilbe warme.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.66  
 \N1 And when he came to the Erle of Marr\'s house,  
 By chance itt was of the dole-day;  
 But Iohn cold f+f+ind no place to stand,  
 Vntill he came to the ladye gaye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.67  
 \N1 But many a beggar he threw downe,  
 And made them all w\ii\rth weeping say,



He is the devill, hee is no beggar,  
 \iTha\rt is come f+forth of some strange countrye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.68  
 \N1 And now the dole \itha\rt itt is delte,  
 And all the beggars he gon away,  
 Sauing Iohn Stewart, \itha\rt seemed a beggar,  
 And the ladye \itha\rt was soe gay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.69  
 As by my clothes you may thinke \ithat\r I bee;  
 As by my clothes you may thinke \itha\rt I bee;  
 I am yo\iu\rr servant, Iohn Stewart,  
 And I am sent a messenger to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.70  
 \N1 `But if thou be Iohn Stewart,  
 As I doe thinke \itha\rt thou bee,  
 Avayle thy capp, avayle thy hoode,  
 And I will stand and speake to thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.71  
 \N1 `How doth thy brother, Iohn Stewart,  
 And all the lo\ird\rs in his countrye?'  
 `O f+fye vpon thee, wicked woman!  
 My brother he doth the worsse f+for thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.72  
 \N1 With \itha\rt the teares stood in her eyes;  
 O lord, shee wept soe tenderlye!  
 Sais, Ligg the blame vnto my f+father;  
 I pray you, Iohn Stew\iart\r, lay itt not to mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.73  
 \N1 Comend me to my owne true-loue,  
 \iTha\rt liues soe farr in the North countrye,  
 And bidd him meete me att Martingsdale,  
 \iTha\rt liues soe farr in the North countrye,  
 And bidd him meete me att Martingsdale,  
 Ffullye w<i>thin these dayes three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.74  
 \N1 Hang them, sais the lady gay,  
 \iTha\rt letts their f+father witting bee!  
 I\le proue a ladye f+full of loue,  
 And be there by the sunn be a quarter highe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.75  
 \N1 And bidd him bring w\ii\rth him a hundred gunners,  
 And ranke riders lett them bee;  
 Lett them be of the rankest ryders  
 \iTha\rt be to be f+found in \itha\rt countrye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.76  
 \N1 The best and worse, and all in like,  
 Bidd him clothe them in one liuerye;  
 And for his men, greene is the best,  
 And greene now lett their lyueryes bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.77  
 \N1 And cloth himselfe in scarlett redd,  
 \iTha\rt is soe seemelye for to see;  
 For scarlett is a f+faire coulor,  
 And pleasant in a woman\'s eye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.78  
 \N1 What they lady sayd, Iohn Stewart writt,  
 To Argyle Castle sent itt hee;  
 His bagg and his dish and showing horne,  
 Unto three beggars he gaue them all three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.79

\N1 And when Willie Stewart saw the letter,  
 Fforth of care-bed then lope hee;  
 He thought himselfe as lustye and sound  
 As any man in \itha\rt countrye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.80

\N1 He mustered together his merrymen all,  
 He mustered them soe louinglye;  
 He thought he had had scarce halfe a hundred,  
 Then had hee eleuen score and three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.81

\N1 He chose f+forth a hundred of the best  
 \iTha\rt were to be found in \itha\rt companye,  
 And p\ire\rsentlye they tooke their horsse,  
 And to Martingsdale posted hee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.82

\N1 And when he came to Martingsdale,  
 He found his loue staying there trulye,  
 For shee was a lady true of loue,  
 And was there by [the] sunn was a qwarter highe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.83

\N1 Shee kisst Will\i iam\r Stewart and his brother Iohn,  
 Soe did shee p\iar\rt of his merry men:  
 `If the churle, thy f+father, hee were here,  
 He shold not haue thee backe againe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.84

\N1 They sent f+for preist, they sent f+for clarke,  
 And they were marryed there w\ii\rth speede;  
 Will\i iam\r tooke the lady home w\ii\rth him,  
 And they liued together long time indeed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.85

\N1 And in twelue monthe soe they wrought,  
 The lady shee was great w\ii\rth childe;  
 The sent Iohn Stewart to the Erle off Marre,  
 To come and christen the barne soe milde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.86

\N1 `And if this be soe,' sayes the Erle of Marre,  
 `Iohn Stewart, as thou tells mee,  
 I hope in God you haue marryed my daughter,  
 And put her bodye to honestye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.87

\N1 `Nay, by my f+faith,' then saies Iohn Stewart,  
 `Ffor euer alas \itha\rt shall not bee;  
 Ffor now wee haue put her body to shame,  
 Thou\'st haue her againe hame to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.88

\N1 `I had rather make thee Erle of Marre,  
 And marry my daughter vnto thee;  
 For by my f+faith,' sais the Erle of Marr,  
 `Her marryage is marrd in our countrye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.89

\N1 `If this be soe,' then sais Iohn Stewart,  
 `A marryage soone \itha\rt thou shalt see;  
 Ffor my brother William, my f+father\'s heyre,  
 Shall marry thy daughter before thine eye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 107A.90

\N1 They sent f+for preist, the+: sent f+for clarke,  
 And marryed there they were w\ii\rth speed;  
 And William Stewart is Erle of Marr,  
 And his f+father-in-law dwells w\ii\rth him indeed.  
 \LBALLADS Child 107B.1

\N1 `SPEAK for yoursell, John Stewart,' he did say,  
`Speak for yoursell, John Stewart,' he did say,  
`Speak for yoursell, John Stewart,' he did say,  
`And soon an answer I will gie to thee;  
The highest service I can give thee  
Is to wait on my daughter Ailly.  
\SBALLADS Child 107B.2  
\N1 ' . . . . .

. . . . .  
If ever I gie a man a penny wage,  
I\'m sure, John Stewart, ye shall hae three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 107B.3  
\N1 `I speak not for mysell,' John Stewart he did say,  
`I speak for a lord of a higher degree;  
The message is from my brother William,  
Your loving daughter\'s husband to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 107B.4  
\N1 ' . . . . .

. . . . .  
\N3 i\'ll rather beat fair Ailly in my leather bang,  
As lang as she can either stand or gang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 107B.5  
\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .  
`Ye hadna beat her before my face  
Or ye\'ll beat three hundred men and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 107B.6  
\N1 When william came to Mulbery Hall,  
He kissd the ladies one and all;  
But when he cam to fair Ailly,  
She thought he might hae gaen her twa or three.  
\SBALLADS Child 107B.7  
\N1 Between the kitchen and the garden  
It is calld a measured mile;  
That lady and that lord fell into discourse,  
And they thought they rode it in a short while.  
Chorus: Tring dilly, tring dilly, tring ding dido,  
Tring dilly, tring dilly, dolo dee.

\LBALLADS Child 108.1  
\N1 AS I walked f+forth one morninge,  
By one place \itha\rt pleased mee,  
Wherin I heard a wandering wight,  
Sais, Christopher White isgood companye.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.2  
\N1 I drew me neere, and very neere,  
Till I was as neere as neere cold bee;  
Loth I was her counsell to discreene,  
Because I wanted companye.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.3  
\N1 `Say on, say on, thou well faire mayd,  
Why makest thou moane soe heaulye?'  
Sais, All is f+for one wandering wight,  
Is banished f+forth of his owne countrys.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.4  
\N1 `I am the burgesse of Edenburrow,  
Soe am I more of townes three;  
I haue money and gold great store,  
Come, sweet wench, and ligg thy loue on mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 108.5

\N1 The merchant pulled forth a bagg of gold  
W\ihi\rch had hundreds two or three;  
Sais, Euery day throughout the weeke  
I\'le comt as much downe on thy knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.6  
\N1 `O merchant, take thy gold againe,  
A good liuing \'twill purchase thee;  
If I be f+false to Chr\iistopher\r White,  
Merchant, I cannott be true to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 108.7  
\N1 Sais, I haue halls, soe haue I bowers,  
Sais, I haue shipps sayling on the sea;  
I ame the burgess of Edenburrowe;  
Come, sweete wench, ligge thy loue on mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.8  
\N1 Come on, come, thou well faire mayde,  
Of our matters lett vs goe throughe,  
For to-morrowe I\'le marry thee,  
And thy dwelling shalbe in Edenburrough.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.9  
\N1 The lady shee tooke this gold in her hand,  
The teares the+: f+fell f+fast f+from her eye;  
Sais, Siluer and gold makes my hart to turne,  
And makes me leaue good companye.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.10  
\N1 They had not beene marryed  
Not ouer monthes two or three,  
But tydings came to Edenburrowe  
\iTha\rt all the merchants must to the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.11  
\N1 Then as this lady sate in a deske,  
Shee made a loue-letter f+full round;  
Shee mad a l\iett\rrre to Chr\iistopher\r White,  
And in itt shee put a hundred pound.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.12  
\N1 Shee lin\'d the letter w\ii\rth gold soe red,  
And mony good store in itt was found;  
Shee sent itt to Chr\iistopher\r White,  
\iTha\rt was soe f+far in the Scotts ground.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.13  
\N1 Shee bade him then f+frankely spend,  
And looke \itha\rt hee shold merry bee,  
And bid him come to Edenburrowe,  
Now all the merchants be to the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.14  
\N1 But Chr\iistopher\r came to leeu London,  
And there he kneeled lowly downe,  
And there hee begd his p\iar\rdon then,  
Of our noble k\iing\r \itha\rt ware the crowne.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.15  
\N1 But when he came to his true-loue\'s house,  
W\ihi\rch was made both of lime and stone,  
Shee tooke him by the lily-white hand,  
Sais, True-loue, you are welcome home!  
\SBALLADS Child 108.16  
\N1 Welcome, my honey, welcome, my ioy,  
Welcome, my true-loue; home to mee!  
Ffor thou art hee \itha\rt will lengthen my dayes,  
And I know thou art good companye.  
\SBALLADS Child 108.17

\N1 Chr\iistopher\r, I am a merchant\'s wiffe;  
Chr\iistopher\r, the more shall be yo\iu\rr gaine;  
Siluer and gold you shall haue enough,  
Of the merchant\'s gold \itha\rt is in Spaine.

\SBALLADS Child 108.18

\N1 `But if you be a merchant\'s wiffe,  
Something t'o much you are to blame;  
I will thee reade a loue-lett\ier\r  
Shall sture thy stumpes, thou noble dame.'

\SBALLADS Child 108.19

\N1 `Althoug I be a marchant\'s wiffe,  
. . . shall . . . mine  
. and g . . . . .

Into England I\'le goe w\ii\rth the.'

\SBALLADS Child 108.20

\N1 They packet vp both siluer and plate,  
Siluer and gold soe great plentye,  
And they be gon into Litle England,  
And the marchant must them neu\ier\r see.

\SBALLADS Child 108.21

\N1 And when the merchants they came home,  
Their wiues to eche other can say,  
Heere hath beene good Chr\iistopher\r White,  
And he hath tane thy wiffe away.

\SBALLADS Child 108.22

\N1 They haue packett vp spoone and plate,  
Siluer and gold great plenty,  
And they be gon into Litle England,  
And them againe thow must neu\ier\r see.

\SBALLADS Child 108.23

\N1 `I care nott f+for my siluer and gold,  
Nor for my plate soe great plentye,  
But I mourne for \itha\rt like-some ladye  
\iTha\rt Chr\iistopher\r White hath tane f+from mee.

\SBALLADS Child 108.24

\N1 `But one thing I must needs confesse,  
This lady shee did say to me,  
If shee were f+false to Chr\iistopher\r White,  
Shee cold neu\ier\r be true to mee.

\SBALLADS Child 108.25

\N1 `All young men a warning take,  
A warning, looke, you take by mee;  
Looke \itha\rt you loue yo\iu\rr old loues best,  
For infaith they are best companye.'

\LBALLADS Child 109A.1

\N1 \iall\r you lords of Scottland f+faire,  
And ladyes alsoe, bright of blee,  
There is a ladye amongst them all,  
Of her report you shall heare of me.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.2

\N1 Of her bewtye shee is soe bright,  
And of her colour soe bright of blee;  
Shee is daughter to the Lord Arrndell,  
His heyre apparrant f+for to bee.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.3

`I\'le see \itha\rt bryde,' Lord Phenix sayes,  
'\iTha\rt is a ladye of hye degree,  
And iff I like her countenance well,  
The heyre of all my land shee\'st bee

\SBALLADS Child 109A.4

\N1 To \itha\rt ladye f+fayre Lord Phenix came,  
And to \itha\rt like-some dame said hee,  
Now God thee saue, my ladye f+faire,  
The heyre of all my land tho\'st bee.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.5

\N1 `Leaue of yo\iu\rr suite,' the ladye sayd;  
`You are a lord of honor f+free;  
You may gett ladyes enowe att home,  
And I haue a lour in mine owne countrye.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.6

\N1 `I haue a louer true of mine owne,  
A servinge-man of a small degree;  
Thomas a Pott, itt is his name,  
He is the f+f+irst loue \itha\rt euer I had, and the last \itha\rt hee  
shalbee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.7

\N1 `Giue Thomas a Pott then be his name,  
I wott I ken him soe readilye;  
I can spend forty pounds by weeke,  
And hee cannott spend pounds three.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.8

`God giue you good of yo\iu\rr gold,' said the ladye,  
Hee was the f+f+irst loue \itha\rt euer I had,  
`And alsoe, s\ii\rr, of yo\iu\rr fee!  
Hee was the f+f+irst lour \ithat\r euer I had,  
And the last, s\ii\rr, shall hee bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.9

\N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt Lord Phenix was sore amoued;  
Vnto her f+father then went hee;  
Hee told her f+father how itt was proued,  
How \ithat\r his daughter\'s mind was sett.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.10

\N1 `Thou art my daughter,' the Erle of Arrndell said,  
`They heyre of all my land to bee;  
Thou\'st be bryde to the Lord Phenix,  
Daughter, giue thou\'le be heyre to mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.11

\N1 For lacke of her loue this ladye must lose,  
Her foolish wooing lay all aside;  
The day is appoynted, and f+freinds are agreede;  
Shee is f+forcte to be the Lo\ird\r Phenix bryde.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.12

\N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt the lady began to muse--  
A greeued woman, God wott, was shee--  
How shee might Lo\ird\r Phenix beguile,  
And scape vnmarried f+from him \itha\rt day.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.13

\N1 Shee called to her her litle f+foote-page,  
To Iacke her boy, soe tenderlye;  
Sayes, Come thou hither, thou litle f+foote-page,  
For indeed I dare trust none but thee.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.14

\N1 To Strawberry Castle, boy, thou must goe,  
To Thomas Pott there as hee can bee,  
And giue him here this letter f+faire,  
And on Guilford Greene bidd him meete me.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.15

\N1 Looke thou marke his contenance well,  
And his colour tell to mee;  
And hye thee f+fast, and come againe,

And forty shillings I will giue thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.16  
\N1 For if he blush in his f+face,  
Then in his hart hee\'se sorry bee;  
Then lett my f+father say what hee will,  
For false to Potts I\'le neuer bee.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.17  
\N1 And giue hee smile then w\ii\rth his mouth,  
Then in his heart hee\'le merry be;  
Then may hee gett him a loue where-euer he can,  
For small of his companye my p\iar\rt shalbe.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.18  
\N1 Then one while \itha\rt the boy hee went,  
Another while, God wott, rann hee,  
And when hee came to Strawberry Castle,  
There Thomas Potts hee see.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.19  
\N1 Then he gaue him this letter f+faire,  
And when he began then for to reade,  
They boy had told him by word of mouth  
His loue must be the Lord Phenix bryde.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.20  
\N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt, Thomas a Pott began to blushe,  
The teares trickeled in his eye:  
`Indeed this letter I cannot reede,  
Nor neuer a word to see or spye.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.21  
\N1 `I pray thee, boy, to me thou\'le be trew,  
And heer\'s f+iue marke I will giue thee;  
And all these words thou must peruse,  
And tell thy lady this f+from mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.22  
\N1 `Tell her by f+faith and troth shee is mine owne,  
By some p\iar\rt of p\iro\rmise, and soe itt\'s be found;  
Lo\ird\r Phenix shall neu\ier\r marry her, by night nor day,  
And bidd \itha\rt ladye f+for mee pray;  
W\ii\rthout he can winn her w\ii\rth his hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.23  
\N1 `On Gilford Greene I will her meete,  
And bidd \ithat\r ladye f+for mee pray;  
For there I\'le loose my liffe soe sweete,  
Or else the wedding I will stay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.24  
\N1 Then backe againe the boy he went,  
As f+fast againe as he cold hye;  
The ladye mett him f+iue mile on the way:  
`Why hast hou stayd soe long?' saies shee.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.25  
\N1 `Boy,' said the ladye, 'Thou art but younge;  
To please my mind thou\'le mocke and scorne;  
I will not beleeeue thee on word of mouth,  
Vnlesse on this booke thou wilt be sworne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.26  
\N1 `Marry, by this booke,' the boy can say,  
`As Christ himselfe be true to mee,  
Tho\imas\r Pott cold not his letter reade  
For teares trickling in his eye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.27  
\N1 `If this be true,' the ladye sayd,  
`Thou bonny boy, thou tells to mee,

Forty shillings I did thee p\iro\rmise,  
 But heere\'s ten pounds I\'le giue itt thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.28  
 \N1 `All my maids,' the lady sayd,  
 '\iTha\rt this day doe waite on mee,  
 Wee will f+fall downe vpon our knees,  
 For Tho\imas\r Pott now pray will wee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.29  
 \N1 `If his f+fortune be now f+for to winn-+-  
 Wee will pray to Christ in Trinytye-+-  
 I\'le make him the f+f+lower of all his kinn,  
 Ffor they Lo\ird\r of Arrundale he shalbe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.30  
 \N1 Now lett vs leaue talking of this ladye faire,  
 In her prayer good where shee can bee;  
 And I\'le tell you hou Tho\imas\r Pott  
 For ayd to his lo\ird\r and m\iaster\r came hee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.31  
 \N1 And when hee came Lo\ird\r Iockye before,  
 He kneeled him low downe on his knee;  
 Saies, Thou art welcome, Tho\imas\r Pott,  
 Thou art allwayes full of thy curtesye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.32  
 \N1 Has thou slaine any of thy f+fellowes,  
 Or hast thou wrought me some villanye?  
 `S\ii\r, none of my f+fellowes I haue slaine,  
 Nor I haue wrought you noe villanye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.33  
 \N1 `But I haue a loue in Scottland f+faire,  
 I doubt I must lose her through pouertye;  
 If you will not beleeeue me by word of mouth,  
 Behold the letter shee writt vnto mee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.34  
 \N1 When Lo\ird\r Iockye looked the letter vpon,  
 The tender words in itt cold bee,  
 `Tho\imas\r Pott, take thou no care,  
 Thou\'st neuer loose her throughe pouertye.  
 `Tho\imas\r Pott, take thou no care,  
 Thou\'st neuer loose her throughe pouertye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.35  
 \N1 `Thou shalt have forty pounds a weeke,  
 In gold and siluer thou shalt rowe,  
 And Harbye towne I will thee allowe  
 As longe as thou dost meane to wooe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.36  
 \N1 `Thou shalt haue fortye of thy fellowes f+faire,  
 And forty horsse to goe w\ii\rth thee,  
 And forty speares of the best I haue,  
 And I my-selfe in thy companye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.37  
 \N1 `I thanke you, m\iaster\r,' sayd Tho\imas\r Pott,  
 `Neither man nor boy shall goe w\ii\rth mee;  
 I wold not f+for a thousand pounds  
 Take one man in my companye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.38  
 \N1 `Why then, God be w\ii\rth thee, Tho\imas\r Pott!  
 Thou art well knowen and proued for a man;  
 Looke thou shedd no guiltlesse bloode,  
 Nor neuer confound no gentlman.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.39



\N1 `But looke thou take w\ii\rth him some truce,  
Apoint a place of lybertye;  
Lett him p\iro\rvide as well as hee cann,  
And as well p\iro\rvided thou shalt bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.40

\N1 And when Tho\imas\r Pott came to Gilford Greene,  
And walked there a litle beside,  
Then was hee ware of the lo\ird\r Phenix,  
And w\ii\rth him Ladye Rozamund his bryde.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.41

\N1 Away by the bryde rode Tho\imas\r of Pott,  
But noe word to her \itha\rt he did say;

\N1 Away by the bryde rode Tho\imas\r of Pott,  
But noe word to her \itha\rt he did say;

But when he came Lo\ird\r Phenix before,  
He gaue him the right time of the day.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.42

\N1 `O thou art welcome, Tho\imas\r a Potts,  
How f+fares they lo\ird\r and m\iaster\r att home,  
Thou serving-man, welcome to mee!

How f+fares they lo\ird\r and m\iaster\r att home,  
And all the ladyes in thy cuntrye?'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.43

\N1 `S\ii\rr, my lo\ird\r and my m\iaster\r is in verry good health,  
I wott I ken itt soe readylye;

I pray you, will you ryde to one outsyde,  
A word or towe to talke w\ii\rth mee.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.44

\N1 `You are a nobleman,' sayd Tho\imas\r a Potts,  
'Yee are a borne lo\ird\r in Scottland f+free;

You may gett ladyes enowe att home;  
You shall neuer take my loue f+from mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.45

\N1 `Away, away, thou Tho\imas\r a Potts!  
Thou seruing-man, stand thou a-side!

I wott there\'s not a serving-man this day,  
I know, can hinder mee of my bryde.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.46

\N1 `If I be but a seruing-man,' sayd Tho\imas\r,  
'And you are a lord of honor f+free,

A speare or two I\'le w\ii\rth you runn,  
Before I\'le loose her thus cowardlye.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.47

\N1 `On Gilford Greene,' Lo\ird\r Ph\ienix\r saies, `I\'le thee meete;  
Neither man nor boy shall come hither w\ii\rth mee;'

`And as I am a man,' said Tho\imas\r a Pott,  
'I\'le haue as f+few in my companye.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.48

\N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt the wedding-day was stayd,  
The bryde went vnmarrayed home againe;

Then to her maydens f+fast shee loughe,  
And in her hart shee was f+full f+faine.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.49

\N1 `But all my mayds,' they ladye sayd,  
'\itha\rt this day doe waite on mee,

Wee will f+fall downe againe vpon our knees,  
For Tho\imas\r a Potts now pray will wee.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.50

\N1 `If his f+fortune be f+for to winn--  
Wee\'le pray to Christ in Trynitye--

I\le make him the f+f+lower of all his kinn,  
For the lo\ird\r of Arrundale he shalbe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.51  
\N1 Now let vs leaue talking of this lady fayre,  
In her prayers good where shee can bee;  
I\le tell you the troth how Tho\imas\r a Potts  
For aide to his lord againe came hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.52  
\N1 And when he came to Strawberry Castle,  
To try f+for his ladye he had but one weeke;  
Alacke, f+for sorrow hee cannott f+forbeare,  
For four dayes then he f+fell sicke.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.53  
\N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rth his lo\ird\r and m\iaster\r to him came,  
Sayes, I pray thee, Tho\imas\r, tell mee w\ii\rthout all doubt,  
Whether hast thou gotten the bonny ladye,  
Or thou man gange the ladye w\ii\rthoute.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.54  
\N1 `Marry, m\iaster\r, yett \itha\rth matter is vntryde;  
W\ii\rthin two dayes tryed itt must bee;  
He is a lo\ird\r, and I am but a seruing-man,  
I doubt I must loose her through pouertye.'  
`Why, Tho\imas\r a Pott, take thou no care;  
Thou\st neuer loose her through pouertye.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.55  
\N1 `Thou shalt haue halfe my land a yeere,  
And \itha\rth will raise thee many a pound;  
Before thou shalt loose thy bonny ladye,  
Thou shalt drop angells w\ii\rth him to the ground.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.56  
\N1 `And thou shalt haue forty of thy f+fellowes f+faire,  
And forty horssees to goe w\ii\rth thee,  
And forty speres of the best I haue,  
And I my-selfe in thy companye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.57  
\N1 `I thanke you, m\iaster\r,' sayd Tho\imas\r a Potts,  
`But of one thinge, s\ii\r, I wold be f+faine;  
If I shold loose my bonny ladye,  
How shall I increase yo\iu\r goods againe?'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.58  
\N1 `Why, if thou winn thy lady f+faire,  
Thou maye well f+forth for to pay mee;  
If thou loose thy lady, thou hast losse enoughe;  
Not one penny I will aske thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.59  
\N1 `M\iaster\r, you haue thirty horssees in one hold,  
You keepe them ranke and royallye;  
There\s an old horsse, +-for him you doe not care+-  
This day wold sett my lady f+free.  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.60  
\N1 '\iTha\rth is a white, w\ii\rth a cutt tayle,  
Ffull sixteen yeeres of age is hee;  
Giffe you wold lend me \itha\rth old horsse,  
Then I shold gett her easilye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.61  
\N1 `Thou takes a f+foolish p\iar\r,' the Lo\ird\r Iockye sayd,  
`And a f+foolish p\iar\r thou takes on thee;  
Thou shalt haue a better then euer he was,  
\iTha\rth forty pounds cost more nor hee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109A.62

\N1 `O m\iaster\r, those horsses beene wild and wicked,  
 And litle they can skill of the old traine;  
 Giffe I be out of my saddle cast,  
 They beene soe wild they\'le neuer be tane againe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.63

\N1 `Lett me haue age, sober and wise;  
 Itt is a p\iar\rt of wisdom, you know itt plaine;  
 If I be out of my sadle cast,  
 Hee\'le either stand still or turne againe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.64

\N1 `Thou shalt haue \itha\rt horsse w\ii\rth all my hart,  
 And my cote-plate of siluer f+free,  
 And a hundred men att thy backe,  
 For to f+ight if neede shalbee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.65

\N1 `I thanke you, m\iaster\r,' said Tho\imas\r a Potts,  
 `Neither man nor boy shall goe w\ii\rth mee;  
 As you are a lord off honor borne,  
 Let none of my f+fellowes know this of mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.66

\N1 `Ffor if they wott of my goinge,  
 I wott behind me they will not bee;  
 W\ii\rthout you keepe them vnder a locke,  
 Vppon \itha\rt greene I shall them see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.67

\N1 And when Tho\imas\r came to Gilford Greene,  
 And walked there some houres three,  
 Then was he ware of the Lo\ird\r Phenix,  
 And four men in his companye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.68

\N1 `You haue broken yo\iu\rr vow,' sayd Tho\imas\r a Pott,  
 `Yo\iu\rr vowe \itha\rt you made vnto mee;  
 You said you wold come yo\iu\rr selfe alone,  
 And you haue brought more then two or three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.69

\N1 `These are my waiting-men,' Lo\ird\r Phenix sayd,  
 '\iTha\rt euery day doe waite on mee;  
 Giffe any of these shold att vs stirr,  
 My speare shold runn throwe his bodye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.70

\N1 `I\'le runn noe race,' said Tho\imas\r Potts,  
 `Till \itha\rt this othe heere made may bee:  
 If the one of vs be slaine,  
 The other f+forgiuen \itha\rt hee may bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.71

\N1 `I\'le make a vow,' Lo\ird\r Phenix sayes,  
 `My men shall beare wittnesse w\ii\rth thee,  
 Giffe thou slay mee att this time,  
 Neuer the worsse beloued in Scottland thou shalt bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.72

\N1 Then they turned their horsses round about,  
 To run the race fore egarlye;  
 Lo\ird\r Phenix he was stiffe and stout,  
 He has runn Tho\imas\r quite thorrow the thye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.73

\N1 And beere Tho\imas\r out of his saddle f+faire;  
 Vpon the ground there did hee lye;  
 He saies, For my liffe I doe not care,  
 But f+for the loue of my ladye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.74

\N1 But shall I lose my ladye f+faire?  
 I thought shee shold haue beene my wiffe;  
 I pray thee, Lo\ird\r Phenix, ryde not away,  
 For w\ii\rth thee I will loose my liffe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.75

\N1 Tho Tho\imas\r a Potts was a seruing-man,  
 He was alsoe a phisityan good;  
 He clapt his hand vpon his wound,  
 W\ii\rth some kind of words he stauncht the blood.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.76

\N1 Then into his sadle againe hee leepe;  
 The blood in his body began to warme;  
 He mist Lo\ird\r Phenix bodye there,  
 But he run him quite throw the brawne of the arme.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.77

\N1 And he bore him quite out of his saddle f+faire;  
 Vpon the ground there did he lye;  
 He said, I pray thee, Lo\ird\r Phenix, rise and f+f+ight,  
 Or else yeeld this ladye sweete to mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.78

\N1 `To f+f+ight w\ii\rth thee,' q\iuo\rth Phenix, `I cannott stand.  
 Nor f+for to f+f+ight, I cannott, sure;  
 Thou hast run me through the brawne of the arme;  
 Noe longer of thy spere I cannott endure.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.79

\N1 `Thou\'st haue \itha\rt ladye w\ii\rth all my hart,  
 Sith itt was like neuer better to proue,  
 Nor neuer a noble-man this day,  
 \iTha\rt will seeke to take a pore man\'s loue.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.80

\N1 `Why then, be of good cheere,' saies Tho\imas\r Pott,  
 `Indeed your bucher I\'le neuer bee,  
 For I\'le come and stanche yo\iu\rr bloode,  
 Giff any thanks you\'le giue to mee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.81

\N1 As he was stanching the Phenix blood,  
 These words Tho\imas\r a Pott cann to him proue:  
 `I\'le neuer take a ladye of you thus,  
 But here I\'le giue you another choice.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.82

\N1 `Heere is a lane of two miles longe;  
 Att either end sett wee will bee;  
 The ladye shall sitt vs betweene,  
 And soe will wee sett this ladye f+free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.83

\N1 `If thou\'le doe soe,' Lo\ird\r Phenix sayes,  
 `Tho\imas\r a Pott, as thou dost tell mee,  
 Whether I gett her or goe w\ii\rthout her,  
 Heere\'s forty pounds I\'le giue itt thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.84

\N1 And when the ladye there can stand,  
 A woman\'s mind that day to proue,  
 `Now, by my f+faith,' said this ladye f+faire,  
 `This day Tho\imas\r a Pott shall haue his owne loue.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.85

\N1 Toward Tho\imas\r a Pott the lady shee went,  
 To leape behind him hastilye;  
 `Nay, abyde a while,' sayd Lo\ird\r Phenix,  
 `Ffor better yett proued thou shalt bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109A.86

\N1 `Thou shalt stay heere w\ii\rth all thy maids--  
In number w\ii\rth thee thou hast but three--  
Tho\imas\r a Pott and I\le goe beyond yonder wall,  
There the one of vs shall dye.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.87

\N1 And when they came beyond the wall,  
The one wold not the other nye;  
Lo\ird\r Phenix he had giuen his word  
W\ii\rth Tho\imas\r a Pott neuer to f+f+ight.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.88

\N1 `Giue me a choice,' Lo\ird\r Phenix sayes,  
'Tho\imas\r a Pott, I doe pray thee;  
Lett mee goe to yonder ladye f+faire,  
To see whether shee be true to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.89

\N1 And when hee came \itha\rt ladye too,  
Vnto that likesome dame sayd hee,  
Now God thee saue, thou ladye f+faire,  
The heyre of all my land thou\st bee.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.90

\N1 Ffor this Tho\imas\r a Potts I haue slaine;  
He hath more than deadlye wounds two or three;  
\N1 Ffor this Tho\imas\r a Potts I haue slaine;  
He hath more than deadlye wounds two or three;  
Thou art mine owne ladye, he sayd,  
And marryed together wee will bee.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.91

\N1 The ladye said, If Tho\imas\r a Potts this day thou haue slaine,  
Thou hast slaine a better man than eu\ier\r was thee;  
And I\le sell all the state of my lande  
But thou\st be hanged on a gallow-tree.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.92

\N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt they lady shee f+fell in a soone;  
A greeued woman, I wott, was shee;  
Lo\ird\r Phenix hee was readye there,  
Tooke her in his armes most hastilye.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.93

\N1 `O Lo\ird\r, sweete, and stand on thy f+feete,  
This day Tho\imas\r a Pott aliue can bee;  
I\le send f+for thy father, the Lo\ird\r of Arrundale,  
And marryed together I will you see:  
Giffe hee will not maintaine you well,  
Both gold and land you shall haue from me.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.94

\N1 `I\le see \itha\rt wedding,' my Lo\ird\r of Arrundale said,  
'Of my daughter\ls loue \itha\rt is soe f+faire;  
And sith itt will no better be,  
Of all my land Tho\imas\r a Pott shall be my heyre.'

\SBALLADS Child 109A.95

\N1 `Now all my maids,' the ladye said,  
'And ladyes of England, faire and f+free,  
Looke you neuer change yo\iu\rr old loue for no new,  
Nor neuer change for no pouertye.

\SBALLADS Child 109A.96

\N1 `Ffor I had a louer true of mine owne,  
A seruing-man of a small degree;  
Ffrom Tho\imas\r a Pott I\le turne his name,  
And the Lo\ird\r of Arrundale hee shall bee.'

\LBALLADS Child 109B.1

\N1 OF all the lords in Scotland fair,

And ladies that been so bright of blee,  
There is a noble lady among them all,  
And report of her you shall hear by me.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.2

\N1 For of her beauty she is bright,  
And of her colour very fair;  
She\'s daughter to Lord Arundel,  
And of her colour very fair;  
She\'s daughter to Lord Arundel,  
Approvd his parand and his heir.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.3

\N1 `I\'le see this bride,' Lord Phenix said,  
`That lady of so bright a blee,  
And if I like her countenance well,  
The heir of all my lands she\'st be.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.4

\N1 But when he came the lady before,  
Before this comely maid came he,  
`O God thee save, thou lady sweet,  
My heir and parand thou shalt be.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.5

\N1 `Leave off your suit,' the lady said,  
`As you are a lord of high degree;  
And I have a lord in mine own country.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.6

\N1 `For I have a lover true of mine own,  
A serving-man of low degree,  
One Tommy Pots it is his name,  
My f+irst love and last that ever shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.7

\N1 `If that Tom Pots is his name,  
I do ken him right verily;  
I am able to spend fourty pounds a week,  
Where he is not able to spend pounds three.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.8

\N1 `God give you good of your gold,' she said,  
`And ever God give you good of your fee;  
Tom Pots was the f+irst love that ever I had,  
And I do mean him the last to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.9

\N1 With that Lord Phenix soon was movd;  
Towards the lady did he threat;  
He told her father, and so it was provd,  
How his daughter\'s mind was set.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.10

\N1 `O daughter dear, thou art my own,  
The heir of all my lands to be;  
Thou shalt be bride to the Lord Phenix,  
If that thou mean to be heir to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.11

\N1 `O father dear, I am your own,  
And at your command I needs must be;  
But bind my body to whom you please,  
My heart, Tom Pots, shall go with thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.12

\N1 Alas! the lady her fondness must leave,  
And all her foolish wooing lay aside;  
The time is come, her friends have appointed,  
That she must be Lord Phenix bride.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.13

\N1 With that the lady began to weep;  
She knew not well then what to say,  
How she might Lord Phenix deny,  
And escape from marriage quite away.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.14  
\N1 See calld unto her little foot-page,  
Saying, I can trust none but thee;  
Go carry Tom Pots this letter fair,  
And bid him on Guilford Green meet me.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.15  
\N1 For I must marry against my mind,  
Or in faith well proved it shall be;  
And tell to him I am loving and kind,  
And wishes him this wedding to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.16  
\N1 But see that thou note his countenance well,  
And his colour, and shew it to me;  
And go thy way and hie thee again,  
And forty shillings I will give thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.17  
\N1 For if he smile now with his lips,  
His stomach will give him to laugh at the heart;  
Then may I seek another true-love,  
For of Tom Pots small is my part.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.18  
\N1 But if he blush now in his face,  
Then in his heart he will sorry be;  
Then to his vow he hath some grace,  
And false to him I will never be.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.19  
\N1 Away this lacky-boy he ran,  
And a full speed forsooth went he,  
\N1 Away this lacky-boy he ran,  
And a full speed forsooth went he,  
Till he came to Strawberry Castle,  
And there Tom Pots came he to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.20  
\N1 He gave him the letter in his hand;  
Before that he began to read,  
He told him plainly by word of mouth,  
His love was forc'd to be Lord Phenix bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.21  
\N1 When he lookd on the letter fair,  
The salt tears blemished his eye;  
Says, I cannot read this letter fair,  
Nor never a word to see or spy.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.22  
\N1 My little boy, be to me true,  
Here is f+ive marks I will give thee;  
And all these words I must peruse,  
And tell my lady this from me.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.23  
\N1 By faith and troth she is my own,  
By some part of promise, so it\'s to be found;  
Lord Phenix shall not have her night nor day,  
Except he can win her with his own hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.24  
\N1 On Guilford Green I will her meet;  
Say that I wish her for me to pray;  
For there I\'le lose my life so sweet,

Or else the wedding I mean to stay.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.25

\N1 Away this lackey-boy he ran,  
Even as fast as he could hie;  
The lady she met him two miles of the way;  
Says, Why hast thou staid so long, my boy?

\SBALLADS Child 109B.26

\N1 My little boy, thou art but young,  
It gives me at heart thou\ 'l mock and scorn;  
I\ 'le not believe thee by word of mouth,  
Unless on this book thou wilt be sworn.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.27

\N1 `Now by this book,' the boy did say,  
`And Jesus Christ be as true to me,  
Tom Pots could not read the letter fair,  
Nor never a word to spy or see.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.28

\N1 `He says, by faith and troth you are his own,  
By some part of promise, so it\ 's to be found;  
Lo\ ird\ r Phenix shall not have you night nor day,  
Except he win you with his own hand.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.29

\N1 `On Guilford Green he will you meet;  
He wishes you for him to pray;  
For there he\ 'l lose his life so sweet,  
Or else the wedding he means to stay.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.30

\N1 `If this be true, my little boy,  
These tidings which thou tellest to me,  
Forty shillings I did thee promise,  
Here is ten pounds I will give thee.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.31

\N1 `My maidens all,' the lady said,  
`That ever wish me well to prove,  
Now let us all kneel down and pray  
That Tommy Pots may win his love.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.32

\N1 `If it be his fortune the better to win,  
As I pray to Christ in Trinity,  
I\ 'le make him the f+lower of all his kin,  
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.33

\N1 Let\ 's leave talking of this lady fair,  
In prayers full good whereshe may be;  
Now let us talk of Tommy Pots;  
To his lord and master for aid went he.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.34

\N1 But when he came Lord Jockey before,  
He kneeled lowly on his knee:

`What news, what news, thou Tommy Pots,  
Thou art so full of courtesie?

\SBALLADS Child 109B.35

\N1 `What tydings, what tydings, thou Tommy Pots,  
Thou art so full of courtesie?

Thou hast slain some of thy fellows fair,  
Or wrought to me some villany.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.36

\N1 `I have slain none of my fellows fair,  
Nor wrought to you no villany,  
But I have a love in Scotland fair,



And I fear I shall lose her with poverty.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.37

\N1 `If you\'l not believe me by word of mouth,  
But read this letter, and you shall see,  
Here by all these suspitious words  
That she her own self hath sent to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.38

\N1 But when he had read the letter fair,  
Of all the suspitious words in it might be,  
'O Tommy Pots, take thou no care,  
Thou\'st never lose her with poverty.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.39

\N1 `For thou\'st have forty pounds a week,  
In gold and silver thou shalt row,  
And Harvy Town I will give thee  
As long as thou intendst to woee.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.40

\N1 `Thou\'st have forty of thy fellows fair,  
And forty horses to go with thee,  
Forty of the best spears I have,  
And I my self in thy company.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.41

\N1 `I thank you, master,' said Tommy Pots,  
'That proffer is too good for me;  
But, if Jesus Christ stand on my side,  
My own hands shall set her free.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.42

\N1 `God be with you, master,' said Tommy Pots,  
'Now Jesus Christ you save and see;  
If ever I come alive again,  
Staid the wedding it shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.43

\N1 `O God be your speed, thou Tommy Pots,  
Thou art well proved for a man;  
See never a drop of blood thou spil,  
Nor yonder gentleman confound.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.44

\N1 `See that some truce with him you take,  
And appoint a place of liberty;  
Let him provide him as well as he can,  
As well provided thou shalt be.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.45

\N1 But when he came to Guilford Green,  
And there had walkt a little aside,  
There was he ware of Lord Phenix come,  
And Lady Rosamond his bride.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.46

\N1 Away by the bride then Tommy Pots went,  
But never a word to her did say,  
Till he the Lord Phenix came before;  
He gave him the right time of the day.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.47

\N1 `O welcome, welcome, thou Tommy Pots,  
Thou serving-man of low degree;  
How doth thy lord and master at home,  
And all the ladies in that countrey?'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.48

\N1 `My lord and master is in good health,  
I trust since that I did him see;  
Will you walk with me to an out-side,

Two or three words to talk with me?  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.49  
\N1 `You are a noble man,' said Tom,  
`And born a lord in Scotland free;  
You may have ladies enough at home,  
And never take my love from me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.50  
\N1 `Away, away, thou Tommy Pots;  
Thou serving-man, stand thou aside;  
It is not a serving-man this day  
That can hinder me of my bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.51  
\N1 `If I be a serving-man,' said Tom,  
`And you a lord of high degree,  
A spear or two with you I\\'le run,  
Before I\\'le lose her cowardly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.52  
\N1 `Appoint a place, I will thee meet,  
Appoint a place of liberty;  
For there I\\'le lose my life so sweet,  
Or else my lady I\\'le set free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.53  
\N1 `On Guilford Green I will thee meet;  
No man nor boy shall come with me:'  
`As I am a man,' said Tommy Pots,  
`I\\'le have as few in my company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.54  
\N1 And thus staid the marriage was,  
The bride unmarried went home again;  
Then to her maids fast did she laugh,  
And in her heart she was full fain.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.55  
\N1 `My maidens all,' the lady said,  
`That ever wait on me this day,  
Now let us all kneel down,  
And for Tommy Pots let us all pray.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.56  
\N1 `If it be his fortune the better to win,  
As I trust to God in Trinity,  
I\\'le make him the f+lower of all his kin,  
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.57  
\N1 When Tom Pots came home again,  
To try for his love he had but a week;  
For sorrow, God wot, he need not care,  
For four days that he fel sick.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.58  
\N1 With that his master to him came,  
Says, Pray thee, Tom Pots, tell me if tho doubt  
Whether thou hast gotten thy gay lady,  
Or thou must go thy love without.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.59  
\N1 `O master, yet it is unknown;  
Within these two days well try\\'d it must be;  
He is a lord, I am but a serving-man,  
I fear I shall lose her with poverty.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.60  
\N1 `I prethee, Tom Pots, get thee on thy feet;  
My former promises kept shall be;  
As I am a lord in Scotland fair,

Thou\'st never lose her with poverty.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.61  
\N1 `For thou\'st have the half of my lands a year,  
And that will raise thee many a pound;  
Before thou shalt out-braved be,  
Thou shalt drop angels with him on the ground.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.62  
\N1 `I thank you, master,' said Tommy Pots,  
`Yet there is one thing of you I would fain;  
If that I lose my lady sweet,  
How I\'st restore your goods again?'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.63  
\N1 `If that thou win the lady sweet,  
Thou mayst well forth, thou shalt pay me;  
If thou loosest thy lady, thou locest enough;  
Thou shalt not pay me one penny.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.64  
\N1 `You have thirty horses in one close,  
You keep them all both frank and free;  
Amongst them all there\'s an old white horse  
This day would set my lady free.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.65  
\N1 `That is an old horse with a cut tail,  
Full sixteen years of age is he;  
If thou wilt lend me that old horse,  
Then could I win her easily.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.66  
\N1 `That\'s a foolish opinion,' his master said,  
`And a foolish opinion thou tak\'st to thee;  
Thou\'st have a better then ever he was,  
Though forty pounds more it cost me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.67  
\N1 `O your choice horses are wild and tough,  
And little they can skill of their train;  
If I be out of my saddle cast,  
They are so wild they\'l ner be tain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.68  
\N1 `Thou\'st have that horse,' his master said,  
`If that one thing thou wilt tell me;  
Why that horse is better than any other,  
I pray thee, Tom Pots, shew thou to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.69  
\N1 `That horse is old, of stomach bold,  
And well can he skill of his train;  
If I be out of my saddle cast,  
He\'l either stand still or turn again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.70  
\N1 `Thou\'st have the horse with all my heart,  
And my plate-coat of silver free;  
An hundred men to stand at thy back,  
To fight if he thy master be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.71  
\N1 `I thank you master,' said Tommy Pots;  
`That proffer is too good for me;  
I would not, for ten thousand pounds,  
Have man or boy in my company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.72  
\N1 `God be with you master,' said Tommy Pots;  
`Now, as you are a man of law,  
One thing let me crave at your hand;

Let never a one of my fellows know.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.73  
 \N1 `For if that my fellows they did wot,  
 Or ken of my extremity,  
 Except you keep them under a lock,  
 Behind me I am sure they would not be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.74  
 \N1 But when he came to Guilford Green,  
 He waited hours two or three;  
 There he was ware of Lord Phenix come,  
 And four men in his company.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.75  
 \N1 `You have broken your vow,' said Tommy Pots,  
 `The vow which you did make to me;  
 You said you would bring neither man nor boy,  
 And now has brought more than two or three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.76  
 \N1 `These are my men,' Lord Phenix said,  
 `Which every day do wait on me;  
 [If] any of these dare proffer to strike,  
 I'll run my spear through his body.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.77  
 \N1 `I'll run no race now,' said Tommy Pots,  
 `Except now this may be;  
 If either of us be slain this day,  
 The other shall forgiven be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.78  
 \N1 `I'll make that vow with all my heart,  
 My men shall bear witness with me;  
 And if thou slay me here this day,  
 In Scotland worse beloved thou never shalt be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.79  
 \N1 They turnd their horses thrice about,  
 To run the race so eagerly;  
 Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,  
 And ran Tom Pots through the thick o th' thigh.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.80  
 \N1 He bord him out of the saddle fair,  
 Down to the ground so sorrowfully:  
 `For the loss of my life I do not care,  
 But for the loss of my fair lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.81  
 \N1 `Now for the loss of my lady sweet,  
 Which once I thought to have been my wife,  
 I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ride not away,  
 For with thee I would end my life.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.82  
 \N1 Tom Pots was but a serving-man,  
 But yet he was a doctor good;  
 He bound his handkerchief on his wound,  
 And with some kind of words he stancht his blood.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.83  
 \N1 He leapt into his saddle again,  
 The blood in his body began to warm;  
 He mist Lord Phenix body fair,  
 \iAnd\r ran him through the brawn of the arm.  
 \SBALLADS Child 109B.84  
 \N1 He bord him out of his saddle fair,  
 Down to the ground most sorrowfully;  
 Says, Prethee, Lord Phenix, rise up and fight,

Or yield my lady unto me.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.85

\N1 `Now for to fight I cannot tell,  
And for to fight I am not sure;  
Thou hast run me throw the brawn o th' arm,  
That with a spear I may not endure.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.86

\N1 `Thou'st have the lady with all my heart;  
It was never likely better to prove  
With me, or any nobleman else,  
That would hinder a poor man of his love.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.87

\N1 `Seeing you say so much,' said Tommy Pots,  
'I will not seem your butcher to be;  
But I will come and stanch your blood,  
If any thing you will give me.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.88

\N1 As he did stanch Lord Phenix blood,  
Lord, in his heart he did rejoyce!  
'I'll not take the lady from you thus,  
But of her you'st have another choice.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.89

\N1 `Here is a lane of two miles long;  
At either end we set will be;  
The lady shall stand us among,  
Her own choice shall set her free.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.90

\N1 `If thou'll do so,' Lord Phenix said,  
'To lose her by her own choice it's honesty;  
Chuse whether I get her or go her without,  
Forty pounds I will give thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.91

\N1 But when they in that lane was set,  
The wit of a woman for to prove,  
'By the faith of my body,' the lady said,  
'Then Tom Pots must needs have his love.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.92

\N1 Towards Tom Pots the lady did hie,  
To get on behind him hastily;  
'Nay stay, nay stay,' Lord Phenix said,  
'Better proved it shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.93

\N1 `Stay you with your maidens here--  
In number fair they are but three--  
Tom Pots and I will go behind yonder wall,  
That one of us two be proved to dye.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.94

\N1 But when they came behind the wall,  
The one came not the other nigh;  
For the Lord Phenix had made a vow,  
That with Tom Pots he would never fight.

\SBALLADS Child 109B.95

\N1 `O give me this choice,' Lord Phenix said,  
'To prove whether true or false she be,  
And I will go to the lady fair,  
And tell her Tom Pots slain is he.'

\SBALLADS Child 109B.96

\N1 When he came from behind the wall,  
With his face all bloody as it might be,  
'O lady sweet, thou art my own,

For Tom Pots slain have I.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.97  
\N1 `Now have I slain him, Tommy Pots,  
And given him death\'s wounds two or three;  
O lady sweet, thou art my own;  
Of all loves, wilt thou live with me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.98  
\N1 `If thou hast slain him, Tommy Pots,  
And given him death\'s wounds two or three,  
I\'le sell the state of my father\'s lands  
But hanged shall Lord Phenix be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.99  
\N1 With that the lady fell in a swoond,  
For a grieved woman, God wot, was she;  
Lord Phenix he was ready then  
To take her up so hastily.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.100  
\N1 `O lady sweet, stand thou on thy feet,  
Tom Pots alive this day may be;  
I\'le send for thy father, Lord Arundel,  
And he and I the wedding will see.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.101  
\N1 `I\'le send for thy father, Lord Arundel,  
And he and I the wedding will see;  
If he will not maintain you well,  
Both lands and livings you\'st have of me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.102  
\N1 `I\'le see this wedding,' Lord Arundel said,  
'Of my daughter\'s luck that is so fair;  
Seeing the matter will be no better,  
Of all my lands Tom Pots shall be the heir.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.103  
\N1 With that the lady began for to smile,  
For a glad woman, God wot, was she;  
'Now all my maids,' the lady said,  
'Example you may take by me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.104  
\N1 `But all the ladies of Scotland fair,  
And lasses of England that well would prove,  
Neither marry for gold nor goods,  
Nor marry for nothing but only love.  
\SBALLADS Child 109B.105  
\N1 `For I had a lover true of my own,  
A serving-man of low degree;  
Now from Tom Pots I\'le change his name,  
For the young Lord Arundel he shall be.'  
\LBALLADS Child 109C.1  
\N1 IN Scotland there are ladies fair,  
There\'s ladies of honor and high degree,  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.1r  
\N1 Hey down, down a down derry  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.1  
\N2 But one excels above all the rest,  
And the Earl of Arundel\'s daughter is she.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.1r  
\N2 With hey down, derry down,  
Lang derry down derry  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.2  
\N1 Both knights and lords of great account  
Comes thither a wooing for this ladie\'s sake:

It fell on a day that E\iarl\r Arundell said,  
Daughter, which of these lords will you take?  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.3  
\N1 Or which of them now likes thee best?  
Speak truth to me, but do not lie;  
Speak truth to me, and do not jest,  
Who must heir my livings when as I die?  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.4  
\N1 Lord Fenix is a lord of high degree,  
And hath both lands and livings free;  
I tell thee, daughter, thou shalt him have,  
If thou wilt take any counsell at me.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.5  
\N1 With that the young lady fell down of her knee,  
And trickling tears ran down her eye:  
'As you are my father, and loves me dear,  
My heart is set where it must be.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.6  
\N1 'On a serving-man which is so poor,  
For all he hath is but pounds three;  
He was the first lover that ere I had,  
And the last I mean him for to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.7  
\N1 With that her father was sore offended,  
And fast he rode at that same tide,  
Untill he to the Lord Fenix came,  
And fast he rode at that same tide,  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.8  
\N1 The yong ladie cald up Jack, her foot-boy:  
'I dare trust no man alive but thee;  
Thou must go my errand to Strawberry Castle,  
To the place where Tomy o\'th Potts doth lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.9  
\N1 'And carry this letter, in parchment fair,  
That I have sealed with mine own hand;  
And when Tomey looks this letter upon,  
Be sure his countenance thou understand.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.10  
\N1 'And if he either laugh or smile,  
He is not sorry at his heart;  
I must seek a new love where I will,  
For small of Tomey must be my part.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.11  
\N1 'But if he wax red in the face,  
And tricling tears fall from his eyes,  
Then let my father say what he will,  
For true to Tomey I\'le be always.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.12  
\N1 'And thou must tell him by word of mouth,  
If this letter cannot be read at that tyde,  
That this day sennight, and no longer hence,  
I must be Lord William Fenix bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.13  
\N1 The boy took leave of his lady gay,  
And to Strawberry Castle he did him fast hie;  
A serving-man did guide him the way  
To the place where Tomey o\'th Pots did lie.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.14  
\N1 'O Christ thee save, good Tomey o\'th Pots,  
And Christ thee save as I thee see;

Come read this letter, Tomey o\'th Potts,  
As thy true-love hath sent to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.15  
\N1 Then Tomey he waxed red in the face,  
And trickling tears ran down his eyes;  
But never a letter could he read,  
If he should be hanged on th\'gallow-tree.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.16  
\N1 `Shee bid me tell you by word of mouth,  
If this letter could not be read at this tide,  
That this day sennight, and no longer hence,  
She must be Lord William Fenix bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.17  
\N1 `Now in faith,' said Tomey, 'She is mine own,  
As all hereafter shall understand;  
Lord Fenix shall not marry her, by night or day,  
Unless he win her by his own hand.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.18  
\N1 `For on Gilforth Green I will her meet,  
And if she love me, bid her for me pray;  
And there I will lose my life so sweet,  
Or else her wedding I will stay.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.19  
\N1 He cald this boy unto accounts;  
Think whether he loved this lady gay!  
He gave him forty shilling for his message,  
And all he had was but pounds three.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.20  
\N1 The boy took his leave of Tomey o\'th Potts,  
Fearing that he had staid too late;  
The young lady did wait of his comming,  
And met him f+ive miles out of the gate.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.21  
\N1 `O boney boy, thou art not of age,  
Therefore thou canst both mock and scorn;  
I will not beleeve what my love hath said,  
Unlesse thou on this book be sworn.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.22  
\N1 `Now, in faith, gay lady, I will not lye,'  
And kist the book full soon did he:  
`One letter he could not read at that time,  
If he should have been hangd at gallo-tree.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.23  
\N1 `He said in faith you are his own,  
As all hereafter shall understand;  
Lord Fenix shall not marry you by night or day,  
Unlesse he winn you with his own hand.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.24  
\N1 `For on Gilforth Green he will you meet,  
And if you love him, you must for him pray;  
And there he will lose his life so sweet,  
Or else your wedding he will stay.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.25  
\N1 Let us leave talking of the boy,  
That with his gay lady is turned home;  
Now let us go talk of Tomey o\'th Potts,  
And how to his master he is gone.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.26  
\N1 When Tomey came his master before,  
He kneeled down upon his knee:



`What tidings hast thou brought, my man,  
As that thou makes such courtesie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.27  
\N1 `O Christ you save, dear master,' he said,  
`And Christ you save as I you see;  
For God\'s love, master, come read me this letter,  
Which my true love hath sent to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.28  
\N1 His master took this letter in hand,  
And looked ore it with his eye;  
`In faith, I am fain, my man,' he said,  
`As thou hast a lady so true to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.29  
\N1 `I have a lady true to me,  
And false to her I\'le never be;  
But ere this day sennight, and no longer hence,  
I must lose my love through povertie.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.30  
\N1 `Lord Fenix he will her have,  
Because he hath more wealth then I:'  
`Now hold thy tongue, my man,' he said,  
`For before that day many a one shall die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.31  
\N1 `O Tomey,' said he, `I love thee well,  
And something for thee I will doo;  
For Strawberry Castle shall be thine own  
So long as thou dost mean to woo.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.32  
\N1 `One half of my lands I\'le give thee a year,  
The which will raise thee many a pound;  
Before that thou lose thy bonny sweet-hart,  
Thou shalt drop angels with him to the ground.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.33  
\N1 `I have thirty steeds in my stable strong,  
Which any of them is good indeed,  
And a bunch of spears hangs them among,  
And a nag to carry thee swift with speed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.34  
\N1 `My sute of armour thou shalt put on--  
So well it becomes thy fair body--  
And when thou comst on Gilford Green  
Thou\'ll look more like a lord then he.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.35  
\N1 `My men shall all rise and with thee go,  
And I my self with thee will ride;  
And many a bloody wound will we make  
Before that thou shalt lose thy bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.36  
\N1 `Now Christ reward you, dear master,' he said,  
`For the good will you bear to me;  
But I trust to God, in a little space,  
With my own hands to set her free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.37  
\N1 `I\'le none of your horses, master,' he said,  
`For they cannot well skill of their trade;  
None but your gray nag that hath a cut tail,  
For hee\'ll either stand or turn again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.38  
\N1 `One spear, master, and no more,  
No more with me that I will take,

And if that spear it will not serve my turn,  
I\le suffer death for my true-love\'s sake.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.39

\N1 Early in the morning, when day did spring,  
On Gilforth Green betime was he;  
There did he espie Lord Fenix comming,  
And with him a royall company.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.40

\N1 Gold chains about their necks threescore,  
Full well might seem fine lords to ride;  
The young lady followed far behind,  
Sore against her will that she was a bride.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.41

\N1 There Tomey passed this lady by,  
But never a word to her did say;  
Then straight to Lord Fenix he is gone,  
And gives him the right time of the day.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.42

\N1 `O Christ you save, Lord Fenix,' he said,  
`And Christ you save as I you see;'  
`Thou art welcome, Tomey o\'th Potts,' he said,  
`A serving-man into our company.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.43

\N1 `O how doth thy master, Tomy o\'th Potts?  
Tell me the truth and do not lye;'  
`My master is well,' then Tomey replide,  
`I thank my lord, and I thank not thee.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.44

\N1 `O Christ you save Lord Fenix,' he said,  
`And Christ you save as I you see;  
You may have choyce of ladies enough,  
And not take my true-love from me.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.45

\N1 With that Lord Fenix was sore offended,  
And fast away he rode at that tide;  
`God forbid,' Lord Fenix he said,  
`A serving-man should hold me from my bride!'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.46

\N1 But afterward Tomey did him meet,  
As one that came not thither to flye,  
And said, Lord Fenix, take thou my love,  
For I will not lose her cowardly.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.47

\N1 `O meet me here tomorrow,' he said;  
`As thou art a man, come but thy sell;  
And if that I come [with] any more,  
The divell fetch my soul to hell.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.48

\N1 And so this wedding-day was staid,  
The lady and lords they turned home;  
The lady made merry her maidens among,  
And said, Tomey I wish thou may win thy own.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.49

\N1 Early in the morning, when day did spring,  
On Gilforth Green betime was he;  
He waited long for Lord Fenix comming,  
But Lord William Fenix he could not see.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.50

\N1 He waited long and very long,  
Untill the sun waxed very high;

There was he ware of Lord Fenix coming,  
And with him other men three.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.51  
\N1 `Thou art a false thief, Lord Fenix,' he said,  
Thou promisedst me to come by thy self,  
And thou hast brought other men three.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.52  
\N1 `But in regard I call thee thief,  
Because thou hast broken promise with me,  
I vow, and you were as many more,  
Forsaken sure you should not be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.53  
\N1 `These are my men,' Lord Fenix said,  
`That every day do wait on me;  
If any of them do strike a stroke,  
In faith then hanged he shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.54  
\N1 They fetcht a race and rode about,  
And then they met full eagerly;  
Lord Fenix away by Tomey\'s body glowd,  
And he ran him quite thorow the thigh.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.55  
\N1 Out of his saddle bore him he did,  
And laid his body on the ground;  
His spear he ran thorow Tomey\'s thigh,  
In which he made a grievous wound.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.56  
\N1 But Tomey quickly start up again;  
For as he was a physitian good,  
He laid his hand upon the wound,  
And quickly he did stanch the blood.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.57  
\N1 Full lightly he leaped to his saddle again,  
Forth of it long he did not stay;  
For he weighed more of the ladie\'s love  
Then of any life he had that day.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.58  
\N1 They fetched a race and rode about,  
The blood in Tomey\'s body began to warm;  
He away by Lord Fenix body glowde,  
And he ran him quite through the arm.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.59  
\N1 Out of his saddle bore him he hath,  
Of from his steed that mounted so high;  
`Now rise and fight, Lord Fenix,' he said,  
`Or else yeeld the lady unto me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.60  
\N1 `I\'ll yeeld the lady unto thee;  
My arm no more my spear will guide;  
It was never better likely to prove,  
To hold a poor seving-man from his bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.61  
\N1 `But if thou wilt thus deal then with me,  
Lest of this matter should rise any voice,  
That I have gotten the victory,  
Then thou shalt have another choice.  
\SBALLADS Child 109C.62  
\N1 `Yonder is a lane of two miles long;  
At either end then stand will we;  
Wee\'l set the lady in the midst,

And whether she come to, take her, for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.63

\N1 'If thou wilt thus deal,' said Fenix then,  
'Thou\ll save my credit and honor high;

And whether I win her, or go without her,  
I\le be willing to give ten pounds to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 109C.64

\N1 There was a lane of two miles long;  
The lady was set in the middle that tide;  
She laught and made merry her maids among,  
And said, Tomey o\th Pots, now I\le be thy bride.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.65

\N1 Now all you ladies of high degree,  
And maides that married yet would be,  
Marry no man for goods or lands,  
Unlesse you love him faithfully.

\SBALLADS Child 109C.66

\N1 For I had a love of my own, she said,  
At Strawberrie Castle there lived he;  
I\le change his name from Tomey o\th Pots,  
And the yong E\iarl\r of Arundell now he shall be.

\LBALLADS Child 110A.1

\N1 THERE was a shepherd\s daughter  
Came triping on the way,  
And there she met a courteous knight,  
Which caused her to stay

\SBALLADS Child 110A.1r

\N1 Sing trang sil do lee

\SBALLADS Child 110A.2

\N1 'Good morrow to you, beautious maid,'  
These words pronounced he;  
'O I shall dye this day,' he said,  
'If I have not my will of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 110A.3

\N1 'The Lord forbid,' the maid reply\d,  
'That such a thing should be,  
That ever such a courteous yong knight  
Should dye for love of me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110A.4

\N1 He took her by the middle so small,  
And laid her down on the plain,  
And after he had had his will,  
He took her up again.

\SBALLADS Child 110A.5

\N1 'Now you have had your wil, good sir,  
And put my body thus to shame,  
Even as you are a courteous knight,  
Tel me what is your name.'

\SBALLADS Child 110A.6

\N1 'Some men do call me Jack, sweet heart,  
And some do call me John,  
But when I come to the king\s [fair] court,  
They call me Sweet William.'

\SBALLADS Child 110A.7

\N1 He set his foot in the stirrop,  
And away then did he ride;  
She tuckt her kirtle about her middle,  
And run close by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 110A.8

\N1 But when she came to the broad water,

She set her brest and swom,  
And when she was got out again,  
She took her heels and run.  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.9  
\N1 He never was the courteous knight  
To say, Fair maid, will you ride?  
Nor she never was so loving a maid  
To say, Sir Knight, abide.  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.10  
\N1 But when she came to the king\'s fair court,  
She knocked at the ring;  
So ready was the king himself  
To let his fair maid in.  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.11  
\N1 `O Christ you save, my gracious leige,  
Your body christ save and see!  
You have got a knight within your court  
This day hath robbed me.  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.12  
\N1 `What hath he robbed thee of, fair maid?  
Of purple or of pall?  
Or hath he took thy gay gold ring,  
From off thy f+inger small?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.13  
\N1 `He hath not robbed me, my liege,  
Of purple nor of pall;  
But he hath got my maidenhead,  
Which grieves me worst of all.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.14  
\N1 `Now if he be a batchelor,  
His body I\'le give to thee;  
But if he be a married man,  
High hanged shall he be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.15  
\N1 He called down his merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three;  
Sweet William was us\'d to be the f+irst,  
But now the last comes hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.16  
\N1 He brought her down full forty pound,  
Ty\'d up with<in] a glove:  
`Fair maid, I give the same to the,  
And seek another love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.17  
\N1 `O I\'le have none of your gold,' she said,  
`Nor I\'le have none of your fee;  
But I must have your fair body  
The king hath given me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.18  
\N1 Sweet William ran and fetcht her then  
Five hundred pound in gold,  
Saying, Fair maid, take this unto thee;  
Thy fault will never be told.  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.19  
\N1 `\'Tis not your gold that shall me tempt,'  
These words then answered she,  
`But I must have your own body;  
So the king hath granted me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.20  
\N1 `Would I had drank the fair water

When I did drink the wine,  
That ever any shepherd\'s daughter  
Should be a fair lady of mine!  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.21  
\N1 `Would I had drunk the puddle-water  
When I did drink the ale,  
That ever any shepherd\'s daughter  
Should have told me such a tale!'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.22  
\N1 `A shepheard\'s daughter as I was,  
You might have let me be;  
I\'d never come to the king\'s fair court  
To have craved any love of thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.23  
\N1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
And himselfe upon a gray;  
He hung a bugle about his neck,  
And so they rode away.  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.24  
\N1 But when they came unto the place  
Where marriage rites were done,  
She provd her selfe a duke\'s daughter,  
And he but a squire\'s son.  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.25  
\N1 `Now you have married me, sir knight,  
Your pleasures may be free;  
If you make me lady of one good town,  
I\'le make you lord of three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.26  
\N1 `Accursed be the gold,' he said,  
`If thou hadst not bin true,  
That should have parted thee from me,  
To have chang\'d thee for a new.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110A.27  
\N1 Their hearts being then so linked fast,  
And joyning hand in hand,  
He had both purse and person too,  
And all at his command.  
\LBALLADS Child 110B.1  
\N1 THERE was a shepherd\'s dochter  
Kept sheep upon yon hill,  
And by cam a gay braw gentleman,  
And wad hae had his will.  
\SBALLADS Child 110B.2  
\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And laid her on the ground,  
And whan he got his will o her  
He lift her up again.  
\SBALLADS Child 110B.3  
\N1 `O syne ye\'ve got your will o me,  
Your will o me ye\'ve taen,  
'Tis all I ask o you, kind sir,  
Is to tell to me your name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110B.4  
\N1 `Sometimes they call me Jack,' he said,  
`Sometimes they call me John,  
But whan I am in the king\'s court,  
My name is Wilfu Will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110B.5  
\N1 Then he loup on his milk-white steed,

And straught away he rade,  
 And she did kilt her petticoats,  
 And after him she gaed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.6  
 \N1 He never was sae kind as say,  
 O lassie, will ye ride?  
 Nor ever had she the courage to say,  
 O laddie, will ye bide!  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.7  
 \N1 Until they cam to a wan water,  
 Which was called Clyde,  
 And then he turned about his horse,  
 Said, Lassie, will ye ride?  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.8  
 \N1 `I learned it in my father\'s hall,  
 I learned it for my weel,  
 That whan I come to deep water,  
 I can swim as it were an eel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.9  
 \N1 `I learned it in my mother\'s bower,  
 I learned it for my better,  
 That whan I come to broad water,  
 I can swim like ony otter.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.10  
 \N1 He plunged his steed into the ford,  
 And straught way thro he rade,  
 And she set in her lilly feet,  
 And thro the water wade.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.11  
 \N1 And whan she cam to the king\'s court,  
 She tirlled on the pin,  
 And wha sae ready\'s the king himsel  
 To let the fair maid in?  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.12  
 \N1 `What is your will wi me, fair maid?  
 What is your will wi me?'  
 `There is a man into your court  
 This day has robbed me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.13  
 \N1 `O has he taen your gold,' he said,  
 `Or has he taen your fee?  
 Or has he stown your maidenhead,  
 The f+lower of your bodye?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.14  
 \N1 `He has na taen my gold, kind sir,  
 Nor as little has he taen my fee,  
 But he has taen my maidenhead,  
 The f+lower of my bodye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.15  
 \N1 `O gif he be a married man,  
 High hangit shall he be,  
 But gif he be a bachelor,  
 His body I\'ll grant thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.16  
 \N1 `Sometimes they call him Jack,' she said,  
 `Sometimes they call him John,  
 But whan he\'s in the king\'s court,  
 His name is Sweet William.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.17  
 \N1 `There\'s not a William in a\' my court,

Never a one but three,  
 And one of them is the Queen\'s brother;  
 I wad laugh gif it war he.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.18  
 \N1 The king called on his merry men,  
 By thirty and by three;  
 Sweet Willie, wha used to be foremost man,  
 Was the hindmost a\' but three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.19  
 \N1 O he cam cripple, and he cam blind,  
 Cam twa-fald oer a tree:  
 `O be he cripple, or be he blind,  
 This very same man is he.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.20  
 \N1 `O whether will ye marry the bonny may,  
 Or hang on the gallows-tree?'  
 `O I will rather marry the bonny may,  
 Afore that I do die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.21  
 \N1 But he took out a purse of gold,  
 Weel locked in a glove:  
 `O tak ye that, my bonny may,  
 And seek anither love.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.22  
 \N1 `O I will hae none o your gold,' she says,  
 `Nor as little ony of your fee,  
 But I will hae your ain body,  
 The king has granted me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.23  
 \N1 O he took out a purse of gold,  
 A purse of gold and store;  
 `O tak ye that, fair may,' he said,  
 `Frae me ye\'ll neer get mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.24  
 \N1 `O haud your tongue, young man,' she says,  
 `And I pray you let me be;  
 For I will hae your ain body,  
 The king has granted me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.25  
 \N1 He mounted her on a bonny bay horse,  
 Himsel on the silver grey;  
 He drew his bonnet out oer his een,  
 He whipt and rade away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.26  
 \N1 O whan they cam to yon nettle bush,  
 The nettles they war spread:  
 `O an my mither war but here,' she says,  
 `These nettles she wad sued.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.27  
 \N1 `O an I had drank the wan water  
 Whan I did drink the wine,  
 That eer a shepherd\'s dochter  
 Should hae been a love o mine!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.28  
 \N1 `O may be I\'m a shepherd\'s dochter,  
 And may be I am nane;  
 But you might hae ridden on your ways,  
 And hae let me alane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110B.29  
 \N1 O whan they cam unto yon mill,



She heard the mill clap:

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 110B.30

\N1 `Clap on, clap on, thou bonny mill,  
Weel may thou, I say,  
For mony a time thou\'s f+illed my pock  
Wi baith oat-meal and grey.'

\SBALLADS Child 110B.31

\N1 `O an I had drank the wan water  
Whan I did drink the wine,  
That eer a shepherd\'s dochter  
Should hae been a love o mine!'

\SBALLADS Child 110B.32

\N1 `O may be I\'m a shepherd\'s dochter,  
And may be I am nane;  
But you might hae ridden on your ways,  
And hae let me alane.

\SBALLADS Child 110B.33

\N1 `But yet I think a f+itter match  
Could scarcely gang thegither  
Than the King of France\'s auld dochter  
And the Queen of Scotland\'s brither.'

\LBALLADS Child 110C.1

\N1 THERE was a shepherd\'s dochter  
Kept sheep on yonder hill;  
Bye cam a knicht frae the High College,  
And he wad hae his will.

\SBALLADS Child 110C.2

\N1 Whan he had got his wills o her,  
His will as he has taen:  
`Wad ye be sae gude and kind  
As tell to me your name?'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.3

\N1 `Some ca\'s me Jock, some ca\'s me John,  
Some disna ken my name,  
But whan I\'m into the king\'s court,  
Mitchcock is my name.'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.4

\N1 `Mitchcock! hey!' the lady did say,  
And spelt it oure again;  
`If that\'s your name in the Latin tongue,  
Earl Richard is your name!'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.5

\N1 O jumpt he upon his horse,  
And said he wad go ride;  
Kilted she her green claithing,  
And said she wad na bide.

\SBALLADS Child 110C.6

\N1 The knicht rade on, the lady ran,  
A live-lang simmer\'s day,  
Till they cam to a wan water  
Was calld the river Tay.

\SBALLADS Child 110C.7

\N1 `Jump on behind, ye weill-faurd may,  
Or do ye chuse to ride?'  
`No thank ye, sir,' the lady said,  
`I rather chuse to wade;'  
And afore that he was mid-water,  
She was at the ither side.

\SBALLADS Child 110C.8

\N1 `Turn back, turn back, ye weill-faurd may,  
My heart will brak in three:'  
`And sae did mine in yon bonny hill-side,  
Whan ye wad [na] lat me be.'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.9

\N1 `Whare gat ye that gay claithing  
This day I see on thee?'  
`My mither was a gude milk-nurse,  
And a gude nourice was she;  
She nursd the Earl of Stockford\'s daughter,  
And gat aw this to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.10

\N1 Whan she cam to the king\'s court,  
She rappit wi a ring;  
Sae ready as the king himsel  
Was to let the lady in!

\SBALLADS Child 110C.11

\N1 `There is a knicht into your court  
This day has robbed me:'  
`O has he taen your gowd,' he says,  
`Or has he taen your fee?'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.12

\N1 `He has na taen my gowd,' she says,  
`Nor yet has he my fee;  
But he has taen my maiden-head,  
The f+lowr o my fair bodie.'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.13

\N1 Then out bespak the queen hersel,  
Wha sat by the king\'s knee:  
There\'s na a knicht in aw our court  
Wad hae dune that to thee,  
Unless it war my brither, Earl Richard,  
And forbid it it war he!

\SBALLADS Child 110C.14

\N1 Wad ye ken your love,  
Amang a hunder men?  
`I wad,' said the bonnie ladie,  
`Amang f+ive hunder and ten.'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.15

\N1 The king made aw his merry men pass,  
By ane, by twa, and three;  
Earl Richard us\'d to be the f+irst man,  
But he was hinmost man that day.

\SBALLADS Child 110C.16

\N1 He cam hauping on ane foot,  
And winking with ae ee;  
But `Ha! ha!' said the bonnie ladie,  
`That same young man are ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.17

\N1 He\'s taen her up to a hie towr-head  
And offerd her hunder pund in a glove:  
`Gin ye be a courteous maid,  
Ye\'ll choice anither love.'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.18

\N1 `What care I for your hunder pund?  
Na mair than ye wad for mine;  
What\'s a hunder pund to me,  
To a marriage wi a king!'

\SBALLADS Child 110C.19

\N1 Whan the marriage it was oure,  
 And ilk ane took them horse,  
 `It never set a beggar\'s brat  
 At nae knicht\'s back to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.20  
 \N1 The ladie met wi a beggar-wife,  
 And gied her half o crown:  
 `Tell aw your neebours, whan ye gang hame,  
 That Earl Richard\'s your gude-son.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.21  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue, ye beggar\'s brat,  
 My heart will brak in three;'  
 `And sae did mine on yon bonny hill-side,  
 Whan ye wad na let me be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.22  
 \N1 Whan she cam to yon nettle-dyke,  
 . . . . .  
 `An my auld mither she was here,  
 Sae weill as she wad ye pu.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.23  
 \N1 `She wad boil ye weill, and butter ye weill,  
 And sup till she war fu,  
 And lay her head upon her dish-doup,  
 And sleep like onie sow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.24  
 \N1 Whan she cam to Earl Richard\'s house,  
 The sheets war holland f+ine:  
 `O haud awa thae linen sheets,  
 And bring to me the linsey clouts  
 I hae been best used in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.25  
 \N1 [`Awa, awa wi your siller spoons,  
 Haud them awa frae me;  
 It would set me better to feed my f+locks  
 Wi the brose-cap on my knee:  
 Sae bring to me the gude ram\'s horn,  
 The spoons I\'ve been used wi.']  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.26  
 \N1 `Hold your tongue, ye beggar\'s brat,  
 My heart will brak in three;'  
 `And sae did mine on yon bonnie hillside,  
 Whan ye wadna lat me be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.27  
 \N1 `I wish I had drank the well-water  
 Whan f+irst I drank the wine!  
 Never a shepherd\'s dochter  
 Wad hae been a love o mine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.28  
 \N1 `O I wish I\'d drank the well-water  
 Whan f+irst I drank the beer,  
 That ever a shepherd\'s dochter  
 Shoud hae been my only dear!'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.29  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll turn about, Earl Richard,  
 And mak some mair o me;  
 An ye mak me lady o ae puir plow,  
 I can mak ye laird o three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110C.30  
 \N1 `If ye be the Earl of Stockford\'s dochter,

As I\`ve taen some thouchts ye be,  
Aft hae I waited at your father\`s yett,  
But your face I coud never see.'

\LBALLADS Child 110D.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 AND he was never sae discreet  
As bid her loup on and ride,  
And she was neer sae meanly bred  
As for to bid him bide.

\SBALLADS Child 110D.2

\N1 And whan she cam to yon water,  
It was running like a f+lude:  
\`I\`ve learned it in my mither\`s bouer,  
I\`ve learned it for my gude,  
That I can soum this wan water  
Like a f+ish in a f+lude.

\SBALLADS Child 110D.3

\N1 \`I\`ve learned it in my father\`s bouer,  
I\`ve learned it for my better,  
And I will soum this wan water  
As tho I was ane otter.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110D.4

\N1 \`Gude day, gude day, my liege the king,  
Gude day, gude day, to thee;'  
\`Gude day,' quoth he, 'My lady fair,  
What want ye wi me?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110D.5

\N1 \`Gin he be a single man,  
His bodie I\`ll gie thee;  
But gin he be a married man,  
I\`ll hang him on a tree.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110D.6

\N1 He\`s powd out a hundred punds,  
Weel lockit in a glove;

. . . .

. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 110D.7

\N1 \`I\`ll hae nane o your gowd,' she said,  
\`Nor either o your fee;  
But I will hae your ain bodie  
The king has granted me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110D.8

\N1 \`O was ye gentle gotten, maid?  
Or was ye gentle born?  
Or hae ye onie gerss growing?  
Or hae ye onie corn?

\SBALLADS Child 110D.9

\N1 \`Or hae ye onie lands or rents,  
Lying at libertie?  
Or hae ye onie education,  
To dance alang wi me?'

\SBALLADS Child 110D.10

\N1 \`I was na gentle gotten, madam,  
Nor was I gentle born;  
Neither hae I gerss growing,  
Nor hae I onie corn.

\SBALLADS Child 110D.11

\N1 `I have na onie lands or rents,  
Lying at libertie;  
Nor hae I onie education,  
To dance alang wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 110D.12

\N1 He lap on ae milk-white steed,  
And she lap on anither,  
And then the twa rade out the way  
Like sister and like brither.

\SBALLADS Child 110D.13

\N1 And whan she cam to Tyne\'s water,  
She wililie did say,  
Fareweil, ye mills o Tyne\'s water,  
With thee I bid gude-day.

\SBALLADS Child 110D.14

\N1 Fareweil, ye mills o Tyne\'s water,  
To you I bid gud-een,  
Whare monie a day I hae f+illd my pock,  
Baith at midnight and at een.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110D.15

\N1 Whan they cam to her father\'s yett,  
She tirded on the pin;  
And an auld belly-blind man was sitting there,  
As they war entering in.

\SBALLADS Child 110D.16

\N1 `The meetest marriage,' the belly-blind did cry,  
`Atween the ane and the ither,  
Atween the Earl of Stockford\'s dochter  
And the Queen o England\'s brither.'

\LBALLADS Child 110E.1

\N1 EARL RICHARD, once upon a day,  
And all his valiant men so wight,  
He did him down to Barnisdale,  
Where all the land is fair and light.

\SBALLADS Child 110E.2

\N1 He was aware of a damosel+-  
I wot fast on she did her bound+-  
With towers of gold upon her head,  
As fair a woman as could be found.

\SBALLADS Child 110E.3

\N1 He said, Busk on you, fair ladye,  
The white f+lowers and the red;  
For I would give my bonnie ship  
To get your maidenhead.

\SBALLADS Child 110E.4

\N1 `I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,  
And drown you in the sea;  
For all this would not mend the miss  
That ye would do to me.'

`The miss is not so great, ladye;  
Soon mended it might be.

\SBALLADS Child 110E.5

\N1 `I have four an twenty mills in Scotland,  
Stands on the water of Tay;  
You\'ll have them, and as much f+lour  
As they\'ll grind in a day.'

\SBALLADS Child 110E.6

\N1 `I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,  
And drown you in the sea;

For all that would not mend the miss  
That ye would do to me.'  
`The miss is not so great, ladye;  
Soon mended it will be.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.7  
\N1 `I have four an twenty milk-white cows,  
All calved in a day;  
You`ll have them ,and as much haind grass  
As they all on can gae.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.8  
\N1 `I wish your bonnie ship rent and rive,  
And drown you in the sea;  
For all that would not mend the miss  
That ye would do to me.'  
`The miss is not so great, ladye;  
Soon mended it might be.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.9  
\N1 `I have four an twenty milk-white steeds,  
All foaled in one year;  
You`ll have them, and as much red gold  
As all their backs can bear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.10  
\N1 She turned her right and round about,  
And she swore by the mold;  
`I would not be your love,' said she,  
`For that church full of gold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.11  
\N1 He turned him right and round about,  
And he swore by the mess;  
Says, Ladye, ye my love shall be,  
And gold ye shall have less.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.12  
\N1 She turned her right and round about,  
And she swore by the moon;  
`I would not be your love,' says she,  
`For all the gold in Rome.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.13  
\N1 He turned him right and round about,  
And he swore by the moon;  
Says, Ladye, ye my love shall be,  
And gold ye shall have none.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.14  
\N1 He caught her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
And there has taken his will of her,  
Wholly without her leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.15  
\N1 The ladye frownd, and sadly blushd,  
And oh, but she thought shame!  
Says, If you are a knight at all,  
You surely will tell me your name.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.16  
\N1 `In some places they call me Jack,  
In other some they call me John;  
But when into the queen`s court,  
O then Lithcock it is my name!'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.17  
\N1 `Lithcock! Lithcock!' the ladye said,  
And oft she spelt it ower again;  
`Lithcock! it`s Latin,' the ladye said,

`Richard\'s the English of that name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.18  
\N1 The knight he rode, the ladye ran,  
A live-long summer\'s day,  
Till they came to the wan water  
That all men do call Tay.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.19  
\N1 He set his horse head to the water,  
Just thro it for to ride,  
And the ladye was as ready as him  
The waters for to wade.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.20  
\N1 For he had never been as kind-hearted  
As to bid the ladye ride,  
And she had never been so low-hearted  
As for to bid him bide.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.21  
\N1 But deep into the wan water  
There stands a great big stone;  
He turned his wight horse head about,  
Said Ladye fair, will ye loup on?  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.22  
\N1 She\'s taken the wand was in her hand  
And struck it on the faem,  
And before he got the middle-stream  
The ladye was on dry land:  
`By help of God and our Lady,  
My help lyes not in your hand!  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.23  
\N1 `I learned it from my mother dear,  
Few are there that have learned better,  
When I come to deep water,  
I can swim thro like ony otter.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.24  
\N1 `I learned it from my mother dear,  
I f+ind I learnd it for my weel,  
When I come to a deep water,  
I can swim thro like ony eel.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.25  
\N1 `Turn back, turn back, you ladye fair,  
You know not what I see;  
There is a ladye in that castle  
That will burn you and me.'  
`Betide me weel, betide me wae,  
That ladye I will see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.26  
\N1 She took a ring from her f+inger,  
And gave it the porter for his fee;  
Says, Take you that, my good porter,  
And bid the queen speak to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.27  
\N1 And when she came before the queen,  
There she fell low down on her knee;  
Says, There is a knight into your court  
This day has robbed me.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.28  
\N1 `O has he robbed you of your gold,  
Or has he robbed you of your fee?'  
`He has not robbed me of my gold,  
He has not robbed me of my fee;

He has robbed me of my maidenhead,  
The fairest f+lower of my bodie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.29  
\N1 `There is no knight in all my court,  
That thus has robbed thee,  
But you\'ll have the truth of his right hand,  
Or else for your sake he\'ll die:  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.30  
\N1 `Tho it were Earl Richard, my own brother,  
And, Oh, forbid that it be!'  
Then sighing said the ladye fair,  
I wot the same man is he.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.31  
\N1 The queen called on her merry men,  
Even f+ifty men and three;  
Earl Richard used to be the f+irst man,  
But now the hindmost man was he.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.32  
\N1 He\'s taken out one hundred pounds,  
And told it in his glove;  
Says, Take you that, my ladye fair,  
And seek another love.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.33  
\N1 `Oh, no! oh, no!' the ladye cried,  
`That\'s what shall never be;  
I\'ll have the truth of your right hand,  
The queen it gave to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.34  
\N1 [`I wish I\'d drunken your water, sister,  
When I did drink thus of your ale,  
That for a carl\'s fair daughter  
It does me gar dree all this bale!]  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.35  
\N1 `I wish I had drunk of your water, sister,  
When I did drink your wine,  
That for a carle\'s fair daughter  
It does gar me dree all this pine!'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.36  
\N1 `May be I am a carle\'s daughter,  
And may be never nane;  
When ye met me in the greenwood,  
Why did you not let me alane?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.37  
\N1 `Will you wear the short clothes,  
Or will you wear the side?  
Or will you walk to your wedding,  
Or will you till it ride?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.38  
\N1 `I will not wear the short clothes,  
But I will wear the side;  
I will not walk to my wedding,  
But I to it will ride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.39  
\N1 When he was set upon the horse,  
The lady him behin,  
Then cauld and eerie were the words  
The twa had them between.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.40  
\N1 She said, Good e\'en, ye nettles tall,  
Just there where ye grow at the dyke;



If the auld carline my mother were here,  
Sae weel\'s she would your pates pyke!  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.41  
\N1 How she would stap you in her poke--  
I wot at that she wadna fail--  
And boil ye in her auld brass pan,  
And of ye make right good kail!  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.42  
\N1 And she would meal you with millering,  
That she gathers at the mill,  
And make you thick as ony daigh:  
And when the pan was brimful,  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.43  
\N1 Would mess you up in scuttle-dishes,  
Syne bid us sup till we were fou,  
Lay down her head upon a poke,  
Then sleep and snore like ony sow.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.44  
\N1 `Away, away, you bad woman!  
For all your vile words grieveth me;  
When you hide so little for yourself,  
I\'m sure ye\'ll hide far less for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.45  
\N1 `I wish I had drunk your water, sister,  
When that I did drink of your wine,  
Since for a carle\'s fair daughter,  
It aye gars me dree all this pine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.46  
\N1 `May be I am a carle\'s daughter,  
And may be never nane;  
When ye met me in the good greenwood,  
Why did you not let me alane?  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.47  
\N1 `Gude een, gude een, ye heather-berries,  
As ye\'re growing on yon hill;  
If the auld carline and her bags were here,  
I wot she would get meat her f+ill.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.48  
\N1 `Late, late at night, I knit our pokes,  
With even four an twenty knots;  
And in the morn at breakfast time  
I\'ll carry the keys of an earl\'s locks.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.49  
\N1 `Late, late at night, I knit our pokes,  
With even four an twenty strings;  
And if you look to my white f+ingers,  
They have as many gay gold rings.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.50  
\N1 `Away, away, ye ill woman!  
So sore your vile words grieveth me;  
When you hide so little for yourself,  
I\'m sure ye\'ll hide far less for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.51  
\N1 `But if you are a carle\'s daughter,  
As I take you to be,  
How did you get the gay cloathing  
In greenwood ye had on thee?  
\SBALLADS Child 110E.52  
\N1 `My mother, she\'s a poor woman,  
She nursed earl\'s chidren three,

And I got them from a foster-sister,  
 For to beguile such sparks as thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110E.53  
 \N1 `But if you be a carle\'s daughter,  
 As I believe you be,  
 How did you learn the good Latin  
 In greenwood ye spoke to me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110E.54  
 \N1 `My mother, she\'s a mean woman,  
 She nursd earl\'s children three;  
 I learnt it from their chaplain,  
 To beguile such sparks as ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110E.55  
 \N1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
 And all men bound for bed,  
 Then Earl Richard and this ladye  
 In ae bed they were laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110E.56  
 \N1 He turned his face unto the stock,  
 And she her\'s to the stane,  
 And cauld and dreary was the love  
 That was these twa between.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110E.57  
 \N1 Great mirth was in the kitchen,  
 Likewise intill the ha,  
 But in his bed lay Earl Richard,  
 Wiping the tears awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110E.58  
 \N1 He wept till he fell fast asleep,  
 Then slept till light was come;  
 Then he did hear the gentlemen  
 That talked in the room:  
 \SBALLADS Child 110E.59  
 \N1 Said, Saw ye ever a f+itter match,  
 Betwixt the ane and ither,  
 The king of Scotland\'s fair dochter  
 And the queen of England\'s brither?  
 \SBALLADS Child 110E.60  
 \N1 `And is she the king o Scotland\'s fair dochter?  
 This day, O weel is me!  
 For seven times has my steed been saddled,  
 To come to court with thee;  
 And with this witty lady fair,  
 How happy must I be!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 110F.1  
 \N1 EARL LITHGOW he\'s a hunting gane,  
 Upon a summer\'s day,  
 And he\'s fa\'en in with a weel-far\'d maid,  
 Was gathering at the slaes.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.2  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve;  
 He led her to the foot of a tree,  
 At her he spierd nae leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.3  
 \N1 The lassie being well learned,  
 She turned her right around;  
 Says, Will ye be as good, kind sir,  
 As tell to me your name?  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.4

\N1 `Whiles they call me Jack,' he says,  
`And whiles they call me John;  
But when I\'m in the queen\'s high court,  
Earl Litchcock is my name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.5  
\N1 The lassie being well learned,  
She spelld it ower again;  
Says, Litchcock is a Latin word,  
But Lithgow is your name.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.6  
\N1 The lassie being well learned,  
She spelld it ower again;  
Says, Lithgow is a gentle word,  
But Richard is your name.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.7  
\N1 She has kilted her green claithing  
A little abeen her knee;  
The gentleman rode, and the lassie ran,  
Till at the water o Dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.8  
\N1 When they were at the water o Dee,  
And at the narrow side,  
He turned about his high horse head,  
Says, Lassie, will ye ride?  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.9  
\N1 `I learned it in my mother\'s bower,  
I wish I had learned it better,  
When I came to this wan water,  
To swim like ony otter.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.10  
\N1 `I learned it in my mother\'s bower,  
I wish I had learned it weel,  
That when I came to a wan water,  
To swim like ony eel.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.11  
\N1 She has kilted her green claithing  
A little abeen her knee;  
The gentleman rode, the lassie swam,  
Thro the water o Dee:  
Before he was at the middle o the water,  
At the other side was she.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.12  
\N1 She sat there and drest hersell,  
And sat upon a stone;  
There she sat to rest hersell,  
And see how he\'d come on.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.13  
\N1 `How many miles hae ye to ride?  
How many hae I to gang?'  
`I\'ve thirty miles to ride,' he says,  
`And ye\'ve as mony to gang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.14  
\N1 `If ye\'ve thirty miles to ride,' she says,  
`And I\'ve as mony to gae,  
Ye\'ll get leave to gang yoursell;  
It will never be gane by me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.15  
\N1 She\'s gane to the queen\'s high court,  
And knocked at the pin;  
Who was sae ready as the proud porter,

To let this lady in!  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.16  
\N1 She\'s put her hand in her pocket,  
And gien him guineas three:  
`Ye will gang to the queen hersell,  
And tell her this frae me.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.17  
\N1 `There is a lady at your yetts  
Can neither card nor spin;  
But she can sit in a lady\'s bower,  
And lay gold on a seam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.18  
\N1 He\'s gane ben thro ae lang room,  
And he\'s gane ben thro twa,  
Till he came to a lang, lang trance,  
And then came to the ha.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.19  
\N1 When he came before the queen,  
Sat low down on his knee:  
`Win up, win up, my proud porter,  
What makes this courtesie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.20  
\N1 `There is a lady at your yetts  
Can neither card nor spin;  
But she can sit in a lady\'s bower,  
And lay gold on a seam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.21  
\N1 `If there is a lady at my yetts  
That cannot card nor spin,  
Ye\'ll open my yetts baith wide and braid,  
And let this lady in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.22  
\N1 Now she has gane ben thro ae room,  
And she\'s gane ben thro twa,  
And she gaed ben a lang, lang trance,  
Till she came to the ha.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.23  
\N1 When she came before the queen,  
Sat low down on her knee:  
`Win up, win up, my fair woman,  
What makes such courtesie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.24  
\N1 `My errand it\'s to thee, O queen,  
My errand it\'s to thee;  
There is a man within your courts  
This day has robbed me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.25  
\N1 `O has he taen your purse, your purse,  
Or taen your penny-fee?  
Or has he taen your maidenhead,  
The f+lower of your bodie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.26  
\N1 He hasna taen my purse, my purse,  
Nor yet my penny-fee,  
But he has taen my maidenhead,  
The f+lower of my bodi'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.27  
\N1 `It is if he be a batchelor,  
Your husband he shall be;  
But if he be a married man,

High hanged he shall be.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.28  
\N1 `Except it be my brother, Litchcock,  
I hinna will it be he;'  
Sighd and said that gay lady,  
That very man is he.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.29  
\N1 She\'s calld on her merry men a\`,  
By ane, by twa, by three;  
Earl Litchcock used to be the f+irst,  
But the hindmost man was he.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.30  
\N1 He came cripple on the back,  
Stane blind upon an ee;  
And sighd and said Earl Richard,  
I doubt this calls for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.31  
\N1 He\'s laid down a brand, a brand,  
And next laid down a ring;  
It\'s thrice she minted to the brand,  
But she\'s taen up the ring:  
There\'s not a knight in a\' the court,  
But calld her a wise woman.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.32  
\N1 He\'s taen out a purse of gold,  
And tauld it on a stane;  
Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,  
And ye\'ll frae me be gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.33  
\N1 `I will hae nane o your purse<s] o gold,  
That ye tell on a stane;  
But I will hae yoursell,' she says,  
'Another I\'ll hae nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.34  
\N1 He has taen out another purse,  
And tauld it in a glove;  
Says, Take ye that, my fair woman,  
And choice another love.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.35  
\N1 `I\'ll hae nane o your purses o gold,  
That ye tell in a glove;  
\N1 But I will hae yoursell,' she says,  
'I\'ll hae nae ither love.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.36  
\N1 But he\'s taen out another purse,  
And tauld it on his knee;  
Said, Take ye that, ye fair woman,  
Ye\'ll get nae mair frae me.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.37  
\N1 `I\'ll hae nane o your purses o gold,  
That ye tell on your knee;  
But I will hae yoursell,' she says,  
'The queen has granted it me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.38  
\N1 `O will ye hae the short claithing,  
Or will ye hae the side?  
Or will ye gang to your wedding,  
Or will ye to it ride?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.39  
\N1 `I winna hae the short claithing,

But I will hae the side;  
I winna gang to my wedding,  
But to it I will ride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.40  
\N1 The f+irst town that they came till  
They made the mass be sung,  
And the next town that they came till  
They made the bells be rung.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.41  
\N1 And the next town that they came till  
He bought her gay claithing,  
And the next town that they came till  
They held a fair wedding.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.42  
\N1 When they came to Mary-kirk,  
The nettles grew on the dyke:  
'If my auld mither, the carlin, were here,  
Sae well\'s she would you pyke.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.43  
\N1 'Sae well\'s she would you pyke,' she says,  
'She woud you pyke and pou,  
And wi the dust lyes in the mill  
Sae woud she mingle you.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.44  
\N1 'She\'d take a speen intill her hand,  
And sup ere she be fou,  
Syne lay her head upon a sod,  
And snore like ony sow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.45  
\N1 When she came to yon mill-dams,  
Says, Well may ye clap;  
I wyte my minnie neer gaed by you  
Wanting mony a lick.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.46  
\N1 He\'s drawn his hat out ower his face,  
Muckle shame thought he;  
She\'s driven her cap out ower her locks,  
And a light laugh gae she.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.47  
\N1 When they were wedded, and well bedded,  
And hame at dinner set,  
Then out it spake our bride hersell,  
And she spake never blate.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.48  
\N1 Put far awa your china plates,  
Put them far awa frae me,  
And bring to me my humble gockies,  
That I was best used wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.49  
\N1 Put far awa your siller speens,  
Had them far awa frae me,  
And bring to me my horn cutties,  
That I was best used wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.50  
\N1 When they were dined and well served,  
And to their dancing set,  
Out it spake our bride again,  
For she spake never blate.  
\SBALLADS Child 110F.51  
\N1 If the auld carlin, my mither, were here,

As I trust she will be,  
 She'll fear the dancing frae us a',  
 And gar her meal-bags f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.52  
 \N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a' men bound for rest,  
 Earl Richard and the beggar's daughter  
 In ae chamber were placed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.53  
 \N1 `Had far awa your f+ine claithing,  
 Had them far awa frae me,  
 And bring to me my f+leachy clouts,  
 That I was best used wi.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.54  
 \N1 `Had far awa your holland sheets,  
 Had them far awa frae me,  
 And bring to me my canvas clouts,  
 That I was best used wi.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.55  
 \N1 `Lay a pock o meal beneath my head,  
 Another aneath my feet,  
 A pock o seeds beneath my knees,  
 And soundly will I sleep.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.56  
 \N1 `Had far awa, ye carlin's get,  
 Had far awa frae me;  
 I disna set a carlin's get  
 My bed-fellow to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.57  
 \N1 `It's may be I'm a carlin's get,  
 And may be I am nane;  
 But when ye got me in good greenwood,  
 How letna you me alane?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.58  
 \N1 `It is if you be a carlin's get,  
 As I trust well ye be,  
 Where got ye all the gay claithing  
 You brought to greenwood with thee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.59  
 \N1 `My mother was an auld nourice,  
 She nursed bairns three;  
 And whiles she got, and whiles she staw.  
 And she kept them a' for me;  
 And I put them on in good greenwood,  
 To beguile fause squires like thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.60  
 \N1 It's out then spake the Billy-Blin,  
 Says, I speak nane out of time;  
 If ye make her lady o nine cities,  
 She'll make you lord o ten.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.61  
 \N1 Out it spake the Billy-Blin,  
 Says, The one may serve the other;  
 The King of Gosford's ae daughter,  
 And the Queen of Scotland's brother.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110F.62  
 \N1 `Wae but worth you, Billy-Blin,  
 An ill death may ye die!  
 My bed-fellow he'd been for seven years  
 Or he'd kend sae muckle frae me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110F.63

\N1 `Fair fa ye, ye Billy-Blin,  
And well may ye aye be!  
In my stable is the ninth horse I\`ve killd,  
Seeking this fair ladie:  
Now we\`re married, and now we\`re bedded,  
And in each other\`s arms shall lie.'

\LBALLADS Child 110G.1

\N1 JOJANET has to the greenwood gane,  
Wi a\` her maidens free,

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110G.2

\N1 `Some ca me Jack, some ca me John,  
Some ca me Jing-ga-lee,  
But when I am in the queen\`s court  
Earl Hitchcock they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110G.3

\N1 `Hitchcock, Hitchcock,' Jo Janet she said,  
An spelled it ower agane,  
`Hitchcock it\`s a Latin word;  
Earl Richard is your name.'

\SBALLADS Child 110G.4

\N1 But when he saw she was book-learned,  
Fast to his horse hied he;  
But she kilted up her gay claithing,  
An fast, fast followed she.

\SBALLADS Child 110G.5

\N1 Aye he rade, an aye she ran,  
The live-lang simmer\`s day,  
Till they came to the wan water,  
An a\` men call it Tay.

\SBALLADS Child 110G.6

\N1 She has tane the narrow fuird,  
An he has tane the wide,  
An ere he was in the middle-water,  
Jo Janet was at the ither side.

\SBALLADS Child 110G.7

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

As swift as eel or otter.

\SBALLADS Child 110G.8

\N1 An when she cam to the queen\`s court  
She tirlid at the pin,  
An wha sae ready as the queen hersel  
To let Jo Janet in!

\SBALLADS Child 110G.9

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`There is a knicht into your court  
This day has robbed me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110G.10

\N1 `Has he robbed you o your gold, fair may,  
Or robbed you o your fee?  
Or robbed you o your maidenhead,  
The f+lower o your bodie?'

\SBALLADS Child 110G.11

\N1 `He has nae robbed me o my gold,' she said,



`Nor o my weel won fee,  
 But he has robbed me o my maidenhead,  
 The f+lower o my bodie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.12  
 \N1 `It\'s if he be a married knight,  
 It\'s hanged he shall be;  
 But if he be a single knight,  
 It\'s married ye sall be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.13  
 \N1 `There\'s but three knichts into my court  
 This day hae been frae me,  
 An ane is Earl Richard, my brither,  
 An I hope it is na he:'  
 Then sichin said Jo Janet,  
 The very same man is he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.14  
 \N1 The queen has called on her merry men  
 By thirty and by three;  
 He wont to be the foremost man,  
 But hinmost in cam he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.15  
 \N1 `If this your tricks abroad, Richard,  
 Is this your tricks abroad,  
 Whenever ye meet a bonny may  
 To lay her on the road?'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.16  
 \N1 But he took out a purse o gold,  
 . . . . .  
 Says, Tak you that, my bonny may,  
 An seek nae mair o me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.17  
 \N1 `I winna hae your gold,' she said,  
 `I winna hae your fee;  
 I\'ll hae the troth o your right hand  
 The queen has promised me.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.18  
 \N1 As they rade bye yon bonny mill-town  
 Sae fair\'s the nettles grew;  
 Quoth she, If my auld mither were here,  
 Sae f+inely\'s she wad you pu.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.19  
 \N1 She wad you nip, she wad you clip,  
 Sae f+inely\'s she wad you pu,  
 An pit you on in a wee, wee pat,  
 An sup till she were fu,  
 Syne rowe her heid in her gown-tail,  
 An sleep like ony soo.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.20  
 \N1 He drew his hat down ower his broos,  
 An a doon look gae he,  
 But she threw her locks out ower her cocks,  
 An nae ways dung was she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.21  
 \N1 `It\'s if ye be a beggar\'s brat,  
 As I dout na but ye be,  
 It\'s where gat ye the gay claithing  
 That hings down to your knee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110G.22

\N1 `My mither was nurse to Earl Marshall\'s dother,  
An a f+ine lady is she,  
An aye when she gets new claithing  
She casts the auld to me:'  
An sichin said Earl Richard,  
My ain true-love is she!  
\SBALLADS Child 110G.23

\N1 But if you be a beggar\'s brat,  
As I doutna but ye be,  
Where got ye the Latin words  
Ye said in greenwood to me?  
\SBALLADS Child 110G.24

\N1 `My mither was a bad woman,  
She served sic men as thee,  
An a\' the gear at ever she got  
She waired it a\' on me,  
An learned me weel the Latin tongue,  
To beguile sic sparks as thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110G.25

\N1 `Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
An ill death mat ye dee!

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 110G.26  
\N1 When they were a\' at supper set,  
An siller spoons gaen roun,  
It\'s, `Haud awa yer siller spoons,  
Haud them far awa frae me,  
An bring to me a guid ramshorn,  
The thing I\'m best used wi.'

\SBALLADS Child 110G.27  
\N1 An when they were at supper set,  
An the ale-caup gaen about,  
She took it in her arms twa,  
An sae clean\'s she lickit it oot.

\SBALLADS Child 110G.28  
\N1 He drew his hat doun ower his broos,  
An a doun look gae he,  
But she threw her locks out ower her cocks,  
An nae ways dung was she.

\SBALLADS Child 110G.29  
\N1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
An a\' men boun to bed,  
Earl Richard an Jo Janet  
In ae bed they were laid.

\SBALLADS Child 110G.30  
\N1 He turned his face unto the stock,  
An sair, sair did he weep;  
She turned her face unto the wa,  
An sound she fell asleep.

\SBALLADS Child 110G.31  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .

The Billie Blin stood up at their bed-feet.  
\SBALLADS Child 110G.32

\N1 Said, Saw ye ever a f+itter match  
Atween the tane and the tither,  
The Earl Marshall<\'s] ae dother  
An the Queen o Scotland\'s brither?

\SBALLADS Child 110G.33

\N1 `Wae be to you for an ill woman,  
An ill death mat ye dee!  
For mony\'s the mare and mare\'s foal  
I\'ve bursten seekin thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 110G.34

\N1 . . . a cup o wine,  
Quoth, Here\'s to thee and me!  
If ye mak me lady o ae puir pleugh,  
I\'ll mak ye lord o three.

\LBALLADS Child 110H.1

\N1 THERE was a shepherd\'s daughter,  
Kept sheep on yonder hill;  
There came a knight o courage bright,  
And he had have his will. Diddle, 'C\.

\SBALLADS Child 110H.2

\N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
Gien her a gown o green;  
'O take you that, fair may,' he says,  
'There\'s nae mair o me to be seen.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.3

\N1 `Since ye have taen your wills o me,  
Your wills o me you\'ve taen,  
Since ye have taen your wills o me,  
Pray tell to me your name.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.4

\N1 `O some they call me Jack, lady,  
And others call me John;  
But when I\'m in the king\'s court,  
Sweet William is my name.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.5

\N1 She\'s kilted up her green clothing  
A little below her knee,  
And she is to the king\'s court,  
As fast as she could gae.

\SBALLADS Child 110H.6

\N1 And when she came unto the king,  
She knelt low on her knee:  
'There is a man into your court  
This day has robbed me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.7

\N1 `Has he robbd you of your gold,' he says,  
'Or of your white monie?  
Or robbed you of the f+lowery branch,  
The f+lower of your bodie?'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.8

\N1 `He has not robbd me of my gold,' she says,  
'Nor of my white monie,  
But he\'s robbd me of the f+lowery branch,  
The f+lower of my bodie.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.9

\N1 `O if he be a bond-man,  
High hanged shall he be;  
But if he be a free man,  
He\'se well provide for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.10

\N1 The king\'s called on his nobles all,  
By thirty and by three;  
Sweet William should have been the foremost man,  
But the hindmost man was he.

\SBALLADS Child 110H.11

\N1 `Do you not mind yon shepherd\'s daughter,  
You met on yonder hill?  
When a\' her flocks were feeding round,  
Of her you took your will.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.12

\N1 And he\'s taen out a purse o gold,  
And tied up in a glove;  
'Take you that, fair may,' he says,  
'And choice for you a love.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.13

\N1 O he\'s taen out three hundred pounds,  
Tied up in a purse;  
'See, take you that, fair may,' he says,  
'And that will pay the nurse.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.14

\N1 `I\'ll neither have your gold,' she says,  
'Nor yet your white monie,  
But I will have the king\'s grant,  
That he has granted me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.15

\N1 Then he\'s taen her on a milk-white steed,  
Himsell upon another,  
And to his castle they have rode,  
Like sister and like brother.

\SBALLADS Child 110H.16

\N1 O ilka nettle that they came to,  
'O well mote you grow!  
For mony a day\'s my minny and me  
Pilkit at your pow.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.17

\N1 O ilka mill that they came to,  
'O well mote you clack!  
For monie a day\'s my minnie and me  
Buckled up our lap.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110H.18

\N1 `You\'re the king of England\'s ae brother,  
I trust well that you be;  
I\'m the Earl of Stampford\'s ae daughter,  
And he has nae mair but me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110H.19

\N1 O saw you eer such a near marriage,  
Between the one and the other,  
The Earl of Stampford\'s ae daughter,  
And the King of England\'s brother!

\LBALLADS Child 110I.1

\N1 THERE was a shepherd\'s daughter,  
Kept flocks on yonder hill,  
And by there cam a courteous knight,  
Wud fain and hae his will.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110I.2

\N1 `Some do ca me Jock,' he said,  
'And some do ca me John,  
But when I do ride i the king\'s high court,  
Gulelmus is my name.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110I.3

\N1 And when she came to the kinges court

She tirl'd at the pin,  
And wha was there but the king himsel,  
To lat this fair maid in!

\SBALLADS Child 110I.4

\N1 `Now Christ you save, my lord,' she said,  
`Now Christ you save and see;

There is a knicht into your court

This day has robbed me.

\SBALLADS Child 110I.5

\N1 `He\'s na robbed me o my silken purse,  
Nor o my white money,

But he\'s robbed me o my maidenheid,

The f+lower o my bodie.'

\SBALLADS Child 110I.6

\N1 `O gin he be a single man,

Weel married sall ye be,

But an he be a married man,

He\'s hang upon a tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 110I.7

\N1 Then he called up his merry men a\',

By one, by two, and by three,

And William should a been the f+irst,

But the hindmost man was he.

\SBALLADS Child 110I.8

\N1 And he cam hirplin on a stick,

And blin upon an ee,

But sighand said that gay ladie,

That same man robbed me.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 110I.9

\N1 `Gin I had drunk the wan water,

When I did drink the wine,

A cairdman\'s daughter

Should never be a true-love o mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 110I.10

\N1 `Maybe I\'m a cairdman\'s daughter,

And maybe I am nane;

But when ye did come to good green wood,

Ye sud hae latten me alane.'

\SBALLADS Child 110I.11

\N1 She set upon a milk-white steed,

An himsel on a dapple grey,

An she had as much lan in fair Scotlan

\`S ye cud ride in a lang simmer\'s day.

\LBALLADS Child 110J.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `SOME ca\'s me James, some ca\'as me John,

I carena what they ca me,

But when I [am] at hame in my ain country,

It\'s Lispcock that they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110J.2

\N1 The lassie being well beuk-learned,

She spelled it ower again;

Says, Lispcock in a Latin beuk

Spells Erl Richard in plain.

\SBALLADS Child 110J.3

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

The lassie kilted up her green claithing,

And fast, fast followed on.

\SBALLADS Child 110J.4

\N1 Till they cam till a wide water,

. . . . .

He\'s turned his hie horse head about,  
Says, Lassie will ye ride?

\SBALLADS Child 110J.5

\N1 `I learned it in my mother\'s bower,  
I wish I\'d learned it better,  
Whanever I cam to any wide water,  
To soum like ony otter.'

\SBALLADS Child 110J.6

\N1 The laird he chused the ford to ride,  
The ladie the pot to swim,  
And or the laird was half water,  
The ladie was on dry lan.

\SBALLADS Child 110J.7

\N1 O he rade on to yon hie castell,  
He rade it richt and roun about;  
The laird gaed in at ae back-door,  
But the ladie beet to knock.

\SBALLADS Child 110J.8

\N1 Out it cam the proud porter,  
Wi his hat into his han,

. . . . .

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 110J.9

\N1 She\'s pitten her hand in her pocket,  
Pulld out guineas three,  
And that she\'s given to the proud porter,  
To cause her to get entrance there.

\SBALLADS Child 110J.10

\N1 The proud porter ran up the stair,  
O f+fifteen steps he made but three:  
`The prettiest lady stands at yer yetts  
That ever my een did see.'

\SBALLADS Child 110J.11

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`Goe doun, goe doun, you proud porter,  
Cause her to cum up to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110J.12

\N1 When she gaed in before the queen,  
She fell low down on her knee:

`There is a man into your courts  
This day has robbed me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110J.13

\N1 `Has he robbed you o your f+ine clothing,  
Or o your white monie?  
Or taen frae you your maidenhead,  
The f+lower o your bodie?'

\SBALLADS Child 110J.14

\N1 `He hasna robbed me o my f+ine clothing,  
Nor o my white monie,  
But he\'s taen frae me my maidenhead,  
The f+lower o my bodie.'

\SBALLADS Child 110J.15

\N1 `O gin he be a married man,  
High hanged sall he be;  
And gin he be a batchelere,  
Well wedded shall ye be.'

\SBALLADS Child 110J.16

\N1 O she has called in her merry young men,  
By thirties and by threes;  
Earl Richard should hae been the foremost man,  
But the hindmost man was he.

\SBALLADS Child 110J.17

\N1 He cam limpin on a staff,  
And blinkin on an ee,  
And sichand says that gay ladie,  
That samem man is he.

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 110K.1

\N1 THERE was a shepherd\'s daughter,  
Kept sheep on yonder hill;  
O by comes a courtier,  
And fain wud hae his will.

\SBALLADS Child 110K.1r

\N1 We\'ll go no more a roving,  
A roving in the night,  
We\'ll go no more a roving,  
Let the moon shine neer so bright.  
O we\'ll go [no] more a roving.

\SBALLADS Child 110K.2

\N1 He took her by the middle so small,  
And by the grass-green sleeve;  
He bended her body unto the ground,  
And of her parents he askd no leave.

\SBALLADS Child 110K.3

\N1 `Now since you\'ve got your will o me,  
And brought my fair bodie to shame,  
All the request I ask of you is,  
Pray tell me what\'s your name.'

\SBALLADS Child 110K.4

\N1 `O some do call me Jack,' he says,  
`And some do call me John,  
But when I am in the king\'s court,  
My name is Sweet William.'

\SBALLADS Child 110K.5

\N1 She took her petticoats by the band,  
Her mantle oer her arm,  
And she\'s awa to the king\'s court,  
As fast as she could run.

\SBALLADS Child 110K.6

\N1 When she came to the king\'s court,  
She tinkled at the ring;  
Who was so ready as the king himsel  
To let this fair maid in!

\SBALLADS Child 110K.7

\N1 And when she came before the king,  
She kneeled low by his knee;  
`What\'s this? what\'s this, fair maid,' he says,  
`What\'s this you ask of me?'

\SBALLADS Child 110K.8

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`There is a knight into your court  
This day has robbed me.'

\SBALLADS Child 110K.9

\N1 `If he robbed you of your gold,' he said,  
`It\'s hanged he must be;

If he\'s robbed you of your maidenhead,  
 His body I grant to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.10  
 \N1 `He\'s not robbed me of my gold,' she said,  
 `Nor of my white money,  
 But he\'s robbed me of my maidenhead,  
 The f+lower of my bodie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.11  
 \N1 He\'s called down his merry men all,  
 By one, by two, by three;  
 John used to be the foremost man,  
 But the hindmost man was he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.12  
 \N1 He took a long purse of gold  
 And wrapped it in a glove:  
 `Here\'s to thee, my dearest dear,  
 Go seek some other love.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.13  
 \N1 `I\'ll have none of your gold,' she says,  
 `Nor any of your white money,  
 But I\'ll just have your own bodie  
 The king has granted to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.14  
 \N1 `I wish I was drinking the well-water  
 When I drank of the ale,  
 Before a shepherd\'s daughter  
 Would tell me such a tale.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.15  
 \N1 He got her on a milk-white steed,  
 Himself upon a grey,  
 Then on a day . . .  
 This couple rode away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.16  
 \N1 It\'s when they were coming by the nettle-bush,  
 She said, So well may you grow!  
 For many a day my mammy and me  
 Hae pickled at your pow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.17  
 \N1 When they cam by the mill-door, she said,  
 So well may you clatter!  
 For many a day my mammy and me  
 Pickled at your happer.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110K.18  
 \N1 When they came to the king\'s court,  
 They reckoned up their kin;  
 She was a king\'s one dochter,  
 And he but a blacksmith\'s son.  
 \LBALLADS Child 110L.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 `I LEARNED it in my father\'s bower,  
 And I learned it for the better,  
 That every water I coudna wade,  
 I swam it like an otter,  
 With my low silver ee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110L.2  
 \N1 `I learned it in my father\'s bower,  
 And I learned it for my weel,  
 That every water I coudna wade,  
 I swam it like an eel.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*



\SBALLADS Child 110L.3  
\N1 And he cam hirpling on a stick,  
And leaning on a tree:  
`Be he cripple, or be he blind,  
The same man is he.'  
\LBALLADS Child 110[M.1]  
\N1 There was a shepherd\'s daughter  
Kept hogs upo yon hill,  
By cam her a gentle knight,  
And he would hae his will.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.2]  
\N1 Whan his will o her he had,  
[His will] as he had taen,  
`Kind sir, for yer courtesy,  
Will ye tell me yer name?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.3]  
\N1 `Some they ca me Jock,' he says,  
`And some they ca me John;  
But whan \'m in our king\'s court  
Hitchcock is my name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.4]  
\N1 They lady being well book-read  
She spelt it oer again:  
`Hitchcock in our king\'s court  
Is Earl Richard at hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.5]  
\N1 He pat his leg out-oer his steed  
And to the get he\'s gane;  
She keltit up her green clothing,  
And fast, fast followed him.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.6]  
\N1 `Turn back, turn back, ye carl\'s daughter,  
And dinna follow me;  
It sets na carl\'s daughters  
Kings\' courts for to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.7]  
\N1 `Perhaps I am a cerl\'s daughter,  
Perhaps I am nane,  
But whan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye might ha latten\'s alane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.8]  
\N1 Whan they cam to yon wan water  
That a\' man does call Clyde,  
He looket oer his left shuder,  
Says, Fair may, will ye ride?  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.9]  
\N1 `I learnt it in my mother\'s bowr,  
I wis I had learnt it better,  
Whan I cam to wan water  
To soom as does the otter.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.10]  
\N1 Or the knight was i the middle o the water,  
The lady she was oer;  
She took out a came o gold,  
To came down her yellow hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.11]  
\N1 `Whar gat ye that, ye cerl\'s daughter?  
I pray ye tell to me:'  
`I got it fra my mither,' she says,  
`To beguil sick chaps as thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 110[M.12]  
\N1 Whan they cam to our king\'s court,  
He rade it round about,  
And he gade in at a shot-window,  
And left the lady without.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.13]  
\N1 She gade to our king hersel,  
She fell low down upon her knee:  
`There is a knight into your court  
This day has robbed me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.14]  
\N1 `Has he robbd ye o your goud?  
Or o yer well-won fee?  
Or o yer maidenhead,  
The f+lower o yer body?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.15]  
\N1 `He has na robbd me o my goud,  
For I ha nane to gee;  
But he has robbd me o my maidenhead,  
The f+lower o my body.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.16]  
\N1 `O wud ye ken the knight,' he says,  
`If that ye did him see?'  
`I wud him ken by his well-fared face  
And the blyth blink o his ee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.17]  
\N1 `An he be a married man,  
High hanged sall he be,  
And an he be a free man,  
Well wedded to him ye\'s be,  
Altho it be my brother Richie,  
And I wiss it be no he.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.18]  
\N1 The king called on his merry young men,  
By ane, by twa, by three;  
Earl Richmond had used to be the f+irst,  
But the hindmost was he.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.19]  
\N1 By that ye mith ha well kent  
That the quilty man was he;  
She took him by the milk-white hand,  
Says, This same ane is he.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.20]  
\N1 There was a brand laiddown to her,  
A brand but an a ring,  
Three times she minted to the brand,  
But she took up the ring;  
A\' that was in our king\'s court  
Countet her a wise woman.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.21]  
\N1 `I\'ll gi ye f+ive hundred pounds,  
To mak yer marriage we,  
An ye\'l turn back, ye cerl\'s daughter,  
And fash nae mere wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.22]  
\N1 `Gae keep yer f+ive hundred pounds  
To mak yer merriage we,  
For I\'ll hae nathing but yersel  
The king he promised me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.23]

\N1 `I'll gae ye one thousand pounds  
To mak yer marriage we,  
An ye'll turn back, ye cerl's daughter,  
And fash nae mere wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.24]  
\N1 `Gae keep yer one thousand pounds,  
To mak yer merriage we,  
For I'll hae nathing but yersel  
The king he promised me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.25]  
\N1 He took her down to yon garden,  
And clothed her in the green;  
Whan she cam up again,  
Sh[e] was fairer than the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.26]  
\N1 They gad on to Mary kirk, and on to Mary quire,  
The nettles they grew by the dyke:  
`O, an my mither wer her[e],  
So clean as she wud them pick!'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.27]  
\N1 `I wiss I had druken water,' he says,  
`Whan I drank the ale,  
That ony cerl's daughter  
Sud tell me sick a tale.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.28]  
\N1 `Perhaps I am a cerl's daughter,  
Perhaps I am nane;  
But whan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye might ha latten's alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.29]  
\N1 `Well mat this mill be,  
And well mat the gae!  
Mony a day they ha f+illed me pock  
O the white meal and the gray.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.30]  
\N1 `I wiss I had druken water,' he says,  
`When I drank the ale,  
That ony cerl's daughter  
Sud tell me sick a tale.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.31]  
\N1 `Perhaps I am a cerl's daughter,  
Perhaps I am nane;  
But whan ye gat me in free forest  
Ye might ha latten's alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.32]  
\N1 `Tak awa yer siller spoons,  
Tak awa fra me,  
An gae me the gude horn spoons,  
It's what I'm used tee.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.33]  
\N1 `O an my mukle dish wer here,  
And sine we hit were fu,  
I wud sup f+ile I am saerd,  
An sine lay down me head and sleep wi ony sow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.34]  
\N1 `I wiss I had druken water,' he says,  
`Whan I drank the ale,  
That any cerl's daughter  
Sud tell me sick a tale.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[M.35]

\N1 `Perhaps I am a cerl\'s daughter,  
 Perhaps I am nane,  
 But whan ye gat me in free forest,  
 Ye might ha latten\'s alane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.36]  
 \N1 He took his hat in oer his face,  
 The tear blindit his ee;  
 She threw back her yellow locks,  
 And a light laughter leugh she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.37]  
 \N1 `Bot an ye be a beggar geet,  
 As I trust well ye be,  
 Whar gat ye their f+ine clothing  
 Yer body was covered we?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.38]  
 \N1 `My mother was an ill woman,  
 And an ill woman was she;  
 She gat them . . . .  
 Fra sic chaps as thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.39]  
 \N1 Whan bells were rung, and mess was sung,  
 And aa man bound to bed,  
 Earl Richard and the carl\'s daughter  
 In a chamer were laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.40]  
 \N1 `Lie yont, lie yont, ye carl\'s daughter,  
 Yer hot skin burns me;  
 It sets na carl\'s daughters  
 In earls\' beds to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.41]  
 \N1 `Perhaps I am a carl\'s daughter,  
 Perhaps I am nane;  
 But whan ye gat me in free forest  
 Ye might ha latten\'s alane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.42]  
 \N1 Up it starts the Belly Blin,  
 Just at their bed-feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.43]  
 \N1 `I think it is a meet marrige  
 Atween the taen and the tither,  
 The Earl of Hertford\'s ae daughter  
 And the Queen of England\'s brither.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[M.44]  
 \N1 `An this be the Earl of Hertford\'s ae daughter,  
 As I trust well it be,  
 Mony a gude horse ha I ridden  
 For the love o thee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 110[N.1]  
 \N1 Ther was a sheperd\'s daughter  
 Keeped hogs upon yon hill,  
 An by came [t>her a gentell knight,  
 An he wad haa his will.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.2]  
 \N1 Fan his will  
 Of her he had tain,  
 `Kind sir, for your curtisy,  
 Will ye tell me yer name?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.3]  
 \N1 `Some they caa me Joke,  
 An some caa me John,

Bat fan I am in our king\'s court  
 Hichkoke is my name.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.4]  
 \N1 The lady bieng well book-read  
 She spealled it our agen:  
 `Hichkoke in Latin  
 Is Earl Richerd att heam.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.5]  
 \N1 He patt his liag out-our his stead  
 An to the gate has gain;  
 She kilted up her green clathing  
 An fast folloued she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.6]  
 \N1 `Turn back, ye carl\'s dother,  
 An dinne+: follou me;  
 It setts no carl\'s dothers  
 King\'s courts to see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.7]  
 \N1 `Perhaps I am a carle\'s dother,  
 Perhaps I am nean,  
 Bat fan ye gat me in free forest  
 Ye sud haa latten alean.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.8]  
 \N1 Fan they came to yon wan water  
 That a\' man cas Clide,  
 He loked our his left shoulder,  
 Says, Fair maid, will ye ride?  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.9]  
 \N1 `I learned it in my mother\'s bour,  
 I watt I learned it well,  
 Fan I came to wan water  
 To soum as dos the eall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.10]  
 \N1 `I learned it in my mother\'s bour,  
 I wiss I had learned it better,  
 Fan I came to wan watter  
 To sume as dos the otter.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.11]  
 \N1 She touk a golden comb,  
 Combed out her yallou hear,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.12]  
 \N1 `Far gatt ye that, ye carl\'s dother,  
 I pray ye tell to me;'  
 `I gatt it fra my mither,' she says,  
 `To begulle sick sparks as ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.13]  
 \N1 `Gin ye be a carl\'s gett,  
 As I trou well ye be,  
 Far gatt ye a\' that f+ine clothing,  
 To cloath yer body we?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.14]  
 \N1 `My mother was an ill woman,  
 An ill woman was she,  
 An she gatt a\' that f+ine clathing,  
 Frae sick chaps as ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.15]  
 \N1 Fan they came to our king\'s court,  
 She fell lou doun on her knee:

`Win up, ye fair may,  
What may ye want we me?'  
`Ther is a knight in your court  
This day has robbed me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.16]  
\N1 `Has he robbed you of your goud?  
Or of your whit monie?  
Or of your meadnhead,  
The f+lour of your body?'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.17]  
\N1 `He has no robbed me of my goud,  
Nor yet of my f+iee,  
Bat he has robed me of my madinhead,  
The f+lour of my body.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.18]  
\N1 `Wad ye keen the knight,  
If ye did him see?'  
`I wad keen him well by his well-fared face  
An the blieth blink of his eay.'  
An sighan says the king,  
I wiss it bine+: my brother Richie!  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.19]  
\N1 The king called on his merry men a\`,  
By an, by tua, by three;  
Earl Richerd had ay ben the f+irst,  
Bat the last man was he.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.20]  
\N1 By that ye might a well kent  
The gulty man was he;  
She took him by the hand,  
Says, That same is hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.21]  
\N1 Ther was a brand laid doun to her,  
A brand batt an a ring,  
Three times she minted to the brand,  
Bat she took up the ring;  
A\` that was in the court  
\`S counted her a wise woman.  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.22]  
\N1 `I will gee ye f+ive hundred pound,  
To make yer marrage we,  
An ye gie hame, ye carl\`s dother,  
An fash na mare we me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.23]  
\N1 `Ye keep yer f+ive hundred pound,  
To make yer marreg we,  
For I will ha nathing bat yer sell,  
The king he promised me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.24]  
\N1 `I ill gee ye a thousand poun,  
To make yer marrage we,  
An ye gae hame, ye carl\`s gett,  
An fash na mare we me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.25]  
\N1 `Ye keep yer thousand pound,  
To make yer marreg we,  
For I ill ha nathing batt yer sell,  
The king he promised me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 110[N.26]  
\N1 He toke her doun

An clothed her in green;  
 Fan she cam up,  
 She was fairer then the quin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.27]  
 \N1 Fan they gaid to Mary Kirk,  
 The nettels grue by dike:  
 `O gin my midder war hear,  
 Sai clean as she wad them peak!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.28]  
 \N1 He drue his hat out-our his eayn,  
 The tear blinded his eay;  
 She drue back her yallou loaks,  
 An a light laughter luke she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.29]  
 \N1 Fan she came by yon mill-toun,  
 . . . . .  
 `O well may the mill goo,  
 An well matt she be!  
 For aften ha ye f+illed my poke  
 We the whit meall an the gray.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.30]  
 \N1 `I wiss I had druken the water  
 Fan I drank the aill,  
 Or any carl\'s dother  
 Suld ha tald me siken a teall.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.31]  
 \N1 `Perhaps I am a carl\'s dother,  
 Perhaps I am nean;  
 Fan ye gatt me in frie forest,  
 Ye sud ha latten alean.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.32]  
 \N1 `Take awa yer silver spons,  
 Far awa fra me,  
 An ye gee me t<he] ram-horn [s>spons,  
 Them I am best used we.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.33]  
 \N1 `Ye take awa yer tabel-cloths,  
 Far awa fra me,  
 An ye gee me a mukell dish  
 I am best used we.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.34]  
 \N1 `For if I had my mukel dish hear,  
 An sayn an it war fou,  
 I wad sup till I war sared,  
 An sayn lay doun my head an slep like ony sou.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.35]  
 \N1 `Ye take away yer hollan shits,  
 Far awa fra me,  
 An ye bring me a cannas,  
 It\'s the thing I ben eased we.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.36]  
 \N1 Fan bells wer rung, an mess was sung,  
 An a\' man boun to bed,  
 Earl Richerd an the carl\'s dother  
 In a bed [were laid].  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.37]  
 \N1 `Lay yond, lay yond, ye carl\'s dother,  
 Your hot skin . . me;  
 It setts na carl\'s dothers

In earls\' beds to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.38]  
 \N1 `Perhaps I am a carl\'s dother,  
 Perhaps I am nean;  
 Bat fan ye gat me in free forest  
 Ye might a latten alean.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.39]  
 \N1 Up starts the Bellie Blind,  
 Att ther bed-head:  
 `I think it is a meatt marrage  
 Betuen the ane an the eather,  
 The Earl of Heartfourds ae daughter  
 An the Quien of England\'s brother.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[N.40]  
 \N1 `If this be the Earl of Heartfourd\'s ae daughter,  
 As I trust well it be,  
 Mony a gued hors have I redded  
 For the love of the.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 110[0.1]  
 \N1 There was a shepherd\'s daughter  
 Who kept sheep on yon hill;  
 There came a young man riding by,  
 Who swore he\'d have his will.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[0.1b]  
 \N1 Fol lol lay  
 Fol lol di diddle lol di day  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[0.2]  
 \N1 He took her by the lilly-white hand  
 And by her silken sleeve,  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[0.3]  
 \N4 Or tell to me your name.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[0.4]  
 \N1 `Oh, some they call me Jack, sweetheart,  
 And some they call me Will,  
 But when I ride the king\'s high-gate  
 My name is sweet William.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[0.4.j]  
 \N4 But name,  
 \LBALLADS Child 110[P.1]  
 \N1 \\'Tis said a shepherd\'s ae daughter  
 Kept sheep upon a hill,  
 An by there cam a courteous knight,  
 An he wad hae his will.  
 \SBALLADS Child 110[P.2]  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand  
 An by the grass-green sleeve,  
 He\'s laid her doon at the f+it o a bush,  
 An neer ance speired her leave.  
 \LBALLADS Child 111.1  
 \N1 THROUGHE a forest as I can ryde,  
 To take my sporte yn an mornynge,  
 I cast my eye on euery syde,  
 I was ware of a bryde syngynge.  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.2  
 \N1 I sawe a faire mayde come rydyng;  
 I speake to hur of loue, I trowe;  
 She answered me all yn scornynge,  
 And sayd, The crowe shall byte yow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.3  
 \N1 `I p\ira\ry yow, damesell, scorne me nott;



To wyn yo\iur\r loue ytt ys my wyll;  
 For yo\iur\r loue I haue dere bought,  
 And I wyll take good hede thertyll.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.4  
 \N1 `Nay, for God, s\ie\rr, that I nyll;  
 I tell the, Jenken, as I trowe,  
 Thou shalt nott fynde me suche a gyll;  
 Therefore the crowe shall byte yow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.5  
 \N1 He toke then owt a good golde ryng,  
 A p\iur\rse of velweytt, that was soo fyne:  
 `Haue ye thys, my dere swetyng,  
 W\ii\rth that ye wylbe lemman myn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.6  
 \N1 `Be Cryst, I dare nott, for my dame,  
 To dele w\ii\rth hym t+h\ia\rt I doo nott knowe;  
 For soo I myght dyspyse my name;  
 Therefore the crow shall byte yow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.7  
 \N1 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,  
 That was soo faire of hyde and hewe;  
 He kyssed hur cheke as whyte as whall,  
 And p\ira\ryed hur t+h\ia\rt she wolde vpon hym rewe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.8  
 \N1 She scornyd hym, and callyd hym Hew;  
 H\iis\r loue was as a paynted blowe:  
 `To-day me, to-morrowe a newe;  
 Therefore the crow shall byte yow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.9  
 \N1 He toke hur abowte the mydell small,  
 And layd hur downe vpon the grene;  
 Twys or thrys he s\ier\rved hur soo w\ii\rthall,  
 He wolde nott stynt yet, as I wene.  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.10  
 \N1 `But sythe ye haue i-lyen me bye,  
 Ye wyll wedde me now, as I trowe:'  
 `I wyll be aduysed, Gyll,' sayd he,  
 `For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.11  
 \N1 `But sythe ye haue i-leyn me by,  
 And brought my body vnto shame,  
 Some of yo\iur\r good ye wyll part w\ii\rth me,  
 Or ell\ies\r, be Cryst, ye be to blame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.12  
 \N1 `I wylbe aduysed,' he sayde;  
 `T+He wynde ys wast t+h\ia\rt thow doyst blowe;  
 I haue a-nod\ier\r t+h\ia\rt most be payde;  
 Therefore the pye hathe pecked yow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.13  
 \N1 `Now sythe ye haue i-leyn me bye,  
 A lyttle thyng ye wyll tell;  
 In case that I w\ii\rth chylde be,  
 What ys yo\iur\r name? Wher doo ye dwell?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.14  
 \N1 `At Yorke, at London, at Clerkenwell,  
 At Leycest\ier\r, Cambryge, at myrye Brystowe;  
 Some call me Rychard, Robart, Jacke, and Wyll;  
 For now the pye hathe peckyd yow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.15  
 \N1 `But, all medons, be ware be rewe,

And lett no man downe yow throwe;  
 For and yow doo, ye wyll ytt rewe,  
 For then t+he pye wyll pecke yow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.16  
 \N1 `Farewell, corteor, ou\ier\r the medoo,  
 Pluke vp yo\iur\r helys, I yow beshrew!  
 Yo\iur\r trace, wher so eu\ier\r ye ryde or goo,  
 Cryst\ies\r curse goo wythe yow!  
 \SBALLADS Child 111.17  
 \N1 `Thoughe a knave hathe by me layne,  
 Yet am I nod\ier\r dede nor slowe;  
 I trust to recou\ier\r my harte agayne,  
 And Cryst\ies\r curse goo wythe yow!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 112A.1  
 \N1 YONDER comes a courteous knight,  
 Lustely raking ouer the lay;  
 He was well ware of a bonny lasse,  
 As she came wandring ouer the way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.1r  
 \N1 Then she sang downe a downe, hey downe derry (\ibis\r)  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.2  
 \N1 `Ioue you speed, fayre lady,' he said,  
 `Among the leaues that be so greene;  
 If I were a king, and wore a crowne,  
 Full soone, fair lady, shouldst thou be a queen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.3  
 \N1 `Also Ioue saue you, faire lady,  
 Among the roses that be so red;  
 If I haue not my will of you,  
 Full soone, faire lady, shall I be dead.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.4  
 \N1 Then he lookt east, then hee lookt west,  
 Hee lookt north, so did he south;  
 He could not f+inde a priuy place,  
 For all lay in the diuel\'s mouth.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.5  
 \N1 `If you will carry me, gentle sir,  
 A mayde vnto my father\'s hall,  
 Then you shall haue your will of me,  
 Vnder purple and vnder paule.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.6  
 \N1 He set her vp vpon a steed,  
 And him selfe vpon another,  
 And all the day he rode her by,  
 As though they had been sister and brother.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.7  
 \N1 When she came to her father\'s hall,  
 It was well walled round about;  
 She yode in at the wicket-gate,  
 And shut the foure-eard foole without.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.8  
 \N1 `You had me,' quoth she, `abroad in the f+ield,  
 Among the corne, amidst the hay,  
 Where you might had your will of mee,  
 For, in good faith, sir, I neuer said nay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112A.9  
 \N1 `Ye had me also amid the f+ield,  
 Among the rushes that were so browne,  
 Where you might had your will of me,  
 But you had not the face to lay me downe.'

\SBALLADS Child 112A.10

\N1 He pulled out his nut-browne sword,  
And wipt the rust off with his sleeue,  
And said, Ioue\'s curse come to his heart  
That any woman would beleeeue!

\SBALLADS Child 112A.11

\N1 When you haue you owne true-loue  
A mile or twaine out of the towne,  
Spare not for her gay clothing,  
But lay her body flat on the ground.

\LBALLADS Child 112B.1

\N1 THERE was a knight, and he was young,  
A riding along the way, sir,  
And there he met a lady fair,  
Among the cocks of hay, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112B.2

\N1 Quoth he, Shall you and I, lady,  
Among the grass lye down a?  
And I will have a special care  
Of rumpling of your gown a.

\SBALLADS Child 112B.3

\N1 `If you will go along with me  
Unto my father\'s hall, sir,  
You shall enjoy my maidenhead,  
And my estate and all, sir.'

\SBALLADS Child 112B.4

\N1 So he mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon another,  
And then they rid upon the road,  
Like sister and like brother.

\SBALLADS Child 112B.5

\N1 And when she came to her father\'s house,  
Which was moated round about, sir,  
She stepped streight within the gate,  
And shut this young knight out, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112B.6

\N1 `Here is a purse of gold,' she said,  
`Take if for your pains, sir;  
And I will send my father\'s man  
To go home with you again, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112B.7

\N1 `And if you meet a lady fair,  
As you go thro the next town, sir,  
You must not fear the dew of the grass,  
Nor the rumpling of her gown, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112B.8

\N1 `And if you meet a lady gay,  
As you go by the hill, sir,  
If you will not when you may,  
You shall not when you will, sir.'

\LBALLADS Child 112C.1

\N1 THERE was a knight was drunk with wine  
A riding along the way, sir,  
And there he did meet with a lady fine,  
And among the cocks of hay, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.2

\N1 One favour he did crave of her,  
And askd her to lay her down, sir,  
But he had neither cloth nor sheet,  
To keep her from the ground, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.3

\N1 `There is a great dew upon the grass,  
And if you should lay me down, sir,  
You would spoil my gay clothing,  
That has cost me many a pound, sir.'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.4

\N1 `I have a cloak of scarlet red,  
I'll lay it under you, love,  
So you will grant me my request  
That I shall ask of you, love.'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.5

\N1 `And if you'll go to my father's hall,  
That is moated all round about, sir,  
There you shall have your will of me,  
Within, sir, and without, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.6

\N1 `Oh yonder stands my milk-white steed,  
And among the cocks of hay, sir;  
If the king's pinner should chance to come,  
He'll take my steed away, sir.'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.7

\N1 `I have a ring upon my finger,  
It's made of the finest gold, love,  
And it shall serve to fetch your steed  
Out of the pinner's fold, love.'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.8

\N1 `And if you'll go to my father's house,  
Round which there's many a tree, sir,  
There you shall have your chamber free,  
And your chamberlain I'll be, sir.'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.9

\N1 He sate her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon another,  
And then they rid along the way,  
Like sister and like brother.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.10

\N1 But when she came to her father's house,  
Which was moated all round about, sir,  
She slipped herself within the gate,  
And she locked the knight without, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.11

\N1 `I thank you, kind knight, for seeing me here,  
And bringing me home a maiden, sir,  
But you shall have two of my father's men  
For to set you as far back again, sir.'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.12

\N1 He drew his sword out of his scabbard,  
And whet it upon his sleeve, sir,  
Saying, Cursed be to every man  
That will a maid believe, sir!

\SBALLADS Child 112C.13

\N1 She drew her handkerchief out of her pocket,  
And threw it upon the ground, sir,  
Saying, Thrice cursed be to every maid  
That will believe a man, sir!

\SBALLADS Child 112C.14

\N1 We have a tree in our garden,  
Some call it of rosemary, sir;  
There's crowing-cocks in our town,  
That will make a capon of you, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.15

\N1 We have a f+lower in our garden,  
Some call it a marygold, sir,  
And he that would not when he might,  
He shall not when he would, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.16

\N1 But if you chance for to meet a maid,  
A little below the town, sir,  
You must not fear her gay cloathing,  
Nor the wrinkling of her gown, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.17

\N1 And if you chance for to meet a maid,  
A little below the hill, sir,  
You need not fear her screeking out,  
For she quickly will lye still, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.18

\N1 The baff+ld knight was by the lass  
Ingeniously outwitted,  
And since that time it came to pass  
He was again well f+itted.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.19

\N1 As he was riding cross a plain,  
In boots, spurs, hat and feather,  
He met that lady fair again;  
They talkd a while together.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.20

\N1 He said, Tho you did serve me so,  
And cunningly decoy me,  
Yet now, before you further go,  
I must and will enjoy thee.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.21

\N1 \R\'\'rtwas near a spacious river\'s side,  
Where rushes green were growing,  
And Neptune\'s silver streams did glide,  
Four fathom waters f+lowing.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.22

\N1 The lady blusht like scarlet red,  
And trembled at this stranger:  
'How shall I guard my maidenhead  
From this approaching danger!'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.23

\N1 With a lamenting sigh, said she,  
To dye I now am ready;  
Must this dishonour fall on me?  
A most unhappy lady!

\SBALLADS Child 112C.24

\N1 He from his saddle did alight,  
In gaudy rich attire,  
And cried, I am a noble knight,  
Who do your charms admire.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.25

\N1 He took the lady by the hand,  
Who seemingly consented,  
And woud no more disputing stand:  
She had a plot invented.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.26

\N1 How she might baff+le him again,  
With much delight and pleasure,  
And eke unspotted still remain,  
With her pure virgin treasure.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.27

\N1 `Look yonder, good sir knight, I pray:  
Methinks I do discover,  
Well mounted on a dapple-grey,  
My true, entire lover.'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.28

\N1 The knight, he standing on the brink  
Of the deep f+loating river,  
Thought she, Thou now shalt swim or sink;  
Choose which you fancy rather.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.29

\N1 Against his back the lady run;  
The waters strait he sounded;  
He cry\'d out, Love, what have you done!  
Help! help! or I am drowned.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.30

\N1 Said she, Sir knight, farewell, adieu;  
You see what comes of fooling;  
That is the f+ittest place for you,  
Whose courage wanted cooling.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.31

\N1 `Love help me out, and I\'ll forgive  
This fault which you\'ve committed;  
'No, no,' says she, 'Sir, as I live,  
I think you\'re f+inely f+itted.'

\SBALLADS Child 112C.32

\N1 She rid home to her father\'s house,  
For speedy expedition,  
While the gay knight was soaked like souce,  
In a sad wet condition.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.33

\N1 When he came mounted to the plain  
He was in rich attire,  
Yet when he back returned again  
He was all muck and mire.  
Yet when he back returned again  
He was all muck and mire.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.34

\N1 A solemn vow he there did make,  
Just as he came from swimming,  
He\'d love no lady, for her sake,  
Nor any other women.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.35

\N1 The baff+ld knight was foold once more,  
You\'ll f+ind by this pleasant ditty,  
For she whose charms he did adore  
Was wonderful sharp and witty.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.36

\N1 Returning from her father\'s park,  
Just close by a summer bower,  
She chanc\'d to meet her angry spark,  
Who gave her a frowning lower.

\SBALLADS Child 112C.37

\N1 The thoughts of what she twice had done  
Did cause him to draw his rapier,  
And at the lady then he run,  
And thus he began to vapour:

\SBALLADS Child 112C.38

\N1 `You choused me at your father\'s gate,

Then tumbld me into the river;  
I seek for satisfaction straight;  
Shall I be a fool forever?'  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.39  
\N1 He came with resolution bent  
That evening to enjoy her,  
And if she did not give consent,  
That minute he would destroy her.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.40  
\N1 `I pray, sir knight, and why so hot  
Against a young silly woman?  
Such crimes as these might be forgot;  
For merry intrigues are common.'  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.41  
\N1 `What! do you count it mirth,' he cry\'d,  
'To tumble me in and leave me?  
What if I drowned there had dy\'d?  
A dangerous jest, believe me.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.42  
\N1 `Well, if I pardon you this day  
Those injuries out of measure,  
It is because without delay  
I mean to enjoy the pleasure.'  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.43  
\N1 `Your suit,' she said, 'is not deny\'d,  
But think of your boots of leather,  
And let me pull them off,' she cry\'d,  
'Before we lye down together.'  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.44  
\N1 He set him down upon the grass,  
And violets so sweet and tender;  
Now by this means it came to pass  
That she did his purpose hinder.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.45  
\N1 For having pulld his boots half-way,  
She cry\'d, I am now your betters;  
You shall not make of me your prey;  
Sit there, like a thief in fetters.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.46  
\N1 Now f+inding she had servd him so,  
He rose and began to grumble;  
Yet he could neither stand nor go,  
But did like a cripple tumble.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.47  
\N1 The boots stuck fast, and would not stir;  
His folly she soon did mention,  
And laughing said, I pray, kind sir,  
How like you my new invention?  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.48  
\N1 My laughing f+it you must excuse;  
You are but a stingless nettle;  
You\'d neer a stood for boots or shooes,  
Had you been a man of mettle.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.49  
\N1 Farewel, sir knight, \'tis almost ten;  
I fear neither wind nor weather;  
I\'ll send my father\'s serving-men  
To pull off your boots of leather.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.50  
\N1 She laughed outright, as well she might,

With merry conceits of scorning,  
And left him there to sit all night,  
Untill the approaching morning.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.51  
\N1 The fourth part of the baff+ld knight  
The lady hath fairly acted;  
She did his love and kindness slight,  
Which made him almost distracted.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.52  
\N1 She left him in her father\'s park,  
Where nothing but deer could hear him;  
While he lay rouling in the dark,  
There\'s never a soul came near him.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.53  
\N1 Until the morning break of day,  
And being warm summer weather,  
A shepherd chanc\'d to come that way,  
Who pulld on his boots of leather.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.54  
\N1 Then mounting on his milk-white steed,  
He, shaking his ears, was ready,  
And whip and spur he rid with speed  
To f+ind out this crafty lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.55  
\N1 `If once this lady I come nigh  
She shall be released by no man:  
Why shoud so brave a knight as I  
Be foold by a silly woman!  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.56  
\N1 `Three times she has affronted me,  
In crimes which I cannot pardon;  
But if I an\'t revengd,' said he,  
`Let me not be worth a farthing.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.57  
\N1 `I value not her beauty fair,  
Tho once I did dote upon her;  
This trusty sword shall now repair  
My baff+led, blasted honour.'  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.58  
\N1 Unto her father\'s house he came,  
Which every side was moated;  
The fair sweet youthful charming dame,  
His angry brows she noted.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.59  
\N1 Thought she, I\'ll have the other bout,  
And tumble him in the river;  
And let the Devil help him out,  
Or there he shall soak for ever.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.60  
\N1 He will not let me live at rest,  
Although I have often foild him;  
Therefore once more, I do protest,  
With f+lattering I\'ll beguile him.  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.61  
\N1 The bridge was drawn, the gates lockd fast,  
So that he could no ways enter;  
She smil\'d to him, and cry\'d at last,  
Sir knight, if you please to venture,  
\SBALLADS Child 112C.62  
\N1 A plank lies over the moat hard by,



Full seventeen foot in measure;  
 There\'s no body now at home but I;  
 Therefore we\'ll take our pleasure.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112C.63  
 \N1 This word she had no sooner spoke,  
 But straight he was tripping over;  
 The plank was sawd, and snapping broke;  
 He provd an unhappy lover.  
 \LBALLADS Child 112D.1  
 \N1 THERE was a shepherd\'s son  
 Kept sheep upon a hill;  
 He laid his pipe and crook aside,  
 And there he slept his f+ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.1r  
 \N1 Sing, Fal deral, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.2  
 \N1 He looked east, he looked west,  
 Then gave an under-look,  
 And there he spyed a lady fair,  
 Swimming in a brook.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.3  
 \N1 He raisd his head frae his green bed,  
 And then approachd the maid;  
 `Put on your claiths, my dear,' he says,  
 `And be ye not afraid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.4  
 \N1 `R\'rtis f+itter for a lady fair  
 To sew her silken seam  
 Than to get up in a May morning  
 And strive against the stream.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.5  
 \N1 `If you\'ll not touch my mantle,  
 And let my claiths alane,  
 Then I\'ll give you as much money  
 As you can carry hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.6  
 \N1 `O I\'ll not touch your mantle,  
 And I\'ll let your claiths alane;  
 But I\'ll tak you out of the clear water,  
 My dear, to be my ain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.7  
 \N1 And when she out of the water came,  
 He took her in his arms:  
 `Put on your claiths, my dear,' he says,  
 `And hide those lovely charms.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.8  
 \N1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
 Himself upon anither,  
 And all along the way they rode,  
 Like sister and like brither.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.9  
 \N1 When she came to her father\'s yate  
 She tirlid at the pin,  
 And ready stood the porter there,  
 To let this fair maid in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 112D.10  
 \N1 And when the gate was opened,  
 So nimbly\'s she whipt in;  
 `Pough! you\'re a fool without,' she says,  
 `And I\'m a maid within.

\SBALLADS Child 112D.11

\N1 `Then fare ye well, my modest boy,  
I thank you for your care;  
But had you done what you should do,  
I neer had left you there.'

\SBALLADS Child 112D.12

\N1 `Oh I\'ll cast aff my hose and shoon,  
And let my feet gae bare,  
And gin I meet a bonny lass,  
Hang me if her I spare.'

\SBALLADS Child 112D.13

\N1 `In that do as you please,' she says,  
`But you shall never more  
Have the same opportunity;'  
With that she shut the door.

\SBALLADS Child 112D.14

\N1 There is a gude auld proverb,  
I\'ve opten heard it told,  
He that would not when he might,  
He should not when he would.

\LBALLADS Child 112E.1

\N1 THERE was a knight, was drunk with wine,  
Came riding along the way, sir;  
He would have had a lady gay  
Amang the quiles of hay, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.2

\N1 `What if I should lay thee down,  
Amang the quiles of hay, maid?  
Sheets nor blankets have I none,  
To keep thy cloathing clean, maid.'

\SBALLADS Child 112E.3

\N1 `The wind blows east, the wind blows west,  
The wind blows owre yon thorn, sir;  
Weel may I wash my cloathing clear,  
And dry them on the morn, sir.'

\SBALLADS Child 112E.4

\N1 `What if I should lay thee down,  
Amang the rigs of corn, maid?  
Then the king\'s life-guard will come,  
And steal our steeds away, maid.'

\SBALLADS Child 112E.5

\N1 `I have ten gold rings on my hand,  
They\'re all gold but the stone, sir;  
I\'ll give them to the king\'s life-guard,  
If he\'ll let our steeds alone, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.6

\N1 `But see you not yon sunny bank,  
Over yon lily lea, sir,  
Where you and I may crack a while,  
And never one may see, sir?'

\SBALLADS Child 112E.7

\N1 He was on a milk-white steed,  
And she was on another,  
And all the live-long winter night  
They rode like sister and brother.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.8

\N1 When they came to that sunny bank,  
He began to lay her down, sir;  
`O no, O no, kind sir,' she says,  
`Ye\'ll ruff+le all my gown, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.9

\N1 `My gown it cost my father dear,  
\R'\`rtwas many a mark and pound, sir;  
And if that ye do lay me down,  
Ye\`ll ruff+le all my gown, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.10

\N1 `But see ye na yon fair castel,  
Over yon lily lea, sir,  
Where you and I may crack a while,  
And never one may see, sir?'

\SBALLADS Child 112E.11

\N1 He was on a milk-white steed,  
And she was on another,  
And all the live-long winter night  
They rode like sister and brother.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.12

\N1 When they came to that fair castel,  
She was at her father\`s yet, sir;  
She jumped in at her father\`s door,  
And left this knight without, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.13

\N1 She says, I am a maid within,  
You\`re but a knave without, sir;  
There were neer a butcher\`s son  
Put me in so much doubt, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.14

\N1 `Oh if I had thee out,' he said,  
`But two miles from the town, maid,  
I would lay thee down,' he said,  
`And never mind thy gown, maid.'

\SBALLADS Child 112E.15

\N1 `There is a f+lower in my father\`s garden,  
The name o\`t marigold, sir,  
And he that would not when he might,  
He shall not when he wold, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.16

\N1 `But when eer ye meet a pretty maid,  
And two miles from a town, sir,  
Ye may lay her down,' she says,  
And never mind her gown, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.17

\N1 `Ye\`re like unto my father\`s steed;  
He\`s standing in the lone, sir;  
He hings his head above the sheaf,  
But daur not venture on, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.18

\N1 `When eer ye meet a pretty maid,  
And two miles from the town, sir,  
Ye may lay her down,' she says,  
`And never mind her gown, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.19

\N1 `There is a cock in my father\`s f+lock,  
He wears a double comb, sir,  
He claps his wings, but craweth not;  
I fear you be like him, sir.

\SBALLADS Child 112E.20

\N1 `But when eer you meet a pretty maid,  
And two miles from a town, sir,  
You may lay her down,' she said,  
`And never mind her gown, sir.'

\LBALLADS Child 113.1

\N1 AN eartly nourris sits and sing,  
And aye she sings, Ba, lily wean!  
Little ken I my bairnis father,  
Far less the land that he staps in.

\SBALLADS Child 113.2

\N1 Then ane arose at her bed-f+it,  
An a grumly guest I\'m sure was he:  
'Here am I, thy bairnis father,  
Although that I be not comelie.

\SBALLADS Child 113.3

\N1 'I am a man, upo the lan,  
An I am a silkie in the sea;  
And when I\'m far and far frae lan,  
My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 113.4

\N1 'It was na weel,' quo the maiden fair,  
'It was na weel, indeed,' quo she,  
'That the Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie  
Suld hae come and aught a bairn to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 113.5

\N1 Now he has taen a purse of goud,  
And he has pat it upo her knee,  
Sayin, Gie to me my little young son,  
An tak thee up thy nourris-fee.

\SBALLADS Child 113.6

\N1 An it sall come to pass on a simmer\'s day,  
When the sin shines het on evera stane,  
That I will tak my little young son,  
An teach him for to swim the faem.

\SBALLADS Child 113.7

\N1 An thu sall marry a proud gunner,  
An a proud gunner I\'m sure he\'ll be,  
An the very f+irst schot that ere he schoots,  
He\'ll schoot baith my young son and me.

\LBALLADS Child 114A.1

\N1 JOHNY he has risen up i the morn,  
Calls for water to wash his hands;  
But little knew he that his bloody hounds  
Were bound in iron bands. bands  
Were bound in iron bands

\SBALLADS Child 114A.2

\N1 Johny\'s mother has gotten word o that,  
And care-bed she has taen:  
'O Johny, for my benison,  
I beg you\'l stay at hame;  
For the wine so red, and the well baked bread,  
My Johny shall want nane.

\SBALLADS Child 114A.3

\N1 'There are seven forsters at Pickeram Side,  
At Pickeram where they dwell,  
And for a drop of thy heart\'s bluid  
They wad ride the fords of hell.'

\SBALLADS Child 114A.4

\N1 Johny he\'s gotten word of that,  
And he\'s turnd wondrous keen;  
He\'s put off the red scarlett,  
And he\'s put on the Lincoln green.

\SBALLADS Child 114A.5

\N1 With a sheaf of arrows by his side,

And a bent bow in his hand,  
 He\'s mounted on a prancing steed,  
 And he has ridden fast oer the strand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.6  
 \N1 He\'s up i Braidhouplee, and down i Bradyslee,  
 And under a buss o broom,  
 And there he found a good dun deer,  
 Feeding in a buss of ling.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.7  
 \N1 Johny shot, and the dun deer lap,  
 And she lap wondrous wide,  
 Until they came to the wan water,  
 And he stemd her of her pride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.8  
 \N1 He \'as taen out the little pen-knife,  
 \'Twas full three quarters long,  
 And he has taen out of that dun deer  
 The liver bot and the tongue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.9  
 \N1 They eat of the f+lesh, and they drank of the blood,  
 And the blood it was so sweet,  
 Which caused Johny and his bloody hounds  
 To fall in a deep sleep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.10  
 \N1 By then came an old palmer,  
 And an ill death may he die!  
 For he\'s away to Pickram Side,  
 As fast as he can drie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.11  
 \N1 `What news, what news?' says the Seven Forsters,  
 `What news have ye brought to me?'  
 `I have noe news,' the palmer said,  
 `But what I saw with my eye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.12  
 \N1 `High up i Bradyslee, low down i Bradisslee,  
 And under a buss of scroggs,  
 O there I spied a well-wight man,  
 Sleeping among his dogs.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.13  
 \N1 `His coat it was of light Lincoln,  
 And his breeches of the same,  
 His shoes of the American leather,  
 And gold buckles tying them.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.14  
 \N1 Up bespake the Seven Forsters,  
 Up bespake they ane and a\':  
 O that is Johny o Cockleys Well,  
 And near him we will draw.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.15  
 \N1 O the f+irst y stroke that they gae him,  
 They struck him off by the knee;  
 Then up bespake his sister\'s son:  
 \'O the next \'ll gar him die!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.16  
 \N1 `O some they count ye well-wight men,  
 But I do count ye nane;  
 For you might well ha wakend me,  
 And askd gin I wad be taen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114A.17  
 \N1 `The wildest wolf in aw this wood

Wad not ha done so by me;  
She\'d ha wet her foot ith wan water,  
And sprinkled it oer my brae,  
And if that wad not ha wakend me,  
She wad ha gone and let me be.

\\SBALLADS Child 114A.18

\\N1 `O bows of yew, if ye be true,  
In London, where ye were bought,  
Fingers f+ive, get up belive,  
Manhuid shall fail me nought.'

\\SBALLADS Child 114A.19

\\N1 He has killd the Seven Forsters,  
He has killd them all but ane,  
And that wan scarce to Pickeram Side,  
To carry the bode-words hame.

\\SBALLADS Child 114A.20

\\N1 `Is there never a boy in a\' this wood  
That will tell what I can say;  
That will go to Cockleys Well,  
Tell my mither to fetch me away?'

\\SBALLADS Child 114A.21

\\N1 There was a boy into that wood,  
That carried the tidings away,  
And many ae was the well-wight man  
At the fetching o Johny away.

\\LBALLADS Child 114B.1

\\N1 FIFTEEN foresters in the Braid alow,  
And they are wondrous fell;  
To get a drop of Johnny\'s heart-bluid,  
They would sink a\' their souls to hell.

\\SBALLADS Child 114B.2

\\N1 Johnny Cock has gotten word of this,  
And he is wondrous keen;  
He<\'s] custan off the red scarlet,  
And on the Linkum green.

\\SBALLADS Child 114B.3

\\N1 And he is ridden oer muir and muss,  
And over mountains high,  
Till he came to yon wan water,  
And there Johnny Cock did lie.

\\SBALLADS Child 114B.4

\\N1 They have ridden oer muir and muss,  
And over mountains high,  
Till they met wi\' an old palmer,  
Was walking along the way.

\\SBALLADS Child 114B.5

\\N1 `What news, what news, old palmer?  
What news have you to me?'  
`Yonder is one of the proudest wed sons  
That ever my eyes did see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 114B.6

\\N1 He\'s taen out a horn from his side,  
And he blew both loud and shrill,  
Till a\' the f+fifteen foresters  
Heard Johnny Cock blaw his horn.

\\SBALLADS Child 114B.7

\\N1 They have sworn a bluidy oath,  
And they swore all in one,  
That there was not a man among them a\'

Would blaw such a blast as yon.

\SBALLADS Child 114B.8

\N1 And they have ridden oer muir and muss,  
And over mountains high,  
Till they came to yon wan water,  
Where Johnny Cock did lie.

\SBALLADS Child 114B.9

\N1 They have shotten little Johnny Cock,  
A little above the ee:

. . . . .

`For doing the like to me.

\SBALLADS Child 114B.10

\N1 `There\'s not a wolf in a\' the wood  
Woud \'ha\' done the like to me;  
'She\'d ha\' dipped her foot in coll water,  
And strinkled above my ee,  
And if I would not have waked for that,  
'She\'d ha\' gane and let me be.

\SBALLADS Child 114B.11

\N1 `But f+fingers f+ive, come here, [come here,]  
And faint heart fail me nought,  
And silver strings, value me sma things,  
Till I get all this vengeance rowght!'

\SBALLADS Child 114B.12

\N1 He ha<s] shot a\' the f+fifteen foresters,  
Left never a one but one,  
And he broke the ribs a that ane\'s side,  
And let him take tiding home.

\SBALLADS Child 114B.13

\N1 '. . . a bird in a\' the wood  
Could sing as I could say,  
It would go in to my mother\'s bower,  
And bid her kiss me, and take me away.'

\LBALLADS Child 114C.1

\N1 JOHNNY COCK, in a May morning,  
Sought water to wash his hands,  
And he is awa to louse his dogs,  
That\'s tied wi iron bans.  
That\'s tied wi iron bans.

\SBALLADS Child 114C.2

\N1 His coat it is of the light Lincum green,  
And his breiks are of the same;  
His shoes are of the American leather,  
Silver buckles tying them.

\SBALLADS Child 114C.3

\N1 \'He\' hunted up, and so did \'he\' down,  
Till \'he\' came to yon bush of scrogs,  
And then to yon wan water,  
Where he slept among his dogs.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 114C.4

\N1 Johnny Cock out-shot a\' the foresters,  
And out-shot a the three;  
Out shot a\' the foresters,  
Wounded Johnny aboun the bree.

\SBALLADS Child 114C.5

\N1 `Woe be to you, foresters,  
And an ill death may you die!  
For there would not a wolf in a\' the wood  
Have done the like to me.

\SBALLADS Child 114C.6

\N1 `For\` \ 'twould ha\` put its foot in the coll water  
And ha strinkled it on my bree,  
And gin that would not have done,  
Would have gane and lett me be.

\SBALLADS Child 114C.7

\N1 `I often took to my mother  
The dandoo and the roe,  
But now I\`l take to my mother  
Much sorrow and much woe.

\SBALLADS Child 114C.8

\N1 `I often took to my mother  
The dandoo and the hare,  
But now I\`l take to my mother  
Much sorrow and much care.'

\LBALLADS Child 114D.1

\N1 UP Johnie raise in a May morning,  
Calld for water to wash his hands,  
And he has calld for his gude gray hunds,  
That lay bund in iron bands. bands  
That lay bund in iron bands

\SBALLADS Child 114D.2

\N1 `Ye\`ll busk, ye\`ll busk my noble dogs,  
Ye\`ll busk and mak them boun,  
For I\`m going to the Braidscaur hill,  
To ding the dun deer doun.'

\SBALLADS Child 114D.3

\N1 Whan Johnie\`s mither gat word o that,  
On the very bed she lay,  
Says, Johnie, for my malison,  
I pray ye at hame to stay.

\SBALLADS Child 114D.4

\N1 Your meat sall be of the very, very best,  
Your drink sall be the same,  
And ye will win your mither\`s benison,  
Gin ye wad stay at hame.

\SBALLADS Child 114D.5

\N1 But Johnie has cast aff the black velvet,  
And put on the Lincoln twine,  
And he is on to gude greenwud,  
As fast as he could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 114D.6

\N1 His mither\`s counsel he wad na tak,  
He\`s aff, and left the toun,  
He\`s aff unto the Braidscaur hill,  
To ding the dun deer doun.

\SBALLADS Child 114D.7

\N1 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,  
And he lookit aneath the sun,  
And there he spied the dun deer sleeping,  
Aneath a buss of whun.

\SBALLADS Child 114D.8

\N1 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
And he\`s scaithed him in the side,  
And atween the water and the wud  
He laid the dun deer\`s pride.

\SBALLADS Child 114D.9

\N1 They ate sae meikle o the venison,  
And drank sae meikle o the blude,  
That Johnie and his twa gray hunds



Fell asleep in yonder wud.  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.10  
\N1 By ther cam a silly auld man,  
And a silly auld man was he,  
And he\'s aff to the proud foresters,  
As fast as he could dree.  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.11  
\N1 `What news, what news, my silly auld man?  
What news? come tell to me:\  
`I heard na news, I speird na news  
But what my een did see.  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.12  
\N1 `As I cam in by Braidisbanks,  
And doun amang the whuns,  
The bonniest youngster eer I saw  
Lay sleepin amang his hunds.  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.13  
\N1 `His cheeks war like the roses red,  
His neck was like the snaw;  
His sark was o the holland f+ine,  
And his jerkin lac\'d fu braw.\  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.14  
\N1 Up bespak the f+irst forester,  
The f+irst forester of a\  
O this is Johnie o Cockerslee;  
Come draw, lads, we maun draw.  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.15  
\N1 Up bespak the niest forester,  
The niest forester of a\  
An this be Johnie o Cockerslee,  
To him we winna draw.  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.16  
\N1 The f+irst shot that they did shoot,  
They woundit him on the bree;  
Up bespak the uncle\'s son,  
`The niest will gar him die.\  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.17  
\N1 The second shot that eer they shot,  
It scaithd him near the heart;  
`I only wauken,\' Johnie cried,  
`Whan f+irst I f+ind the smart.  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.18  
\N1 `Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,  
Stand stout, and dinna f+lee;  
Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray hunds,  
And we will gar them die.\  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.19  
\N1 He has killed six o the proud foresters,  
And wounded the seventh sair:  
He laid his leg out owre his steed,  
Says, I will kill na mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 114D.20  
\N1 `Oh wae befa thee, silly auld man,  
An ill death may thee dee!  
Upon thy head be a\  
For mine, I ween, is free.\  
\LBALLADS Child 114E.1  
\N1 JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,  
Calld for water to wash his hands,  
And he has calld for his gud gray hunds,

That lay bund in iron bands. bands  
That lay bund in iron bands  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.2  
\N1 `Ye`'ll busk, ye`'ll busk my noble dogs,  
Ye`'ll busk and mak them boun,  
For I`m gaing to the Broadspear hill,  
To ding the dun deer doun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.3  
\N1 Whan Johnie`s mither heard o this,  
She til her son has gane:  
`Ye`'ll win your mither`s benison,  
Gin ye wad stay at hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.4  
\N1 `Your meat sall be o the very, very best,  
And your drink o the f+inest wine;  
And ye will win your mither`s benison,  
Gin ye wad stay at hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.5  
\N1 His mither`s counsel he wad na tak,  
Nor wad he stay at hame;  
But he`s on to the Broadspear hill,  
To ding the dun deer doun.  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.6  
\N1 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,  
And a little below the sun,  
And there he spied the dun deer lying sleeping,  
Aneath a buss o brume.  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.7  
\N1 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
And he has woundit him in the side,  
And atween the water and the wud  
He laid the dun deer`s pride.  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.8  
\N1 They ate sae meikle o the venison,  
And drank sae meikle o the blude,  
That Johnie and his twa gray hunds  
Fell asleep in yonder wud.  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.9  
\N1 By ther cam a silly auld man,  
A silly auld man was he,  
And he`s aff to the proud foresters,  
To tell what he did see.  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.10  
\N1 `What news, what news, my silly auld man,  
What news? come tell to me:'  
`Na news, na news,' said the silly auld man,  
`But what mine een did see.  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.11  
\N1 `As I cam in by yon greenwud,  
And doun among the scrogs,  
The bonniest youth that ere I saw  
Lay sleeping atween twa dogs.  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.12  
\N1 `The sark that he had on his back  
Was o the holland sma,  
And the coat that he had on his back  
Was laced wi gowd fu braw.'  
\SBALLADS Child 114E.13  
\N1 Up bespak the f+irst forester,  
The f+irst forester ava:

`An this be Johnie o Cocklesmuir,  
 It\'s time we war awa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114E.14  
 \N1 Up bespak the niest forester,  
 The niest forester ava:  
 `An this be Johnie o Cocklesmuir,  
 To him we winna draw.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114E.15  
 \N1 The f+irst shot that they did shoot,  
 They woundit him on the thie;  
 Up bespak the uncle\'s son,  
 The niest will gar him die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114E.16  
 \N1 `Stand stout, stand stout, my noble dogs,  
 Stand stout, and dinna f+lee;  
 Stand fast, stand fast, my gude gray hunds,  
 And we will mak them dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114E.17  
 \N1 He has killed six o the proud foresters,  
 And he has woundit the seventh sair;  
 He laid his leg out oure his steed,  
 Says, I will kill na mair.  
 \LBALLADS Child 114F.1  
 \N1 JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,  
 Called for water to wash his hands:  
 `Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs,  
 That are bound wi iron bands.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.2  
 \N1 When Johnie\'s mother gat word o that,  
 Her hands for dule she wrang:  
 `O Johnie, for my bennison,  
 To the grenewood dinna gang!  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.3  
 \N1 `Eneugh ye hae o the gude wheat-bread,  
 And eneugh o the blude-red wine,  
 And therefore for nae vennison, Johnie,  
 I pray ye, stir frae hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.4  
 \N1 But Johnie\'s buskt up his gude bend bow,  
 His arrows, ane by ane,  
 And he has gane to Durrisdeer,  
 To hunt the dun deer down.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.5  
 \N1 As he came down by Merriemass,  
 And in by the benty line,  
 There has he espied a deer lying,  
 Aneath a bush of ling.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.6  
 \N1 Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,  
 And he wounded her on the side,  
 But atween the water and the brae,  
 His hounds they laid her pride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.7  
 \N1 And Johnie has bryttled the deer sae weel  
 That he\'s had out her liver and lungs,  
 And wi these he has feasted his bludey hounds  
 As if they had been erl\'s sons.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.8  
 \N1 They eat sae much o the vennison,  
 And drank sae much o the blude,

That Johnie and his bludey hounds  
 Fell asleep as they had been dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.9  
 \N1 And by there came a silly auld carle,  
 An ill death mote he die!  
 For he\'s awa to Hislinton,  
 Where the Seven Foresters did lie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.10  
 \N1 `What news, what news, ye gray-headed carle?  
 What news bring ye to me?'  
 `I bring nae news,' said the gray-headed carle,  
 `Save what these eyes did see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.11  
 \N1 `As I came down by Merriemass,  
 And down amang the scroggs,  
 The bonniest childe that ever I saw  
 Lay sleeping amang his dogs.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.12  
 \N1 `The shirt that was upon his back  
 Was o the holland f+ine;  
 The doublet which was over that  
 Was o the Lincome twine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.13  
 \N1 `The buttons that were on his sleeve  
 Were o the gowd sae gude;  
 The gude graie hounds he lay amang,  
 Their mouths were dyed wi blude.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.14  
 \N1 Then out and spak the f+irst forester,  
 The heid man ower them a\':  
 If this be Johnie o Breadislee,  
 Nae nearer will we draw.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.15  
 \N1 But up and spak the sixth forester,  
 His sister\'s son was he:  
 If this be Johnie o Breadislee,  
 We soon shall gar him die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.16  
 \N1 The f+irst f+light of arrows the foresters shot,  
 They wounded him on the knee;  
 And out and spak the seventh forester,  
 The next will gar him die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.17  
 \N1 Johnie\'s set his back against an aik,  
 His fute against a stane,  
 And he has slain the Seven Foresters,  
 He has slain them a\' but ane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.18  
 \N1 He has broke three ribs in that ane\'s side,  
 But and his collar bane;  
 He\'s laod him twa-fald ower his steed,  
 Bade him carry the tidings hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.19  
 \N1 `O is there na a bonnie bird  
 Can sing as I can say,  
 Could f+lee away to my mother\'s bower,  
 And tell to fetch Johnie away?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.20  
 \N1 The starling f+lew to his mother\'s window-stane,  
 It whistled and it sang,

And aye the ower-word o the tune  
 Was, Johnie tarries lang!  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.21  
 \N1 They made a rod o the hazel-bush,  
 Another o the slae-thorn tree,  
 And mony, mony were the men  
 At fetching our Johnie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.22  
 \N1 Then out and spake his auld mother,  
 And fast her teirs did fa;  
 Ye wad nae be warnd, my son Johnie,  
 Frae the hunting to bide awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.23  
 \N1 `Aft hae I brought to Breadislee  
 The less gear and the mair,  
 But I neer brought to Breadislee  
 What grieved my heart sae sair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.24  
 \N1 `But wae betyde that silly auld carle,  
 An ill death shall he die;  
 For the highest tree on Merriemass  
 Shall be his morning\'s fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114F.25  
 \N1 Now Johnie\'s gude bend bow is broke,  
 And his gude graie dogs are slain,  
 And his bodie lies dead in Durrisdeer,  
 And his hunting it is done.  
 \LBALLADS Child 114G.1  
 \N1 JOHNNIE BRAD, on a May mornin,  
 Called for water to wash his hands,  
 An there he spied his twa blude-hounds,  
 Waur bound in iron bands. bands  
 Waur bound in iron bands  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.2  
 \N1 Johnnie\'s taen his gude bent bow,  
 Bot an his arrows kene,  
 An strippit himsel o the scarlet red,  
 An put on the licht Lincoln green.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.3  
 \N1 Up it spak Johnnie\'s mither,  
 An\' a wae, wae woman was she:  
 I beg you bide at hame, Johnnie,  
 I pray be ruled by me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.4  
 \N1 Baken bread ye sall nae lack,  
 An wine you sall lack nane;  
 Oh Johnnie, for my benison,  
 I beg you bide at hame!  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.5  
 \N1 He has made a solemn aith,  
 Atween the sun and the mune,  
 That he wald gae to the gude green wood,  
 The dun deer to ding doon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.6  
 \N1 He luiket east, he luiket wast,  
 An in below the sun,  
 An there he spied the dun deer,  
 Aneath a bush o brume.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.7  
 \N1 The f+irsten shot that Johnnie shot,

He wounded her in the side;  
 The nexten shot that Johnnie shot,  
 I wat he laid her pride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.8  
 \N1 He\'s eaten o the venison,  
 An drunken o the blude,  
 Until he fell as sound asleep  
 As though he had been dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.9  
 \N1 Bye there cam a silly auld man,  
 And a silly auld man was he,  
 An he\'s on to the Seven Foresters,  
 As fast as he can f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.10  
 \N1 `As I cam in by yonder haugh,  
 An in among the scroggs,  
 The bonniest boy that ere I saw  
 Lay sleepin atween his dogs.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 114G.11  
 \N1 The f+irsten shot that Johnnie shot,  
 He shot them a\' but ane,  
 An he f+lang him owre a milk-white steed,  
 Bade him bear tidings hame.  
 \LBALLADS Child 114H.1  
 \N1 JOHNNIE raise up in a May morning,  
 Calld for water to wash his hands,  
 And he\'s commant his bluidy dogs  
 To be loosd frae their iron bands. bands  
 To be loosd frae their iron bands  
 \SBALLADS Child 114H.2  
 \N1 `Win up, win up, my bluidy dogs,  
 Win up, and be unbound,  
 And we will on to Bride\'s Braidmuir,  
 And ding the dun deer down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 114H.3  
 \N1 When his mother got word o that,  
 Then she took bed and lay;  
 Says, Johnnie, my son, for my blessing,  
 Ye\'ll stay at hame this day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114H.4  
 \N1 There\'s baken bread and brown ale  
 Shall be at your command;  
 Ye\'ll win your mither\'s blythe blessing,  
 To the Bride\'s Braidmuir nae gang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114H.5  
 \N1 Mony are my friends, mither,  
 Though thousands were my foe;  
 Betide me life, betide me death,  
 To the Bride\'s Braidmuir I\'ll go.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114H.6  
 \N1 The sark that was on Johnnie\'s back  
 Was o the cambric f+ine;  
 The belt that was around his middle  
 Wi pearlins it did shine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 114H.7  
 \N1 The coat that was upon his back  
 Was o the linsey brown;  
 And he\'s awa to the Bride\'s Braidmuir,  
 To ding the dun deer down.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.8

\N1 Johnnie lookd east, Johnnie lookd west,  
And turnd him round and round,  
And there he saw the king\'s dun deer,  
Was cowing the bush o brune.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.9

\N1 Johnnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
He wounded her in the side;  
Between him and yon burnie-bank,  
Johnnie he laid her pride.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.10

\N1 He ate sae muckle o the venison,  
He drank sae muckle bleed,  
Till he lay down between his hounds,  
And slept as he\'d been dead.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.11

\N1 But by there came a stane-auld man,  
An ill death mat he dee!  
For he is on to the Seven Foresters,  
As fast as gang could he.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.12

\N1 `What news, what news, ye stane-auld man?  
What news hae ye brought you wi?'  
`Nae news, nae news, ye seven foresters,  
But what your eyes will see.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.13

\N1 `As I gaed i yon rough thick hedge,  
Amang yon bramly scroggs,  
The fairest youth that eer I saw  
Lay sleeping between his dogs.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.14

\N1 `The sark that was upon his back  
Was o the cambric f+ine;  
The belt that was around his middle  
Wi pearlins it did shine.'

\SBALLADS Child 114H.15

\N1 Then out it speaks the f+irst forester:  
Whether this be true or no,  
O if it\'s Johnnie o Cocklesmuir,  
Nae forder need we go.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.16

\N1 Out it spake the second forester,  
A f+ierce fellow was he:  
Betide me life, betide me death,  
This youth we\'ll go and see.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.17

\N1 As they gaed in yon rough thick hedge,  
And down yon forest gay,  
They came to that very same place  
Where John o Cockis he lay.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.18

\N1 The f+irst an shot they shot at him,  
They wounded him in the thigh;  
Out spake the f+irst forester\'s son:  
By the next shot he maun die.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.19

\N1 `O stand ye true, my trusty bow,  
And stout steel never fail!  
Avenge me now on all my foes,  
Who have my life i bail.'

\SBALLADS Child 114H.20

\N1 Then Johnnie killd six foresters,  
And wounded the seventh sair;  
Then drew a stroke at the stane-auld man,  
That words he neer spake mair.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.21

\N1 His mother\'s parrot in window sat,  
She whistled and she sang,  
And aye the owerturn o the note,  
'Young Johnnie\'s biding lang.'

\SBALLADS Child 114H.22

\N1 When this reached the king\'s own ears,  
It grievd him wondrous sair;  
Says, I\'d rather they\'d hurt my subjects all  
Than Johnnie o Cocklesmuir.

\SBALLADS Child 114H.23

\N1 `But where are all my wall-wight men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
Will gang the morn to Johnnie\'s castle,  
See how the cause may be.'

\SBALLADS Child 114H.24

\N1 Then he\'s calld Johnnie up to court,  
Treated him handsomelie,  
And now to hunt in the Bride\'s Braidmuir,  
For life has license free.

\LBALLADS Child 114I.1

\N1 JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,  
Called for water to wash his hands, hands  
And he is awa to Braidisbanks,  
To ding the dun deer down. down  
To ding the dun deer down

\SBALLADS Child 114I.2

\N1 Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,  
And it\'s lang before the sun,  
And there he did spy the dun deer lie,  
Beneath a bush of brume.

\SBALLADS Child 114I.3

\N1 Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,  
And he\'s woundit her in the side;  
Out then spake his sister\'s son,  
'And the neist will lay her pride.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 114I.4

\N1 They\'ve eaten sae meikle o the gude venison,  
And they\'ve drunken sae muckle o the blude,  
That they\'ve fallen into as sound a sleep  
As gif that they were dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 114I.5

\N1 `It\'s doun, and it\'s doun, and it\'s doun, doun,  
And it\'s doun amang the scrogs,  
And there ye\'ll espy twa bonnie boys lie,  
Asleep amang their dogs.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 114I.6

\N1 They waukened Johnie out o his sleep,  
And he\'s drawn to him his coat:  
'My f+ingers f+ive, save me alive,  
And a stout heart fail me not!'

\* \* \* \* \*



\LBALLADS Child 114J.1

\N1 HIS coat was o the scarlet red,  
His vest was o the same;  
His stockings were o the worset lace,  
And buckles tied to the same.

\SBALLADS Child 114J.2

\N1 Out then spoke one, out then spoke two,  
Out then spoke two or three;  
Out spoke the master forester,  
'It\'s Johnie o Braidislee.

\SBALLADS Child 114J.3

\N1 'If this be true, thou silly auld man,  
Which you tell unto me,  
Five hundred pounds of yearly rent  
It shall not pay your fee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 114J.4

\N1 'O wae be to you seven foresters!  
I wonder ye dinna think shame,  
You being seven sturdy men,  
And I but a man my lane.

\SBALLADS Child 114J.5

\N1 'Now fail me not, my ten f+ingers,  
That are both long and small!  
Now fail me not, my noble heart!  
For in thee I trust for all.

\SBALLADS Child 114J.6

\N1 'Now fail me not, my good bend bow,  
That was in London coft!  
Now fail me not, my golden string,  
Which my true lover wrocht!'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 114J.7

\N1 He has tossed him up, he has tossed him doun,  
He has broken his collar-bone;  
He has tied him to his bridle reins,  
Bade him carry the tidings home.

\LBALLADS Child 114K.1

\N1 'THERE \'s no a bird in a\' this foreste  
Will do as meikle for me  
As dip its wing in the wan water  
An straik it on my ee-bree.'

\LBALLADS Child 114L.1

\N1 BUT aye at ilka ae mile\'s end  
She fand a cat o clay,  
An written upon the back o it  
'Tak your son Johnnie Brod away.'

\LBALLADS Child 114M.1

\N1 'O busk ye, O busk ye, my three bluidy hounds,  
O busk ye, and go with me,  
For there\'s seven foresters in yon forest,  
And them I want to see.' see  
And them I want to see

\LBALLADS Child 115A.1

\N1 I HERDE a carpyng of a clerk,  
Al at y+oone wod\ies\r ende,  
Of gode Robyn and Gandeleyn;  
Was t+h\ier\r no\in\r ot+h\ier\r t+hynge.  
Robyn\in\r lyth in grene wode bowndy\in\r

\SBALLADS Child 115A.2

\N1 Stronge theuys wern t+ho chylder\in\r no\in\r,  
 But bowme\in\r gode and hende;  
 He wenty\in\r to wode to gety\in\r he\im\r f+leych,  
 If God wold it he\im\r sende.  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.3  
 \N1 Al day we\in\rty\in\r t+ho chylder\in\r too,  
 And f+leych fowndy\in\r he no\in\r,  
 Til it wer\ie\r a-geyn euy\in\r;  
 T+He chylder\in\r wold go\in\r hom.  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.4  
 \N1 Half a\in\r honderid of fat falyf der  
 He comy\in\r a-y+oon,  
 And alle he wern fayr and fat i-now,  
 But markyd was t+h\ier\r no\in\r:  
 `Be der\ie\r God,' seyde gode Robyn,  
 `Here of we xul haue on.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.5  
 \N1 Roby\in\r bent his joly bowe,  
 \Rt+h\ier\r in he set a f+lo;  
 T+He fattest der of alle  
 T+He herte he clef a to.  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.6  
 \N1 He hadde not t+he der i-f+lawe,  
 Ne half out of t+he hyde,  
 Th\iere\r cam a schrewde arwe out of t+he west,  
 \Rt+h\ia\r felde Robert\ies\r pryde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.7  
 \N1 Gandeleyn lokyd hy\im\r est and west,  
 Be eu\ier\ry syde:  
 `Hoo hat my\in\r mayst\ier\r slayin?  
 Ho hat do\in\r t+his dede?  
 Xal I neu\ier\r out of grene wode go  
 Til I se [his] sydis blede.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.8  
 \N1 Gandeleyn lokyd hy\im\r est and lokyd west,  
 And sowt vnd\ier\r t+he sun\ine\r;  
 He saw a lytil boy  
 He clepy\in\r Wrennok of Donne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.9  
 \N1 A good bowe in his hond,  
 A brod arwe t+h\ier\r ine,  
 And fowr\ie\r and twenti goode arwys,  
 Trusyd in a t+hrumme:  
 `Be war t+he, war t+he, Gandeleyn,  
 Her-of t+hu xalt ha\in\r sum\im\rre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.10  
 \N1 `Be war t+he, war t+he, Ga\in\rdeleyn,  
 Her of t+hu gyst plente:'  
 `Eu\ier\r on for a\in\r ot+h\ier\r,' seyde Gandeleyn;  
 `Mysau\in\r\rt\ier\r haue he xal f+le.  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.11  
 \N1 `Qwer-at xal o\iur\r marke be?'  
 Seyde Gandeleyn:  
 `Eu\ier\r yche at ot+h\ier\r ris herte,'  
 Seyde Wrennok ageyn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 115A.12  
 \N1 Ho xal y+oeue t+he ferste schote?'  
 Seyde Ga\in\rdeleyn:  
 `And I xul y+oeue t+he on be-forn,'  
 Seyde Wrennok ageyn.

\SBALLADS Child 115A.13

\N1 Wrennok schette a ful good schote,  
And he schet not to hye;  
T+Hrow t+he sa\in\rchot+his of his bryk;  
It towchyd neyt+h\ier\r thye.

\SBALLADS Child 115A.14

\N1 `Now hast t+hu y+oouy\in\r me on be-forn,'  
Al t+hus to Wrennok seyde he,  
'And t+throw t+he myy+ot of o\iur\r lady  
A better\ie\r I xal y+oeue t+he.'

\SBALLADS Child 115A.15

\N1 Gandeleyn bent his goode bowe,  
And set t+h\ier\r in a f+lo;  
He schet t+throw his grene certyl,  
His h\ier\rte he clef on too.

\SBALLADS Child 115A.16

\N1 `Now xalt t+hu neu\ier\r y+oelpe, Wrennok,  
At ale ne at wyn,  
\Rt+h\ia\r t+hu hast slawe goode Roby\in\r,  
And his knaue Gandeleyn.

\SBALLADS Child 115A.17

\N1 `Now xalt t+hu neu\ier\r y+oelpe, Wrennok,  
At wyn ne at ale,  
\Rt+h\ia\r t+hu hast slawe goode Roby\in\r,  
And Ga\in\rdeley\in\r his knaue.'  
Roby\in\r lyy+oth in grene wode bowndy\in\r

\LBALLADS Child 116A.1

\N1 MERY it was in grene forest,  
Amonge the leues grene,  
Where that men walke both east a\in\r d west,  
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,

\SBALLADS Child 116A.2

\N1 To ryse the dere out of theyr denne;  
Suche sightes as hath ofte bene sene,  
As by th<r>e yemen of the north countrey,  
By them it is as I meane.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.3

\N1 The one of them hight Adam Bel,  
The other Clym of the Clough,  
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,  
An archer good ynough.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.4

\N1 They were outlawed for venyson,  
These thre yemen euerechone;  
They swore them brethen vpon a day,  
To Englysshe-wood for to gone.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.5

\N1 Now lith and lysten, gentylnen,  
And that of myrthes loueth to here:  
Two of them were single men,  
The third had a wedded fere.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.6

\N1 Wyllyam was the wedded man,  
Muche more then was hys care:  
He sayde to hys brethen vpon a day,  
To carelel he would fare,

\SBALLADS Child 116A.7

\N1 For to speke with fayre Else hys wife,  
And with hys chyldren thre:  
'By my trouth,' sayde Adam Bel,

`Not by the counsell of me.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.8  
\N1 `For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,  
And from thys wylde wode wende,  
If the justice mai you take,  
Your lyfe were at an ende.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.9  
\N1 `If that I come not to morowe, brother,  
By pryme to you agayne,  
Truste not els but that I am take,  
Or else that I am slayne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.10  
\N1 He toke hys leaue of hys brethen two,  
And to Carlel he is gone;  
There he knocked at hys owne wyndowe,  
Shortlye and anone.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.11  
\N1 `Wher be you, fayre Alyce, my wyfe,  
And my chyldren three?  
Lyghtly let in thyne husbände,  
Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.12  
\N1 `Alas!' then sayde fayre Alyce,  
And syghed wonderous sore,  
`Thys place hath ben besette for you  
Thys halfe yere and more.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.13  
\N1 `Now am I here,' sayde Cloudesle,  
`I woulde that I in were;  
Now feche vs meate and drynke ynoughe,  
And let vs make good chere.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.14  
\N1 She feched him meat and drynke plenty,  
Lyke a true wedded wyfe,  
And pleased hym with that she had,  
Whome she loued as her lyfe.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.15  
\N1 There lay an old wyfe in that place,  
A lytle besyde the fyre,  
Whych Wyllyam had found, of cherytye,  
More then seuen yere.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.16  
\N1 Up she rose, and walked full styll,  
Euel mote she spede therefoore!  
For she had not set no fote on ground  
In seuen yere before.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.17  
\N1 She went vnto the justice hall,  
As fast as she could hye:  
`Thys nyght is come vn to thys town  
Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.18  
\N1 Thereof the iustice was full fayne,  
And so was the shirife also:  
`Thou shalt not trauaile hether, da\im\re, for nought;  
Thy meed thou shalt haue or thou go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.19  
\N1 They gaue to her a ryght good goune,  
Of scarlat it was, as I heard say<n>e;  
She toke the gyft, and home she wente,

And couched her doune agayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.20  
 \N1 They rysed the towne of mery Carlel,  
 In all the hast that they can,  
 And came thronging to Wyllyames house,  
 As fast [as] they might gone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.21  
 \N1 Theyr they besette that good yeman,  
 Round about on euery syde;  
 Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,  
 That heytherward they hyed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.22  
 \N1 Alyce opened a shot-wyndow,  
 And loked all about;  
 She was ware of the justice and the shrife bothe,  
 Wyth a full great route.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.23  
 \N1 `Alas! treason,' cryed Alyce,  
 `Euer wo may thou be!  
 Go into my chambre, my husband,' she sayd,  
 `Swete Wyllyam of Cloudesle.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.24  
 \N1 He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,  
 Hys bow and hy<s> chyldren thre,  
 And wente into hys strongest chamber,  
 Where he thought surest to be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.25  
 \N1 Fayre Alice folowed hi\im\r as a louer true,  
 With a pollaxe in her hande:  
 `He shalbe deade that here co\im\reth in  
 Thys dore, whyle I may stand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.26  
 \N1 Cloudesle bent a wel good bowe,  
 That was of trusty tre,  
 He smot the justise on the brest,  
 That hys arrowe brest in thre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.27  
 \N1 `God\'s curse on his hartt,' saide William,  
 `Thys day thy cote dyd on;  
 If it had ben no better then myne,  
 It had gone nere thy bone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.28  
 \N1 `Yelde the, Cloudesle,' sayd the justise,  
 `And thy bowe a\ind\r thy arrowes the fro:'  
 `Gods curse on hys hart,' sayde fair Al<i>ce,  
 `That my husband councelleth so.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.29  
 \N1 `Set fyre on the house,' saide the sherife,  
 `Syth it wyll no better be,  
 And brenne we therin William,' he saide,  
 `Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.30  
 \N1 They fyred the house in many a place,  
 The fyre f+lew vpon hye;  
 `Alas!' than cryed fayr Alice,  
 `I se we shall here dy.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.31  
 \N1 William openyd hys backe wyndow,  
 That was in hys chambre on hye,  
 And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,

And hys chyldren thre.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.32

\N1 `Haue here my treasure,' sayde William,  
`My wyfe and my chyldren thre;  
For Christes loue do them no harme,  
But wreke you all on me.'

\SBALLADS Child 116A.33

\N1 Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,  
Tyll hys arrowes were all go,  
And the fyre so fast vpon hym fell,  
That hys bo<w>stryng brent in two.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.34

\N1 The spercles brent and fell hym on,  
Good Wyllyam of Cloudesle;  
But than was he a wofull man, and sayde,  
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.35

\N1 `Leuer I had,' sayde Wyllyam,  
`With my sworde in the route to renne,  
Then here among myne ennemyes wode  
Thus cruelly to bren.'

\SBALLADS Child 116A.36

\N1 He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,  
And among them all he ran;  
Where the people were most in prece,  
He smot downe many a man.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.37

\N1 There myght no man stand hys stroke,  
So fersly on them he ran;  
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,  
And so toke that good yeman.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.38

\N1 There they hym bounde both hand and fote,  
And in depe dongeon hym cast;  
`Now, Cloudesle,' sayde the hye justice,  
`Thou shalt be hanged in hast.'

\SBALLADS Child 116A.39

\N1 `One vow shal I make,' sayde the sherife,  
`A payre of new galowes shall I for the make,  
And al the gates of Caerlel shalbe shutte,  
There shall no man come in therat.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.40

\N1 `Then shall not helpe Clim of the Cloughe,  
Nor yet Adam Bell,  
Though they came with a thousand mo,  
Nor all the deuels in hell.'

\SBALLADS Child 116A.41

\N1 Early in the mornyng the justice vprose,  
To the gates fast gan he gon,  
And commaunded to be shut full cloce  
Lighttile euerychone.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.42

\N1 Then went he to the market-place,  
As fast as he coulde hye;  
A payre of new gallous there dyd he vp set,  
Besyde the pyllory.

\SBALLADS Child 116A.43

\N1 A lytle boy stod them amonge,  
And asked what meanted that gallow-tre;  
They sayde, To hange a good yeaman,

Called Wyllyam of Cloudesle.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.44  
\N1 That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,  
And kept fayre Alyce swyne;  
Full oft he had sene Cloudesle in the wodde,  
And geuen hym there to dyne.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.45  
\N1 He went out of a creues in the wall,  
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;  
There met he with these wyght yonge men,  
Shortly and anone.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.46  
\N1 `Alas!' then sayde that lytle boye,  
`Ye tary here all to longe;  
Cloudesle is taken and dampned to death,  
All readye for to honge.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.47  
\N1 `Alas!' then sayde good Adam Bell,  
`That euer we see thys daye!  
He myght her with vs haue dwelled,  
So ofte as we dyd him praye.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.48  
\N1 `He myght haue taryed in grene foreste,  
Under the shadowes sheene,  
And haue kepte both hym and vs in reaste,  
Out of trouble and teene.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.49  
\N1 Adam bent a ryght good bow,  
A great hart sone had he slayne;  
`Take that, chylde,' he sayde, 'To thy dynner,  
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.50  
\N1 `Now go we hence,' sayed these wight yong me\in\r,  
`Tary we no longer here;  
We shall hym borowe, by Gods grace,  
Though we bye it full dere.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.51  
\N1 To Caerlel went these good yemen,  
In a mery mornyng of Maye:  
Her is a fyt of Cloudesli,  
And another is for to saye.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.52  
\N1 And when they came to mery Caerlell,  
In a fayre mornyng-tyde,  
They founde the gates shut them vntyll,  
Round about on euery syde.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.53  
\N1 `Alas!' than sayd good Adam Bell,  
`That euer we were made men!  
These gates be shyt so wonderly well,  
That we may not come here in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.54  
\N1 Than spake Clymme of the Cloughe:  
With a wyle we wyll vs in brynge;  
Let vs say we be messengers,  
Streyght comen from oure kynge.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.55  
\N1 Adam sayd, I haue a lettre wryten wele,  
Now let vs wysely werke;  
We wyll say we haue the kynges seale,

I holde the porter no clerke.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.56  
\N1 Than Adam Bell bete on the gate,  
With str'okes greate and stronge;  
The porter herde suche a noyse therate,  
And to the gate faste he thronge.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.57  
\N1 `Who is there nowe,' sayd the porter,  
`That maketh all this knockynge?  
`We be two messengers,' sayd Clymme of the Clo<ughe],  
`Be comen streyght frome oure kynges.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.58  
\N1 `We haue a lettre,' sayd Adam Bell,  
`To the justyce we must it brynge;  
Let vs in, oure message to do,  
That we were agayne to our kynges.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.59  
\N1 `Here cometh no man in,' sayd the porter,  
`By hym that dyed on a tre,  
Tyll a false thefe be hanged,  
Called Wylliam of Clowdysle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.60  
\N1 Than spake that good [yeman Clym of the Cloughe,  
And swore by Mary fre,  
If that we stande long wythout,  
Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.]  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.61  
\N1 [Lo here] we haue got the kynges seale;  
[What! l>ordane, arte thou wode?  
[The p>orter had wende it had been so,  
[And l>yghtly dyd of his hode.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.62  
\N1 `[Welco>me be my lordes seale,' sayd he,  
`[For] that shall ye come in:'  
[He] opened the gate ryght shortly,  
[An] euyll openynge for hym!  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.63  
\N1 `[N>owe we are in,' sayd Adam Bell,  
`[T>herof we are full fayne;  
[But] Cryst knoweth that herowed hell,  
[H>ow we shall come oute agayne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.64  
\N1 `[Had] we the keys,' sayd Clym of the Clowgh,  
`Ryght well than sholde wespede;  
[Than] myght we come out well ynough,  
[Whan] we se tyme and nede.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.65  
\N1 [They] called the porter to a councell,  
[And] wronge hys necke in two,  
[And] kest hym in a depe dongeon,  
[And] toke the keys hym fro.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.66  
\N1 `[N>ow am I porter,' sayd Adam Bell;  
`[Se], broder, the keys haue we here;  
[The] worste porter to mery Carlell,  
[That ye] had this hondreth yere.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.67  
`[Now] wyll we oure bowe+::s bende,  
[Into the t>owne wyll we go,  
[For to delyuer our dere] broder,



[Where he lyeth in care and wo.]  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.68  
\N1 Then they bent theyr good yew bowes,  
And loked theyr stri\in\rges were round;]  
The market-place of mery Carlyll,  
They beset in that stounde.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.69  
\N1 And as they loked them besyde,  
A payre of newe galowes there they se,  
And the iustyce, with a quest of swerers,  
That had iuged Clowdysle there hanged to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.70  
\N1 And Clowdysle hymselfe lay redy in a carte,  
Fast bounde bothe fote and hande,  
And a strong rope aboute his necke,  
All redy for to be hangde.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.71  
\N1 The iustyce called to hym a ladde;  
Clowdysles clothes sholde he haue,  
To take the mesure of that good yoman,  
And therafter to make his graue.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.72  
\N1 `I haue sene as greate a merueyll,' sayd Clowd<esle],  
`As bytwene this and pryme,  
He that maketh thys graue for me,  
Hymselfe may lye therin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.73  
\N1 `Thou spekest proudely,' sayd the iustyce;  
`I shall hange the with my hande:'  
Full well that herde his bretheren two,  
There styll as they dyd stande.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.74  
\N1 Than Clowdysle cast hys eyen asyde,  
And sawe hys bretheren stande,  
At a corner of the market-place,  
With theyr good bowes bent in theyr hand,  
Redy the iustyce for to chase.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.75  
\N1 `I se good comferte,' sayd Clowdysle,  
`Yet hope I well to fare;  
If I myght haue my handes at wyll,  
[Ryght l>yte]ll wolde I care.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.76  
\N1 [Than b>espake good Adam Bell,  
[To Clym]me of the Clowgh so fre;  
[Broder], se ye marke the iustyce well;  
[Lo yon>der ye may him se.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.77  
\N1 [And at] the sheryf shote I wyll,  
[Stron>gly with an arowe kene;  
[A better] shotte in mery Carlyll,  
[Thys se>uen yere was not sene.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.78  
\N1 [They lo>used theyr arowes bothe at ones,  
[Of no] man had they drede;  
[The one] hyt the iustyce, the other the sheryf,  
[That b>othe theyr sydes gan blede.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.79  
\N1 [All men] voyded, that them stode nye,  
[Whan] the iustyce fell to the grounde,

[And the] sheryf fell nyghe hym by;  
 [Eyther] had his dethe+:s wounde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.80  
 \N1 [All the c>ytezeyns fast gan f+le,  
 [They du>rste no lenger abyde;  
 [There ly>ghtly they loused Clowdysle,  
 [Where he] with ropes lay tyde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.81  
 \N1 [Wylllyam] sterte to an offycer of the towne,  
 [Hys axe] out his hande he wronge;  
 [On eche] syde he smote them downe,  
 [Hym tho>ught he had taryed to longe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.82  
 \N1 [Wylllyam] sayd to his bretheren two,  
 [Thys daye] let vs togyder lyue and deye;  
 [If euer you] haue nede as I haue nowe,  
 [The same] shall ye fynde by me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.83  
 \N1 [They] shyt so well in that tyde,  
 For theyr strynges were of sylke full sure,  
 That they kepte the stretes on euery syde;  
 That batayll dyd longe endure.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.84  
 \N1 They fought togyder as bretheren true,  
 Lyke hardy men and bolde;  
 Many a man to the grounde they threwe,  
 And made many an herte+: colde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.85  
 \N1 But whan theyr arowes were all gone,  
 Men presyd on them full fast;  
 They drewe theyr swerde+:s than anone,  
 And theyr bowe+:s from them caste.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.86  
 \N1 They wente lyghtly on theyr waye,  
 With swerdes and buckelers rounde;  
 By that it was the myddes of the daye,  
 They had made many a wounde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.87  
 \N1 There was many a noute-horne in Carlyll blowen,  
 And the belles backwarde dyd they rynges;  
 Many a woman sayd alas,  
 And many theyr handes dyd wrynge.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.88  
 \N1 The mayre of Carlyll forth come was,  
 And with hym a full grete route;  
 These thre yomen dredde hym full sore,  
 For theyr lyue+:s stode in doubte.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.89  
 \N1 The mayre came armed, a full greate pace,  
 With a polaxe in his hande;  
 Many a stronge man with hym was,  
 There in that stoure to stande.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.90  
 \N1 The mayre smote at Clowdysle with his byll,  
 His buckeler he brast in two;  
 Full many a yoman with grete yll,  
 `[Al>as, treason!' they cryed for wo.  
 `[Ke>pe we the gates fast,' they bad,  
 `[T>hat these traytours theroute not go.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.91

\N1 But all for nought was that they wrought,  
 For so fast they downe were layde  
 Tyll they all thre, that so manfully fought,  
 Were gotten without at a brayde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.92  
 \N1 `Haue here your keys,' sayd Adam Bell,  
 `Myne offyce I here forsake;  
 Yf ye do by my councell,  
 A newe+: porter ye make.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.93  
 \N1 He threwe the keys there at theyr hedes,  
 And bad them evyll to thryue,  
 And all that letteth ony good yoman  
 To come and comforte his wyue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.94  
 \N1 Thus be these good yomen gone to the wode,  
 As lyght as lefe on lynde;  
 They laughe and be mery in theyr mode,  
 Theyr enemyes were farre behynde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.95  
 \N1 Whan they came to Inglyswode,  
 Under theyr trysty-tre,  
 There they founde bowe+:s full gode,  
 And arowe+:s greate plente+:.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.96  
 \N1 `So helpe me God,' sayd Adam Bell,  
 And Clymme of the Clowgh so fre,  
 `I wolde we were nowe in mery Carlell,  
 [Be>fore that fayre meyne+:.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.97  
 \N1 They set them downe and made good chere,  
 And eate an<d dr>anke full well:  
 Here is a fyttte [of] these wyght yongemen,  
 And another I shall you tell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.98  
 \N1 As they sat in Inglyswode,  
 Under theyr trysty-tre,  
 Them thought they herde a woman [wepe],  
 But her they myght not se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.99  
 \N1 Sore syghed there fayre Alyce, and sayd,  
 Alas that euer I se this daye!  
 For now is my dere husbonde slayne,  
 Alas and welawaye!  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.100  
 \N1 Myght I haue spoken wyth hys dere breth<eren],  
 With eyther of them twayne,  
 [To shew to them what him befell]  
 My herte were out of payne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.101  
 \N1 Clowdysle walked a lytell besyde,  
 And loked vnder the grene wodde lynde;  
 He was ware of his wyfe and his chyldre<n thre],  
 Full wo in herte and mynde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.102  
 \N1 `Welcome, wyfe,' than sayd Wyllyam,  
 `Unto this trysty-tre;  
 I had wende yesterdaye, by swete Sai<nt John],  
 Thou sholde me neuer haue se.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.103

\N1 `Now wele is me,' she sayd, 'That [ye be here],  
 My herte is out of wo:'  
 `Dame,' he sayd, 'Be mery and glad,  
 And thanke my bretheren two.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.104  
 \N1 `Here of to speke,' sayd Ad<am] Bell,  
 `I-wys it [is no bote];  
 The me[at that we must supp withall,  
 It runneth yet fast on fote.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.105  
 \N1 Then went they down into a lau\in\rde,  
 These noble archares all thre,  
 Eche of the]m slewe a harte of grece,  
 [The best t<hey coude there se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.106  
 \N1 `[Haue here the] best, Alyce my wyfe,'  
 [Sayde Wyllya>m of Clowdysle,  
 `[By cause ye so] boldely stode me by,  
 [Whan I w>as slayne full nye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.107  
 \N1 [Than they] wente to theyr souper,  
 [Wyth suc>he mete as they had,  
 [And than>ked God of theyr fortune;  
 [They we>re bothe mery and glad.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.108  
 \N1 [And whan] they had souped well,  
 [Certayne] withouten leace,  
 [Clowdysle] sayde, We wyll to oure kynge,  
 [To get v>s a chartre of peace.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.109  
 \N1 [Alyce shal] be a soiournynge,  
 [In a nunry] here besyde;  
 [My tow sonn>es shall with her go,  
 [And ther the>y shall abyde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.110  
 \N1 [Myne eldest so>ne shall go with me,  
 [For hym haue I] no care,  
 [And he shall breng] you worde agayne  
 [How that we do fare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.111  
 \N1 Thus be these wig>ht men to London gone,  
 [As fast as they ma]ye hye,  
 [Tyll they came to the kynges] palays,  
 There they woulde nede+:s be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.112  
 \N1 And whan they came to the kynge+:s courte,  
 Unto the pallace gate,  
 Of no man wold they aske leue,  
 But boldly went in therat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.113  
 \N1 They preced prestly into the hall,  
 Of no man had they dreade;  
 The porter came after and dyd them call,  
 And with them began to [chyde.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.114  
 \N1 The vssher sayd, Yemen, what wolde ye haue?  
 I praye you tell me;  
 Ye myght thus make offycers shent:  
 Good syrs, of whens be ye?  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.115

\N1 `Syr, we be outlawes of the forest,  
Certayne withouten leace,  
And hyther we be come to our kynge,  
To get vs a charter of peace.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.116  
\N1 And whan they came before our kynge,  
As it was the lawe of the lande,  
They kneled downe without lettyng,  
And eche helde vp his hande.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.117  
\N1 They sayd, Lorde, we beseche you here,  
That ye wyll graunte vs grace,  
For we haue slayne your fatte falowe dere,  
In many a sondry place.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.118  
\N1 `What is your names?' than sayd our kynge,  
`Anone that you tell me:'  
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,  
And Wylliam of Clowdesle.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.119  
\N1 `Be ye those theues,' than sayd our kynge,  
`That men haue told of to me?  
Here to God I make a vowe,  
Ye shall be hanged all thre.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.120  
\N1 `Ye shall be dead without mercy,  
As I am kynge of this lande:'  
He commanded his off+icers euerichone  
Fast on them to lay hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.121  
\N1 There they toke these good yemen,  
And arested them all thre:  
`So may I thryue,' sayd Adam Bell,  
`Thys game lyketh not me.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.122  
\N1 `But, good lorde, we beseche you nowe,  
That ye wyll graunte vs grace,  
In so moche as we be to you commen;  
Or elles that we may fro you passe,  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.123  
\N1 `With suche weapons as we haue here,  
Tyll we be out of your place;  
And yf we lyue this hondred yere,  
We wyll aske you no grace.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.124  
\N1 `Ye speke proudly,' sayd the kynge,  
`Ye shall be hanged all thre:'  
`That were great pity,' sayd the quene,  
`If any grace myght be.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.125  
\N1 `My lorde, whan I came fyrst in to this lande,  
To be your wedded wyfe,  
The fyrst bone that I wolde aske,  
Ye wolde graunte me belyfe.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.126  
\N1 `And I asked you neuer none tyll nowe,  
Therefore, good lorde, graunte it me:'  
`Nowe aske it, madame,' sayd the kynge,  
`And graunted shall it be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.127

\N1 `Than, good lorde, I you beseche,  
The yemen graunte you me:'  
`Madame, ye myght haue asked a bone  
That sholde haue ben worthe them thre.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.128  
\N1 `Ye myght haue asked towres and towne[s],  
Parkes and forestes plentie:'  
`None so pleasaunt to mi pay,' she said,  
`Nor none so lefe to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.129  
\N1 `Madame, sith it is your desyre,  
Your asking graunted shalbe;  
But I had leuer haue geuen you  
Good market-towne+s thre.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.130  
\N1 The quene was a glad woman,  
And sayd, Lord, gramarcy;  
I dare vndertake for them  
That true men shall they be.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.131  
\N1 But, good lord, speke som mery word,  
That comfort they may se:  
`I graunt you grace,' then said our ki\in\rg,  
`Wasshe, folos, and to meate go ye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.132  
\N1 They had not setten but a whyle,  
Certayne without lesynge,  
There came messe\in\rgers out of the north,  
With letters to our kyng.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.133  
\N1 And whan the came before the kynge,  
The kneled downe vpon theyr kne,  
And sayd, Lord, your offycers grete you wel,  
Of Caerlel in the north cuntre.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.134  
\N1 `How fare<th> my justice,' sayd the kyng,  
`And my sherife also?'  
`Syr, they be slayne, without leasyng,  
And many an off+icer mo.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.135  
\N1 `Who hath them slayne?' sayd the kyng,  
`Anone thou tell me:'  
`Adam Bel, and Clime of the Clough,  
And wyllyam of Cloudesle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.136  
\N1 `Alas for rewth!' then sayd our kynge,  
`My hart is wonderous sore;  
I had leuer [th>an a thousand ponde  
I had knowne of thys before.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.137  
\N1 `For I haue y-graunted them grace,  
And that forthynketh me;  
But had I knowne all thys before,  
They had ben hanged all thre.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.138  
\N1 The kyng opened the letter anone,  
Hym selfe he red it tho,  
A\ind\r founde how these thre outlawes had slai\in\re  
Thre hundred men and mo.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.139

\N1 Fyrst the justice and the sheryfe,  
And the mayre of Caerlel towne;  
Of all the co\in\rstables a\ind\r catchipolles  
Alyue were left not one.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.140  
\N1 The baylyes and the bedyls both,  
And the sergeauntes of the law,  
And forty fosters of the fe  
These outlawes had y-slaw;  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.141  
\N1 And broke\in\r his parks, and slaine his dere;  
Ouer all they chose the best;  
So perelous outlawes as they were  
Walked not by easte nor west.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.142  
\N1 When the kynge this letter had red,  
In hys harte he syghed sore;  
'Take vp the table,' anone he bad,  
'For I may eate no more.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.143  
\N1 The kyng called hys best archars,  
To the buttes with hym to go;  
'I wyll se these felowes shote,' he sayd,  
'That in the north haue wrought this wo.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.144  
\N1 The kynges bowmen buske them blyue,  
And the quenes archers also,  
So dyd these thre wyght yemen,  
Wyth them they thought to go.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.145  
\N1 There twyse or thryse they shote about,  
For to assay theyr hande;  
There was no shote these thre yemen shot  
That any prycke might them stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.146  
\N1 Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudesle;  
By God that for me dyed,  
I hold hym neuer no good archar  
That shuteth at buttes so wyde.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.147  
\N1 'Wherat?' then sayd our kyng,  
'I pray thee tell me:'  
'At suche a but, syr,' he sayd,  
'As men vse in my countree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.148  
\N1 Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,  
And his to brothren with him;  
There they set vp to hasell roddes,  
Twenty score paces betwene.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.149  
\N1 'I hold him an archar,' said Cloudesle,  
'That yonder wande cleueth in two:'  
'Here is none suche,' sayd the kyng,  
'Nor none that can so do.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.150  
\N1 'I shall assaye, syr,' sayd Cloudesle,  
'Or that I farther go:'  
Cloudesle, with a bearyng arow,  
Claue the wand in to.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.151

\N1 `Thou art the best archer,' the\in\r said the ki\in\rg,  
`Forsothe that euer I se:'  
`And yet for your loue,' sayd Wylliam,  
`I wyll do more maystry.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.152  
\N1 `I haue a sonne is seuen yere olde;  
He is to me full deare;  
I wyll hym tye to a stake,  
All shall se that be here;  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.153  
\N1 `And lay an apple vpon hys head,  
And go syxe score paces hym fro,  
And I my selfe, with a brode arow,  
Shall cleue the apple in two.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.154  
\N1 `Now hast the,' then sayd the kyng;  
`By him that dyed on a tre,  
But yf thou do not as th\io\ru hest sayde,  
Hanged shalt thou be.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.155  
\N1 `And thou touche his head or gonwe,  
In syght that men may se,  
By all the sayntes that be in heave\in\r,  
I shall hange you all thre.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.156  
\N1 `That I haue promised,' said William,  
`I wyl it neuer forsake;'  
And there euen before the kyng,  
In the earth he droue a stake;  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.157  
\N1 And bound therto his eldest sonne,  
And bade hym stande styll therat,  
And turned the childes face fro him,  
Because he shuld not sterte.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.158  
\N1 An apple vpon his head he set,  
And then his bowe he bent;  
Syxe score paces they were outmet,  
And thether Cloudesle went.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.159  
\N1 There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe;  
Hys bowe was great and longe;  
He set that arrowe in his bowe,  
That was both styffe and stronge.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.160  
\N1 He prayed the people that was there  
That they would styll stande;  
`For he that shooteth for such a wager,  
Behoueth a stedfast hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.161  
\N1 Muche people prayed for Cloudesle,  
That hys lyfe saued myght be,  
And whan he made hym redy to shote,  
There was many a wepyng eye.  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.162  
\N1 Thus Clowdesle cleft the apple in two,  
That many a man it se;  
`Ouer goddes forbode,' sayd the kyng,  
`That thou sholdest shote at me!  
\SBALLADS Child 116A.163



\N1 `I gyue the .xviii. pens a daye,  
 And my bowe shalte thou bere,  
 And ouer all the north countree  
 I make the chefe rydere.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.164  
 \N1 `And I gyue the .xiii. pens a day,' sayd the que<ne],  
 `By God and by my faye;  
 Come fetche thy payment whan thou wylt,  
 No man shall say the naye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.165  
 \N1 `Wylllyam, I make the gentyelman  
 Of clothyng and of fee,  
 And thy two brethren yemen of my chambr<e],  
 For they are so semely to se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.166  
 \N1 `Your sone, for he is tendre of age,  
 Of my wine-seller shall he be,  
 And whan he commeth to manne+:s state,  
 Better auauunced shall he be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.167  
 \N1 `And, Wylliam, bryngge me your wyfe,' sayd th<e quene];  
 Me longeth sore here to se;  
 She shall be my chefe gentylwoman,  
 And gouerne my nursery.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.168  
 \N1 The yemen thanked them full courteysly,  
 And sayd, To Rome streyght wyll we wende,  
 [Of all the synnes that we haue done  
 To be assoyled of his hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.169  
 \N1 So forth>e be gone these good yemen,  
 [As fast a>s they myght hye,  
 [And aft>er came and dwelled with the kynge,  
 [And dye>d good men all thre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 116A.170  
 \N1 [Thus e>ndeth the lyues of these good yemen,  
 [God sen>de them eternall blysse,  
 [And all] that with hande-bowe shoteth,  
 [That of] heuen they may neuer mysse!  
 \LBALLADS Child 117A.1  
 \N1 LYTHER and listin, ge\in\rtilmen,  
 Th\ia\rt be of frebore blode;  
 I shall you tel of a gode yema\in\r,  
 His name was Roby\in\r Hode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.2  
 \N1 Roby\in\r was a p\ir\rude outlaw,  
 [Whyles he walked on grounde;  
 So curteyse an outlawe] as he was one  
 Was never non fou\in\rde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.3  
 \N1 Roby\in\r stode i\in\r Bernesdale,  
 And lenyd hy\im\r to a tre;  
 And bi hy\im\r stode Litell John\in\r,  
 A gode yeman was he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.4  
 \N1 And alsoo dyd gode Scarlok,  
 And Much, the miller\'s so\in\r;  
 There was none ynch of his bodi  
 But it was worth a grome.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.5

\N1 Than bespake Lytell John\in\r  
 All vntoo Robyn Hode:  
 Maister, and ye wolde dyne betyme  
 It wolde doo you moche gode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.6  
 \N1 Tha\in\r bespake hy\im\r gode Robyn:  
 To dyne haue I noo lust,  
 Till that I haue so\im\r bolde baro\in\r,  
 Or som vnkouth gest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.7  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 That may pay for the best,  
 Or som knyght or [som] squyer,  
 That dwelleth here bi west.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.8  
 \N1 A gode maner tha\in\r had Robyn;  
 In londe where th\ia\rt he were,  
 Euery day or he wold dyne  
 Thre messis wolde he here.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.9  
 \N1 The one i\in\r the worship of the Fad\ier\r,  
 And another of the Holy Gost,  
 The thirde of Our dere+: Lady,  
 That he loued allther moste.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.10  
 \N1 Roby\in\r loued Oure dere+: Lady;  
 For dout of dydly synne,  
 Wolde he neuer do co\im\rpani harme  
 Th\ia\rt any woma\in\r was i\in\r.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.11  
 \N1 `Maistar,' tha\in\r sayde Lytil John\in\r,  
 `And we our borde shal sprede,  
 Tell vs wheder th\ia\rt we shal go,  
 And what life th\ia\rt we shall lede.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.12  
 \N1 `Where we shall take, where we shall leue,  
 Where we shall abide behy\in\rde;  
 Where we shall robbe, where we shal reue,  
 Where we shal bete and bynde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.13  
 \N1 `Therof no force,' than sayde Robyn;  
 `We shall do well inowe;  
 But loke ye do no husbonde harme,  
 That tilleth with his ploughe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.14  
 \N1 `No more ye shall no gode yeman  
 That walketh by grene+:-wode shawe;  
 Ne no knyght ne no squyer  
 Th\ia\rt wol be a gode felawe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.15  
 \N1 `These bisshopp\ies\r and these archebishopp\ies\r,  
 Ye shall them bete and bynde;  
 The hye+: sherif of Notyngam,  
 Hym holde ye in your mynde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.16  
 \N1 `This worde shalbe holde,' sayde Lytell John\in\r,  
 `And this lesson we shall lere;  
 It is fer dayes ; God sende vs a gest,  
 That we were at oure dynere!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.17

\N1 `Take thy gode bowe in thy ho\in\rde,' sayde Rob<yn];  
 `Late Much we\in\rde w\ii\rt\ih\r the;  
 And so shal Wilya\im\r Scarlo<k],  
 And no man abyde with me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.18  
 \N1 `And walke vp to the Saylis,  
 And so to Watli\in\rgr Stret<e],  
 And wayte after some vnkuth gest,  
 Vp chaunce ye may the\im\r mete.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.19  
 \N1 `Be he erle, or ani baro\in\r,  
 Abbot, or ani knyght,  
 Bringhe hym to lodge to me;  
 His dyner shall be dight.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.20  
 \N1 They wente vp to the Saylis,  
 These yeman all thre;  
 They loked est, they loke<d] weest;  
 They myght no man see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.21  
 \N1 But as they loked i\in\r to Bernysdale,  
 Bi a derne+: strete,  
 Than came a knyght ridinghe;  
 Full sone they gan hym mete.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.22  
 \N1 All dreri was his semblaunce,  
 And lytell was his pryde;  
 His one fote in the styrop stode,  
 That othere wauyd beside.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.23  
 \N1 His hode hanged in his iyn two;  
 He rode in symple aray;  
 A soriar man than he was one  
 Rode neuer in somer day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.24  
 \N1 Litell John\in\r was full curteyes,  
 And sette hym on his kne:  
 `Welcom be ye, gentyll knyght,  
 Welcom ar ye to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.25  
 \N1 `Welcom be thou to grene+: wode,  
 Hende+: knyght and fre;  
 My maister hath abide\in\r you fastinge,  
 Syr, al these oure+:s thre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.26  
 \N1 `Who is thy maister?' sayde the knyght;  
 John\in\r sayde, Robyn Hode;  
 `He is [a] gode yoman,' sayde the knyght,  
 `Of hym haue I herde moche gode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.27  
 \N1 `I graunte,' he sayde, 'with you to wende,  
 My bretherne, all in fere;  
 My purpos was to haue dyned to day  
 At Blith or Dancastere.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.28  
 \N1 Furth than went this gentyll knight,  
 With a carefull chere;  
 The teris oute of his iyen ran,  
 And fell downe by his lere.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.29

\N1 They brought hym to the lodge+:-dore;  
 Whan Robyn hym gan see,  
 Full curtesly dyd of his hode  
 And sette hym on his knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.30  
 \N1 `Welcome, sir knight,' than sayde Robyn,  
 `Welcome art thou to me;  
 I haue abyden you fastinge, sir,  
 All these ouris thre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.31  
 \N1 Than answered the gentyll knight,  
 With worde+:s fayre and fre;  
 God the saue, goode Robyn,  
 And all thy fayre meyne+:.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.32  
 \N1 They wasshed togeder and wyped bothe,  
 And sette to theyr dynere;  
 Brede and wyne they had right ynoughe,  
 And noumbles of the dere.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.33  
 \N1 Swannes and fessauntes they had full gode,  
 And foules of the ryuere;  
 There fayled none so litell a birde  
 That euer was bred on bryre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.34  
 \N1 `Do gladly, sir knight,' sayde Robyn;  
 `Gramarcy, sir,' sayde he;  
 `Suche a dinere had I nat  
 Of all these wekys thre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.35  
 \N1 `If I come ageyne, Robyn,  
 Here by thys contre+:,  
 As gode a dyner I shall the make  
 As that thou haest made to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.36  
 \N1 `Gramarcy, knyght,' sayde Robyn;  
 `My dyner whan that I it haue,  
 I was neuer so gredy, bi dere worthy God,  
 My dyner for to craue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.37  
 \N1 `But pay or ye wende,' sayde Robyn;  
 `Me thynketh it is gode ryght;  
 It was neuer the maner, by dere worthi God,  
 A yoman to pay for a knyght.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.38  
 \N1 `I haue nought i\in\r my coffers,' saide the knyght,  
 `That I may profer for shame:'  
 `Litell John\in\r, go loke,' sayde Robyn,  
 `Ne let nat for no blame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.39  
 \N1 `Tel me truth,' than saide Robyn,  
 `So God haue parte of the:'  
 `I haue no more but ten shelynges,' sayde the knyght,  
 `So God haue parte of me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.40  
 \N1 If thou hast no more,' sayde Robyn,  
 `I woll nat one peny;  
 And yf thou haue nede of any more,  
 More shall I lend the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.41

\N1 `Go nowe furth, Littell John\in\r,  
 The truth tell thou me;  
 If there be no more but ten shelinges,  
 No peny that I se.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.42  
 \N1 Lyttell John\in\r sprede downe hys mantell  
 Full fayre vpon the grounde,  
 And there he fonde in the knyghte+:s cofer  
 But euen halfe [a] pounde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.43  
 \N1 Littell John\in\r let it lye full styll,  
 And went to hys maysteer [full] lowe;  
 `What tidynge+:s, John\in\r?' sayde Robyn;  
 `Sir, the knyght is true inowe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.44  
 \N1 `Fyll of the best wine,' sayde Robyn,  
 `The knyght shall begynne;  
 Moche wo\in\rder thi\in\rketh me  
 Thy clot<h>yng is so thin<n>e.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.45  
 \N1 `Tell me [one] worde,' sayde Robyn,  
 `And counsel shal it be;  
 I trowe thou warte made a knyght of force,  
 Or ellys of yemanry.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.46  
 \N1 `Or ellys thou hast bene a sori husbände,  
 And lyued in stroke and stryfe;  
 An okerer, or ellis a lechoure,' sayde Robyn,  
 `Wyth wronge hast led thy lyfe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.47  
 \N1 `I am none of those,' sayde the knyght,  
 `By God that made+: me;  
 An hundred wy\in\rter here before  
 Myn auncetres knyghtes haue be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.48  
 \N1 `But oft it hath befall, Robyn,  
 A man hath be disgrate;  
 But God that sitteth in heuen aboue  
 May amende his state.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.49  
 \N1 `Withyn this two yere, Robyne,' he sayde,  
 `My neighbours well it knowe,  
 Foure hundred pounde of gode money  
 Ful well than myght I spende.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.50  
 \N1 `Nowe haue I no gode,' saide the knyght,  
 `God hath shaped such an ende,  
 But my chyldren and my wyfe,  
 Tyll God yt may amende.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.51  
 \N1 `In what maner,' than sayde Robyn,  
 `Hast thou lorne thy rychesse?'  
 `For my greate+: foly,' he sayde,  
 `And for my kynd<e+:>nesse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.52  
 \N1 `I hade a sone, forsoth, Robyn,  
 That shulde hau<e] ben myn ayre,  
 Whanne he was twenty wynter olde,  
 In felde wolde iust full fayre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.53

\N1 `He slewe a knyght of Lancaster,  
 And a squyer bolde;  
 For to saue hym in his ryght  
 My godes both sette and solde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.54  
 \N1 `My londes both sette to wedde, Robyn,  
 Vntyll a certayn day,  
 To a ryche abbot here besyde  
 Of Seynt Mari Abbey.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.55  
 \N1 `What is the som?' sayde Robyn;  
 `Trowth than tell thou me;'  
 `Sir,' he sayde, 'Foure hundred pounde;  
 The abbot told it to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.56  
 \N1 `Nowe and thou lese thy lond,' sayde Robyn,  
 `What woll fall of the?'  
 `Hastely I wol me buske,' sayd the knyght,  
 `Ouer the salte+: see,  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.57  
 \N1 `And se w<h>ere Criste was quyke and dede,  
 On the mount of Caluere+:;  
 Fare wel, frende, and haue gode day;  
 It may no better be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.58  
 \N1 Teris fell out of hys iyen two;  
 He wolde haue gone hys way:  
 `Farewel, frende, and haue gode day;  
 I ne haue no more to pay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.59  
 \N1 `Where be thy frende+:s?' sayde Robyn:  
 `Syr, neuer one wol me knowe;  
 While I was ryche ynowe at home  
 Great boste than wolde they blowe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.60  
 \N1 `And nowe they renne away fro me,  
 As bestis on a rowe;  
 They take no more hede of me  
 Thanne they had me neuer sawe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.61  
 \N1 For ruthe thanne wept Litell John\in\r,  
 Scarlok and Muche in fere;  
 `Fyl of the best wyne,' sayde Robyn,  
 `For here is a symple chere.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.62  
 \N1 `Hast thou any frende,' sayde Robyn,  
 `Thy borowe that wolde+: be?'  
 `I haue none,' than sayde the knyght,  
 `But God that dyed on tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.63  
 \N1 `Do away thy iapis,' than sayde Robyn,  
 `Thereof wol I right none;  
 Wenest thou I wolde haue God to borowe,  
 Peter, Poule, or John\in\r?  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.64  
 \N1 `Nay, by hym that me made,  
 And shope both sonne and mone,  
 Fynde me a better borowe,' sayde Robyn,  
 `Or money getest thou none.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.65

\N1 `I haue none other,' sayde the knyght,  
 `The sothe for to say,  
 But yf yt be Our dere+: Lady;  
 She fayled me neuer or thys day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.66  
 \N1 `By dere worthy God,' sayde Robyn,  
 `To seche all Englonde thorowe,  
 Yet fonde I neuer to my pay  
 A moche better borowe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.67  
 \N1 `Come nowe furth, Litell John\in\r,  
 And go to my tresoure+:,  
 And bringe me foure hundered pound,  
 And loke well tolde it be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.68  
 \N1 Furth tha\in\r went Litell John\in\r,  
 And Scarlok went before;  
 He tolde oute foure hundred pounce  
 By eight and twenty score.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.69  
 \N1 `Is thys well tolde?' sayde [litell] Much;  
 John\in\r sayde, `What gre<ue>th the?  
 It is almus to helpe a gentyll knyght,  
 That is fal in pouerte+:.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.70  
 \N1 `Master,' than sayde Lityll John,  
 `His clothinge is full thynne;  
 Ye must gyue the knight a lyueray,  
 To lappe his body therin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.71  
 \N1 `For ye haue scarlet and grene, mayster,  
 And man<y] a riche aray;  
 Ther is no marchau\in\rt in mery Englonde  
 So ryche, I dare well say.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.72  
 \N1 `Take hym thre yerdes of euery colour,  
 And loke well mete that it be;'  
 Lytell John\in\r toke none other mesure  
 But his bowe+:-tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.73  
 \N1 And at euery handfull that he met  
 He lepe+:d foote+:s three;  
 `What deuylle+:s drapar,' sayid litell Muche,  
 `Thynkest thou for to be?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.74  
 \N1 Scarlok stode full stil and loughe,  
 And sayd, By God Almyght,  
 John\in\r may gyue hym gode mesure,  
 For it costeth hym but lyght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.75  
 \N1 `Mayster,' than said Litell John\in\r  
 To gentill Robyn Hode,  
 `Ye must giue the knig<h>t a hors,  
 To lede home this gode.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.76  
 \N1 `Take hy\im\r a gray coursar,' sayde Roby\in\r,  
 `And a saydle newe;  
 He is Oure Ladye\'s messangere;  
 God graunt that he be true.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.77

\N1 `And a gode palfray,' sayde lytell Much,  
 `To mayntene hym in his right;'  
 `And a peyre of bote+s,' sayde Scarlock,  
 `For he is a gentyll knight.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.78  
 \N1 `What shalt thou gyue hy\im\r, Litell John?' said Roby\in\r;  
 `Sir, a peyre of gilt sporis clene,  
 To pray for all this co\im\rpany;  
 God bri\in\rge hy\im\r out of tene.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.79  
 \N1 `Wha\in\r shal mi day be,' said the knight,  
 `Sir, and your wyll be?'  
 `This day twelue moneth,' saide Robyn,  
 `Vnder this grene+:-wode tre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.80  
 \N1 `It were greate shame+:,' sayde Robyn,  
 `A knight alone to ryde,  
 Withoute+: squyre, yoman, or page,  
 To walke+: by his syde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.81  
 \N1 `I shall the lende Litell John, my man,  
 For he shalbe thy knaue;  
 In a yema<n>\'s stede he may the stande,  
 If thou greate nede+: haue.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.82  
 \N1 Now is the knight gone on his way;  
 This game hym thought full gode;  
 Wha\in\rne he loked on Bernesdale  
 He blessyd Roby\in\r Hode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.83  
 \N1 And wha\in\rne he thought on Bernysdale,  
 On Scarlok, Much, and John\in\r,  
 He blyssyd them for the best company  
 That euer he in come.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.84  
 \N1 Then spake that gentyll knyght,  
 To Lytel Johan gan he saye,  
 To-morrowe I must to Yorke toune,  
 To Saynt Mary abbay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.85  
 \N1 And to the abbot of that place  
 Foure hondred ponde I must pay;  
 And but I be there vpon this nyght  
 My londe is lost for ay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.86  
 \N1 The abbot sayd to his couent,  
 There he stode on grounde,  
 This day twelue moneth came there a knyght  
 And borowed foure hondred ponde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.87  
 \N1 [He borowed foure hondred ponde,]  
 Upon all his londe+: fre;  
 But he come this ylke+: day  
 Dysheryte shall he be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.88  
 \N1 `It is full erey,' sayd the pryoure,  
 `The day is not yet ferre gone;  
 I had leuer to pay an hondred ponde,  
 And lay downe anone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.89



\N1 `The knyght is ferre beyonde the see,  
 In Englonde is his ryght,  
 And suffreth honger and colde,  
 And many a sory nyght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.90  
 \N1 `It were grete pyte+:,' said the pryoure,  
 `So to haue his londe;  
 And ye be so lyght of your consyence,  
 Ye do to hym moch wronge.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.91  
 \N1 `Thou arte euer in my berde,' sayd the abbot,  
 `By God and Saynt Rycharde;  
 With that cam in a fat-heded monke,  
 The heygh selerer.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.92  
 \N1 `He is dede or hanged,' sayd the monke,  
 `By God that bought me dere,  
 And we shall haue to spende in this place  
 Foure hondred ponde by yere.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.93  
 \N1 The abbot and the hy selerer  
 Sterte+: forthe full bolde,  
 The [hye] iustyce of Englonde  
 The abbot there dyde holde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.94  
 \N1 The hye+: iustyce and many mo  
 Had take in to they<r] honde  
 Holy all the knyghte+:s det,  
 To put that knyght to wronge.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.95  
 \N1 They demed the knyght wonder sore,  
 The abbot and his meyne+::  
 `But he come this ylke+: day  
 Dyssheryte shall he be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.96  
 \N1 `He wyll not come yet,' sayd the iustyce,  
 `Idare well vndertake;'  
 But in sorowe tyme+: for them all  
 The knyght came to the gate.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.97  
 \N1 Than bespake that gentyll knyght  
 Untyll his meyne+::  
 Now put on your symple wedes  
 That ye brought fro the see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.98  
 \N1 [They put on their symple wedes,]  
 They came to the gates anone;  
 The porter was redy hymselfe,  
 And welcomed them euerychone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.99  
 \N1 `Welcome, syr knyght,' sayd the porter;  
 `My lorde to mete is he,  
 And so is many a gentyll man,  
 For the loue of the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.100  
 \N1 The porter swore a full grete othe,  
 \R'B\ry God that made+: me,  
 Here be the best coresed hors  
 That euer yet sawe I me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.101

\N1 `Lede them in to the stable,' he sayd,  
`That eased myght they be;'  
`They shall not come therin,' sayd the knyght,  
`By God that dyed on a tre.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.102  
\N1 Lorde+:s were to mete isette  
In that abbotes hall;  
The knyght went forth and kneled downe,  
And salued them grete and small.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.103  
\N1 `Do gladly, syr abbot,' sayd the knyght,  
`I am come to holde my day:'  
The fyrst word the abbot spake,  
`Hast thou brought my pay?'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.104  
\N1 `Not one peny,' sayd the knyght,  
`By God that maked me;'  
`Thou art a shrewed dettour,' sayd the abbot;  
`Syr iustyce, drynke to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.105  
\N1 `What doost thou here,' sayd the abbot,  
`But thou haddest brought thy pay?'  
`For God,' than sayd the knyght,  
`To pray of a lenger daye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.106  
\N1 `Thy daye is broke,' sayd the iustyce,  
`Londe getest thou none:'  
`Now, good syr iustyce, be my frende,  
And fende me of my fone!'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.107  
\N1 `I am holde with the abbot,' sayd the iustyce,  
`Both with cloth and fee :'  
`Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende!'  
`Nay, for God,' sayd he.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.108  
\N1 `Now, good syr abbot, be my frende,  
For thy curteyse+:,  
And holde my londe+:s in thy honde  
Tyll I haue made the gree!  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.109  
\N1 `And I wyll be thy true seruaunte,  
And trewely serue+: the,  
Tyl ye haue foure hondred ponde  
Of money good and free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.110  
\N1 The abbot sware a full grete othe,  
`By God that dyed on a tree,  
Get the londe where thou may,  
For thou getest none of me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.111  
\N1 `By dere worthy God,' then sayd the knyght,  
`That all this worlde+: wrought,  
But I haue my londe agayne,  
Full dere it shall be bought.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.112  
\N1 `God, that was of a mayden borne,  
Leue vs well to spede!  
For it is good to assay a frende  
Or that a man haue nede.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.113

\N1 The abbot lothely on hym gan loke,  
 And vylaynesly hym gan call;  
 `Out,' he sayd, 'Thou false+: knyght,  
 Spede the out of my hall!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.114  
 \N1 `Thou lystest,' then sayd the gentyll knyght,  
 `Abbot, in thy hal;  
 False knyght was I neuer,  
 By God that made vs all.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.115  
 \N1 Vp then stode that gentyll knyght,  
 To the abbot sayd he,  
 To suffre a knyght to knele so longe,  
 Thou canst no curteysye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.116  
 \N1 In iouste+:s and in tournament  
 Full ferre than haue I be,  
 And put my selfe as ferre in prees  
 As ony that euer I se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.117  
 \N1 `What wyll ye gyue more,' sayd the iustice,  
 `And the knyght shall make a releuse?  
 And elles dare I saf+ly swere  
 Ye holde neuer your londe in pees.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.118  
 \N1 `An hondred ponde,' sayd the abbot;  
 The justice sayd, Gyue hym two;  
 `Nay, be God,' sayd the knyght,  
 `Yit gete ye it not so.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.119  
 \N1 `Though ye wolde gyue a thousand more,  
 Yet were ye neuer the nere;  
 Shall there neuer be myn heyre  
 Abbot, iustice, ne frere.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.120  
 \N1 He stert hy\im\r to a borde anone,  
 Tyll a table rounde,  
 And there he shoke oute of a bagge  
 Eue\in\r four hundred pou\in\rd.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.121  
 \N1 `Haue here thi golde, sir abbot,' saide the knight,  
 `Which th\ia\rt thou le\in\rtest me;  
 Had thou ben curtes at my comynge,  
 Rewarded shuldest thou haue be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.122  
 \N1 The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,  
 For all his ryall fare;  
 He cast his hede on his shulder,  
 And fast began to stare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.123  
 \N1 `Take me my golde agayne,' saide the abbot,  
 `Sir iustice, th\ia\rt I toke the:'  
 `Not a peni,' said the iustice,  
 `Bi Go<d, that dy>ed on tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.124  
 \N1 `Sir [abbot, and ye me>n of lawe,  
 Now haue I holde my daye;  
 Now shall I haue my londe agayne,  
 For ought that you can saye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.125

\N1 The knyght stert out of the dore,  
 Awaye was all his care,  
 And on he put his good clothynge,  
 The other he lefte there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.126  
 \N1 He wente hym forth full mery syngynge,  
 As men haue tolde in tale;  
 His lady met hym at the gate,  
 At home in Verysdale.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.127  
 \N1 `Welcome, my lorde,' sayd his lady;  
 `Syr, lost is all your good?'  
 `Be mery, dame,' sayd the knyght,  
 `And pray for Robyn Hode,  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.128  
 \N1 `That euer his soule+: be in blysse:  
 He holpe me out of tene;  
 Ne had be his kynde+:nesse,  
 Beggars had we bene.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.129  
 \N1 `The abbot and I accorded ben,  
 He is s\ier\rue of his pay;  
 The god yoma\in\r le\in\rt it me,  
 As I cam by the way.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.130  
 \N1 This knight than dwelled fayre at home,  
 The sothe for to saye,  
 Tyll he had gete four hundred pound,  
 Al redy for to pay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.131  
 \N1 He purueyed hi\im\r an hundred bowes,  
 The strynge+:s well ydyght,  
 An hundred shefe of arowe+:s gode,  
 The hedys burneshed full bryght;  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.132  
 \N1 And euery arowe an elle+: longe,  
 With pecok wel idyght,  
 Inocked all w\ii\rt\ih\r whyte siluer;  
 It was a semely syght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.133  
 \N1 He purueyed hym an [hondreth men],  
 Well harness<ed in that stede],  
 And hym selfe in that same sete,  
 And clothed in whyte and rede.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.134  
 \N1 He bare a launsgay in his honde,  
 And a man ledde his male,  
 And reden with a lyght songe  
 Vnto Bernysdale.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.135  
 \N1 But as he we\in\rt at a brydge ther was a wrastely\in\rg,  
 And there taryed was he,  
 And there was all the best yemen  
 Of all the west countree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.136  
 \N1 A full fayre game there was vp set,  
 A whyte bulle vp i-pyght,  
 A grete courser, with sadle and brydil,  
 With golde burnysst full bryght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.137

\N1 A payre of gloues, a rede golde rynge,  
A pype of wyne, in fay;  
What man that bereth hym best i-wys  
The pryce shall bere away.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.138  
\N1 There was a yoman in that place,  
And best worthy was he,  
And for he was ferre and frembde bested,  
Slayne he shulde haue be.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.139  
\N1 The knight had ruthe of this yoman,  
In place+: where he stode;  
He sayde that yoman shulde haue no harme,  
For loue of Robyn Hode.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.140  
\N1 The knyght presed in to the place,  
An hundreth folowed hym [free],  
With bowe+:s bent and arowe+:s sharpe,  
For to shende that companye.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.141  
\N1 They shulderd all and made hym rome,  
To wete what he wolde say;  
He toke the yema\in\r bi the ha\in\rde,  
And gaue hy\im\r al the play .  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.142  
\N1 He gaue hy\im\r fyue marke for his wyne,  
There it lay on the molde,  
And bad it shulde be set a broche,  
Drynke+: who so wolde.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.143  
\N1 Thus longe taried this gentyll knyght,  
Tyll that play was done;  
So longe abode Robyn fastinge,  
Thre houre+:s after the none.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.144  
\N1 Lyth and lystyn, gentilmen,  
All that nowe be here;  
Of Litell John\in\r, that was the knyghte+:s man,  
Goode myrth ye shall here.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.145  
\N1 It was vpon a mery day  
That yonge men wolde go shete;  
Lytell John\in\r fet his bowe anone,  
And sayde he wolde them mete.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.146  
\N1 Thre tymes Litell John\in\r shet aboute,  
And alway he slet the wande;  
The proude+: sherif of Notingham  
By the marke+:s can stande.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.147  
\N1 The sherif swore a full greate othe:  
'By hy\im\r th\ia\rt dyede on a tre,  
This ma\in\r is the best arsche+:re  
That euer yet sawe I [me.]  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.148  
\N1 'Say me nowe, wight yonge man,  
What is nowe thy name?  
In what countre were thou borne,  
And where is thy wonynge wane?'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.149

\N1 `In Holdernes, sir, I was borne,  
 I-wys al of my dame;  
 Me\in\r cal me Reynolde Grene+:lef  
 Whan I am at home.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.150  
 \N1 `Sey me, Reyno<l>de Grene+:lefe,  
 Wolde thou dwell with me?  
 And euery yere I woll the gyue  
 Twenty marke to thy fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.151  
 \N1 `I haue a maister,' sayde Litell John\in\r,  
 `A curteys knight is he;  
 May ye leue+: gete of hym,  
 The better may it be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.152  
 \N1 The sherif gate Litell John  
 Twelue monethe+:s of the knight;  
 Therefore he gaue him right anone  
 A gode hors and a wight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.153  
 \N1 Nowe is Litell John the sherife+:s man,  
 God lende vs well to spede!  
 But alwey thought Lytell John  
 To quyte hym wele his mede.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.154  
 \N1 `Nowe so God me helpe+:,' sayde Litell John,  
 `And by my true leutye,  
 I shall be the worst seruaunt to hym  
 Th\ia\rt euer yet had he.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.155  
 It fell vpo\in\r a Wednesday  
 The sherif on huntynge was gone,  
 And Litel Iohn lay i\in\r his bed,  
 And was foriete at home.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.156  
 \N1 Therefore he was fasti\in\rge  
 Til it was past the none;  
 `Gode sir stuarde, I pray to the,  
 Gyue me my dynere,' saide Litell John.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.157  
 \N1 `It is longe for Grene+:lefe  
 Fasti\in\rge thus for to be;  
 Therfor I pray the, sir stuarde,  
 Mi dyner gif me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.158  
 \N1 `Shalt thou neuer ete ne dry\in\rke,' saide the stuarde,  
 `Tyll my lorde be come to towne:'  
 `I make myn auowe to God,' saide Litell John,  
 `I had leuer to crake thy crowne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.159  
 \N1 The boteler was full vncurteys,  
 There he stode on f+lore;  
 He start to the botery  
 And shet fast the dore.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.160  
 \N1 Lytell John\in\r gaue the boteler suche a tap  
 His backe went nere in two;  
 Though he liued an hundred ier,  
 The wors shuld he go.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.161

\N1 He sporned the dore w\ii\rt\ih\r his fote;  
 It went ope\in\r wel and fyne;  
 And there he made large lyueray,  
 Bothe of ale and of wyne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.162  
 \N1 `Sith ye wol nat dyne,' sayde Litell John,  
 `I shall gyue you to drinke;  
 And though ye lyue an hundred wynter,  
 On Lytel John\in\r ye shall thinke.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.163  
 \N1 Litell John ete, and Litel John drank,  
 The while+: that he wolde;  
 The sherife had i\in\r his kechy\in\r a coke,  
 A stoute man and a bolde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.164  
 \N1 `I make myn auowe to God,' saide the coke,  
 `Thou arte a shrewde hynde  
 In ani hous for to dwel,  
 For to aske+: th\ius\r to dyne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.165  
 \N1 And there he lent Litell John  
 God<e+:] strokis thre;  
 `I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Lytell John,  
 `These strokis lyked well me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.166  
 \N1 `Thou arte a bolde man and hardy,  
 And so thi\in\rketh me;  
 And or I pas fro this place  
 Assayed better shalt thou be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.167  
 \N1 Lytell John\in\r drew a ful gode sworde,  
 The coke toke another in hande;  
 They thought no thyng for to f+le,  
 But stif+ly for to stande.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.168  
 \N1 There they faught sore togedere  
 Two myle+: way and well more;  
 Myght neyther other harme done,  
 The mounnaunce of an owre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.169  
 \N1 `I make my\in\r auowe to God,' sayde Litell John\in\r,  
 And by my true lewte+:,  
 Thou art one of the best sworde-men  
 That euer yit sawe I [me.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.170  
 \N1 `Cowdest thou shote as well in a bowe,  
 To grene+: wode thou shuldest with me,  
 And two times in the yere thy clothinge  
 Chaunged shulde+: be;  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.171  
 \N1 `And euery yere of Robyn Hode  
 Twe\in\rty merke to thy fe:'  
 `Put vp thy swerde,' saide the coke,  
 `And felowe+:s woll we be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.172  
 \N1 Thanne he fet to Lytell John\in\r  
 The nowmbles of a do,  
 Gode brede, and full gode wyne;  
 They ete and drank theretoo.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.173

\N1 And when they had dronkyn well,  
 Theyre trouthe+:s togeder they plight  
 That they wo<l>de be with Robyn  
 That ylke+: same+: nyght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.174  
 \N1 They dyd them to the tresoure-hows,  
 As fast as they myght gone;  
 The lokke+:s, that were of full gode stele,  
 They brake them euerichone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.175  
 \N1 They toke away the siluer vessell,  
 And all th\ia\rt they mig<h>t get;  
 Pecis, masars, ne sponis,  
 Wolde thei not forget.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.176  
 \N1 Also [they] toke the gode+: pe\in\rs,  
 Thre hundred pounde and more,  
 And did them st<r>eyte to Robyn Hode,  
 Under the grene+: wode hore.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.177  
 \N1 `God the saue, my dere+: mayster,  
 And Criste the saue and se!'  
 And thanne sayde Robyn to Litell John\in\r,  
 Welcome myght thou be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.178  
 \N1 `Also be that fayre yeman  
 Thou bryngest there with the;  
 What tydyngge+:s fro Noty<n>gham?  
 Lytill John\in\r, tell thou me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.179  
 \N1 `Well the gretith the proude+: sheryf,  
 And sende<th] the here by me  
 His coke and his siluer vessell,  
 And thre hundred pounde and thre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.180  
 \N1 `I make myne avowe to God,' sayde Robyn,  
 `And to the Trenyte+:,  
 It was neuer by his gode wyll  
 This gode is come to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.181  
 \N1 Lytyll John\in\r there hym bethought  
 On a shrewde wyle;  
 Fyue myle i\in\r the forest he ran,  
 Hym happed all his wyll.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.182  
 \N1 Than he met the proude+: sheref,  
 Huntynge with houndes and horne;  
 Lytell John\in\r coude of curtesye,  
 And knelyd hym beforne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.183  
 \N1 `God the saue, my dere+: mayster,  
 And Criste the saue and se!'  
 `Reynolde Grene+:lefe,' sayde the shryef,  
 `Where hast thou nowe be?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.184  
 \N1 `I haue be in this forest;  
 A fayre syght can I se;  
 It was one of the fayrest syghtes  
 That euer yet sawe I me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.185



\N1 `Yonder I sawe a ryght fayre harte,  
 His coloure is of grene;  
 Seuen score of dere vpon a herde  
 Be with hym all bydene.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.186  
 \N1 `Their tynde+:s are so sharpe, maister,  
 Of sixty, and well mo,  
 That I durst not shote for drede,  
 Lest they wolde me slo.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.187  
 \N1 `I make myn auowe to God,' sayde the shyref,  
 `That syght wolde I fayne se:'  
 `Buske you thyderwarde, mi dere+: mayster,  
 Anone, and we\in\rde w\ii\rt\ih\r me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.188  
 \N1 The sherif rode, and Litell John\in\r  
 Of fote he was smerte,  
 And whane they came before Robyn,  
 `Lo, sir, here is the mayster-herte.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.189  
 \N1 Still stode the proude+: sherief,  
 A sory man was he;  
 `Wo the worthe, Raynolde Grene+:lefe,  
 Thou hast betrayed nowe me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.190  
 \N1 `I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Litell John\in\r,  
 `Mayster, ye be to blame;  
 I was mysserued of my dynere  
 Whan I was w\ii\rt\ih\r you at home.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.191  
 \N1 Sone he was to souper sette,  
 And serued well w\ii\rt\ih\r siluer white,  
 And whan the sherif sawe his vessell,  
 For sorowe he myght nat ete.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.192  
 \N1 `Make glad chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,  
 `Sherif, for charite+:,  
 And for the loue of Litill John\in\r  
 Thy lufe I graunt to the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.193  
 \N1 Wha\in\r they had souped well,  
 The day was al gone;  
 Robyn co\im\rmau\in\rde<d] Litell John\in\r  
 To drawe of his hosen and his shone;  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.194  
 \N1 His kirtell, and his cote of pie,  
 That was fured well and f+ine,  
 And to<ke] hy\im\r a grene ma\in\rtel,  
 To lap his body therin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.195  
 \N1 Robyn com\im\rau\in\r dyd his wight yonge men,  
 Vnder the grene+:wode tree,  
 They schulde lye in that same sute,  
 That the sherif myght them see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.196  
 \N1 All nyght lay the proude+: sherif  
 In his breche and in his [s>chert;  
 No wonder it was, in grene+: wode,  
 Though his syde+:s gan to smerte.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.197

\N1 `Make glade chere,' sayde Robyn Hode,  
`Sheref, for charite+;;  
For this is our ordre i-wys,  
Vnder the grene+:-wode tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.198  
\N1 `This is harder order,' sayde the sherief,  
`Than any ankir or frere;  
For all the golde in mery Englonde  
I wolde nat longe dwell her.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.199  
\N1 `All this twelue monthes,' sayde Robin,  
`Thou shalt dwell with me;  
I shall the teche+:, proude+: sherif,  
An outlawe+: for to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.200  
\N1 `Or I be here another nyght,' sayde the sherif,  
`Robyn, nowe pray I the,  
Smyte of mijn hede rather to-morowe,  
And I forgyue it the.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.201  
\N1 `Lat me go,' tha\in\r sayde the sherif,  
`For saynte+: charite+:,  
And I will be the best<e+:] frende  
That euer yet had ye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.202  
\N1 `Thou shalt swere me an othe,' sayde Robyn,  
`On my bright bronde;  
Shalt thou neuer awayte me scathe,  
By water ne by lande.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.203  
\N1 `And if thou fynde any of my men,  
By nyght or [by] day,  
Vpon thyn othe+: thou shalt swere  
To helpe them tha<t] thou may.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.204  
\N1 Nowe hathe the sherif sworne his othe,  
And home he began to gone;  
He was as full of grene+: wode  
As euer was hepe of stone.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.205  
\N1 The sherif dwelled in Notingham;  
He was fayne he was agone;  
And Robyn and his mery men  
Went to wode anone.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.206  
\N1 `Go we to dyner,' sayde Littell John\in\r;  
Robyn Hode sayde, Nay;  
For I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,  
Foe she sent me nat my pay.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.207  
\N1 `Haue no doute, maister,' sayde Litell John\in\r;  
`Yet is nat the sonne at rest;  
For I dare say, and sauely swere,  
The knight is true and truste.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.208  
\N1 `Take thy bowe in thy hande,' sayde Robyn,  
`Late Much wende with the,  
And so shal Wyllyam Scarlok,  
And no man abyde with me.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.209

\N1 `And walke vp vnder the Sayles,  
And to Watlynge-strete,  
And wayte after some vnketh gest;  
Vp-chaunce ye may them mete.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.210  
\N1 `Whether he be messengere,  
Or a man that myrthe+:s can,  
Of my good he shall haue some,  
Yf he be a pore+: man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.211  
\N1 Forth then stert Lytel Johan,  
Half in tray and tene,  
And gyrde hym with a full good swerde,  
Under a mantel of grene.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.212  
\N1 They went vp to the Sayles,  
These yemen all thre;  
They loked est, they loked west,  
They myght no man se.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.213  
\N1 But as [t>he<y] loked in Bernysdale,  
By the hye+: waye,  
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes,  
Eche on a good palferay.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.214  
\N1 Then bespake Lytell Johan,  
To Much he gan say,  
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde,  
That [these] monkes haue brought our pay.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.215  
\N1 `Make glad chere,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
`And frese your bowes of ewe,  
And loke your herte+:s be seker and sad,  
Your strynge+:s trusty and trewe.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.216  
\N1 `The monke hath two and f+ifty [men,]  
And seuen somers full stronge;  
There rydeth no byssshop in this londe  
So ryally, I vnderstond.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.217  
\N1 `Brethern,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
`Here are no more but we thre;  
But we brynge+: them to dyner,  
Our mayster dare we not se.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.218  
\N1 `Bende your bowes,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
`Make all yon prese to stonde;  
The formost monke, his lyfe and his deth  
Is closed in my honde.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.219  
\N1 `Abyde, chorle monke,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
`No ferther that thou gone;  
Yf thou doost, by dere worthy God,  
Thy deth is in my honde.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.220  
\N1 `And euyll thryfte on thy hede,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
`Ryght vnder thy hatte+:s bonde;  
For thou hast made our mayster wroth,  
He is fastynge so longe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.221

\N1 `Who is your mayster?' sayd the monke;  
 Lytell Johan sayd, Robyn Hode;  
 `He is a stronge thefe,' sayd the monke,  
 `Of hym herd I neuer good.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.222  
 \N1 `Thou lvest,' than sayd Lytell Joha\in\r,  
 `And that shall rewe+: the;  
 He is a yeman of the forest,  
 To dyne he hath bode+: the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.223  
 \N1 Much was redy with a bolte,  
 Redly and anone,  
 He set the monke to-fore the brest,  
 To the grounde that he can gone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.224  
 \N1 Of two and fyfty wyght yonge yemen  
 There abode not one,  
 Saf a lytell page and a grome,  
 To lede the somers with Lytel Johan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.225  
 \N1 They brought the monke to the lodge+:-dore,  
 Whether he were loth or lefe,  
 For to speke with Robyn Hode,  
 Maugre in theyr tethe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.226  
 \N1 Robyn dyde adowne his hode,  
 The monke whan that he se;  
 The monke was not so curte+:yse,  
 His hode then let he be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.227  
 \N1 `He is a chorle, mayster, by dere worthy God,'  
 Than sayd Lytell Johan:  
 `Thereof no force,' sayd Robyn,  
 `For curteysy can he none.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.228  
 \N1 `How many men,' sayd Robyn,  
 `Had this monke, Johan?'  
 `Fyfty and two whan that we met,  
 But many of them be gone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.229  
 \N1 `Let blowe a horne,' sayd Robyn,  
 `That felaushyp may vs knowe;'  
 Seuen score of wyght yemen  
 Came pryckynge on a rowe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.230  
 \N1 And euerych of them a good mantell  
 Of scarlet and of raye;  
 All they came to good Robyn,  
 To wyte what he wolde say.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.231  
 \N1 They made the monke to wasshe and wype,  
 And syt at his denere,  
 Robyn Hode and Lytell Joha\in\r  
 They serued him both in-fere.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.232  
 \N1 `Do gladly, monke,' sayd Robyn.  
 `Gramercy, syr,' sayd he.  
 `Where is your abbay, whan ye are at home,  
 And who is your avowe+:?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.233

\N1 `Saynt Mary abbay,' sayd the monke,  
`Though I be symple here.'  
`In what offyce?' sayd Robyn:  
`Syr, the hye+: selerer.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.234  
\N1 `Ye be the more welcome,' sayd Robyn,  
`So euer mote I the;  
Fyll of the best wyne,' sayd Robyn,  
'This monke shall drynke to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.235  
\N1 `But I haue grete meruayle,' sayd Robyn,  
`Of all this longe+: day;  
I drede Our Lady be wroth with me,  
She sent me not my pay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.236  
\N1 `Haue no doute, mayster,' sayd Lytell Johan,  
`Ye haue no nede, I saye;  
This monke it hath brought, I dare well swere,  
For he is of her abbay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.237  
\N1 `And she was a borowe,' sayd Robyn,  
`Betwene a knyght and me,  
Of a lytell money that I hym lent,  
Under the g'Rene-wode tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.238  
\N1 `And yf thou hast that syluer ibrought,  
I pray the let me se;  
And I shall helpe+: the eftsones,  
Yf thou haue nede to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.239  
\N1 The monke swore a full grete othe,  
With a sory chere,  
`Of the borowehode thou spekest to me,  
Herde I neuer ere.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.240  
\N1 `I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,  
`Monke, thou art to blame;  
For God is holde a ryghtwys man,  
And so is his dame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.241  
\N1 `Thou toldest with thyn owne+: tonge,  
Thou may not say nay,  
How thou arte her seruaunt,  
And seruest her euery day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.242  
\N1 `And thou art made her messengere,  
My money for to pay;  
Therefore I cun the more+: thanke  
Thou arte come at thy day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.243  
\N1 `What is in your cofers?' sayd Robyn,  
`Trewe than tell thou me:'  
`Syr,' he sayd, 'Twenty marke,  
Al so mote I the.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.244  
\N1 `Yf there be no more,' sayd Robyn,  
`I wyll not one peny;  
Yf thou hast myster of ony more,  
Syr, more I shall lende to the.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.245

\N1 `And yf I fynde+: [more,' sayd] Robyn,  
 `I-wys thou shalte it for gone;  
 For of thy spendynge-syluer, monke,  
 Thereof wyll I ryght none.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.246  
 \N1 `Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan,  
 And the trouth tell thou me;  
 If there be no more but twenty marke,  
 No peny that I se.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.247  
 \N1 Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,  
 As he had done before,  
 And he tolde out of the monke+:s male  
 Eyght [hondred] pounde and more.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.248  
 \N1 Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,  
 And went to his mayster in hast;  
 `Syr,' he sayd, 'The monke is trewe ynowe,  
 Our Lady hath doubled your cast.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.249  
 \N1 `I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn+---+  
 `Monke, what tolde I the?+---+  
 Our Lady is the trewest woman  
 That euer yet founde I me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.250  
 \N1 `By dere worthy God,' sayd Robyn,  
 `To seche all Englund thorowe,  
 Yet founde I neuer to my pay  
 A moche better borowe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.251  
 \N1 `Fyll of the best wyne, and do hym drynke,' sayd Robyn,  
 `And grete well thy lady hende,  
 And yf she haue nede to Robyn Hode,  
 A frende she shall hym fynde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.252  
 \N1 `And yf she nedeth ony more syluer,  
 Come thou agayne to me,  
 And, by this token she hath me sent,  
 She shall haue such thre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.253  
 \N1 The monke was goynge to London ward,  
 There to holde grete mote,  
 The knyght that rode so hye on hors,  
 To brynge hym vnder fote.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.254  
 \N1 `Whether be ye away?' sayd Robyn:  
 `Syr, to maners in this londe,  
 Too reken with our reues,  
 That haue done moch wronge.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.255  
 \N1 `Come now forth, Lytell Johan,  
 And harken to my tale;  
 A better yemen I knowe none,  
 To seke a monke+:s male.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.256  
 \N1 `How moch is in yonder other corser?' sayd Robyn,  
 `The soth must we see:'  
 `By Our Lady,' than sayd the monke,  
 `That were no curteysye,  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.257

\N1 `To bydde a man to dyner,  
 And syth hym bete and bynde.'  
 `It is our olde+: maner,' sayd Robyn,  
 `To leue but lytell behynde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.258  
 \N1 The monke toke the hors with spore,  
 No lenger wolde he abyde:  
 `Aske+: to drynke+:,' than sayd Robyn,  
 `Or that ye forther ryde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.259  
 \N1 `Nay, for God,' than sayd the monke,  
 `Me reweth I cam so nere;  
 For better chepe I myght haue dyned  
 In Blythe or in Dankestere.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.260  
 \N1 `Grete well your abbot,' sayd Robyn,  
 `And your pryour, I you pray,  
 And byd hym send me such a monke  
 To dyner euery day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.261  
 \N1 Now lete we that monke be styll,  
 And speke we of that knyght:  
 Yet he came to holde his day,  
 Whyle that it was lyght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.262  
 \N1 He dyde him streyt to Bernysdale,  
 Under the grene+:-wode tre,  
 And he founde there Robyn Hode,  
 And all his mery meyne+:.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.263  
 \N1 The knyght lyght doune of his good palfray;  
 Robyn whan he gan see,  
 So curteysly he dyde adoune his hode,  
 And set hym on his knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.264  
 \N1 `God the saue+:, Robyn Hode,  
 And all this company:'  
 `Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,  
 And ryght welcome to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.265  
 \N1 Than bespake hym Robyn Hode,  
 To that knyght so fre:  
 What nede+: dryueth the to grene+: wode?  
 I praye the, syr knyght, tell me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.266  
 \N1 `And welcome be thou, ge<n>tyll knyght,  
 Why hast thou be so longe?'  
 `For the abbot and the hye+: iustyce  
 Wolde haue had my londe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.267  
 \N1 `Hast thou thy londe [a>gayne?' sayd Robyn;  
 `Treuth than tell thou me:'  
 `Ye, for God,' sayd the knyght,  
 `And that thanke I God and the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.268  
 \N1 `But take not a grefe,' sayd the knyght, 'That I haue be so longe;  
 I came by a wrastelynge,  
 And there I holpe a pore+: yeman,  
 With wronge was put behynde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.269

\N1 `Nay, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
 `Syr knyght, that thanke I the;  
 What man that helpeth a good yeman,  
 His frende than wyll I be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.270

\N1 `Haue here foure ho\in\rdred pounde,' tha\in\r sayd the knyght,  
 `The whiche ye lent to me;  
 And here is also twenty marke  
 For your curteysy.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.271

\N1 `Nay, for God,' than sayd Robyn,  
 `Thou broke it well for ay;  
 For Our Lady, by her [hye+:] selerer,  
 Hath sent to me my pay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.272

\N1 `And yf I toke it i-twyse,  
 A shame it were to me;  
 But trewely, gentyll knyght,  
 Welcom arte thou to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.273

\N1 Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,  
 He leugh and had good chere:  
 `By my trouthe,' then sayd the knyght,  
 `Your money is redy here.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.274

\N1 `Broke it well,' sayd Robyn,  
 `Thou gentyll knyght so fre;  
 And welcome be thou, ge<n>tyll knyght,  
 Under my trystell-tre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.275

\N1 `But what shall these bowe+:s do?' sayd Robyn,  
 `And these arowe+:s ifedred fre?'  
 `By God,' than sayd the knyght,  
 `A pore+: present to the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.276

\N1 `Come now forth, Lytell Johan,  
 And go to my treasure+:,  
 And brynge me there foure hondred pounde;  
 The monke ouer-tolde it me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.277

\N1 `Haue here foure hondred pounde,  
 Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,  
 And bye hors and harnes good,  
 And gylte thy spores all newe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.278

\N1 `And yf thou fayle ony spendynge,  
 Com to Robyn Hode,  
 And by my trouth thou shalt none fayle,  
 The whyles I haue any good.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.279

\N1 `And broke well thy foure hondred pound,  
 Whiche I lent to the,  
 And make thy selfe no more so bare,  
 By the counsell of me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.280

\N1 Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,  
 The knyght all of his care:  
 God, that syt in heuen hye,  
 Graunte vs well to fare!  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.281



\N1 Now hath the knyght his leue i-take,  
And wente hym on his way;  
Robyn Hode and his mery men  
Dwelled styll full many a day.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.282  
\N1 Lyth and lysten, gentil men,  
And herken what I shall say,  
How the proud<e+:] sheryfe of Notynggham  
Dyde crye a full fayre play;  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.283  
\N1 That all the best archers of the north  
Sholde come vpon a day,  
And [he] that shoteth allther best  
The game shall bere a way.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.284  
\N1 He that shoteth allther best,  
Furthest fayre and lowe,  
At a payre of fynly buttes,  
Under the grene+:-wode shawe,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.285  
\N1 A ryght good arowe he shall haue,  
The shaft of syluer whyte,  
The hede and the feders of ryche red golde,  
In Englund is none lyke.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.286  
\N1 This than herde good Robyn,  
Under his trystell-tre:  
'Make you redy, ye wyght yonge men;  
That shotynge wyll I se.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.287  
\N1 'Buske you, my mery yonge men,  
Ye shall go with me;  
And I wyll wete the shryue+:s fayth,  
Trewe and yf he be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.288  
\N1 Whan they had theyr bowes i-bent,  
Theyr takles fedred fre,  
Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
Stode by Robyns kne.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.289  
\N1 Whan they cam to Notynggham,  
The buttes were fayre and longe;  
Many was the bolde archere  
That shoted with bowe+:s stronge.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.290  
\N1 'There shall but syx shote with me;  
The other shal kepe my he<ue>de,  
And stande+: with good bowe+:s bent,  
That I be not desceyued.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.291  
\N1 The fourth outlawe his bowe gan bende,  
And that was Robyn Hode,  
And that behelde the proud<e+:] sheryfe,  
All by the but [as] he stode.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.292  
\N1 Thrye+:s Robyn shot about,  
And alway he slist the wand,  
And so dyde good Gylberte  
Wyth the whyte+: hande.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.293

\N1 Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke  
 Were archers good and fre;  
 Lytell Much and good Reynolde,  
 The worste wolde they not be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.294  
 \N1 Whan they had shot aboute,  
 These archours fayre and good,  
 Euermore was the best,  
 For soth, Robyn Hode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.295  
 \N1 Hym was delyuered the good arowe,  
 For best worthy was he;  
 He toke the yeft so curteysly,  
 To grene+: wode wolde he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.296  
 \N1 They cryed out on Robyn Hode,  
 And grete horne+:s gan they blowe:  
 `Wo worth the, treason!' sayd Robyn,  
 `Full euy1 thou art to knowe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.297  
 \N1 `And wo be thou! thou proude+: sheryf,  
 Thus gladdyng thy gest;  
 Other wyse thou behote+: me  
 In yonder wylde forest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.298  
 \N1 `But had I the in grene+: wode,  
 Under my trystell-tre,  
 Thou sholdest leue me a better wedde  
 Than thy trewe lewte+:..'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.299  
 \N1 Full many a bowe+: there was bent,  
 And arowe+:s let they glyde;  
 Many a kyrtell there was rent,  
 And hurt many a syde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.300  
 \N1 The outlawes shot was so stronge  
 That no man myght them dryue,  
 And the proud<e+:] sheryfe+:s men,  
 They f+led away full blyue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.301  
 \N1 Robyn sawe the bussument to-broke,  
 In grene+: wode he wolde haue be;  
 Many an arowe there was shot  
 Amonge that company.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.302  
 \N1 Lytell Johan was hurte full sore,  
 With an arowe in his kne,  
 That he myght neyther go nor ryde;  
 It was full grete pyte+:..  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.303  
 \N1 `Mayster,' then sayd Lytell Johan,  
 `If euer thou loue<d>st me,  
 And for that ylke+: lorde+:s loue  
 That dyed vpon a tre,  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.304  
 \N1 `And for the medes of my seruyce,  
 That I haue serued the,  
 Lete neuer the proude+: sheryf  
 Alyue now fynde+: me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.305

\N1 `But take out thy browne+: swerde,  
 And smyte all of my hede,  
 And gyue me wounde+:s depe and wyde;  
 No lyfe on me be lefte.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.306  
 \N1 `I wolde not that,' sayd Robyn,  
 `Johan, that thou were slawe,  
 For all the golde in mery Englonde,  
 Though it lay now on a rawe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.307  
 \N1 `God forbede,' sayd Lytell Much,  
 `That dyed on a tre,  
 That thou sholdest, Lytell Johan,  
 Parte our company.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.308  
 \N1 Up he toke hym on his backe,  
 And bare hym well a myle;  
 Many a tyme he layd hym downe,  
 And shot another whyle.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.309  
 Then was there a fayre castell,  
 A lytell within the wode;  
 Double-dyched it was about,  
 And walled, by the rode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.310  
 \N1 And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,  
 Syr Rychard at the Lee,  
 That Robyn had lent his good,  
 Under the grene+:-wode tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.311  
 \N1 In he toke good Robyn,  
 And all his company:  
 `Welcome be thou, Robyn Hode,  
 Welcome arte thou to me;  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.312  
 \N1 `And moche [I] thanke the of thy confort,  
 And of thy curteysye,  
 And of thy grete+: kynde+:nesse,  
 Under the grene+:-wode tre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.313  
 \N1 `I loue no man in all this worlde  
 So much as I do the;  
 For all the proud<e+:] sheryf of Notyngnam,  
 Ryght here shalt thou be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.314  
 \N1 `Shyt the gates, and drawe the brydge,  
 And let no man come in,  
 And arme you well, and make you redy,  
 And to the walles ye wyne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.315  
 \N1 `For one thyng, Robyn, I the behote;  
 Iswere by Saynt Quyntyne,  
 These forty dayes thou wonnest with me,  
 To soupe, ete, and dyne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.316  
 \N1 Bordes were layde, and clothes were spredde,  
 Redely and anone;  
 Roby\in\r Hode and his mery me\in\r  
 To mete+: can they gone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.317

\N1 Lythe and lysten, gentylnen,  
 And herkyn to your songe;  
 Howe the proude+: shyref of Notyngham,  
 And men of armys stronge,  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.318  
 \N1 Full fast cam to the hye+: shyref,  
 The contre+: vp to route,  
 And they besette the knyghte+:s castell,  
 The walle+:s all aboute.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.319  
 \N1 The proude+: shyref loude gan crye,  
 And sayde, Thou traytour knight,  
 Thou kepest here the kynges enemys,  
 Agaynst the lawe and right.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.320  
 \N1 `Syr, I wyll auowe that I haue done,  
 The dedys that here be dyght,  
 Vpon all the lande+:s that I haue,  
 As I am a trewe+: knyght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.321  
 \N1 `Wende furth, sirs, on your way,  
 And do no more to me  
 Tyll ye wyt oure kynge+:s wille,  
 What he wyll say to the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.322  
 \N1 The shyref thus had his answeare,  
 Without any lesynge;  
 [Fu>rth he yede to London towne,  
 All for to tel our ki\in\rge.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.323  
 \N1 Ther he telde hi\im\r of that knight,  
 And eke of Robyn Hode,  
 And also of the bolde archars,  
 That were soo noble and gode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.324  
 \N1 `He wyll auowe that he hath done,  
 To mayntene the outlawes stronge;  
 He wyll be lorde, and set you at nought,  
 In all the northe londe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.325  
 \N1 `I wil be at Notyngham,' saide our kynge,  
 `Within this fourteenyght,  
 And take I wyll Roby\in\r Hode,  
 And so I wyll th\ia\rt knight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.326  
 \N1 `Go nowe home, shyref,' sayde our kynge,  
 `And do as I byd the;  
 And ordey\in\r gode archers ynowe,  
 Of all the wyde+: contre+:.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.327  
 \N1 The shyref had his leue i-take,  
 And went hym on his way,  
 And Robyn Hode to grene+: wode,  
 Vpon a certen day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.328  
 \N1 And Lytel John was hole of the arowe  
 That shot was in his kne,  
 And dyd hym streyght to Robyn Hode,  
 Vnder the grene-wode+: tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.329

\N1 Roby\in\r Hode walked in the forest,  
 Vnder the leuys grene;  
 The proude+: shyref of Notyngham  
 Thereof he had grete tene.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.330  
 \N1 The shyref there fayled of Robyn Hode,  
 He myght not haue his pray;  
 Than he awayted this gentyll knyght,  
 Bothe by nyght and day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.331  
 \N1 Euer he wayted the gentyll knyght,  
 Syr Richarde at the Lee,  
 As he went on haukyng by the ryuer-syde,  
 And let [his] hauke+:s f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.332  
 \N1 Toke he there this gentyll knight,  
 With men of armys stronge,  
 And led hym to Notyngham warde,  
 Bounde bothe fote and hande.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.333  
 \N1 The sheref sware a full grete othe,  
 Bi hy\im\r th\ia\rt dyed on rode,  
 He had leuer tha\in\r an hundred pound  
 That he had Roby\in\r Hode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.334  
 \N1 This harde the knyghte+:s wyfe,  
 A fayr lady and a free;  
 She set hir on a gode palfrey,  
 To gre'Ne wode anone rode she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.335  
 \N1 Wha\in\rne she ca\im\r in the forest,  
 Vnd\ier\r the grene+:-wode tree,  
 Fonde she there Roby\in\r Hode,  
 And al his fayre mene+:.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.336  
 \N1 `God the saue+:, gode+: Robyn,  
 And all thy company;  
 For Our dere+: Ladyes sake,  
 A bone+: graunte thou me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.337  
 \N1 `Late neuer my wedded lorde  
 Shamefully slayne be;  
 He is fast bowne to Notyngham warde,  
 For the loue of the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.338  
 \N1 Anone than saide goode Robyn  
 To that lady so fre,  
 What man hath your lorde [i->take?  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.339  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 `For soth as I the say;  
 He is nat yet thre myle+:s  
 Passed on his way.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.340  
 \N1 Vp than sterte gode Robyn,  
 As man that had ben wode:  
 `Buske you, my mery men,  
 For hym that dyed on rode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.341

\N1 `And he that this sorowe forsaketh,  
 By hym that dyed on tre,  
 Shall he neuer in grene+: wode  
 No lenger dwel with me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.342  
 \N1 Sone there were gode bowe+:s bent,  
 Mo than seuen score;  
 Hedge ne dyche spared they none  
 That was them before.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.343  
 \N1 `I make myn auowe to God,' sayde Robyn,  
 `The sherif wolde I fayne see;  
 And if I may hy\im\r take,  
 I-quyte shall it be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.344  
 \N1 And whan they came to Notingham,  
 They walked i\in\r the strete;  
 And w\ii\rt\ih\r the proude+: sherif i-wys  
 Sone+: can they mete.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.345  
 \N1 `Abyde, thou proude+: sherif,' he sayde,  
 `Abyde, and speke with me;  
 Of some tidi\in\r ges of oure kinge  
 I wolde fayne here of the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.346  
 \N1 `This seuen yere, by dere worthy God,  
 Ne yede I this fast on fote;  
 I make myn auowe to God, thou proude+: sherif,  
 It is nat for thy gode.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.347  
 \N1 Robyn bent a full goode bowe,  
 An arrowe he drowe at wyll;  
 He hit so the proude+: sherife  
 Vpon the grounde he lay full still.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.348  
 \N1 And or he myght vp aryse,  
 On his fete to stonde,  
 He smote of the sherifs hede  
 With his bright<e+:] bronde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.349  
 \N1 `Lye thou there, thou proude+: sherife,  
 Euyll mote thou cheue!  
 There myght no man to the truste  
 The whyles thou were a lyue.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.350  
 \N1 His men drewe out theyr bryght swerdes,  
 That were so sharpe and kene,  
 And layde on the sheryues men,  
 And dryued them downe bydene.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.351  
 \N1 Robyn stert to that knyght,  
 And cut a two his bonde,  
 And toke hym in his hand a bowe,  
 And bad hym by hym stonde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.352  
 \N1 `Leue thy hors the behynde,  
 And lerne for to renne;  
 Thou shalt with me to grene+: wode,  
 Through myre+:, mosse, and fenne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.353

\N1 `Thou shalt with me to grene+: wode,  
Without ony leasyng,  
Tyll that I haue gete vs grace  
Of Edwarde, our comly kynge.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.354  
\N1 The kynge came to Notynghame,  
With knyghte+:s in grete araye,  
For to take that gentyll knyght  
And Robyn Hode, and yf he may.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.355  
\N1 He asked men of that countre+:  
After Robyn Hode,  
And after that gentyll knyght,  
That was so bolde and stout.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.356  
\N1 Whan they had tolde hym the case  
Our kynge vnderstode ther tale,  
And seased in his honde  
The knyghte+:s londe+:s all.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.357  
\N1 All the passe of Lancasshyre  
He went both ferre and nere,  
Tyll he came to Plomton Parke;  
He faylyd many of his dere.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.358  
\N1 There our kynge was wont to se  
Herde+:s many one,  
He coud vnneth fynde one dere,  
That bare ony good horne.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.359  
\N1 The kynge was wonder wroth withall,  
And swore by the Trynyte+:,  
`I wolde I had Robyn Hode,  
With eyen I myght hym se.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.360  
\N1 `And he that wolde smyte of the knyghte+:s hede,  
And brynge it to me,  
He shall haue the knyghte+:s londes,  
Syr Rycharde at the Le.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.361  
\N1 `I gyue it hym with my charter,  
And sele it [with] my honde,  
To haue and holde for euer more,  
In all mery Englonde.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.362  
\N1 Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,  
That was treue in his fay:  
A, my leege+: lorde the kynge,  
One worde I shall you say.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.363  
\N1 There is no man in this countre+:  
May haue the knyghte+:s londes,  
Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde of gone,  
And bere a bowe in his hondes,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.364  
\N1 That he ne shall lese his hede,  
That is the best ball in his hode:  
Giue it no man, my lorde the kynge,  
That ye wyll any good.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.365

\N1 Half a yere dwelled our comly kynge  
In Notyngnam, and well more;  
Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,  
In what countre+: that he were.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.366  
\N1 But alway went good Robyn  
By halke and eke by hyll,  
And alway slewe the kynge+:s dere,  
And welt them at his wyll.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.367  
\N1 Than bespake a proude fostere,  
That stode by our kynge+:s kne;  
Yf ye wyll se good Robyn,  
Ye must do after me.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.368  
\N1 Take fyue of the best knyghte+:s  
That be in your lede,  
And walke downe by yon abbay,  
And gete you monke+:s wede.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.369  
\N1 And I wyll be your lede+:s-man,  
And lede you the way,  
And or ye come to Notyngnam,  
Myn hede then dare I lay,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.370  
\N1 That ye shall mete with good Robyn,  
On lyue yf that he be;  
Or ye come to Notyngnam,  
With eyen ye shall hym se.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.371  
\N1 Full hast<e+:>ly our kynge was dyght,  
So were his knyghte+:s fyue,  
Euerych of them in monke+:s wede,  
And hasted them thyder blyve.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.372  
\N1 Our kynge was grete aboute his cole,  
A brode hat on his crowne,  
Ryght as he were abbot-lyke,  
They rode up in-to the towne.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.373  
\N1 Styf bote+:s our kynge had on,  
Forsoth as I you say;  
He rode syngynge to grene+: wode,  
The couent was clothed in graye.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.374  
\N1 His male-hors and his grete+: somers  
Folowed our kynge behynde,  
Tyll they came to grene+: wode,  
A myle vnder the lynde.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.375  
\N1 There they met with good Robyn,  
Stondynge on the waye,  
And so dyde many a bolde archere,  
For soth as I you say.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.376  
\N1 Robyn toke the kynge+:s hors,  
Haste+:ly in that stede,  
And sayd, Syr abbot, by your leue,  
A whyle ye must abyde.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.377



\N1 `We be yemen of this foreste,  
Vnder the grene+:-wode tre;  
We lyue by our kynge+:s dere,  
[Other shyft haue not wee.]  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.378  
\N1 `And ye haue chyrches and rente+:s both,  
And gold full grete plente+;;  
Gyue vs some of your spendynge,  
For saynt<e+:] charyte+:..'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.379  
\N1 Than bespake our cumly kynge,  
Anone than sayd he;  
I brought no more to grene+: wode  
But forty pounde with me.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.380  
\N1 I haue layne at Notyngham  
This fourtynyght with our kynge,  
And spent I haue full moche good,  
On many a grete lordynge.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.381  
\N1 And I haue but forty pounde,  
No more than haue I me;  
But yf I had an hondred pounde,  
I wolde vouch it safe on the.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.382  
\N1 Robyn toke the forty pounde,  
And departed it in two partye;  
Halfendell he gaue his mery men,  
And bad them mery to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.383  
\N1 Full curteysly Roby\in\r gan say;  
Syr, haue this for your spendyng;  
We shall mete another day;  
'Gramercy,' than sayd our kynge.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.384  
\N1 `But well the greteth Edwarde, our kynge,  
And sent to the his seale,  
And byddeth the com to Notyngham,  
Both to mete and mele'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.385  
\N1 He toke out the brode+: targe,  
And sone he lete hym se;  
Robyn coud his courteysy,  
And set hym on his kne.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.386  
\N1 `I loue no man in all the worlde  
So well as I do my kynge;  
Welcome is my lorde+:s seale;  
And, monke, for thy tydyng,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.387  
\N1 `Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,  
To day thou shalt dyne with me,  
For the loue of my kynge,  
Under my trystell-tre.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.388  
\N1 Forth he lad our comly kynge,  
Full fayre by the honde;  
Many a dere there was slayne,  
And full fast dyghtande.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.389

\N1 Robyn toke a full grete horne,  
And loude he gan blowe;  
Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
Came redy on a rowe.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.390  
\N1 All they kneled on theyr kne,  
Full fayre before Robyn:  
The kynge sayd hym selfe vntyll,  
And swore by Saynt Austyn,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.391  
\N1 `Here is a wonder semely syght;  
Me thynketh, by Godde+:s pyne,  
His men are more at his byddyng  
Then my men be at myn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.392  
\N1 Full hast<e+:>ly was theyr dyner idyght,  
And therto gan they gone;  
They serued our kynge with al theyr myght,  
Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.393  
\N1 Anone before our kynge was set  
The fatte+: venyson,  
The good whyte brede, the good rede wyne,  
And therto the fyne ale and browne.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.394  
\N1 `Make good chere,' said Robyn,  
`Abbot, for charyte+:;  
And for this ylke+: tydyng,  
Blyssed mote thou be.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.395  
\N1 `Now shalte thou se what lyfe we lede,  
Or thou hens wende;  
Than thou may enfourme our kynge,  
Whan ye togyder lende.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.396  
\N1 Up they sterte+: all in hast,  
Theyr bowe+:s were smartly bent;  
Our kynge was neuer so sore agast,  
He wende to haue be shente.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.397  
\N1 Two yerde+:s there were vp set,  
Thereto gan they gange;  
By fyfty pase, our kynge sayd,  
The merke+:s were to longe.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.398  
\N1 On euery syde a rose-garlonde,  
They shot vnder the lyne:  
`Who so fayleth of the rose-garlonde,' sayd Robyn,  
`His takyll he shall tyne,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.399  
\N1 `And yelde it to his mayster,  
Be it neuer so fyne;  
For no man wyll I spare,  
So drynke I ale or wyne:  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.400  
\N1 `And bere a buffet on his hede,  
I-wys ryght all bare:'  
And all that fell in Robyns lote,  
He smote them wonder sare.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.401

\N1 Twyse Robyn shot aboute,  
And euer he cleued the wande,  
And so dyde good Gylberte  
With the Whyte+: Hande.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.402  
\N1 Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,  
For nothyng wolde they spare;  
When they fayled of the garlonde,  
Robyn smote them full sore.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.403  
\N1 At the last shot that Robyn shot,  
For all his frende+:s fare,  
Yet he fayled of the garlonde  
Thre fyngers and mare.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.404  
\N1 Than bespake good Gylberte,  
And thus he gan say;  
'Mayster,' he sayd, 'your takyll is lost,  
Stande forth and take your pay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.405  
\N1 'If it be so,' sayd Robyn,  
'That may no better be,  
Syr abbot, I delyuer the myn arowe,  
I pray the, syr, serue thou me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.406  
\N1 'It falleth not for myn ordre,' sayd our kynge,  
'Robyn, by thy leue,  
For to smyte no good yeman,  
For doute I sholde hym greue.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.407  
\N1 'Smyte on boldely,' sayd Robyn,  
'I giue the large+: leue:'  
Anone our kynge, with that worde,  
He folde vp his sleue,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.408  
\N1 And sych a buffet he gaued Robyn,  
To grounde he yede full nere:  
'I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,  
'Thou arte a stalworthe frere.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.409  
\N1 'There is pith in thyn arme,' sayd Robyn,  
'I trowe thou canst well shete:'  
Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode  
Togeder gan they mete.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.410  
\N1 Robyn beheld our comly kynge  
Wystly in the face,  
So dyde Syr Rycharde at the Le,  
And kneled downe in that place.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.411  
\N1 And so dyde all the wylde outlawes,  
Whan they se them knele:  
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,  
Now I knowe you well.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.412  
\N1 'Mercy then, Robyn,' sayd our kynge,  
'Vnder your trystyll-tre,  
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace,  
For my men and me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.413

\N1 `Yes, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
`And also God me saue,  
I aske+: mersy, my lorde the kynge,  
And for my men I craue.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.414  
\N1 `Yes, for God,' than sayd our kynge,  
`And therto sent I me,  
With that thou leue the grene+: wode,  
And all thy company;  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.415  
\N1 `And come home, syr, to my courte,  
And there dwell with me.'  
`I make myn avowe to God,' sayd Robyn,  
`And ryght so shall it be.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.416  
\N1 `I wyll come to your courte,  
Your seruyse for to se,  
And brynge with me of my men  
Seuen score and thre.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.417  
\N1 `But me lyke+: well your seruyse,  
I [wyll] come agayne full soone,  
And shote at the donne+: dere,  
As I am wonte to done.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.418  
\N1 `Haste thou ony grene+: cloth,' sayd our kynge,  
`That thou wylte sell nowe to me?'  
`Ye, for God,' sayd Robyn,  
`Thyrty yerde+:s and thre.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.419  
\N1 `Robyn,' sayd our kynge,  
`Now pray I the,  
Sell me some of that cloth,  
To me and my meyne+:.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.420  
\N1 `Yes, for God,' then sayd Robyn,  
`Or elles I were a fole;  
Another day ye wyll me clothe,  
I trowe, ayenst the Yole.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.421  
\N1 The kynge kest of his cole+: then,  
A grene garment he dyde on,  
And euery knyght also, i-wys,  
Another had full sone.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.422  
\N1 Whan they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,  
They keste away theyr graye;  
`Now we shall to Notyngham,'  
All thus our kynge gan say.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.423  
\N1 They bente theyr bowes, and forth they went,  
Shotynge all in-fere,  
Towarde the towne of Notyngham,  
Outlawes as they were.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.424  
\N1 Our kynge and Robyn rode togyder,  
For soth as I you say,  
And they shote plucke-buffet,  
As they went by the way.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.425

\N1 And many a buffet our kynge wan  
Of Robyn Hode that day,  
And nothyng spared good Robyn  
Our kynge in his pay.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.426  
\N1 `So God me helpe+:,' sayd our kynge,  
`Thy game is nought to lere;  
I sholde not get a shote of the,  
Though I shote all this yere.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.427  
\N1 All the people of Notyngham  
They stode and behelde;  
They sawe nothyng but mantels of grene  
That couered all the felde.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.428  
\N1 Than euery man to other gan say,  
I drede our kynge be slone;  
Come+: Robyn Hode to the towne, i-wys  
On lyue he lefte neuer one.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.429  
\N1 Full hast<e+:>ly they began to f+le,  
Both yemen and knaues,  
And olde wyues that myght euyll goo,  
They hypped on theyr stauers.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.430  
\N1 The kynge l<o>ughe full fast,  
And commaunded them agayne;  
When they se our comly kynge,  
I-wys they were full fayne.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.431  
\N1 They ete and dranke, and made them glad,  
And sange with note+:s hye;  
Than bespake our comly kynge  
To Syr Rycharde at the Lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.432  
\N1 He gaue hym there his londe agayne,  
A good man he bad hym be;  
Robyn thanked our comly kynge,  
And set hym on his kne.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.433  
\N1 Had robyn dwelled in the kynge+:s courte  
But twelue monethes and thre,  
That [he had] spent an hondred ponde,  
And all his mennes fe.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.434  
\N1 In euery place where Robyn came  
Euer more he layde downe,  
Both for knyghte+:s and for squyres,  
To gete hym grete renowe.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.435  
\N1 By than the yere was all agone  
He had no man but twayne,  
Lytell Johan and good Scathlocke,  
With hym all for to gone.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.436  
\N1 Robyn sawe yonge men shote  
Full fayre vpon a day;  
`Alas!' than sayd good Robyn,  
`My welthe is went away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.437

\N1 `Somtyme I was an archere good,  
A styffe and eke a stronge;  
I was compted the best archere  
That was in mery Englonde.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.438  
\N1 `Alas!' then sayd good Robyn,  
`Alas and well a woo!  
Yf I dwele lenger with the kynge,  
Sorowe wyll me sloo.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.439  
\N1 Forth than went Robyn Hode  
Tyll he came to our kynge:  
`My lorde the kynge of Englonde,  
Graunte me myn askynge.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.440  
\N1 `I made a chapell in Bernysdale,  
That semely is to se,  
It is of Mary Magdaleyne,  
And thereto wolde I be.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.441  
\N1 `I myght neuer in this seuen nyght  
No tyme to slepe ne wynke,  
Nother all these seuen dayes  
Nother ete ne drynke.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.442  
\N1 `Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,  
I may not be therfro;  
Barefote and wolwarde I haue hyght  
Thyder for to go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.443  
\N1 `Yf it be so,' than sayd our kynge,  
`It may no better be,  
Seuen nyght I gyue the leue,  
No lengre, to dwell fro me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.444  
\N1 `Gramercy, lorde,' then sayd Robyn,  
And set hym on his kne;  
He toke his leue+: full courteysly.  
To grene+: wode then went he.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.445  
\N1 Whan he came to grene+: wode,  
In a mery mornynge,  
There he herde the note+:s small  
Of byrde+:s mery syngynge.  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.446  
\N1 `It is ferre gone,' sayd Robyn,  
`That I was last here;  
Me lyste a lytell for to shote  
At the donne+: dere.'  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.447  
\N1 Robyn slewe a full grete harte;  
His horne than gan he blow,  
That all the outlawes of that forest  
That horne coud they knowe,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.448  
\N1 And gadred them togyder,  
In a lytell throwe.  
Seuen score of wyght yonge men  
Came redy on a rowe,  
\SBALLADS Child 117A.449

\N1 And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,  
 And set them on theyr kne:  
 `Welcome,' they sayd, 'our [dere+:] mayster,  
 Under this grene+:-wode tre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.450  
 \N1 Robyn dwelled in grene+: wode  
 Twenty yere and two;  
 For all drede of Edwarde our kynge,  
 Agayne wolde he not goo.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.451  
 \N1 Yet he was begyled, i-wys,  
 Through a wycked woman,  
 The pryoresse of Kyrke+:sly,  
 That nye was of hys kynne:  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.452  
 \N1 For the loue of a knyght,  
 Syr Roger of Donkesly,  
 That was her owne+: speciall;  
 Full euyll mote+: they the!  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.453  
 \N1 They toke togyder theyr counsell  
 Robyn Hode for to sle,  
 And how they myght best do that dede,  
 His banis for to be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.454  
 \N1 Than bespake good Robyn,  
 In place where as he stode,  
 `To morow I muste to Kyrke<s>ly,  
 Craftely to be leten blode.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.455  
 \N1 Syr Roger of Donkestere,  
 By the pryoresse he lay,  
 And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,  
 Through theyr false+: playe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 117A.456  
 \N1 Cryst haue mercy on his soule,  
 That dyed on the rode!  
 For he was a good outlawe,  
 And dyde pore men moch god.  
 \LBALLADS Child 118A.1  
 \N1 WHEN shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,  
 And leeuës both large and longe,  
 Itt is merrry, walking in the fayre f+forrest,  
 To heare the small birds songe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.2  
 \N1 The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,  
 Amongst the leaues a lyne:  
 And it is by two wight yeomen,  
 By deare God, \itha\rt I meane.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.3  
 \N1 `Me thought they did mee beate and binde,  
 And tooke my bow mee froe;  
 If I bee Robin a-liue in this lande,  
 I\'le be wrocken on both them towe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.4  
 \N1 `Sweauens are swift, m\iaster\r,' q\iuo\rth Iohn,  
 `As the wind \itha\rt blowes ore a hill;  
 Ffor if itt be neu\ier\r soe lowde this night,  
 To-morrow it may be still.'

\SBALLADS Child 118A.5

\N1 `Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,  
Ffor Iohn shall goe w\ii\rth mee;  
For I\le goe seeke yond wight yeomen  
In greenwood where the bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 118A.6

\N1 The+: cast on their gowne of greene,  
A shooting gone are they,  
Vntill they came to the merry greenwood,  
Where they had gladdest bee;  
There were the ware of [a] wight yeoman,  
His body leaned to a tree.

\SBALLADS Child 118A.7

\N1 A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,  
Had beene many a mans bane,  
And he was cladd in his capull-hyde,  
Topp, and tayle, and mayne.

\SBALLADS Child 118A.8

\N1 `Stand you still, m\iaster\r,' q\iuo\rth Litle Iohn,  
'Vnder this trusty tree,  
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman,  
To know his meaning trulye.'

\SBALLADS Child 118A.9

\N1 `A Iohn, by me thou setts noe store,  
And \itha\rt\'s a f+farley thinge;  
How oft send I my men beffore,  
And tarry my-selfe behinde?

\SBALLADS Child 118A.10

\N1 `It is noe cunning a knaue to ken,  
And a man but heare him speake;  
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,  
Iohn, I wolde thy head breake.'

\SBALLADS Child 118A.11

\N1 But often words they breeden bale,  
\iTha\rt p\iar\rted Robin and Iohn;  
Iohn is gone to Barn<e>sdale,  
The gates he knowes eche one.

\SBALLADS Child 118A.12

\N1 And when hee came to Barnesdale,  
Great heauienesse there hee hadd;  
He f+found two of his fellowes  
Were slaine both in a slade,

\SBALLADS Child 118A.13

\N1 And Scarlett a f+foote f+lyinge was,  
Ou\ier\r stockes and stone,  
For the sheriffe w\ii\rth seuen score men  
Fast after him is gone.

\SBALLADS Child 118A.14

\N1 `Yett one shoote I\le shoote,' sayes Litle Iohn,  
'W\ii\rth Crist his might and mayne;  
I\le make yond fellow \itha\rt f+lyes so fast  
To be both glad and f+faine.

\SBALLADS Child 118A.15

\N1 Iohn bent vp a good veiwe bow,  
And f+fetteled him to shoote;  
The bow was made of a tender boughe,  
And fell downe to his foote.

\SBALLADS Child 118A.16

\N1 `Woe worth thee, wicked wood,' sayd Litle Iohn,  
'\iTha\rt ere thou grew on a tree!



Ffor this day thou art my bale,  
 My boote when thou shold bee!  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.17  
 \N1 This shoote it was but loosely shott,  
 The arrowe f+lew in vaine,  
 And it mett one of tne sheriffes men;  
 Good W\iillia\rm a Trent was slaine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.18  
 \N1 It had beene better for W\iillia\rm a Trent  
 To hange vpon a gallowe  
 Then for to lye in the greenwoode,  
 There slaine w\ii\rth an arrowe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.19  
 \N1 And it is sayd, when men be mett,  
 Six can doe more then three:  
 And they haue tane Litle Iohn,  
 And bound him f+fast to a tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.20  
 \N1 `Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,' q\iuo\rth the sheriffe,  
 `And hanged hye on a hill:'  
 `But thou may f+fayle,' q\iuo\rth Litle Iohn,  
 `If itt be Christs owne will.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.21  
 \N1 Let vs leaue talking of Litle Iohn,  
 For hee is bound fast to a tree,  
 And talke of Guy and Robin Hood,  
 In the green woode where they bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.22  
 \N1 How these two yeomen together they mett,  
 Vnder the leaues of lyne,  
 To see what marchandise they made  
 Euen at that same time.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.23  
 \N1 `Good morrow, good fellow,' q\iuo\rth S\ii\rr Guy;  
 `Good morrow, good f+fellow,' q\iuo\rth hee;  
 `Methinkes by this bow thou beares in thy hand,  
 A good archer thou seems to bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.24  
 \N1 `I am wilfull of my way,' q\iuo\rth S\ii\rr Guye,  
 `And of my morning tyde:'  
 `I\le lead thee through the wood,' q\iuo\rth Robin,  
 `Good f+fellow, I\le be thy guide.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.25  
 \N1 `I seeke an outlaw,' q\iuo\rth S\ii\rr Guye,  
 `Men call him Robin Hood;  
 I had rather meet w\ii\rth him vpon a day  
 Then forty pound of golde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.26  
 \N1 `If you tow mett, itt wold be seene whether were better  
 Afore yee did p\iar\rt awaye;  
 Let vs some other pastime f+ind,  
 Good f+fellow, I thee pray.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.27  
 \N1 Let vs some other masteryes make,  
 And wee will walke in the woods euen;  
 Wee may chance mee<t] w\ii\rth Robin Hoode  
 Att some vnsett steven.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.28  
 \N1 They cutt them downe the sum\im\rer shroggs  
 W\ihi\rch grew both vnder a bryar,

And sett them three score rood on twinn,  
 To shoote the prickes full neare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.29  
 \N1 `Leade on, good f+fellow,' sayd S\ii\rr Guye,  
 `Lead on, I doe bidd thee.'  
 `Nay, by my faith,' q\iuo\rth Robin Hood,  
 `The leader thou shalt bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.30  
 \N1 The f+irst good shoot \itha\rt Robin ledd  
 Did not shoote an inch the pricke f+froe;  
 Guy was an archer good enoughe,  
 But he cold neere shoote soe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.31  
 \N1 The second shoote S\ii\rr Guy shott,  
 He shott w\ii\rthin the garlande;  
 But Robin Hoode shott it better then hee,  
 For he cloue the good pricke-wande.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.32  
 \N1 `Gods blessing on thy heart!' sayes Guye,  
 `Goode f+fellow, thy shooting is goode;  
 For an thy hart be as good as thy hands,  
 Thou were better then Robin Hood.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.33  
 \N1 `Tell me thy name, good f+fellow,' q\iuo\rth Guy,  
 `R'\rvnder the leaues of lyne:'  
 `Nay, by my faith,' q\iuo\rth good Robin,  
 `Till thou haue told me thine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.34  
 \N1 `I dwell by dale and downe,' q\iuo\rth Guye,  
 `And I haue done many a curst turne;  
 And he \itha\rt calles me by my right name  
 Calles me Guye of good Gysborne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.35  
 \N1 `My dwelling is in the wood,' sayes Robin;  
 `By thee I set right nought;  
 My name is Robin Hood of Barnesdale,  
 A f+fellow thou has long sought.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.36  
 \N1 He \itha\rt had neither beene a kithe nor kin  
 Might haue seene a full fayre sight,  
 To see how together these yeomen went,  
 W\ii\rth blades both browne and bright.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.37  
 \N1 To haue seene how these yeomen together foug<ht],  
 Two howers of a sum\im\rers day;  
 Itt was neither Guy nor Robin Hood  
 \iTha\rt f+fettled them to f+lye away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.38  
 \N1 Robin was reacheles on a roote,  
 And stumbled at \itha\rt tyde,  
 And Guy was quicke and nimble w\ii\rth-all,  
 And hitt him ore the left side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.39  
 \N1 `Ah, deere Lady!' sayd Robin Hoode,  
 `Thou art both mother and may!  
 I thinke it was neu\ier\r mans destinye  
 To dye before his day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.40  
 \N1 Robin thought on Our Lady deere,  
 And soone leapt vp againe,

And thus he came w\ii\rth an awkwarde stroke;  
 Good S\ii\rr Guy hee has slayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.41  
 \N1 He tooke S\ii\rr Guys head by the hayre,  
 And sticked itt on his bowes end;  
 `Thou hast beene traytor all thy liffe,  
 W\ihi\rch thing must haue an ende.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.42  
 \N1 Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,  
 And nicked S\ii\rr Guy in the f+face,  
 \iTha\rt hee was neuer on a woman borne  
 Cold tell who S\ii\rr Guy was.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.43  
 \N1 Saies, Lye there, lye there, good S\ii\rr Guye,  
 And w\ii\rth me be not wrothe;  
 If thou haue had the worse stroakes at my hand,  
 Thou shalt haue the better cloathe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.44  
 \N1 Robin did off his gowne of greene,  
 S\ii\rr Guye hee did it throwe;  
 And hee put on \itha\rt capull-hyde,  
 \iTha\rt cladd him topp to toe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.45  
 \N1 `The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,  
 And w\ii\rth me now I\'le beare;  
 Ffor now I will goe to Barn<e>sdale,  
 To see how my men doe f+fare.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.46  
 \N1 Robin sett Guyes horne to his mouth,  
 A lowd blast in it he did blow;  
 \iTha\rt beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,  
 As he leaned vnder a lowe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.47  
 \N1 `Hearken! hearken!' sayd the sheriffe,  
 `I heard noe tydings but good;  
 For yonder I heare S\ii\rr Guyes horne blowe,  
 For he hath slaine Robin Hoode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.48  
 \N1 `For yonder I heare S\ii\rr Guyes horne blow,  
 Itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
 For yonder comes \itha\rt wighty yeoman,  
 Cladd in his capull-hyde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.49  
 \N1 `Come hither, thou good S\ii\rr Guy,  
 Aske of mee what thou wilt haue:'  
 `I\'le none of thy gold,' sayes Robin Hood,  
 `Nor I\'le none of itt haue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.50  
 \N1 `But now I haue slaine the m\iaster\r,' he sayd,  
 `Let me goe strike the knaue;  
 This is all the reward I aske,  
 Nor noe other will I haue.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.51  
 \N1 `Thou art a madman,' said the shiriffe,  
 `Thou sholdest haue had a knights f+fee;  
 Seeing thy asking [hath] beene soe badd,  
 Well granted it shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.52  
 \N1 But Litle Iohn heard his m\iaster\r speake,  
 Well he knew \itha\rt was his steuen;

`Now shall I be loset,' q\iuo\rth Litle Iohn,  
 `With Christs might in heauen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.53  
 But Robin hee hyed him towards Litle Iohn,  
 Hee thought hee wold loose him believe;  
 The sheriffe and all his companye  
 Fast after him did driue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.54  
 \N1 `Stand abacke! stand abacke!' sayd Robin;  
 `Why draw you mee soe neere?  
 Itt was neu\ier\r the vse in our countrye  
 One\'s shrift another shold heere.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.55  
 \N1 But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,  
 And losed Iohn hand and f+foote,  
 And gaue him S\ii\rr Guyes bow in his hand,  
 And bade it be his boote.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.56  
 \N1 But Iohn tooke Guyes bow in his hand-+---+  
 His arrowes were rawstye by the roote-+---+;  
 The sherriffe saw Litle Iohn draw a bow  
 And f+fettle him to shoote.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.57  
 \N1 Towards his house in Nottingam  
 He f+f+led full fast away,  
 And soe did all his companye,  
 Not one behind did stay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 118A.58  
 \N1 But he cold neither soe fast goe,  
 Nor away soe fast runn,  
 But Litle Iohn, w\ii\rth an arrow broade,  
 Did cleaue his heart in twinn.  
 \LBALLADS Child 119A.1  
 \N1 IN som\ier\r, when t+he shawes be sheyn\ie\r,  
 And leues be large and long,  
 Hit is full mery i\in\r feyre foreste  
 To here t+he foulys song:  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.2  
 \N1 To se t+he dere draw to t+he dale,  
 And leve t+he hilles hee,  
 And shadow he\im\r i\in\r t+he leve+:s grene,  
 Vnd\ie\rr the grene-wode tre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.3  
 \N1 Hit befel on Whitsontide,  
 Erly in a May mornyng,  
 The son vp feyre can shyne,  
 And the briddis mery can syng.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.4  
 \N1 `This is a mery mornyng,' seid Litull John,  
 `Be hym t+h\ia\rt dyed on tre;  
 A more mery man t+hen I am one  
 Lyves not in Cristiante+..  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.5  
 \N1 `Pluk vp t+hi hert, my dere mayst\ier\r,'  
 Litull John can sey,  
 `And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme  
 In a mornyng of May.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.6  
 \N1 `Y+Oe, on thyng greves me,' seid Robyn,  
 `And does my hert mych woo;

\Rt+h\ia\rt I may not no solem day  
 To mas nor matyns goo.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.7  
 \N1 `Hit is a fourtnet and more,' seid he,  
 `Syn I my sauyo\iu\rr see;  
 To day wil I to Notyngham,' seid Robyn,  
 `W\ii\rt\ih\r t+he myght of mylde Marye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.8  
 \N1 Than spake Moche, t+he myln\ier\r sun,  
 Eu\ier\r more wel hym betyde!  
 `Take twelue of t+hi wyght y+oemen,  
 Well weppynd, be t+hi side.  
 Such on wolde t+hi selfe slon,  
 \Rt+h\ia\rt twelue dar not abyde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.9  
 \N1 `Of all my mery men,' seid Robyn,  
 `Be my feith I wil non haue,  
 But Litull John shall beyre my bow,  
 Til t+h\ia\rt me list to drawe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.10  
 \N1 ` \Rt+h\io\ru shall beyre t+hin own,' seid Litull Jon,  
 `Maist\ier\r, and I wyl beyre myne,  
 And we well shete a peny,' seid Litull Jon,  
 `Vnd\ie\rr t+he grene-wode lyne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.11  
 \N1 `I wil not shete a peny,' seyde Robyn Hode,  
 `In feith, Litull John, w\ii\rt\ih\r the,  
 But eu\ier\r for on as t+h\io\ru shet\iis\r,' seide Robyn,  
 `In feith I holde t+he thre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.12  
 \N1 Thus shet t+hei forth, t+these y+oemen too,  
 Bothe at buske and brome,  
 Til Litull John wan of his maist\ier\r  
 Fiue shillings to hose and shone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.13  
 \N1 A ferly strife fel t+hem betwene,  
 As they went bi the wey;  
 Litull John seid he had won f+iue shillings,  
 And Robyn Hode seid schortly nay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.14  
 \N1 W\ii\rt\ih\r t+h\ia\rt Robyn Hode lyed Litul Jon,  
 And smote hym w\ii\rt\ih\r his hande;  
 Litul Jon waxed wroth t+h\ierw\rit\ih\r,  
 And pulled out his bright bronde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.15  
 \N1 `Were t+h\io\ru not my maist\ier\r,' seid Litull John,  
 ` \Rt+h\io\ru shuldis by hit ful sore;  
 Get t+he a man wher t+h\io\ru w<ilt],  
 For t+h\io\ru get\iis\r me no more.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.16  
 \N1 T+Hen Robyn goes to Notyngh\ia\rm,  
 Hym selfe mornyng allone,  
 And Litull John to mery Scherwode,  
 The pathes he knew ilkone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.17  
 \N1 Whan Robyn came to Notyngham,  
 S\ier\rtenly w\ii\rt\ih\routen layn,  
 He prayed to God and myld Mary  
 To bryng hym out saue agayn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.18

\N1 He gos in to Seynt Mary chirch,  
 And kneled down before the rode;  
 Alle t+h\ia\rt eu\ier\r were t+he church w\ii\rt\ih\rin  
 Beheld wel Robyn Hode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.19  
 \N1 Beside hym stod a gret-hedid munke,  
 I pray to God woo he be!  
 Fful sone he knew gode Robyn,  
 As sone as he hym se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.20  
 \N1 Out at t+he durre he ran,  
 Fful sone and anon;  
 Alle t+he y+oatis of Notyngham  
 He made to be sparred eu\ier\r ychon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.21  
 \N1 `Rise vp,' he seid, 't+h\io\ru prowde schereff,  
 Buske t+he and make t+he bowne;  
 I haue spyed t+he kyngg\iis\r felon,  
 Ffor sothe he is in t+h\ii\r town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.22  
 \N1 `I haue spyed t+he false felon,  
 As he stond\iis\r at his masse;  
 Hit is long of t+he,' seide t+he munke,  
 `And eu\ier\r he fro vs passe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.23  
 \N1 `Rt+h\ii\r trayt\iu\r name is Robyn Hode,  
 Vnd\ie\r t+he grene-wode lynde;  
 He robbyt me onys of a hundred pound,  
 Hit shalle neu\ier\r out of my mynde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.24  
 \N1 Vp t+hen rose t+h\ii\r prowde\ie\r shereff,  
 And radly made hym y+oare;  
 Many was t+he mod\ier\r son  
 To t+he kyrk w\ii\rt\ih\r hym can fare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.25  
 \N1 In at t+he dures t+hei throly thraust,  
 W\ii\rt\ih\r staves ful gode wone;  
 `Alas, alas!' seid Robyn Hode,  
 `Now mysse I Litull John.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.26  
 \N1 But Robyn toke out a too-hond sworde,  
 \Rt+h\ia\rt hangit down be his kne;  
 \Rt+h\ie\r as t+he schereff and his men stode thyckust,  
 Thedurward\ie\r wolde he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.27  
 \N1 Thryes thorowout t+hem he ran t+hen,  
 For sot+he as I yow sey,  
 And woundyt mony a mod\ier\r son,  
 And twelue he slew t+h\ia\rt day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.28  
 \N1 His sworde vpon t+he schireff hed  
 S\ier\r tanly he brake in too;  
 `T+He smyth t+h\ia\rt t+he made,' seid Robyn,  
 `I pray to God wyrke hym woo!  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.29  
 \N1 `Ffor now am I weppynlesse,' seid Robyn,  
 `Alasse! agayn my wyll\ie\r;  
 But if I may f+le t+ese traytors fro,  
 I wot t+hei wil me kyll.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.30

\N1 Robyn in to the church+: ran,  
 Throout hem eu\ier\rilkon,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.31  
 \N1 Su\im\r fel in swonyng as t+hei were dede,  
 And lay stil as any stone;  
 Non of theym were i\in\r her mynde  
 But only Litull Jon9  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.32  
 \N1 `Let be yo\iu\rr rule,' seid Litull Jon,  
 `Ffor his luf t+h\ia\rt dyed on tre,  
 Y+Oe t+h\ia\rt shulde be duy+oty men;  
 Het is gret shame to se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.33  
 \N1 `Oure maist\ier\r has bene hard bystode  
 And y+oet scapyd away;  
 Pluk vp yo\iu\rr hert\iis\r, and leve t+h\ii\rs mone,  
 And harkyn what I shal say.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.34  
 \N1 `He has s\ier\ruid Oure Lady many a day,  
 And y+oet wil, securly;  
 \Rt+h\ier\rfor I trust in hir specialy  
 No wyckud deth shal he dye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.35  
 \N1 `Rt+h\ier\rfor be glad,' seid Litul John,  
 `And let t+h\ii\rs mournyng be;  
 And I shal be t+he munk\iis\r gyde,  
 W\ii\rt\ih\r t+he myght of mylde Mary.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.36  
 \N1 . . . .  
 `We will go but we too;  
 And I mete hym,' seid Litul John,  
 . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.37  
 \N1 `Loke t+h\ia\rt y+oe kepe wel owre tristil-tre,  
 Vnder t+he levys smale,  
 And spare non of this venyson,  
 \Rt+h\ia\rt gose in thys vale.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.38  
 \N1 Ffort+he t+hen went these y+oemen too,  
 Litul John and Moche on fere,  
 And lokid on Moch emys hows,  
 T+He hye way lay full nere.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.39  
 \N1 Litul John stode at a wyndow i\in\r t+he mornyng,  
 And lokid fort+h at a stage;  
 He was war wher t+he munke came ridyng,  
 And w\ii\rt\ih\r hym a litul page.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.40  
 \N1 `Be my feith,' seid Litul John to Moch,  
 `I can t+he tel tithyngus gode;  
 I se wher t+he munke cu\im\r rys rydyng,  
 I know hym be his wyde hode.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.41  
 \N1 They went in to the way, t+these y+oeme\in\r bot+he,  
 As curtes men and hende;  
 T+Hei spyrrred tithyngus at t+he munke,  
 As they hade bene his frende.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.42  
 \N1 `Ffro whens come y+oe?' seid Litull Jon,

`Tel vs tithyngus, I yow pray,  
 Off a false owtlay, [callid Robyn Hode,]  
 Was takyn y+oisterday.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.43  
 \N1 `He robbyt me and my felowes bot+he  
 Of twenti marke in s\ier\rten;  
 If t+h\ia\rt false owtlay be takyn,  
 Ffor sot+he we wolde be fayn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.44  
 \N1 `So did he me,' seid t+he munke,  
 `Of a hundred pound and more;  
 I layde furst hande hym apon,  
 Y+hOe may thonke me t+h\ier\rfore.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.45  
 \N1 `I pray God thanke you,' seid Litull John,  
 `And we wil when we may;  
 We wil go w\ii\rt\ih\r you, w\ii\rt\ih\r yo\iu\rr leve,  
 And bryng yow on yo\iu\rr way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.46  
 \N1 `Ffor Robyn Hode hase many a wilde fellow,  
 I tell you in certen;  
 If t+hei wist y+oe rode t+h\ii\rs way,  
 In feith y+oe shulde be slayn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.47  
 \N1 As t+hei went talking be t+he way,  
 The munke and Litull John,  
 John toke t+he munk\ii\rs horse be t+he hede,  
 Fful sone and anon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.48  
 \N1 Johne toke t+he munk\ii\rs horse be t+he hed,  
 Ffor sot+he as I yow say;  
 So did Much t+he litull page,  
 Ffor he shulde not scape away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.49  
 \N1 Be t+he golett of t+he hode  
 John pulled t+he munke down;  
 John was nothyng of hym agast,  
 He lete hym falle on his crown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.50  
 \N1 Litull John was so<re] agrevyd,  
 And drew owt his swerde in hye;  
 This munke saw he shulde be ded,  
 Lowd mercy can he crye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.51  
 \N1 `He was my maist\ier\r,' seid Litull John,  
 `Rt+h\ia\rt t+h\io\ru hase browy+ot in bale;  
 Shalle t+h\io\ru neu\ier\r cu\im\r at our kyng,  
 Ffor to telle hym tale.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.52  
 \N1 John smote of t+he munk\iis\r hed,  
 No long\ier\r wolde he dwell;  
 So did Moch t+he litull page,  
 Ffor ferd lest he wolde tell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.53  
 \N1 \Rt+h\ie\rr t+hei beryed hem bot+he,  
 In nout+h\ier\r mosse nor lyng,  
 And Litull John and Much infere  
 Bare t+he letturs to oure kyng.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.54  
 \N1 . . . .



He knelid down vpon his kne:  
 `God y+oow saue, my lege lorde,  
 Ih\ies\ru\is\r yow saue and se!  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.55  
 \N1 `God yow saue, my lege kyng!'  
 To speke John was full bolde;  
 He gaf hym t+he letturs i\in\r his hond,  
 The kyng did hit vnfold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.56  
 \N1 T+He kyng red t+he letturs anon,  
 And seid, So mot I the,  
 \Rt+h\ier\r was neu\ier\r y+ooman i\in\r mery Ingland  
 I longut so sore to se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.57  
 \N1 `Wher is t+he munke t+h\ia\rt t+these shuld haue brouy+ot?'  
 Oure kyng can say:  
 `Be my trouth,' seid Litull John,  
 `He dyed aft\ie\rr t+he way.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.58  
 \N1 T+He kyng gaf Moch and Litul Jon  
 Twenti pound in s\ier\rtan,  
 And made t+heim y+oemen of t+he crown,  
 And bade t+heim go agayn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.59  
 \N1 He gaf John t+he seel in hand,  
 The sheref for to bere,  
 To bryng Robyn hym to,  
 And no man do hym dere.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.60  
 John toke his leve at oure kyng,  
 T+He sothe as I yow say;  
 T+He next way to Notyngham  
 To take, he y+oede t+he way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.61  
 \N1 Whan John came to Notyngham  
 The y+oatis were sparred ychon;  
 John callid vp t+he porter,  
 He answerid sone anon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.62  
 \N1 `What is t+he cause,' seid Litul Jon,  
 `\Rt+h\io\ru sparris t+he y+oates so fast?'  
 `Because of Robyn Hode,' seid [t+he] porter,  
 `In depe prison is cast.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.63  
 \N1 `John and Moch and Wyll Scathlok,  
 Ffor sothe as I yow say,  
 T+Hei slew oure men vpon our wallis,  
 And sawten vs eu\ier\ry day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.64  
 \N1 Litull John spyrrid after t+he schereff,  
 And sone he hym fonde;  
 He oppnyed t+he kyngus p\iri\rue seell,  
 And gaf hym in his honde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.65  
 \N1 Whan t+he scheref saw t+he kyngus seell,  
 He did of his hode anon:  
 `Wher is t+he munke t+h\ia\rt bare t+he letturs?'  
 He seid to Litull John.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.66  
 \N1 `He is so fayn of hym,' seid Litul John,

`Ffor sot+he as I yow say,  
 He has made hym abot of Westmynst\ier\r,  
 A lorde of t+h\ia\rt abbay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.67  
 \N1 The scheref made John gode chere,  
 And gaf hym wyne of the best;  
 At nyy+ot t+hei went to her bedde,  
 And eu\ier\ry man to his rest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.68  
 \N1 When t+he scheref was on slepe,  
 Dronken of wyne and ale,  
 Litul John and Moch for sot+he  
 Toke t+he way vnto t+he jale.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.69  
 \N1 Litul John callid vp t+he jayler,  
 And bade hym rise anon;  
 He seyde Robyn Hode had brokyn p\iri\rson,  
 And out of hit was gon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.70  
 \N1 The porter rose anon s\ier\rtan,  
 As sone as he herd John calle;  
 Litul John was redy w\ii\rt\ih\r a swerd,  
 And bare hym to t+he walle.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.71  
 \N1 `Now wil I be porter,' seid Litul John,  
 `And take t+he keyes in honde:'  
 He toke t+he way to Robyn Hode,  
 And sone he hym vnbonde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.72  
 \N1 He gaf hym a gode swerd i\in\r his hond,  
 His hed [ther]w\ii\rt\ih\r for to kepe,  
 And ther as t+he walle was lowyst  
 Anon down can t+hei lepe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.73  
 \N1 Be t+h\ia\rt t+he cok began to crow,  
 The day began to spryng;  
 The scheref fond t+he jaylier ded,  
 The comyn bell made he ryng.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.74  
 \N1 He made a crye thoroout al t+he tow[n],  
 Whed\ie\rr he be y+ooman or knave,  
 \Rt+h\ia\rt cowl+he bryng hym Robyn Hode,  
 His warison he shuld haue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.75  
 \N1 `Ffor I dar neu\ier\r,' said t+he scheref,  
 `Cu\im\r before oure kyng;  
 Ffor if I do, I wot s\ier\rtten  
 Ffor sot+he he wil me heng.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.76  
 \N1 The scheref made to seke Notyngam,  
 Bothe be strete and stye,  
 And Robyn was in mery Scherwode,  
 As liy+ot as lef on lynde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.77  
 \N1 Then bespake gode Litull John,  
 To Robyn Hode can he say,  
 I haue done t+he a gode turne for an euyll,  
 Quyte t+he whan t+h\io\ru may.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.78  
 \N1 `I haue done t+he a gode turne,' seid Litull John,

`Ffor sothe as I yow say;  
 I haue brouy+ot t+he vnd\ie\rr grene-wode lyne;  
 Ffare wel, and haue gode day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.79  
 \N1 `Nay, be my trouth,' seid Robyn Hode,  
 `So shall hit neu\ier\r be;  
 I make t+he maist\ier\r,' seid Robyn Hode,  
 `Off alle my men and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.80  
 \N1 `Nay, be my trouth,' seid Litull John,  
 `So shalle hit neu\ier\r be;  
 But lat me be a fellow,' seid Litull John,  
 `No nod\ie\rr kepe I be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.81  
 \N1 Thus John gate Robyn Hod out of p\iri\rson,  
 S\ier\rtan w\ii\rt\ih\routyn layn;  
 Whan his men saw hym hol and sounde,  
 Ffor sothe they were full fayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.82  
 \N1 They f+illed in wyne, and made hem glad,  
 Vnd\ie\rr t+he levys smale,  
 And y+oete pastes of venyson,  
 T+Hat gode was w\ii\rt\ih\r ale.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.83  
 \N1 Than worde came to oure kyng  
 How Robyn Hode was gon,  
 And how t+he scheref of Notyngnam  
 Durst neu\ier\r loke hym vpon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.84  
 \N1 Then bespake oure cu\im\rly kyng,  
 In an angur hye:  
 Litull John hase begyled t+he schereff,  
 In faith so hase he me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.85  
 \N1 Litul John has begyled vs bothe,  
 And t+h\ia\rt full wel I se;  
 Or ellis t+he schereff of Notyngnam  
 Hye hongut shuld\ie\r he be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.86  
 \N1 `I made hem y+oemen of t+he crowne,  
 And gaf hem fee w\ii\rt\ih\r my hond;  
 I gaf hem grith,' seid oure kyng,  
 `Thorowout all mery Ingland.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.87  
 \N1 `I gaf theym grith,' t+hen seid oure kyng;  
 `I say, so mot I the,  
 Ffor sothe soch a y+oeman as he is on  
 In all Ingland ar not thre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.88  
 \N1 `He is trew to his maist\ier\r,' seid our kyng;  
 `I sey, be swete Seynt John,  
 He louys bett\ie\rr Robyn Hode  
 Then he dose vs ychon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.89  
 \N1 `Robyn Hode is eu\ier\r bond to hym,  
 Bothe in strete and stalle;  
 Speke no more of the mat\ier\r,' seid oure kyng,  
 `But John has begyled vs alle.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 119A.90  
 \N1 Thus endys the talkyng of the munke

And Robyn Hode i-wysse;  
 God, t+h\ia\rt is eu\ier\r a crowned kyng,  
 Bryng vs all to his blisse!  
 \LBALLADS Child 120A.1  
 \N1 `I WILL neuer eate oor drinke,' Robin Hood said,  
 `Nor meate will doo me noe good,  
 Till I haue beene at merry Churchlees,  
 My vaines for to let blood.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.2  
 \N1 `That I reade not,' said Will Scarllett,  
 `M\iaster\r, by the assente of me,  
 W\ii\rthout halfe a hundred of yo\iu\r best bowmen  
 You take to goe with yee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.3  
 \N1 `For there a good yeoman doth abide  
 Will be sure to quarrell w\ii\rth thee,  
 And if thou haue need of vs, m\iaster\r,  
 In faith we will not f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.4  
 \N1 `And thou be feard, thou Will\iiam\r Scarlett,  
 Att home I read thee bee:'  
 `And you be wrothe, my deare m\iaster\r,  
 You shall neuer heare more of mee.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.5  
 \N1 `For there shall noe man w\ii\rth me goe,  
 Nor man w\ii\rth mee ryde,  
 And Litle Iohn shall be my man,  
 And beare my benbow by my side.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.6  
 \N1 `You\'st beare yo\iu\r bowe, m\iaster\r, yo\iu\r selfe,  
 And shoote for a peny w\ii\rth mee:'  
 `To that I doe assent,' Robin Hood sayd,  
 `And soe, Iohn, lett it bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.7  
 \N1 They two bolde children shotten together,  
 All day theire selfe in ranke,  
 Vntill they came to blacke water,  
 And over it laid a planke.  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.8  
 \N1 Vpon it there kneeled an old woman,  
 Was banning Robin Hoode;  
 `Why dost thou bann Ro\ibin\r Hoode?' said Robin,  
 . . . .  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.9  
 \N1 . . . .  
 `To giue to Robin Hoode;  
 Wee weepen for his deare body,  
 \iTha\rt this day must be lett bloode.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.10  
 \N1 `The dame prior is my aunts daughter,  
 And nie vnto my kinne;  
 I know shee wold me noe harme this day,  
 For all the world to winne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 120A.11  
 \N1 Forth then shotten these children two,  
 And they did neuer lin,  
 Vntill they came to merry Churchlees,  
 To merry Churchlee<s] w\ii\rth-in.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.12

\N1 And when they came to merry Churchlees,  
They knoced vpon a pin;  
Vpp then rose dame prioresse,  
And lett good Robin in.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.13

\N1 Then Robin gaue to dame prioresse  
Twenty pound in gold,  
And bad her spend while that wold last,  
And shee shold haue more when shee wold.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.14

\N1 And downe then came dame prioresse,  
Downe she came in that ilke,  
W\ii\rth a p\iair\r off blood-irons in her hands,  
Were wrapped all in silke.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.15

\N1 `Sett a chaff+ing-dish to the fyer,' s\iaid\r dame prioresse,  
`And stripp thou vp thy sleeue:'  
I hold him but an vnwise man  
\iTha\rt will noe warning leeve.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.16

\N1 Shee laid the blood-irons to Ro\ibin\r Hood's vaine,  
Alacke, the more pitye!  
And pearct the vaine, and let out the bloode,  
That full red was to see.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.17

\N1 And f+irst it bled, the thicke, thicke bloode,  
And afterwards the thinne,  
And well then wist good Robin Hoode  
Treason there was within.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.18

\N1 `What cheere my m\iaster\r?' said Litle Iohn;  
`In faith, Iohn, litle goode;'

. . . .

. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 120A.19

\N1 `I haue upon a gowne of greene,  
Is cut short by my knee,  
And in my hand a bright browne brand  
\iTha\rt will well bite of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 120A.20

\N1 But forth then of a shot-windowe  
Good Ro\ibin\r Hood he could glide;  
Red Roger, w\ii\rth a grounden glaue,  
Thrust him through the milke-white side.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.21

\N1 But Ro\ibin\r was light and nimble of foote,  
And thought to abate his pride,  
Ffor betwixt his head and his shoulders  
He made a wound full wide.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.22

\N1 Says, Ly there, ly there, Red Roger,  
The doggs they must thee eate;  
`For I may haue my houzle,' he said,  
`For I may both goe and speake.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.23

\N1 `Now giue me mood,' Robin said to Litle Iohn,  
`Giue me mood w\ii\rth thy hand;  
I trust to God in heauen soe hye

My houzle will me bestand.'

\SBALLADS Child 120A.24

\N1 `Now giue me leaue, giue me leaue, m\iaster\r,' he said,  
`For Christs loue giue leaue to me,  
To set a f+ier within this hall,  
And to burne vp all Churchlee.'

\SBALLADS Child 120A.25

\N1 `That I reade not,' said Ro\ibin\r Hoode then,  
`Litle Iohn, for it may not be;  
If I shold doe any widow hurt, at my latter end,  
God,' he said, 'wold blame me;

\SBALLADS Child 120A.26

\N1 `But take me vpon thy backe, Litle Iohn,  
And beare me to yonder streete,  
And there make me a full fayre graue,  
Of grauell and of greete.

\SBALLADS Child 120A.27

\N1 `And sett my bright sword at my head,  
Mine arrowes at my feete,  
And lay my vew-bow by my side,  
My met-yard wi . .

\LBALLADS Child 120B.1

\N1 WHEN Robin Hood and Little John  
Down a down a down a down  
Went oer yon bank of broom,  
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,  
We have shot for many a pound.  
Hey, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 120B.2

\N1 But I am not able to shoot one shot more,  
My broad arrows will not f+lee;  
But I have a cousin lives down below,  
Please God, she will bleed me.

\SBALLADS Child 120B.3

\N1 Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone,  
As fast as he can win;  
But before he came there, as we do hear,  
He was taken very ill.

\SBALLADS Child 120B.4

\N1 And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall,  
He knockd all at the ring,  
But none was so ready as his cousin herself  
For to let bold Robin in.

\SBALLADS Child 120B.5

\N1 `Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,  
`And drink some beer with me?'  
`No, I will neither eat nor drink,  
Till I am blooded by thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 120B.6

\N1 `Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,  
`Which you did never see,  
And if you please to walk therein,  
You blooded by me shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 120B.7

\N1 She took him by the lily-white hand,  
And led him to a private room,  
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,  
While one drop of blood would run down.

\SBALLADS Child 120B.8

\N1 She blooded him in a vein of the arm,

And locked him up in the room;  
Then did he bleed all the live-long day,  
Until the next day at noon.  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.9  
\N1 He then bethought him of a casement there,  
Thinking for to get down;  
But was so weak he could not leap,  
He could not get him down.  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.10  
\N1 He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,  
Which hung low down to his knee;  
He set his horn unto his mouth,  
And blew out weak blasts three.  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.11  
\N1 Then Little John, when hearing him,  
As he sat under a tree,  
'I fear my master is now near dead,  
He blows so wearily.'  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.12  
\N1 Then Little John to fair Kirkly is gone,  
As fast as he can dree;  
But when he came to Kirkly-hall,  
He broke locks two or three:  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.13  
\N1 Until he came bold Robin to see,  
Then he fell on his knee;  
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,  
'Master, I beg of thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.14  
\N1 'What is that boon,' said Robin Hood,  
'Little John, [thou] begs of me?'  
'It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,  
And all their nonnery.'  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.15  
\N1 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'That boon I'll not grant thee;  
I never hurt woman in all my life,  
Nor men in woman's company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.16  
\N1 'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,  
Nor at mine end shall it be;  
But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let f+lee;  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave digged be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.17  
\N1 'Lay me a green sod under my head,  
And another at my feet;  
And lay my bent bow by my side,  
Which was my music sweet;  
And make my grave of gravel and green,  
Which is most right and meet.'  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.18  
\N1 'Let me have length and breadth enough,  
With a green sod under my head;  
That they may say, when I am dead  
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 120B.19  
\N1 These words they readily granted him,  
Which did bold Robin please:

And there they buried bold Robin Hood,  
 Within the fair Kirkleys.  
 \LBALLADS Child 121A.1  
 \N1 IN schomer, when the leves spryng,  
 The bloschoms on eu\ier\ry bowe,  
 So merey doyt the berdys syng  
 Yn wodys merey now.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.2  
 \N1 Herkens, god yemen,  
 Comley, corteys, and god,  
 On of the best t+h\ia\rt yeu\ier\r bar\ie\r bow\ie\r,  
 Hes name was Roben Hode.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.3  
 \N1 Roben Hood was the yeman\'s name,  
 That was boyt corteys and f+fre;  
 Ffor the loffe of ovr\ie\r ladey,  
 All wemen werschepyd he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.4  
 \N1 Bot as the god yeman stod on a day,  
 Among hes mery maney,  
 He was war\ie\r of a prowde pott\ier\r,  
 Cam dryfyng owyr the ley.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.5  
 \N1 `Yonder comet a prod pott\ier\r,' seyde Roben,  
 `That long hayt hantyd t+h\ii\r s wey;  
 He was neuer so corteys a man  
 On peney of pawage to pay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.6  
 \N1 `Y met hem bot at Went-breg,' seyde Lytyll John,  
 `And ther\ie\rfor\ie\r yeffell mot he the!  
 Seche thre strokes he me gafe,  
 Yet by my seydis cleffe t+hey.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.7  
 \N1 `Y ley forty shillings,' seyde Lytyll John,  
 `To pay het thes same day,  
 Ther ys nat a man among hus all  
 A wed schall make hem ley.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.8  
 \N1 `Her\ie\r ys forty shillings,' seyde Roben,  
 `Mor\ie\r, and thow dar say,  
 \Rt+h\ia\rt y schall make t+h\ia\rt prowde pott\ier\r,  
 A wed to me schall he ley.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.9  
 \N1 Ther\ie\r thes money they leyde,  
 They toke het a yeman to kepe;  
 Roben beffor\ie\r the pott\ier\r he breyde,  
 A<nd] bad hem stonde stell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.10  
 \N1 Handys apon hes hors he leyde,  
 And bad the pott\ier\r stonde foll stell;  
 The pott\ier\r schorteley to hem seyde,  
 Ffelow, what ys they well?  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.11  
 \N1 `All thes thre yer, and mor\ie\r, pott\ier\r,' he seyde,  
 `Thow hast hantyd thes wey,  
 Yet wer\ie\r tow neuer so cortys a man  
 On peney of pawage to pay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.12  
 \N1 `What ys they name,' seyde t+he pott\ier\r,  
 `Ffor pawage thow aske of me?'



`Roben Hod ys mey name,  
A wed schall thow leffe me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.13  
\N1 `Wed well y non leffe,' seyde t+he pott\ier\r,  
`Nor pavag well y non pay;  
Awey they honde f+fro mey hors!  
Y well the tene eyls, be mey f+fay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.14  
\N1 The potter to hes cart he went,  
He was not to seke;  
A god to-hande staffe t+h\ie\rrowt he hent,  
Beffor\ie\r Roben he leppyd.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.15  
\N1 Roben howt w\ii\rt\ih\r a swerd bent,  
A bokeler en hes honde;  
The pott\ier\r to Roben he went,  
And seyde, Ffelow, let mey hors go.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.16  
\N1 Togeder then went thes to yemen,  
Het was a god seyt to se;  
Ther\ie\rof low Robyn hes men,  
Ther\ie\r they stod onder a tre.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.17  
\N1 Leytell John to hes f+felowhe<s] seyde,  
`Yend pott\ier\r well steffeley stonde:'  
The pott\ier\r, w\ii\rt\ih\r a acward stroke,  
Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.18  
\N1 A<nd] ar Roben meyt get het agen  
Hes bokeler at hes f+fette,  
The pott\ier\r yn the neke hem toke,  
To the gronde sone he yede.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.19  
That saw Roben hes men,  
As thay stod onder a bow;  
`Let vs helpe ovr\ie\r mast\ier\r,' seyde Lytell John,  
`Yonder pott\ier\r,' seyde he, e+:ls well hem slo.'  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.20  
\N1 Thes yemen went w\ii\rt\ih\r a breyde,  
To ther mast<er] they cam.  
Leytell John to hes mast<er] seyde,  
He haet the wager won?  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.21  
\N1 `Schall y haffe yowr\ie\r forty shillings,' seyde Lytl John,  
`Or ye, mast\ier\r, schall haffe myne?'  
`Yeff they wer\ie\r a hundred,' seyde Roben,  
`Y f+feythe, they ben all theyne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.22  
\N1 `Het ys fol leytell cortesey,' seyde t+he potter,  
`As y haffe harde weyse men saye,  
Yeffe a por\ie\r yeman com drywyng on the wey,  
To let hem of hes gorney.'  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.23  
\N1 `Be mey trowet, thow seys soyt,' seyde Roben,  
`Thow seys god yeme<n>rey;  
And thow dreyffe f+forthe yeu\ier\ry day,  
Thow schalt neuer be let f+for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.24  
\N1 `Y well prey the, god pott\ier\r,  
A f+felischepe well thow haffe?

Geffe me they clothyng, and t+how schalt hafe myne;  
 Y well go to Notynggam.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.25  
 \N1 `Y gra<n>t ther\ie\rtto,' seyde the potter,  
 `Thow schalt f+feynde me a f+felow gode;  
 Bot thow can sell mey pott\iys\r well,  
 Com ayen as thow yode.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.26  
 \N1 `Nay, be mey trowt,' seyde Roben,  
 `And then y bescro mey hede,  
 Yeffe y bryng eny pott\iys\r ayen,  
 And eney weyffe well hem chepe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.27  
 \N1 Than spake Leytell John,  
 And all hes f+felowhes heynd,  
 `Mast\ier\r, be well war\ie\r of the screffe of Notynggam,  
 Ffor he ys leytell howr f+frende.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.28  
 \N1 `Heyt war howte!' seyde Roben,  
 Ffelowhes, let me a lone;  
 Thorow the helpe of Howr Ladey,  
 To Notynggam well y gon.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.29  
 \N1 Robyn went to Notynggam,  
 Thes pott\iys\r f+for to sell;  
 The pott\ier\r abode w\ii\rt\ih\r Robens men,  
 Ther\ie\r he f+fered not eylle.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.30  
 \N1 Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,  
 So merey ower the londe:  
 Her es mor\ie\r, and affter ys to saye,  
 The best ys beheynde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.31  
 \N1 When Roben cam to Notynggam,  
 The soyt yef y scholde saye,  
 He set op hes hors anon,  
 And gaffe hem hotys and haye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.32  
 \N1 Yn the medys of the towne,  
 Ther\ie\r he schowed hes war\ie\r;  
 `Pott\iy\rs! pott\iy\rs!' he gan crey foll sone,  
 `Haffe hansell f+for the mar\ie\r!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.33  
 \N1 Ffoll effen agenest the screffeys gate  
 Schowed he hes chaffar\ie\r;  
 Weyffes and wedowes abowt hem drow,  
 And chepyd f+fast of hes war\ie\r.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.34  
 \N1 Yet, `Pottys, gret chepe!' creyed Robyn,  
 `Y loffe yeffell thes to stonde;'  
 And all that say hem sell  
 Seyde he had be no potter long.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.35  
 \N1 The pottys that wer\ie\r werthe pens f+feyffe,  
 He solde tham f+for pens thre;  
 Preveley seyde man and weyffe,  
 `Ywnder potter schall neu\ier\r the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.36  
 \N1 Thos Roben solde f+foll f+fast,  
 Tell he had pottys bot f+feyffe;

Op he hem toke of hes car\ie\r,  
 And sende hem to the screffeyes weyffe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.37  
 \N1 Ther\ie\rof sche was f+foll f+fayne,  
 `Gereamarsey, SER,' than seyde sche;  
 `When ye com to the contre ayen,  
 Y schall bey of the<y] pottys, so mot y the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.38  
 \N1 `Ye schall haffe of the best,' seyde Roben,  
 And swar\ie\r be the Treneyte+;;  
 Ffoll corteysley [sc>he gan hem call,  
 `Com deyne w\ii\rt\ih\r the screfe and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.39  
 \N1 `God amarsey,' seyde Roben,  
 `Yowr\ie\r bedyng schall be doyn;'  
 A mayden yn the pottys gan ber\ie\r,  
 Roben and t+he screffe weyffe f+folowed anon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.40  
 \N1 Whan Roben yn to the hall cam,  
 The screffe+: sone he met;  
 The pott\ier\r cowed of corteysley,  
 And sone the screffe he gret.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.41  
 \N1 `Lo, ser, what thes pott\ier\r hayt geffe yow and me;  
 Ffeyffe pottys smalle and grete!'  
 `He ys f+foll wellcom,' seyde the screffe;  
 `Let os was, and go to mete.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.42  
 \N1 As they sat at her methe,  
 W\ii\rt\ih\r a nobell cher\ie\r,  
 To of the screffes men gan speke  
 Off a gret wager;  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.43  
 \N1 Off a schotyng, was god and f+feyne,  
 Was made the thother daye,  
 Off forty shillings, the soyt to saye,  
 Who scholde thes wager wen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.44  
 \N1 Styll than sat thes prowde potter,  
 Thos than thowt he;  
 As y am a trow cerstyn man,  
 Thes schotyng well y se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.45  
 \N1 Whan they had f+fared of the best,  
 W\ii\rt\ih\r bred and ale and weyne,  
 To the bottys the made them prest,  
 W\ii\rt\ih\r bowes and boltys f+foll f+feyne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.46  
 \N1 The screffes men schot f+foll f+fast,  
 As archares t+h\ia\rt weren godde;  
 Ther\ie\r cam non ner ney the marke  
 Bey halffe a god archares bowe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.47  
 \N1 Stell then stod the prowde pott\ier\r,  
 Thos than seyde he;  
 And y had a bow, be the rode,  
 On schot scholde yow se.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.48  
 \N1 `Thow schall haffe a bow,' seyde the screffe,  
 `The best t+h\ia\rt thow well cheys of thre;

Thou semyst a stalward and a stronge,  
 Asay schall thow be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.49  
 \N1 The screffe com\im\randyd a yeman t+h\ia\rt stod hem bey  
 Afft\ier\r bowhes to weynde;  
 The best bow t+h\ia\rt the yeman browthe  
 Roben set on a stryng.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.50  
 \N1 `Now schall y wet and thow be god,  
 And polle het op to they ner\ie\r;'  
 `So god me helpe,' seyde the prowde pott\ier\r,  
 `T+Hys ys bot rygy+ot weke ger\ie\r.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.51  
 \N1 To a quequer Roben went,  
 A god bolt owthe he toke;  
 So ney on to the marke he went,  
 He f+fayled not a fothe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.52  
 \N1 All they schot abowthe agen,  
 The screffes men and he;  
 Off the marke he welde not f+fayle,  
 He cleffed the preke on thre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.53  
 \N1 The screffes men thowt gret schame  
 The pott\ier\r the mastry wan;  
 The screffe+: lowe and made god game,  
 And seyde, Pott\ier\r, thow art a man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.54  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 Thow art worthey to ber\ie\r a bowe  
 Yn what plas that t+how goe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.55  
 \N1 `Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe,  
 Ffor soyt,' he seyde, a+end that a godde;  
 Yn mey cart ys the bow  
 That gaffe me Robyn Hode.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.56  
 \N1 `Knowest thow Robyn Hode?' seyde the screffe,  
 `Pott\ier\r, y prey the tell thow me;'  
 `A hundred torne y haffe schot w\ii\rt\ih\r hem,  
 Vnder hes tortyll-tre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.57  
 \N1 `Y had leuer nar a hundred ponde,' seyde t+he screffe,  
 `And swar\ie\r be the Trenite+:,  
 . . . . .  
 \Rt+h\ia\rt the f+fals outelawe stod be me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.58  
 \N1 `And ye well do afftyr mey red,' seyde t+he pott\ier\r,  
 `And boldeley go w\ii\rt\ih\r me,  
 And to morow, or we het bred,  
 Roben Hode well we se.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.59  
 \N1 `Y wel queyt the,' kod the screffe,  
 `Y swer\ie\r be God of meythe;'  
 Schetyng thay left, and hom t+hey went,  
 Her soper was reddy deythe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 121A.60  
 \N1 Vpon the morow, when het was day,  
 He boskyd hem f+forthe to reyde;

The pott\ier\r hes cart f+forthe gan ray,  
And wolde not leffe beheynde.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.61  
\N1 He toke leffe of the screffys wyffe,  
And thankyd her of all thyng:  
`Dam, f+for mey loffe and ye well t+hys wer\ie\r,  
Y geffe yow her\ie\r a golde ryng.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.62  
\N1 `Gramarsey,' seyde the weyffe,  
`Ser, god eylde het the;  
The screffes hart was neuer so leythe,  
The f+feyr\ie\r f+foreyst to se.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.63  
\N1 And when he cam yn to the f+foreyst,  
Yonder the leffes grene,  
Berdyt ther\ie\r sange on bowhes prest,  
Het was gret goy to se.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.64  
\N1 `Her\ie\r het ys merey to be,' seyde Roben,  
`Ffor a man that had hawt to spende;  
Be mey horne I schall awet  
Yeff Roben Hode be her\ie\r.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.65  
\N1 Roben set hes horne to hes mowthe,  
And blow a blast t+h\ia\rt was f+foll god;  
\Rt+h\ia\rt herde hes men t+h\ia\rt t+her\ie\r stode,  
Ffer downe yn the wodde.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.66  
\N1 `I her mey mast\ier\r blow,' seyde Leytell John,  
. . . .  
. . . .  
They ran as thay wer\ie\r wode.  
\SBALLADS Child 121A.67  
\N1 Whan thay to thar mast\ier\r cam,  
Leytell John wold not spar\ie\r;  
`Mast\ier\r, how haffe yow f+far\ie\r yn Notynggam?  
How haffe yow solde yowr\ie\r war\ie\r?'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.68  
\N1 `Ye, be mey trowthe, Leyty<ll] John,  
Loke thow take no car\ie\r;  
Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,  
Ffor all howr\ie\r chaffar\ie\r.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.69  
\N1 `He ys f+foll wellcom,' seyde Lytyll John,  
`Thes tydyng ys f+foll godde;  
The screffe had leuer nar a hundred ponde  
He had [neuer sene Roben Hode.]

\SBALLADS Child 121A.70  
\N1 `[Had I] west t+h\ia\rt befforen,  
At Notynggam when we wer\ie\r,  
Thow scholde not com yn f+feyr\ie\r f+forest  
Of all thes thowsande eyr\ie\r.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.71  
\N1 `That wot y well,' seyde Roben,  
`Y thanke God that ye be her\ie\r;  
Ther\ie\rffor\ie\r schall ye leffe yowr\ie\r hors w\ii\rt\ih\r hos,  
And all yowr\ie\r hother ger\ie\r.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.72  
\N1 `That f+fend I Godys f+forbod,' kod the screffe,  
`So to lese mey godde;

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 121A.73  
\N1 `Hether ye cam on hors f+foll hey,  
And hom schall ye go on f+fote;  
And gret well they weyffe at home,  
The woman ys f+foll godde.

\SBALLADS Child 121A.74  
`Y schall her sende a wheyt palffrey,  
Het ambellet be mey f+fey,

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 121A.75  
`Y schall her sende a wheyt palffrey,  
Het hambellet as the weynde;  
Ner\ie\r f+for the loffe of yowr\ie\r weyffe,  
Off mor\ie\r sorow scholde yow seyng.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.76  
Thes parted Robyn Hode and the screffe;  
To Nptynggam he toke the waye;  
Hes weyffe f+feyr\ie\r welcomed hem hom,  
And to hem gan sche saye:

\SBALLADS Child 121A.77  
\N1 Seyr, how haffe yow f+fared yn grene f+foreyst?  
Haffe ye browt Roben hom?  
`Dam, the deyell spede hem, bothe bodey and bon;  
Y haffe hade a f+foll gret skorne.

\SBALLADS Child 121A.78  
\N1 `Of all the god that y haffe lade to grene wod,  
He hayt take het f+fro me;  
All bot thes f+feyr\ie\r palffrey,  
That he hayt sende to the.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.79  
\N1 W\ii\rt\ih\r t+h\ia\rt sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,  
And swhar\ie\r be hem t+h\ia\rt deyed on tre,  
`Now haffe yow payed f+for all t+he pottys  
That Roben gaffe to me.

\SBALLADS Child 121A.80  
\N1 `Noe ye be com hom to Notynggam,  
Ye schall haffe god ynowe;  
Now speke we of Roben Hode,  
And of the pottyr ondyr the grene bowhe.

\SBALLADS Child 121A.81  
\N1 `Pott\ier\r, what was they pottys worthe  
To Notynggam t+h\ia\rt y ledde w\ii\rt\ih\r me?'  
`They wer worthe to nobellys,' seyde he,  
`So mot y treyffe or the;  
So cowde y [haffe] had f+for tham,  
And y had ther\ie\r be.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.82  
\N1 `Thow schalt hafe ten ponde,' seyde Roben,  
`Of money f+feyre and f+fre;  
And yeuer whan thow comest to grene wod,  
Wellcom, pott\ier\r, to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 121A.83  
\N1 Thes p\iar\rtyd Robyn, the screffe, and the pott\ier\r,  
Ondernethe the grene-wod tre;  
God haffe mersey on Roben Hodys solle,  
And saffe all god yemanrey!

\LBALLADS Child 122A.1

\N1 BUT Robin he walkes in the greene f+forrest,  
As merry as bird on boughe,  
But he that feitches good Robins head,  
Hee\le f+ind him game enoughe.

\SBALLADS Child 122A.2

\N1 But Robine he walkes in the greene f+forrest,  
Vnder his trusty-tree;  
Sayes, Hearken, hearken, my merrymen all,  
What tydings is come to me.

\SBALLADS Child 122A.3

\N1 The sheriffe he hath made a cry,  
Hee\le have my head i-wis;  
But ere a twelue month come to an end  
I may chance to light on his.

\SBALLADS Child 122A.4

\N1 Robin he marcht in the greene forrest,  
Vnder the greenwood scray,  
And there he was ware of a proud bucher,  
Came driuing f+lesh by the way.

\SBALLADS Child 122A.5

\N1 The bucher he had a cut-taild dogg,  
And at Robins face he f+lew;  
But Robin he was a good sword,  
The bucher\'s dogg he slew.

\SBALLADS Child 122A.6

\N1 `Why slayes thou my dogg?' sayes the bucher,  
`For he did none ill to thee;  
By all the s\iain\rts that are in heaven  
Thou shalt haue buffetts three.'

\SBALLADS Child 122A.7

\N1 He tooke his staffe then in his hand,  
And he turnd him round about:  
`Thou hast a litle wild blood in thy head,  
Good fellow, thou\'st haue it letten out.'

\SBALLADS Child 122A.8

\N1 `He that does that deed,' sayes Robin,  
`I\le count him for a man;  
But that while will I draw my sword,  
And fend it if I can.'

\SBALLADS Child 122A.9

\N1 But Robin he stroke att the bloody bucher,  
In place were he did stand,  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 122A.10

\N1 `I [am] a younge bucher,' sayes Robin,  
`You f+ine dames am I come amonge;  
But euer I beseech you, good Mrs Sheriffe,  
You must see me take noe wronge.'

\SBALLADS Child 122A.11

\N1 `Thou art verry welcome,' said M\iaster\r Sherriff\'s wiffe,  
`Thy inne heere up [to] take;  
If any good f+fellow come in thy companie,  
Hee\'st be welcome for thy sake.'

\SBALLADS Child 122A.12

\N1 Robin called f+for ale, soe did he for wine,  
And for it he did pay:  
`I must to my markett goe,' says Robin,  
`For I hold time itt of the day.'

\SBALLADS Child 122A.13

\N1 But Robin is to the markett gone,

Soe quickly and beliuē,  
 He sold more f+lesh for one peny  
 Then othe<r] buchers did for f+iue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.14  
 \N1 The drew about the younge bucher,  
 Like sheepe into a fold;  
 Yea neuer a bucher had sold a bitt  
 Till Robin he had all sold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.15  
 \N1 When Robin Hood had his markett made,  
 His f+lesh was sold and gone;  
 Yea he had receiued but a litle mony,  
 But thirty pence and one.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.16  
 \N1 Seauen buchers, the garded Robin Hood,  
 Ffull many time and oft;  
 Sayes, We must drinke w\ii\rth you, brother bucher,  
 It\'s custome of our crafte.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.17  
 \N1 `If that be the custome of yo\iu\r crafte,  
 As heere you tell to me.  
 Att four of the clocke in the afternoone  
 At the sheriffs hall I wilbe.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.18  
 \N1 . . . .  
 `If thou doe like it well;  
 Yea heere is more by three hundred pound  
 Then thou hast beasts to sell.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.19  
 \N1 Robyn sayd naught, the more he thought:  
 `Mony neere comes out of time;  
 If once I catch thee in the greene f+forest,  
 \iTha\rt mony it shall be mine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.20  
 \N1 But on the next day seuen butchurs  
 Came to guard the sheriffe that day;  
 But Robin he was the whigh[t]est man,  
 He led them all the way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.21  
 \N1 He led them into the greene f+forest,  
 Vnder the trusty tree;  
 Yea, there were harts, and ther were hynds,  
 and staggs w\ii\rth heads full high.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.22  
 \N1 Yea, there were harts and there were hynds,  
 And many a goodly f+fawne;  
 `Now praised be God,' says bold Robin,  
 `All these they be my owne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.23  
 \N1 `These are my horned beasts,' says Robin,  
 `M\iaster\r Sherriffe, w\ihi\rch must make the stake;'  
 `But euer alacke, now,' said the sheriffe,  
 `iTha\rt tydings comes to late!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.24  
 \N1 Robin sett a shrill horne to his mouth,  
 And a loud blast he did blow,  
 And then halfe a hundred bold archers  
 Came rakeing on a row.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122A.25



\N1 But when the came befor bold Robin,  
Even there the stood all bare:  
'You are welcome, m\iaster\r, from Nottingham:  
How haue you sold your ware?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 122A.26

\N1 . . . .

. . . .  
. . . .

It proues bold Robin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 122A.27

\N1 'Yea, he hath robbed me of all my gold  
And siluer \itha\rt euer I had;  
But that I had a verry good wife at home,  
I shold haue lost my head.

\SBALLADS Child 122A.28

\N1 'But I had a verry good wife at home,  
W\ih\rich made him gentle cheere,  
And therfor, for my wifes sake,  
I shold haue better favor heere.

\SBALLADS Child 122A.29

\N1 'But such favor as he shewed me  
I might haue of the devills dam,  
That will rob a man of all he hath,  
And send him naked home.'

\SBALLADS Child 122A.30

\N1 'That is very well done,' then dsays his wiffe,  
'Itt is well done, I say;  
You might haue tarryed att Nottingham,  
Soe fayre as I did you pray.'

\SBALLADS Child 122A.31

\N1 'I haue learned wisdome,' sayes the sherriffe,  
'And, wife, I haue learned of thee;  
But if Robin walke easte, or he walke west,  
He shall neuer be sought for me.'

\LBALLADS Child 122B.1

\N1 COME, all you brave gallants, and listen a while,  
With hey down, down, an a down  
That are in the bowers within;  
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
A song I intend for to sing.

\SBALLADS Child 122B.2

\N1 Upon a time it chance+:d so  
Bold Robin in forrest did spy  
A jolly butcher, with a bonny f+ine mare,  
With his f+lesh to the market did hye.

\SBALLADS Child 122B.3

\N1 'Good morrow, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,  
'What food hast? tell unto me;  
And thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,  
For I like well thy company.'

\SBALLADS Child 122B.4

\N1 The butcher he answered jolly Robin:  
No matter where I dwell;  
For a butcher I am, and to Notingham  
I am going, my f+lesh to sell.

\SBALLADS Child 122B.5

\N1 'What is [the] price of thy f+lesh?' said jolly Robin,  
'Come, tell it soon unto me;  
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,

For a butcher fain would I be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.6  
\N1 `The price of my f+lesh,' the butcher repli\'d,  
`I soon will tell unto thee;  
With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,  
Four mark thou must give unto me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.7  
\N1 `Four mark I will give thee,' saith jolly Robin,  
`Four mark it shall be thy fee;  
Thy mony come count, and let me mount,  
For a butcher I fain would be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.8  
\N1 Now Robin is to Notingham gone,  
His butcher\'s trade for to begin;  
With good intent, to the sheriff he went,  
And there he took up his inn.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.9  
\N1 When other butchers they opened their meat,  
Bold Robin he then begun;  
But how for to sell he knew not well,  
For a butcher he was but young.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.10  
\N1 When other butchers no meat could sell,  
Robin got both gold and fee;  
For he sold more meat for one peny  
Than others could do for three.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.11  
\N1 But when he sold his meat so fast,  
No butcher by him could thrive;  
For he sold more meat for one peny  
Than others could do for f+ive.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.12  
\N1 Which made the butchers of Notingham  
To study as they did stand,  
Saying, surely he was some prodigal,  
That had sold his father\'s land.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.13  
\N1 The butchers they stepped to jolly Robin,  
Acquainted with him for to be;  
`Come, brother,' one said, 'we be all of one trade,  
Come, will you go dine with me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.14  
\N1 `Accurst of his heart,' said jolly Robin,  
`That a butcher doth deny;  
I will go with you, my brethren true,  
And as fast as I can hie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.15  
\N1 But when to the sheriff\'s house they came,  
To dinner they hied apace,  
And Robin he the man must be  
Before them all to say grace.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.16  
\N1 `Pray God bless us all,' said jolly Robin,  
`And our meat within this place;  
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,  
And so do I end my grace.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.17  
\N1 `Come f+ill us more wine,' said jolly Robin,  
`Let us merry be while we do stay;  
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,

I vow I the reckning will pay.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.18  
\N1 `Come, brother<s], be merry,' said jolly Robin,  
`Let us drink, and never give ore;  
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,  
If it cost me f+ive pounds and more.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.19  
\N1 `This is a mad blade,' the butchers then said;  
Saies the sheriff, He is some prodigal,  
That some land has sold, for silver and gold,  
And now he doth mean to spend all.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.20  
\N1 `Hast thou any horn-beasts,' the sheriff repli\'d,  
`Good fellow, to sell unto me?'  
`Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff,  
I have hundreds two or three.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.21  
\N1 `And a hundred aker of good free land,  
If you please it to see;  
And I\'le make you as good assurance of it  
As ever my father made me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.22  
\N1 The sheriff he saddled a good palfrey,  
With three hundred pound in gold,  
And away he went with bold Robin Hood,  
His horned beasts to behold.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.23  
\N1 Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,  
To the forrest of merry Sherwood;  
Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day  
From a man they call Robin Hood!  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.24  
\N1 But when that a little further they came,  
Bold Robin he chance+:d to spy  
A hundred head of good red deer,  
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.25  
\N1 `How like you my hornd beasts, good Master Sheriff;  
They be fat and fair for to see;'  
`I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,  
For I like not thy company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.26  
\N1 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew but blasts three;  
Then quickly anon there came Little John,  
And all his company.  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.27  
\N1 `What is your will?' then said Little John,  
`Good master come tell it to me;'  
`I have brought hither the sheriff of Notingham,  
This day to dine with thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.28  
\N1 `He is welcome to me,' then said Little John,  
`I hope he will honestly pay;  
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,  
Will serve us to drink a whole day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 122B.29  
\N1 Then Robin took his mantle from his back,  
And laid it upon the ground,  
And out of the sheriffe<\'s] portmantle

He told three hundred pound.  
 \SBALLADS Child 122B.30  
 \N1 Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,  
 And set him on his dapple gray:  
 `O have me commended to your wife at home;'  
 So Robin went laughing away.  
 \LBALLADS Child 123A.1  
 \N1 BUT how many merry monthes be in the yeere?  
 There are thirteen, I say;  
 The midsum\im\rer moone is the merriest of all,  
 Next to the merry month of May.  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.2  
 \N1 In May, when mayds beene fast weepand,  
 Young men their hands done wringe,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.3  
 \N1 `I\'le . pe . . .  
 Over may noe man for villanie:'  
 `I\'le never eate nor drinke,' Ro\ibin\r Hood sa<id],  
 `Till I that cutted friar see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.4  
 \N1 He builded his men in a brake of fearne,  
 A litle from that nunery;  
 Sayes, If you heare my litle horne blow,  
 Then looke you come to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.5  
 \N1 When Robin came to Fontaines Abey,  
 Wheras that fryer lay,  
 He was ware of the fryer where he stood,  
 And to him thus can he say.  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.6  
 \N1 A payre of blacke breeches the yeoman had on,  
 His coppe all shone of steele,  
 A fayre sword and a broad buckeler  
 Beseemed him very weell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.7  
 \N1 `I am a wet weary man,' said Robin Hood,  
 `Good fellow, as thou may see;  
 Wilt beare [me] over this wild water,  
 Ffor sweete S\iain\rt Charity?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.8  
 \N1 The fryer bethought him of a good deed;  
 He had done none of long before;  
 He hent up Robin Hood on his backe,  
 And over he did him beare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.9  
 \N1 But when he came over \itha\rt wild water,  
 A longe sword there he drew:  
 `Beare me backe againe, bold outlawe,  
 Or of this thou shalt have enoughe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.10  
 \N1 Then Robin Hood hent the fryar on his back,  
 And neither sayd good nor ill;  
 Till he came ore that wild water,  
 The yeoman he walked still.  
 \SBALLADS Child 123A.11  
 \N1 Then Robin Hood wett his fayre greene hoze,  
 A span aboue his knee;  
 S<ay>s, Beare me ore againe, thou cutted f<ryer]  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 123A.12

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

. . . good bowmen

[C>ame raking all on a rowe.

\SBALLADS Child 123A.13

\N1 `I beshrew thy head,' said the cutted f+friar,

`Thou thinkes I shall be shente;

I thought thou had but a man or two,

And thou hast [a] whole conuent.

\SBALLADS Child 123A.14

\N1 `I lett thee haue a blast on thy horne,

Now giue me leaue to whistle another;

I cold not bidd thee noe better play

And thou wert my owne borne brother.'

\SBALLADS Child 123A.15

\N1 `Now fute on, fute on, thou cutted fryar,

I pray God thou neere be still;

It is not the futing in a fryers f+ist

\iTha\rt can doe me any ill.'

\SBALLADS Child 123A.16

\N1 The fryar sett his neave to his mouth,

A loud blast he did blow;

Then halfe a hundred good bandoggs

Came raking all on a rowe.

\SBALLADS Child 123A.17

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`Euery dogg to a man,' said the cutted fryar,

`And I my selfe to Robin Hood.'

\SBALLADS Child 123A.18

\N1 `Over God\'s forbott,' said Robin Hood,

\iTha\rt euer \itha\rt soe shold bee;

I had rather be mached w\ii\rth three of the tikes

Ere I wold be matched on thee.

\SBALLADS Child 123A.19

\N1 `But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,' he said,

`And freindshipp I\'le haue w\ii\rth thee;

But stay thy tikes, thou fryar,' he said,

`And saue good yeomanry.'

\SBALLADS Child 123A.20

\N1 The fryar he sett his neave to his mouth,

A lowd blast he did blow;

The doggs the coucht downeeiery one,

They couched downe on a rowe.

\SBALLADS Child 123A.21

\N1 `What is thy will, thou yeoman?' he said,

`Haue done and tell it me;'

`If that thou will goe to merry greenwood,

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 123B.1

\N1 IN summer time, when leaves grow green,

And f+lowers are fresh and gay,

Robin Hood and his merry men

Were disposed to play.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.2

\N1 Then some would leap, and some would run,

And some would use artillery:

`Which of you can a good bow draw,

A good archer to be?

\SBALLADS Child 123B.3

\N1 `Which of you can kill a buck?  
Or who can kill a do?  
Or who can kill a hart of greece,  
Five hundred foot him fro?'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.4

\N1 Will Scadlock he killd a buck,  
And midge he killd a do,  
And Little John killd a hart of greece,  
Five hundred foot him fro.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.5

\N1 `God\'s blessing on thy heart,' said Robin Hood,  
`That hath [shot] such a shot for me;  
I would ride my horse an hundred miles,  
To f+inde one could match with thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.6

\N1 That causd Will Scadlock to laugh,  
He laughed full heartily:  
`There lives a curtal frier in Fountains Abby  
Will beat both him and thee.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.7

\N1 `That curtal frier in Fountains Abby  
Well can a strong bow draw;  
He will beat you and your yeomen,  
Set them all on a row.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.8

\N1 Robin Hood took a solemn oath,  
It was by Mary free,  
That he would neither eat nor drink  
Till the frier he did see.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.9

\N1 Robin Hood put on his harness good,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
And they became him weel.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.10

\N1 He took his bow into his hand,  
It was made of a trusty tree,  
With a sheaf of arrows at his belt,  
To the Fountains Dale went he.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.11

\N1 And comming unto Fountain<s] Dale,  
No further would he ride;  
There was he aware of a curtal frier,  
Walking by the water-side.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.12

\N1 The fryer had on a harniss good,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
And they became him weel.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.13

\N1 Robin Hood lighted off his horse,  
And tied him to a thorn:  
`Carry me over the water, thou curtal frier,  
Or else thy life\'s forlorn.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.14

\N1 The frier took Robin Hood on his back,  
Deep water he did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till he came at the other side.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.15  
\N1 Lightly leapt Robin Hood off the friers back;  
The frier said to him again,  
Carry me over this water, f+ine fellow,  
Or it shall breed thy pain.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.16  
\N1 Robin Hood took the frier on\'s back,  
Deep water he did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till he came at the other side.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.17  
\N1 Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods back;  
Robin Hood said to him again,  
Carry me over this water, thou curtal frier,  
Or it shall breed thy pain.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.18  
\N1 The frier took Robin Hood on\'s back again,  
And stept up to the knee;  
Till he came at the middle stream,  
Neither good nor bad spake he.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.19  
\N1 And coming to the middle stream,  
There he threw Robin in:  
'And chuse thee, chuse thee, f+ine fellow,  
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.20  
\N1 Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,  
The frier to a wicker wand;  
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,  
And took his bow in hand.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.21  
\N1 One of his best arrows under his belt  
To the frier he let f+lye;  
The curtal frier, with his steel buckler,  
He put that arrow by.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.22  
\N1 'Shoot on, shoot on, thou f+ine fellow,  
Shoot on as thou hast begun;  
If thou shoot here a summers day,  
Thy mark I will not shun.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.23  
\N1 Robin Hood shot passing well,  
Till his arrows all were gone;  
They took their swords and steel bucklers,  
And fought with might and maine;

\SBALLADS Child 123B.24  
\N1 From ten oth\' clock that day,  
Till four ith\' afternoon;  
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,  
Of the frier to beg a boon.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.25  
\N1 'A boon, a boon, thou curtal frier,  
I beg it on my knee;  
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,  
And to blow blasts three.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.26  
\N1 'That will I do,' said the curtal frier,  
'Of thy blasts I have no doubt;  
I hope thou\'lt blow so passing well  
Till both thy eyes fall out.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.27

\N1 Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,  
He blew but blasts three;  
Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,  
Came raking over the lee.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.28

\N1 `Whose men are these,' said the frier,  
`That come so hastily?'  
`These men are mine,' said Robin Hood;  
`Frier, what is that to thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.29

\N1 `A boon, a boon,' said the curtal frier,  
`The like I gave to thee;  
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,  
And to whute whutes three.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.30

\N1 `That will I do,' said Robin Hood,  
`Or else I were to blame;  
Three whutes in a friers fist  
Would make me glad and fain.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.31

\N1 The frier he set his fist to his mouth,  
And whuted whutes three;  
Half a hundred good ban-dogs  
Came running the frier unto.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.32

\N1 `Here\'s for every man of thine a dog,  
And I my self for thee:'  
`Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,  
`Frier, that may not be.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.33

\N1 Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,  
The one behind, the other before;  
Robin Hoods mantle of Lincoln green  
Off from his back they tore.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.34

\N1 And whether his men shot east or west,  
Or they shot north or south,  
The curtal dogs, so taught they were,  
They kept their arrows in their mouth.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.35

\N1 `Take up thy dogs,' said Little John,  
`Frier, at my bidding be;'  
`Whose man art thou,' said the curtal frier,  
`Comes here to prate with me?'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.36

\N1 `I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,  
Frier, I will not lie;  
If thou take not up thy dogs soon,  
I\'le take up them and thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.37

\N1 Little John had a bow in his hand,  
He shot with might and main;  
Soon half a score of the friers dogs  
Lay dead upon the plain.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.38

\N1 `Hold thy hand, good fellow,' said the curtal frier,  
`Thy master and I will agree;  
And we will have new orders taken,  
With all the haste that may be.'



\SBALLADS Child 123B.39

\N1 `If thou wilt forsake fair Fountains Dale,  
And Fountains Abby free,  
Every Sunday throughout the year,  
A noble shall be thy fee.

\SBALLADS Child 123B.40

\N1 `And every holy day throughout the year,  
Changed shall thy garment be,  
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,  
And there remain with me.'

\SBALLADS Child 123B.41

\N1 This curtal frier had kept Fountains Dale  
Seven long years or more;  
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl  
Could make him yield before.

\LBALLADS Child 124A.1

\N1 IN Wakef+ield there lives a jolly pinder,  
In Wakef+ield, all on a green;  
In Wakef+ield, all on a green;

\SBALLADS Child 124A.2

\N1 `There is neither knight nor squire,' said the pinder,  
`Nor baron that is so bold,  
`Nor baron that is so bold,  
Dare make a trespasse to the town of Wakef+ield,  
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.'  
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.'

\SBALLADS Child 124A.3

\N1 All this beheard three witty young men,  
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;  
With that they spyed the jolly pinder,  
As he sate under a thorn.

\SBALLADS Child 124A.4

\N1 `Now turn again, turn again,' said the pinder,  
`For a wrong way have you gone;  
For you have forsaken the king his highway,  
And made a path over the corn.'

\SBALLADS Child 124A.5

\N1 `O that were great shame,' said jolly Robin,  
`We being three, and thou but one:'  
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,  
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

\SBALLADS Child 124A.6

\N1 He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,  
And his foot unto a stone,  
And there he fought a long summer\'s day,  
A summer\'s day so long,  
Till that their swords, on their broad bucklers,  
Were broken fast unto their hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 124A.7

\N1 `Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood,  
`And my merry men euery one;  
For this is one of the best pinders  
That ever I try\'d with sword.

\SBALLADS Child 124A.8

\N1 `And wilt thou forsake thy pinder his craft,  
And live in [the] green wood with me?

: : : :  
: : : :

\SBALLADS Child 124A.9

\N1 `At Michaelmas next my covnant comes out,  
 When every man gathers his fee;  
 I\'le take my blew blade all in my hand,  
 And plod to the green wood with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 124A.10  
 \N1 `Hast thou either meat or drink,' said Robin Hood,  
 `For my merry men and me?  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 124A.11  
 \N1 `I have both bread and beef,' said the pinder,  
 `And good ale of the best;'  
 `And that is meat good enough,' said Robin Hood,  
 `For such unbidden guest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 124A.12  
 `O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,  
 And go to the green wood with me?  
 Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,  
 The one green, the other brown [shall be].'  
 \SBALLADS Child 124A.13  
 \N1 `If Michaelmas day were once come and gone  
 And my master had paid me my fee,  
 Then would I set as little by him  
 As my master doth set by me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 124B.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 `BUT hold y . . hold y . . . ' says Robin,  
 `My merry men, I bid yee,  
 For this [is] one of the best pindars  
 That euer I saw w\ii\rth mine eye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 124B.2  
 \N1 `But hast thou any meat, thou iolly pindar,  
 For my merry men and me?'  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 124B.3  
 \N1 `But I haue bread and cheese,' sayes the pindar,  
 `And ale all on the best:'  
 `That\'s cheere good enoughe,' said Robin,  
 `For any such vnbidden guest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 124B.4  
 \N1 `But wilt be my man?' said good Robin,  
 `And come and dwell w\ii\rth me?  
 And wise in a yeere thy clothing [shall] be changed  
 If my man thou wilt bee,  
 The tone shall be of light Lincolne greene,  
 The tother of Picklory.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 124B.5  
 \N1 `Att Michallmas comes a well good time,  
 When men haue gotten in their f+fee;  
 I\'le sett as litle by my m\iaster\  
 As he now setts by me,  
 I\'le take my benbowe in my hande,  
 And come into the grenwoode to thee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 125A.1  
 \N1 WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,  
 With a hey down down and a down  
 He happend to meet Little John,  
 A jolly brisk blade, right f+it for the trade,  
 For he was a lusty young man.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.2

\N1 Tho he was calld Little, his limbs they were large,  
And his stature was seven foot high;  
Where-ever he came, they quak\'d at his name,  
For soon he would make them to f+ly.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.3

\N1 How they came acquainted, I\'ll tell you in brief,  
If you will but listen a while;  
For this very jest, amongst all the rest,  
I think it may cause you to smile.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.4

\N1 Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,  
Pray tarry you here in this grove;  
And see that you all observe well my call,  
While thorough the forest I rove.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.5

\N1 We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,  
Therefore now abroad will I go;  
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,  
My horn I will presently blow.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.6

\N1 Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,  
And bid them at present good b\'w\'ye;  
Then, as near a brook his journey he took,  
A stranger he chanced to espy.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.7

\N1 They happend to meet on a long narrow bridge,  
And neither of them would give way;  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,  
I\'ll show you right Nottingham play.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.8

\N1 With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,  
A broad arrow with a goose-wing:  
The stranger reply\'d, I\'ll liquor thy hide,  
If thou offerst to touch the string.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.9

\N1 Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost prate like an ass,  
For were I to bend but my bow,  
I could send a dart quite thro thy proud heart,  
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.10

\N1 `Thou talkst like a coward,' the stranger reply\'d;  
`Well armed with a long bow you stand,  
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,  
Have nought but a staff in my hand.'

\SBALLADS Child 125A.11

\N1 `The name of a coward,' quoth Robin, `I scorn,  
Wherefore my long bow I\'ll lay by;  
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,  
The truth of thy manhood to try.'

\SBALLADS Child 125A.12

\N1 Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,  
And chose him a staff of ground-oak;  
Now this being done, away he did run  
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

\SBALLADS Child 125A.13

\N1 Lo! see my staff, it is lusty and tough,  
Now here on the bridge we will play;  
Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
The battel, and so we\'ll away.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.14

\N1 `With all my whole heart,' the stranger reply\`d;  
`I scorn in the least to give out;'  
This said, they fell to\`t without more dispute,  
And their staffs they did f+lourish about.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.15

\N1 And f+irst Robin he gave the stranger a bang,  
So hard that it made his bones ring:  
The stranger he said, This must be repaid,  
I\`ll give you as good as you bring.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.16

\N1 So long as I\`m able to handle my staff,  
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn:  
Then to it each goes, and followd their blows,  
As if they had been threshing of corn.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.17

\N1 The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,  
Which caused the blood to appear;  
Then Robin, enrag\`d, more f+iercely engag\`d,  
And followd his blows more severe.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.18

\N1 So thick and so fast dic he lay it on him,  
With a passionate fury and ire,  
At every stroke, he made him to smoke,  
As if he had been all on f+ire.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.19

\N1 O then into fury the stranger he grew,  
And gave him a damnable look,  
And with it a blow that laid him full low,  
And tumbld him into the brook.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.20

\N1 `I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?'  
The stranger, in laughter, he cry\`d;  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the f+llood,  
And f+loating along with the tide.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.21

\N1 I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul;  
With thee I\`ll no longer contend;  
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,  
Our battel shall be at an end.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.22

\N1 Then unto the bank he did presently wade,  
And pulld himself out by a thorn;  
Which done, at the last, he blowd a loud blast  
Straitway on his f+ine bugle-horn.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.23

\N1 The eccho of which through the vallies did f+ly,  
At which his stout bowmen appeard,  
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen;  
So up to their master they steerd.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.24

\N1 `O what\`s the matter?' quoth William Stutely;  
`Good master, you are wet to the skin:'  
`No matter,' quoth he; 'The lad which you see,  
In f+ighting, hath tumbld me in.'

\SBALLADS Child 125A.25

\N1 `He shall not go scot-free,' the others reply\`d;  
So strait they were seizing him there,  
To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,  
He is a stout fellow, forbear.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.26

\N1 There\'s no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;  
These bowmen upon me do wait;  
There\'s threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,  
Thou shalt have my livery strait.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.27

\N1 And other accoutrements fit for a man;  
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;  
I\'ll teach you also the use of the bow,  
To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.28

\N1 `O here is my hand,' the stranger reply\'d,  
`I\'ll serve you with all my whole heart;  
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;  
Nere doubt me, for I\'ll play my part.'

\SBALLADS Child 125A.29

\N1 His name shall be alterd,' quoth William Stutely,  
`And I will his godfather be;  
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,  
For we will be merry,' quoth he.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.30

\N1 They presently fetchd in a brace of fat does,  
With humming strong liquor likewise;  
They lov'd what was good; so, in the greenwood,  
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.31

\N1 He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,  
And, may be, an ell in the waste;  
A pretty sweet lad; much feasting they had;  
Bold Robin the christning grac\'d.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.32

\N1 With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,  
And were of the Notti<n>gham breed;  
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,  
And did in this manner proceed.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.33

\N1 `This infant was called John Little,' quoth he,  
`Which name shall be changed anon;  
The words we\'ll transpose, so where-ever he goes,  
His name shall be calld Little John.'

\SBALLADS Child 125A.34

\N1 They all with a shout made the elements ring,  
So soon as the off+ice was ore;  
To feasting they went, with true merriment,  
And tippld strong liquor gillore.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.35

\N1 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,  
And cloathd him from top to the toe  
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,  
And gave him a curious long bow.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.36

\N1 `Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,  
And range in the greenwood with us;  
Where we\'ll not want gold nor silver, behold,  
While bishops have ought in their purse.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.37

\N1 `We live here like squires, or lords of renown,  
Without ere a foot of free land;  
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale and beer,  
And evry thing at our command.'

\SBALLADS Child 125A.38

\N1 Then musick and dancing did finish the day;  
At length, when the sun waxed low,  
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,  
And unto their caves they did go.

\SBALLADS Child 125A.39

\N1 And so ever after, as long as he livd,  
Altho he was proper and tall,  
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,  
Still Little John they did him call.

\LBALLADS Child 126A.1

\N1 IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tanner,  
With a hey down down a down down  
His name is Arthur a Bland;  
There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire  
Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

\SBALLADS Child 126A.2

\N1 With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,  
So well he can clear his way;  
By two and by three he makes them to flee,  
For he hath no list to stay.

\SBALLADS Child 126A.3

\N1 And as he went forth, in a summer's morning,  
Into the forrest of merry Sherwood,  
To view the red deer, that range here and there,  
There met he with bold Robin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 126A.4

\N1 As soon as bold Robin Hood did him espy,  
He thought some sport he would make;  
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,  
And thus to him he spake:

\SBALLADS Child 126A.5

\N1 Why, what art thou, thou bold fellow,  
That ranges so boldly here?  
In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,  
That comes to steal our king's deer.

\SBALLADS Child 126A.6

\N1 For I am a keeper in this forrest;  
The king puts me in trust  
To look to his deer, that range here and there,  
Therefore stay thee I must.

\SBALLADS Child 126A.7

\N1 `If thou beest a keeper in this forrest,  
And hast such a great command,  
Yet thou must have more partakers in store,  
Before thou make me to stand.'

\SBALLADS Child 126A.8

\N1 `Nay, I have no more partakers in store,  
Or any that I do need;  
But I have a staff of another oke graff,  
I know it will do the deed.'

\SBALLADS Child 126A.9

\N1 `For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,  
Nor all thine arrows to boot;  
If I get a knop upon thy bare scop,  
Thou canst as well shite as shoote.'

\SBALLADS Child 126A.10

\N1 `Speak cleanly, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,  
`And give better terms to me;  
Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,

And make thee more mannerly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.11  
\N1 `Marry gep with a wenion!' quoth Arthur a Bland,  
`Art thou such a goodly man?  
I care not a fig for thy looking so big;  
Mend thou thyself where thou can.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.12  
\N1 Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,  
He laid down his bow so long;  
He took up a staff of another oke graff,  
That was both stiff and strong.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.13  
\N1 `I\`le yield to thy weapon,' said jolly Robin,  
`Since thou wilt not yield to mine;  
For I have a staff of another oke graff,  
Not half a foot longer then thine.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.14  
\N1 `But let me measure,' said jolly Robin,  
`Before we begin our fray;  
For I\`le not have mine to be longer then thine,  
For that will be called foul play.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.15  
\N1 `I pass not for length,' bold Arthur reply\`d,  
`My staff is of oke so free;  
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,  
And I hope it will knock down thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.16  
\N1 Then Robin Hood could no longer forbear;  
He gave him such a knock,  
Quickly and soon the blood came down,  
Before it was ten a clock.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.17  
\N1 Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,  
And gave him such a knock on the crown,  
That on every hair of bold Robin Hoods head,  
The blood came trickling down.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.18  
\N1 Then Robin Hood raged like a wild bore,  
As soon as he saw his own blood;  
Then Bland was in hast, he laid on so fast,  
As though he had been staking of wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.19  
\N1 And about, and about, and about they went,  
Like two wild bores in a chase;  
Striving to aim each other to maim,  
Leg, arm, or any other place.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.20  
\N1 And knock for knock they lustily dealt,  
Which held for two hours and more;  
That all the wood rang at every bang,  
They ply\`d their work so sore.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.21  
\N1 `Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood,  
`And let our quarrel fall;  
For here we may thresh our bones into mesh,  
And get no coyn at all.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.22  
\N1 `And in the forrest of merry Sherwood  
Hereafter thou shalt be free:'  
`God-a-mercy for naught, my freedom I bought,

I may thank my good staff, and not thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.23  
\N1 `What tradesman art thou?' said jolly Robin,  
`Good fellow, I prethee me show:  
And also me tell in what place thou dost dwel,  
For both these fain would I know.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.24  
\N1 `I am a tanner,' bold Arthur reply\<'d,  
`In Nottingham long have I wrought;  
And if thou\<'lt come there, I vow and do swear  
I will tan thy hide for naught.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.25  
\N1 `God a mercy, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,  
`Since thou art so kind to me;  
And if thou wilt tan my hide for naught,  
I will do as much for thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.26  
\N1 `But if thou\<'lt forsake thy tanners trade,  
And live in green wood with me,  
My name\<'s Robin Hood, I swear by the rood  
I will give thee both gold and fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.27  
\N1 `If thou be Robin Hood,' bold Arthur reply\<'d,  
`As I think well thou art,  
Then here\<'s my hand, my name\<'s Arthur a Bland,  
We two will never depart.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.28  
\N1 `But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?  
Of him fain would I hear;  
For we are alide by the mothers side,  
And he is my kinsman near.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.29  
\N1 Than Robin Hood blew on the beaugle horn,  
He blew full lowd and shrill,  
But quickly anon appeard Little John,  
Come tripping down a green hill.  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.30  
\N1 `O what is the matter?' then said Little John,  
`Master, I pray you tell;  
Why do you stand with your staff in your hand?  
I fear all is not well.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.31  
\N1 `O man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand,  
The tanner that stands thee beside;  
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,  
For soundly he hath tand my hide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.32  
\N1 `He is to be commended,' then said Little John,  
`If such a feat he can do;  
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,  
And he shall tan my hide too.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.33  
\N1 `Hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood,  
`For as I do understand,  
He\<'s a yeoman good, and of thine own blood,  
For his name is Arthur a Bland.'  
\SBALLADS Child 126A.34  
\N1 Then Little John threw his staff away,  
As far as he could it f+ling,  
And ran out of hand to Arthur a Bland,



And about his neck did cling.

\SBALLADS Child 126A.35

\N1 With loving respect, there was no neglect,  
They were neither nice nor coy,  
Each other did face, with a lovely grace,  
And both did weep for joy.

\SBALLADS Child 126A.36

\N1 Then Robin Hood took them both by the hand,  
And danc\'d round about the oke tree;  
\R'F\ror three merry men, and three merry men,  
And three merry men we be.

\SBALLADS Child 126A.37

\N1 `And ever hereafter, as long as I live,  
We three will be all one;  
The wood shall ring, and the old wife sing,  
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.'

\LBALLADS Child 127A.1

\N1 IN summer time, when leaves grow green,  
Down a down a down  
And birds sing on every tree,  
Hey down a down a down  
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,  
Down a down a down  
As fast as hee could dree.

Hey down a down a down

\SBALLADS Child 127A.2

\N1 And as hee came to Nottingham  
A Tinker he did meet,  
And seeing him a lusty blade,  
He did him kindly greet.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.3

\N1 `Where dost thou live?' quoth Robin Hood,  
'I pray thee now mee tell;  
Sad news I hear there is abroad,  
I fear all is not well.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.4

\N1 `What is that news?' the Tinker said;  
'Tell mee without delay;  
I am a tinker by my trade,  
And do live at Banbura.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.5

\N1 `As for the news,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'It is but as I hear;  
Two tinkers they were set ith\' stocks,  
For drinking ale and bear.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.6

\N1 `If that be all,' the Tinker said,  
'As I may say to you,  
Your news it is not worth a fart,  
Since that they all bee true.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.7

\N1 `For drinking of good ale and bear,  
You will not lose your part:'  
'No, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'I love it with all my heart.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.8

\N1 `What news abroad?' quoth Robin Hood;  
'Tell mee what thou dost hear;  
Being thou goest from town to town,  
Some news thou need not fear.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.9

\N1 `All the news,' the Tinker said,  
`I hear, it is for good;  
It is to seek a bold outlaw,  
Which they call Robin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.10

\N1 `I have a warrant from the king,  
To take him where I can;  
If you can tell me where hee is,  
I will make you a man.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.11

\N1 `The king will give a hundred pound  
That hee could but him see;  
And if wee can but now him get,  
It will serve you and mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.12

\N1 `Let me see that warrant,' said Robin Hood;  
`I\`le see if it bee right;  
And I will do the best I can  
For to take him this night.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.13

\N1 `That will I not,' the Tinker said;  
`None with it I will trust;  
And where hee is if you\`l not tell,  
Take him by force I must.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.14

\N1 But Robin Hood perceiving well  
How then the game would go,  
`If you will go to Nottingham,  
Wee shall f+ind him I know.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.15

\N1 The Tinker had a crab-tree staff,  
Which was both good and strong;  
Robin hee had a good strong blade,  
So they went both along.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.16

\N1 And when they came to Nottingham,  
There they both tooke one inn;  
And they calld for ale and wine,  
To drink it was no sin.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.17

\N1 But ale and wine they drank so fast  
That the Tinker hee forgot  
What thing he was about todo;  
It fell so to his lot

\SBALLADS Child 127A.18

\N1 That while the Tinker fell asleep,  
Hee made then haste away,  
And left the Tinker in the lurch,  
For the great shot to pay.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.19

\N1 But when the Tinker wakened,  
And saw that he was gone,  
He calld then even for his host,  
And thus hee made his moan.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.20

\N1 `I had a warrant from the king,  
Which might have done me good,  
That is to take a bold outlaw,  
Some call him Robin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.21

\N1 `But now my warrant and mony\'s gone,  
Nothing I have to pay;  
And he that promised to be my friend,  
He is gone and fled away.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.22

\N1 `That friend you tell on,' said the host,  
`They call him Robin Hood;  
And when that first hee met with you,  
He ment you little good.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.23

\N1 `Had I known it had been hee,  
When that I had him here,  
Th\' one of us should have tri\'d our strength  
Which should have paid full dear.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.24

\N1 `In the mean time I must away;  
No longer here I\'le bide;  
But I will go and seek him out,  
What ever do me betide.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.25

\N1 `But one thing I would gladly know,  
What here I have to pay;'  
`Ten shillings just,' then said the host;  
`I\'le pay without delay.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.26

\N1 `Or elce take here my working-bag,  
And my good hammer too;  
And if that I light but on the knave,  
I will then soon pay you.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.27

\N1 `The onely way,' then said the host,  
`And not to stand in fear,  
Is to seek him among the parks,  
Killing of the kings deer.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.28

\N1 The Tinker hee then went with speed,  
And made then no delay,  
Till he had found then Robin Hood,  
That they might have a fray.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.29

\N1 At last hee spy\'d him in a park,  
Hunting then of the deer;  
`What knave is that,' quoth Robin Hood,  
`R\'T\rhat doth come mee so near?'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.30

\N1 `No knave, no knave,' the Tinker said,  
`And that you soon shall know;  
Whether of us hath done most wrong,  
My crab-tree staff shall show.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.31

\N1 Then Robin drew his gallant blade,  
Made then of trusty steel;  
But the Tinker laid on him so fast  
That he made Robin reel.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.32

\N1 Then Robins anger did arise;  
He fought full manfully,  
Vntil hee made the Tinker  
Almost then fit to fly.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.33

\N1 With that they had a bout again,  
They ply\'d their weapons fast;  
The Tinker threshed his bones so sore  
He made him yeeld at last.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.34

\N1 `A boon, a boon,' Robin hee cries,  
`If thou wilt grant it mee;'  
`Before I do it,' the Tinker said,  
`I\'le hang thee on this tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.35

\N1 But the Tinker looking him about,  
Robin his horn did blow;  
Then came unto him Little John,  
And William Scadlock too.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.36

\N1 `What is the matter,' quoth Little John,  
`You sit in th\' highway side?'  
`Here is a Tinker that stands by,  
That hath paid well my hide.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.37

\N1 `That Tinker,' then said Little John,  
`Fain that blade I would see,  
And I would try what I could do,  
If hee\'l do as much for mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.38

\N1 But Robin hee then wishd them both  
They should the quarrel cease,  
`That henceforth wee may bee as one,  
And ever live in peace.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.39

\N1 `And for the jovial Tinker\'s part,  
A hundred pound I\'le give,  
In th\' year to maintain him on,  
As long as he doth live.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.40

\N1 `In manhood hee is a mettle man,  
And a mettle man by trade;  
I never thought that any man  
Should have made me so fraid.

\SBALLADS Child 127A.41

\N1 `And if hee will bee one of us,  
Wee will take all one fare,  
And whatsoever wee do get,  
He shall have his full share.'

\SBALLADS Child 127A.42

\N1 So the Tinker was content  
With them to go along,  
And with them a part to take,  
And so I end my song.

\LBALLADS Child 128A.1

\N1 COME listen a while, you gentlemen all,  
With a hey down down a down down  
That are in this bower within,  
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood  
I purpose now to begin.

\SBALLADS Child 128A.2

\N1 `What time of the day?' quoth Robin Hood then;  
Quoth Little John, \'Tis in the prime;  
`Why then we will to the green wood gang,

For we have no vittles to dine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.3  
\N1 As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along+---+  
It was in the mid of the day+---+  
There was he met of a deft young man  
As ever walkt on the way.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.4  
\N1 His doublet it was of silk, he said,  
His stockings like scarlet shone,  
And he walkt on along the way,  
To Robin Hood then unknown.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.5  
\N1 A herd of deer was in the bend,  
All feeding before his face:  
'Now the best of ye I\le have to my dinner,  
And that in a little space.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.6  
\N1 Now the stranger he made no mickle adoe,  
But he bends and a right good bow,  
And the best buck in the herd he slew,  
Forty good yards him full froe.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.7  
\N1 'Well shot, well shot,' quoth Robin Hood then,  
'That shot it was shot in time;  
And if thou wilt accept of the place,  
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.8  
\N1 'Go play the chiven,' the stranger said,  
'Make haste and quickly go;  
Or with my fist, be sure of this,  
I\le give thee buffets store.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.9  
\N1 'Thou hadst not best buffet me,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'For though I seem forlorn,  
Yet I can have those that will take my part,  
If I but blow my horn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.10  
\N1 'Thou wast not best wind thy horn,' the stranger said,  
'Beest thou never so much in hast,  
For I can draw out a good broad sword,  
And quickly cut the blast.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.11  
\N1 Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,  
To shoot, and that he would fain;  
The stranger he bent a very good bow,  
To shoot at bold Robin again.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.12  
\N1 'O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'To shoot it would be in vain;  
For if we should shoot the one at the other,  
The one of us may be slain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.13  
\N1 'But let\s take our swords and our broad bucklers,  
And gang under yonder tree:'  
'As I hope to be sav\d,' the stranger said,  
'One foot I will not flee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.14  
\N1 Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow  
Most scar\d him out of his wit;  
'Thou never felt blow,' the stranger he said,

`That shall be better quit.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.15  
\N1 The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,  
And hit Robin on the crown,  
That from every haire of bold Robins head  
The blood ran trickling down.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.16  
\N1 `God a mercy, good fellow!' quoth Robin Hood then,  
`And for this thou hast done;  
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,  
Tell me where thou doest woon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.17  
\N1 The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,  
I\`le tell thee where I did dwell;  
In Maxfield was I bred and born,  
My name is Young Gamwell.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.18  
\N1 For killing of my own fathers steward,  
I am forc\`d to this English wood,  
And for to seek an vnkle of mine;  
Some call him Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.19  
\N1 `But art thou a cousin of Robin Hoods then?  
The sooner we should have done:'  
`As I hope to be sav\`d,' the stranger then said,  
`I am his own sisters son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.20  
\N1 But, Lord! what kissing and courting was there,  
When these two cousins did greet!  
And they went all that summers day,  
And Little John did meet.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.21  
\N1 But when they met with Little John,  
He there unto [him] did say,  
O master, where have you been,  
You have tarried so long away?  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.22  
\N1 `I met with a stranger,' quoth Robin Hood then,  
`Full sore he hath beaten me:'  
`Then I\`le have a bout with him,' quoth Little John,  
`And try if he can beat me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.23  
`Oh [no], oh no,' quoth Robin Hood then,  
`Little John, it may [not] be so;  
For he\`s my own dear sisters son,  
And cousins I have no mo.  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.24  
\N1 `But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,  
My chief man next to thee;  
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,  
And Scarlet he shall be:  
\SBALLADS Child 128A.25  
\N1 `And wee\`l be three of the bravest outlaws  
That is in the North Country.'  
If you will have any more of bold Robin Hood,  
In his second part it will be.  
\LBALLADS Child 129A.1  
\N1 NOW Robin Hood, Will Scadlock and Little John  
Are walking over the plain,  
With a good fat buck which Will Scadlock

With his strong bow had slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.2  
\N1 `Jog on, jog on,' cries Robin Hood,  
`The day it runs full fast;  
For though my nephew me a breakfast gave,  
I have not yet broke my fast.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.3  
\N1 `Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,  
I think it wondrous good,  
Where my nephew by my bold yeomen  
Shall be welcomd unto the green wood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.4  
\N1 With that he took the bugle-horn,  
Full well he could it blow;  
Streight from the woods came marching down  
One hundred tall fellows and mo.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.5  
\N1 `Stand, stand to your arms!' crys Will Scadlock,  
`Lo! the enemies are within ken:'  
With that Robin Hood he laughd aloud,  
Crys, They are my bold yeomen.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.6  
\N1 Who, when they arriv\`d and Robin espy\`d,  
Cry\`d, Master, what is your will?  
We thought you had in danger been,  
Your horn did sound so shrill.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.7  
\N1 `Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,  
`The danger is past and gone;  
I would have you to welcome my nephew here,  
That hath paid me two for one.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.8  
\N1 In feasting and sporting they passed the day,  
Till Phoebus sunk into the deep;  
Then each one to his quarters hy\`d,  
His guard there for to keep.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.9  
\N1 Long had they not walked within the green wood,  
But Robin he was espy\`d  
Of a beautiful damsel all alone,  
That on a black palfrey did ride.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.10  
\N1 Her riding-suit was of sable hew black,  
Sypress over her face,  
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,  
All with a comely grace.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.11  
\N1 `Come, tell me the cause, thou pritty one,'  
Quoth Robin, a+end tell me aright,  
From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,  
All in this mournful plight?'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.12  
\N1 `From London I came,' the damsel reply\`d,  
`From London upon the thames,  
Which circled is, O grief to tell!  
Besieg\`d with forraign arms.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.13  
\N1 `By the proud Prince of Aragon,  
Who swears by his martial hand  
To have the princess for his spouse,

Or else to waste this land:  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.14  
\N1 `Except that champions can be found  
That dare f+ight three to three,  
Against the prince and giants twain,  
Most horrid for to see:  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.15  
\N1 `Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,  
Strike terrour where they come,  
With serpents hissing on their helms,  
Instead of feathered plume.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.16  
\N1 `The princess shall be the victors prize,  
The king hath vovd and said,  
And he that shall the conquest win  
Shall have her to his bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.17  
\N1 `Now we are four damsels sent abroad,  
To the east, west, north, and south,  
To try whose fortune is so good  
To f+ind these champions forth.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.18  
\N1 `But all in vaine we have sought about;  
Yet none so bold there are  
That dare adventure life and blood,  
To free a lady fair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.19  
\N1 `When is the day?' quoth Robin Hood,  
'Tell me this and no more:'  
'On Midsummer next,' the damsel said,  
'Which is June the twenty-four.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.20  
\N1 With that the teares trickled down her cheeks,  
And silent was her tongue;  
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,  
Away her palfrey sprung.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.21  
\N1 This news struck Robin to the heart,  
He fell down on the grass;  
His actions and his troubled mind  
Shewd he perplexed was.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.22  
\N1 `Where lies your grief?' quoth Will Scadlock,  
'O master, tell to me;  
If the damsels eyes have piercd your heart,  
I'll fetch her back to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.23  
\N1 `Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'She doth not cause my smart;  
But it is the poor distressed princess  
That wounds me to the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.24  
\N1 `I will go f+ight the giants all  
To set the lady free:'  
'The devil take my soul,' quoth Little John,  
'If I part with thy company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.25  
\N1 `Must I stay behind?' quoth Will Scadlock;  
'No, no, that must not be;  
I'll make the third man in the f+ight,



So we shall be three to three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.26  
\N1 These words cheerd Robin at the heart,  
Joy shone within his face;  
Within his arms he huggd them both,  
And kindly did imbrace.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.27  
\N1 Quoth he, We\'ll put on mothly gray,  
With long staves in our hands,  
A scrip and bottle by our sides,  
As come from the Holy Land.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.28  
\N1 So may we pass along the high-way;  
None will ask from whence we came,  
But take us pilgrims for to be,  
Or else some holy men.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.29  
\N1 Now they are on their journey gone,  
As fast as they may speed,  
Yet for all haste, ere they arriv\'d,  
The princess forth was led:  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.30  
\N1 To be deliverd to the prince,  
Who in the list did stand,  
Prepar\'d to fight, or else receive  
His lady by the hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.31  
\N1 With that he walkt about the lists,  
With giants by his side:  
'Bring forth,' said he, 'your champions,  
Or bring me forth my bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.32  
\N1 'This is the four and twentieth day,  
The day pref+ixt upon;  
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,  
I swear by Acaron.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.33  
\N1 Then cries the king, and queen likewise,  
Both weeping as they speak,  
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,  
Whom we are forc'd to forsake.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.34  
\N1 With that stept out bold Robin Hood,  
Crys, My liege, it must not be so;  
Such beauty as the fair princess  
Is not for a tyrants mow.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.35  
\N1 The prince he then began to storm;  
Crys, Fool, fanatick, baboon!  
How dares thou stop my valours prize?  
I\'ll kill thee with a frown.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.36  
\N1 'Thou tyrant Turk, thou inf+idel,'  
Thus Robin began to reply,  
'Thy frowns I scorn; lo! here\'s my gage,  
And thus I thee def+ie.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.37  
\N1 'And for these two Goliahs there,  
That stand on either side,  
Here are two little Davids by,

That soon can tame their pride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.38  
\N1 Then did the king for armour send,  
For lances, swords, and shields:  
And thus all three in armour bright  
Came marching to the f+ield.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.39  
\N1 The trumpets began to sound a charge,  
Each singled out his man;  
Their arms in pieces soon were hewd,  
Blood sprang from every vain.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.40  
\N1 The prince he reacht Robin a blow+---+  
He struck with might and main+---+  
Which forcd him to reel about the f+ield,  
As though he had been slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.41  
\N1 `God-a-mercy,' quoth Robin, 'For that blow!  
The quarrel shall soon be try\'d;  
This stroke shall shew a full divorce  
Betwixt thee and thy bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.42  
\N1 So from his shoulders he\'s cut his head,  
Which on the ground did fall,  
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,  
To be so dealt withal.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.43  
\N1 The giants then began to rage,  
To see their prince lie dead:  
'Thou\'s be the next,' quoth Little John,  
'Unless thou well guard thy head.'  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.44  
\N1 With that his faulchion he whirld about+---+  
It was both keen and sharp+---+  
He clove the giant to the belt,  
And cut in twain his heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.45  
\N1 Will Scadlock well had playd his part,  
The giant he had brought to his knee;  
Quoth he, The devil cannot break his fast,  
Unless he have you all three.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.46  
\N1 So with his faulchion he run him through,  
A deep and gashly wound;  
Who damd and foamd, cursd and blasphemd,  
And then fell to the ground.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.47  
\N1 Now all the lists with cheers were f+illd,  
The skies they did resound,  
Which brought the princess to herself,  
Who was faln in a swound.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.48  
\N1 The king and queen and princess fair  
Came walking to the place,  
And gave the champions many thanks,  
And did them further grace.  
\SBALLADS Child 129A.49  
\N1 `Tell me,' quoth the king, 'whence you are,  
That thus disguised came,  
Whose valour speaks that noble blood

Doth run through every vain.'

\SBALLADS Child 129A.50

\N1 `A boon, a boon,' quoth Robin Hood,  
`On my knees I beg and crave:'  
`By my crown,' quoth the king, `I grant;  
Ask what, and thou shalt have.'

\SBALLADS Child 129A.51

\N1 `Then pardon I beg for my merry men,  
Which are within the green wood,  
For Little John, and Will Scadlock,  
And for me, bold Robin Hood.'

\SBALLADS Child 129A.52

\N1 `Art thou Robin Hood?' then quoth the king;  
`For the valour you have shewn,  
Your pardons I doe freely grant,  
And welcome every one.

\SBALLADS Child 129A.53

\N1 `The princess I promised the victors prize;  
She cannot have you all three;;  
`She shall chuse,' quoth Robin; saith Little John,  
Then little share falls to me.

\SBALLADS Child 129A.54

\N1 Then did the princess view all three,  
With a comely lovely grace,  
Who took Will Scadlock by the hand,  
Quoth, Here I make my choice.

\SBALLADS Child 129A.55

\N1 With that a noble lord stept forth,  
Of Maxfield earl was he,  
Who lookt Will Scadlock in the face,  
Then wept most bitterly.

\SBALLADS Child 129A.56

\N1 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,  
Whom I lovd wondrous well;  
But he is gone, or rather dead;  
His name is Young Gamwell.

\SBALLADS Child 129A.57

\N1 Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,  
Cries, Father! father! here,  
Here kneels your son, your Young Gamwell  
You said you lovd so dear.

\SBALLADS Child 129A.58

\N1 But, lord! what imbracing and kissing was there,  
When all these friends were met!  
They are gone to the wedding, and so to bedding,  
And so I bid you good night.

\LBALLADS Child 130A.1

\N1 THEN bold Robin Hood to the north he would go,  
With a hey down down a down down  
With valour and mickle might,  
With sword by his side, which oft had been tri\'d,  
To fight and recover his right.

\SBALLADS Child 130A.2

\N1 The first that he met was a bony bold Scot,  
His servant he said he would be;  
`No,' quoth Robin Hood, 'it cannot be good,  
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

\SBALLADS Child 130A.3

\N1 `Thou hast not bin true to sire nor cuz:'  
`Nay, marry,' the Scot he said,

`As true as your heart, I\le never part,  
Gude master, be not afraid.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 130A.4

\N1 Then Robin Hood turnd his face to the east;

`Fight on my merry men stout,

Our cause is good,' quoth brave Robin Hood,

`And we shall not be beaten out.'

\SBALLADS Child 130A.5

\N1 The battel grows hot on every side,

The Scotchman made great moan;

Quoth Jockey, Gude faith, they f+ight on each side;

Would I were with my wife Ione!

\SBALLADS Child 130A.6

\N1 The enemy compast brave Robin about,

\'Tis long ere the battel ends;

Ther\'s neither will yeeld nor give up the f+ield,

For both are supplied with friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 130A.7

\N1 This song it was made in Robin Hoods dayes;

Let\'s pray unto Iove above

To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,

And war may give place unto love.

\LBALLADS Child 130B.1

\N1 NOW bold Robin Hood to the north would go,

With valour and mickle might,

With sword by his side, which oft had been try\'d,

To f+ight and recover his right.

\SBALLADS Child 130B.2

\N1 The f+irst that he met was a jolly stout Scot,

His servant he said he would be;

`No,' quoth Robin Hood, 'it cannot be good,

For thou wilt prove false unto me.

\SBALLADS Child 130B.3

\N1 `Thou hast not been true to sire or cuz;'

`Nay, marry,' the Scot he said,

`As true as your heart, I never will part;

Good master, be not afraid.'

\SBALLADS Child 130B.4

\N1 `But eer I employ you,' said bold Robin Hood,

`With you I must have a bout;'

The Scotchman reply\'d, Let the battle be try\'d,

For I know I will beat you out.

\SBALLADS Child 130B.5

\N1 Thus saying, the contest did quickly begin,

Which lasted two hours and more;

The blows Sawney gave bold Robin so brave

The battle soon made him give oer.

\SBALLADS Child 130B.6

\N1 `Have mercy, thou Scotchman,' bold Robin Hood cry\'d,

`Full dearly this boon have I bought;

We will both agree, and my man you shall be,

For a stouter I never have fought.'

\SBALLADS Child 130B.7

\N1 Then Sawny consented with Robin to go,

To be of his bowmen so gay;

Thus ended the f+ight, and with mickle delight

To Sherwood they hasted away.

\LBALLADS Child 131A.1

\N1 WHEN Ph'qbus had melted the sickles of ice,  
With a hey down, &c.  
And likewise the mountains of snow,  
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,  
To frolick abroad with his bow.  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.2  
\N1 He left all his merry men waiting behind,  
Whilst through the green vallies he passd;  
There did he behold a forester bold,  
Who cry\'d out, Friend, whither so fast?  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.3  
\N1 `I\'m going,' quoth Robin, 'To kill a fat buck,  
For me and my merry men all;  
Besides, eer I go, I\'ll have a fat doe,  
Or else it shall cost me a fall.'  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.4  
\N1 `You\'d best have a care,' said the forester then,  
`For these are his majesty\'s deer;  
Before you shall shoot, the thing I\'ll dispute,  
For I am head-forester here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.5  
\N1 `These thirteen long summers,' quoth Robin, `I\'m sure,  
My arrows I here have let f+ly,  
Where freely I range; methinks it is strange,  
You should have more power than I.  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.6  
\N1 `This forest,' quoth Robin, `I think is my own,  
And so are the nimble deer too;  
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,  
I wont be affronted by you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.7  
\N1 The forester he had a long quarter-staff,  
Likewise a broad sword by his side;  
Without more ado, he presently drew,  
Declaring the truth should be try\'d.  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.8  
\N1 Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,  
Thus, eer he would take any wrong,  
His courage was f+lush, he\'d venture a brush,  
And thus they fell to it ding dong.  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.9  
\N1 The very f+irst blow that the forester gave,  
He made his broad weapon cry twang;  
\'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,  
O that was a damnable bang!  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.10  
\N1 But Robin soon did recover himself,  
And bravely fell to it again;  
The very next stroke their weapons were broke,  
Yet never a man there was slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.11  
\N1 At quarter-staff then they resolved to play,  
Because they would have t\'other bout;  
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,  
Unwilling he was to give out.  
\SBALLADS Child 131A.12  
\N1 Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,  
The other returnd them as fast;  
At every stroke their jackets did smoke,  
Three hours the combat did last.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.13

At length in a rage the bold forester grew  
And cudgeld bold Robin so sore  
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,  
He said, Let us freely give oer.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.14

\N1 Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess  
I never knew any so good;  
Thou\'rt f+itting to be a yeoman for me,  
And range in the merry green wood.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.15

\N1 I\'ll give thee this ring as a token of love,  
For bravely thou\'st acted thy part;  
That man that can f+ight, in him I delight,  
And love him with all my whole heart.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.16

\N1 Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,  
A blast he merrily blows;  
His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear,  
A hundred, with trusty long bows.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.17

\N1 Now Little John came at the head of them all,  
Cloathd in a rich mantle of green;  
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,  
A delicate sight to be seen.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.18

\N1 `Lo, these are my yeomen,' said Robin Hood,  
`And thou shalt be one of the train;  
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,  
I give them whom I entertain.'

\SBALLADS Child 131A.19

\N1 The forester willingly enterd the list,  
They were such a beautiful sight;  
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,  
And made a rich supper that night.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.20

\N1 What singing and dancing was in the green wood,  
For joy of another new mate!  
With mirth and delight they spent the long night,  
And liv\'d at a plentiful rate.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.21

The forester neer was so merry before  
As then he was with these brave souls,  
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,  
To take off their cherishing bowls.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.22

\N1 Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,  
Broad arrows, and a curious long bow;  
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,  
He marched them all on a row.

\SBALLADS Child 131A.23

\N1 Quoth he, My brave yeomen, be true to your trust,  
And then we may range the woods wide:  
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,  
They\'d conquer, or die by his side.

\LBALLADS Child 132A.1

\N1 THERE chanced to be a pedlar bold,  
A pedlar bold he chanced to be;  
He rolled his pack all on his back,  
And he came tripping oer the lee.

Down a down a down a down,  
Down a down a down  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.2  
\N1 By chance he met two troublesome blades,  
Two troublesome blades they chanced to be;  
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,  
And the other was Little John so free.  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.3  
\N1 `O pedlar, pedlar, what is in thy pack?  
Come speedilie and tell to me:'  
`I\`ve several suits of the gay green silks,  
And silken bow-strings two or three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.4  
\N1 `If you have several suits of the gay green silk,  
And silken bow-strings two or three,  
Then it\`s by my body,' cries Little John,  
`One half your pack shall belong to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.5  
\N1 `O nay, o nay,' says the pedlar bold,  
`O nay, o nay, that never can be;  
For there\`s never a man from fair Nottingham  
Can take one half my pack from me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.6  
\N1 Then the pedlar he pulled off his pack,  
And put it a little below his knee,  
Saying, If you do move me one perch from this,  
My pack and all shall gang with thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.7  
\N1 Then Little John he drew his sword,  
The pedlar by his pack did stand;  
They fought until they both did sweat,  
Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your hand!  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.8  
\N1 Then Robin Hood he was standing by,  
And he did laugh most heartilie;  
Saying, I could f+ind a man, of a smaller scale,  
Could thrash the pedlar and also thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.9  
\N1 `Go you try, master,' says Little John,  
`Go you try, master, most speedilie,  
Or by my body,' says Little John,  
`I am sure this night you will not know me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.10  
\N1 Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,  
And the pedlar by his pack did stand;  
They fought till the blood in streams did f+low,  
Till he cried, Pedlar, pray hold your hand!  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.11  
\N1 Pedlar, pedlar, what is thy name?  
Come speedilie and tell to me:  
`My name! my name I neer will tell,  
Till both your names you have told to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.12  
\N1 `The one of us is bold Robin Hood,  
And the other Little John so free:'  
`Now,' says the pedlar, 'it lays to my good will,  
Whether my name I chuse to tell to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.13  
\N1 `I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,  
And travelled far beyond the sea;

For killing a man in my father\'s land  
From my country I was forced to flee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.14  
\N1 `If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,  
And travelled far beyond the sea,  
You are my mother\'s own sister\'s son;  
What nearer cousins then can we be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 132A.15  
\N1 They sheathed their swords with friendly words,  
So merrilie they did agree;  
They went to a tavern, and there they dined,  
And bottles cracked most merrilie.  
\LBALLADS Child 133A.1  
\N1 COME light and listen, you gentlemen all,  
Hey down, down, and a down  
That mirth do love for to hear,  
And a story true I\'le tell unto you,  
If that you will but draw near.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.2  
\N1 In elder times, when merriment was,  
And archery was holden good,  
There was an outlaw, as many did know,  
Which men called Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.3  
\N1 Vpon a time it chanced so  
Bold Robin was merry disposed,  
His time to spend he did intend,  
Either with friends or foes.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.4  
\N1 Then he got vp on a gallant brave steed,  
The which was worth angels ten;  
With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,  
He left all his merry men.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.5  
\N1 And riding towards fair Nottingham,  
Some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a jolly beggar  
As ere he beheld with his eye.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.6  
\N1 An old patcht coat the beggar had on,  
Which he daily did vse for to wear;  
And many a bag about him did wag,  
Which made Robin Hood to him repair.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.7  
\N1 `God speed, God speed,' said Robin Hood,  
`What countryman? tell to me:'  
`I am Yorkeshire, sir; but, ere you go far,  
Some charity give vnto me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.8  
\N1 `Why, what wouldst thou have?' said Robin Hood,  
`I pray thee tell vnto me:'  
`No lands nor livings,' the beggar he said,  
`But a penny for charitie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.9  
\N1 `I have no money,' said Robin Hood then,  
`But, a ranger within the wood,  
I am an outlaw, as many do know,  
My name it is Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.10  
\N1 `But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,



That a bout with [thee] I must try;  
Thy coat of gray, lay down I say,  
And my mantle of green shall lye by.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.11  
\N1 `Content, content,' the beggar he cry\'d,  
`Thy part it will be the worse;  
For I hope this to give thee the rout,  
And the have at thy purse.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.12  
\N1 The beggar he had a mickle long staffe,  
And Robin had a nut-brown sword;  
So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let f+ly,  
But gave him never a word.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.13  
\N1 `Fight on, f+ight on,' said Robin Hood then,  
`This game well pleaseth me;'  
For every blow that Robin did give,  
The beggar gave buffets three.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.14  
\N1 And f+ighting there full hard and sore,  
Not far from Nottingham town,  
They never f+led, till from Robin<\'s] head  
The blood came trickling down.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.15  
\N1 `O hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood then,  
`And thou and I will agree;'  
`If that be true,' the beggar he said,  
`Thy mantle come give vnto me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.16  
\N1 `Nay a change, a change,' cri\'d Robin Hood;  
`Thy bags and coat give me,  
And this mantle of mine I\'le to thee resign,  
My horse and my braverie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.17  
\N1 When Robin Hood had got the beggars clothes,  
He looked round about;  
`Methinks,' said he, `I seem to be  
A beggar brave and stout.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.18  
\N1 `For now I have a bag for my bread,  
So have I another for corn;  
I have one for salt, and another for malt,  
And one for my little horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.19  
\N1 `And now I will a begging goe,  
Some charitie for to f+ind:'  
And if any more of Robin you\'l know,  
In this second part it\'s behind.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.20  
\N1 Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,  
With his bags hanging down to his knee,  
His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat,  
Yet merrilie passed he.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.21  
\N1 As Robin he passed the streets along,  
He heard a pittifull cry;  
Three brethren deer, as he did hear,  
Condemned were to dye.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.22  
Then Robin he highed to the sheriffs [house],

Some reliefe for to seek;  
He skipt, and leapt, and capored full high,  
As he went along the street.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.23  
\N1 But when to the sheriffs doore he came,  
There a gentleman f+ine and brave,  
'Thou beggar,' said he, 'Come tell vnto me  
What is it that thou wouldest have?'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.24  
\N1 'No meat, nor drink,' said Robin Hood then,  
'That I come here to crave;  
But to beg the lives of yeomen three,  
And that I fain would have.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.25  
\N1 'That cannot be, thou bold beggar,  
Their fact it is so cleer;  
I tell to thee, hanged they must be,  
For stealing of our kings deer.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.26  
\N1 But when to the gallows they did come,  
There was many a weeping eye:  
'O hold your peace,' said Robin then,  
'For certainly they shall not dye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.27  
\N1 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew but blastes three,  
Till a hundred bold archers brave  
Came kneeling down to his knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.28  
\N1 'What is your will, master?' they said,  
'We are here at your command:'  
'Shoot east, shoot west,' said Robin Hood then,  
'And look that you spare no man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.29  
\N1 Then they shot east, and they shot west;  
Their arrows were so keen  
The sheriffe he, and his companie,  
No longer must be seen.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.30  
\N1 Then he stept to these brethren three,  
And away he had them tane;  
But the sheriff was crost, and many a man lost,  
That dead lay on the plain.  
\SBALLADS Child 133A.31  
\N1 And away they went into the merry green wood,  
And sung with a merry glee,  
And Robin took these brethren good  
To be of his yeomandrie.  
\LBALLADS Child 134A.1  
\N1 LYTH and listen, gentlemen,  
That\'s come of high born blood;  
I\'ll tell you of a brave booting  
That befel Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.2  
\N1 Robin Hood upon a day,  
He went forth him alone,  
And as he came from Barnesdale  
Into a fair evening,  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.3  
\N1 He met a beggar on the way,

That sturdily could gang;  
He had a pike-staff in his hand,  
That was baith stark and strang.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.4  
\N1 A clouted cloak about him was,  
That held him from the cold;  
The thinnest bit of it, I guess,  
Was more than twenty fold.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.5  
\N1 His meal-pock hang about his neck,  
Into a leathern fang,  
Well fasteneg with a broad buckle,  
That was both stark and strang.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.6  
\N1 He had three hats upon his head,  
Together sticked fast;  
He cared neither for wind nor weet,  
In lands wherever he past.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.7  
\N1 Good Robin coost him in his way,  
To see what he might be;  
If any beggar had money,  
He thought some part had he.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.8  
\N1 `Tarry, tarry,' good Robin says,  
`Tarry, and speak with me;'  
He heard him as he heard [him] not,  
And fast his way can hie.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.9  
\N1 `It be\'s not so,' says good Robin,  
`Nay, thou must tarry still;'  
`By my troth,' says the bold beggar,  
`Of that I have no will.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.10  
\N1 \R'\rit is far to my lodging-house,  
And it is growing late;  
If they have supt ere I come in,  
I will look wondrous blate.'  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.11  
\N1 `Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,  
`I see well by thy fare,  
If thou chear well to thy supper,  
Of mine thou takes no care;  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.12  
\N1 `Who wants my dinner all the day,  
And wots not where to lie,  
And should I to the tavern go,  
I want money to buy.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.13  
\N1 `Sir, thou must lend me some money,  
Till we two meet again:'  
The beggar answerd cankerdly,  
I have no money to lend.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.14  
\N1 Thou art as young a man as I,  
And seems to be as sweer;  
If thou fast till thou get from me,  
Thou shalt eat none this year.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.15  
\N1 `Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,

`Since we are sembled so,  
If thou have but a small farthing,  
I\'ll have it ere thou go.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.16  
\N1 Therefore, lay down thy clouted cloak,  
And do no longer stand,  
And loose the strings of all thy pocks:  
I\'ll ripe them with my hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.17  
\N1 `And now to thee I make a vow,  
If thou make any din,  
I shall see if a broad arrow  
Can pierce a beggar\'s skin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.18  
\N1 The beggar smil\'d, and answer made:  
Far better let me be;  
Think not that I will be afraid  
For thy nip crooked tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.19  
\N1 Or that I fear thee any whit  
For thy curn nips of sticks;  
I know no use for them so meet  
As to be pudding-pricks.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.20  
\N1 Here I defy thee to do me ill,  
For all thy boistrous fare;  
Thou\'s get nothing from me but ill,  
Would thou seek it evermair.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.21  
\N1 Good Robin bent his noble bow+---+  
He was an angry man+---+  
And in it set a broad arrow;  
Yet er \'twas drawn a span,  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.22  
\N1 The beggar, with his noble tree,  
Reacht him so round a rout  
That his bow and his broad arrow  
In f+linders f+lew about.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.23  
\N1 Good Robin bound him to his brand,  
But that provd likewise vain;  
The beggar lighted on his hand  
With his pike-staff again.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.24  
\N1 I wot he might not draw a sword  
For forty days and more;  
Good Robin could not speak a word,  
His heart was never so sore.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.25  
\N1 He could not f+ight, he could not f+lee,  
He wist not what to do;  
The beggar, with his noble tree,  
Laid lusty f+laps him to.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.26  
\N1 He paid good Robin back and side,  
And beft him up and down,  
And with his pike-staff still on laid  
Till he fell in a swoon.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.27  
\N1 `Fy! stand up, man,' the beggar said,

`'Tis shame to go to rest;  
Stay still till thou get thy mony [told],  
I think it were the best.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.28  
\N1 `And syne go to the tavern-house,  
And buy both wine and ale;  
Hereat thy friends will crack full crouse,  
Thou has been at a dale.'  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.29  
\N1 Good Robin answerd never a word,  
But lay still as a stane;  
His cheeks were white as any clay,  
And closed were his eyne.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.30  
\N1 The beggar thought him dead but fail,  
And boldly bownd away;  
I would you had been at the dale,  
And gotten part of the play.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.31  
\N1 Now three of Robin\'s men, by chance,  
Came walking on the way,  
And found their master in a trance,  
On ground where he did lie.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.32  
\N1 Up have they taken good Robin,  
Making a piteous bier,  
Yet saw they no man there at whom  
They might the matter spear.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.33  
\N1 They looked him all round about,  
But wounds on him saw none,  
Yet at his mouth came bocking out  
The blood of a good vein.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.34  
\N1 Cold water they have taken syne,  
And cast into his face;  
Then he began to lift his eyne,  
And spake within short space.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.35  
\N1 `Tell us, dear master,' says his men,  
`How with you stands the case?'  
Good Robin sighd ere he began  
To tell of his disgrace.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.36  
\N1 `I have been watchman in this wood  
Near hand this forty year,  
Yet I was never so hard bestead  
As you have found me here.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.37  
\N1 `A beggar with a clouted cloak,  
In whom I feard no ill,  
Hath with a pike-staff clawed my back;  
I fear \'t shall never be well.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.38  
\N1 `See, where he goes out oer yon hill,  
With hat upon his head;  
If ever you lovd your master well,  
Go now revenge this deed.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.39  
\N1 `And bring him back again to me,

If it lie in your might,  
That I may see, before I die,  
Him punisht in my sight.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.40  
\N1 `And if you may not bring him back,  
Let him not go loose on;  
For to us all it were great shame  
If he escapt again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.41  
\N1 `One of us shall with you remain,  
Because you\'re ill at ease;  
The other two shall bring him back,  
To use him as you please.'  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.42  
\N1 `Now, by my troth,' says good Robin,  
'I trow there\'s enough said;  
If he get scouth to weild his tree,  
I fear you\'ll both be paid.'  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.43  
\N1 `Be ye not feard, our good master,  
That we two can be dung  
With any blutter base beggar,  
That hath nought but a rung.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.44  
\N1 `His staff shall stand him in no stead;  
That you shall shortly see;  
But back again he shall be led,  
And fast bound shall he be,  
To see if you will have him slain,  
Or hanged on a tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.45  
\N1 `But cast you slily in his way,  
Before he be aware,  
And on his pike-staff first lay hands;  
You\'ll speed the better far.'  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.46  
\N1 Now leave we Robin with his man,  
Again to play the child,  
And learn himself to stand and gang  
By haulds, for all his eild.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.47  
\N1 Now pass we to the bold beggar,  
That raked oer the hill,  
Who never mended his pace no more  
Nor he had done no ill.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.48  
\N1 The young men knew the country well,  
So soon where he would be,  
And they have taken another way,  
Was nearer by miles three.  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.49  
\N1 They rudely ran with all their might,  
Spar\'d neither dub nor mire,  
They stirred neither at laigh nor hight,  
No travel made them tire,  
\SBALLADS Child 134A.50  
\N1 Till they before the beggar wan,  
And coost them in his way;  
A little wood lay in a glen,  
And there they both did stay.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.51

\N1 They stood up closely by a tree,  
In ilk side of the gate,  
Until the beggar came them to,  
That thought not of such fate.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.52

\N1 And as he was betwixt them past,  
They leapt upon him baith;  
The one his pike-staff gripped fast,  
They feared for its scaith.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.53

\N1 The other he held in his sight  
A drawn dirk to his breast,  
And said, False carl, quit thy staff,  
Or I shall be thy priest.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.54

\N1 His pike-staff they have taken him frae,  
And stuck it in the green;  
He was full leath to let [it] gae,  
If better might have been.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.55

\N1 The beggar was the feardest man  
Of one that ever might be;  
To win away no way he can,  
Nor help him with his tree.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.56

\N1 He wist not wherefore he was tane,  
Nor how many was there;  
He thought his life-days had been gone,  
And grew into despair.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.57

\N1 `Grant me my life,' the beggar said,  
`For him that died on tree,  
And take away that ugly knife,  
Or then for fear I\'ll die.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.58

\N1 `I grievd you never in all my life,  
By late nor yet by ayre;  
Ye have great sin,if ye should slay  
A silly poor beggar.'

\SBALLADS Child 134A.59

\N1 `Thou lies, false lown,' they said again,  
`By all that may be sworn;  
Thou hast near slain the gentlest man  
That ever yet was born.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.60

\N1 `And back again thou shalt be led,  
And fast bound shalt thou be,  
To see if he will have thee slain,  
Or hanged on a tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 134A.61

\N1 The beggar then thought all was wrong;  
They were set for his wrack;  
He saw nothing appearing then  
But ill upon worse back.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.62

\N1 Were he out of their hands, he thought,  
And had again his tree,  
He should not be had back for nought,  
With such as he did see.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.63

\N1 Then he bethought him on a wile,  
If it could take effect,  
How he the young men might beguile,  
And give them a begeck.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.64

\N1 Thus for to do them shame or ill  
His beastly breast was bent;  
He found the wind grew something shril,  
To further his intent.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.65

\N1 He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,  
And let the poor man be;  
When ye have taken a beggar\'s blood,  
It helps you not a f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.66

\N1 It was but in my own defence,  
If he hath gotten skaith;  
But I will make a recompence,  
Much better for you baith.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.67

\N1 If ye will set me safe and free,  
And do me no danger,  
An hundred pounds I will you give,  
And much more good silver,

\SBALLADS Child 134A.68

\N1 That I have gathered these many years,  
Under this clouted cloak,  
And hid up wonder privately,  
In bottom of my pock.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.69

\N1 The young men to a council yeed,  
And let the beggar gae;  
They wist how well he had no speed  
From them to run away.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.70

\N1 They thought they would the money take,  
Come after what so may,  
And then they would not bring him back,  
But in that part him slay.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.71

\N1 By that good Robin would not know  
That they had gotten coin;  
It would content him for to show  
That there they had him slain.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.72

\N1 They said, False carl, soon have done  
And tell forth that money;  
For the ill turn thou hast done  
\'Tis but a simple fee.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.73

\N1 And yet we will not have thee back,  
Come after what so may,  
If thou will do that which thou spake,  
And make us present pay.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.74

\N1 O then loosd his clouted cloak,  
And spread it on the ground,  
And thereon he laid many a pock,  
Betwixt them and the wind.



\SBALLADS Child 134A.75

\N1 He took a great bag from his hase;  
It was near full of meal;  
Two pecks in it at least there was,  
And more, I wot full well.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.76

\N1 Upon his cloak he laid it down,  
The mouth he opend wide,  
To turn the same he made him bown,  
The young men ready spy\'d.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.77

\N1 In every hand he took a nook  
Of that great leathern meal,  
And with a f+ling the meal he shook  
Into their faces hail.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.78

\N1 Wherewith he blinded them so close  
A stime they could not see;  
And then in heart he did rejoice,  
And clapt his lusty tree.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.79

\N1 He thought, if he had done them wrong  
In mealing of their cloaths,  
For to strike off the meal again  
With his pike-staff he goes.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.80

\N1 Or any one of them could red their eyne,  
Or yet a glimmering could see,  
Ilk ane of them a dozen had,  
Well laid on with the tree.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.81

\N1 The young men were right swift of foot,  
And boldly ran away;  
The beggar could them no more hit,  
For all the haste he may.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.82

\N1 `What ails this haste?' the beggar said,  
`May ye not tarry still,  
Until your money be receivd?  
I\'ll pay you with good will.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.83

\N1 `The shaking of my pocks, I fear,  
Hath blown into your eyne;  
But I have a good pike-staff here  
Will ripe them out full clean.'

\SBALLADS Child 134A.84

\N1 The young men answerd neer a word,  
They were dumb as a stane;  
In the thick wood the beggar f+led,  
Eer they riped their eyne.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.85

\N1 And syne the night became so late,  
To seek him was but vain:  
But judge ye, if they looked blate  
When they came home again.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.86

\N1 Good Robin speard how they had sped;  
They answerd him, Full ill;  
`That cannot be,' good Robin says;  
`Ye have been at the mill.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.87

\N1 `The mill is a meatrix place,  
They may lick what they please;  
Most like ye have been at that art,  
Who would look to your cloaths.'

\SBALLADS Child 134A.88

\N1 They hangd their heads, and droped down,  
A word they could not speak:  
Robin said, Because I fell a-swoon,  
I think you'll do the like.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.89

\N1 Tell on the matter, less and more,  
And tell me what and how  
Ye have done with the bold beggar  
I sent you for right now.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.90

\N1 And then they told him to an end,  
As I have said before,  
How that the beggar did them blind,  
What misters process more.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.91

\N1 And how he lin'd their shoulders broad  
With his great trenchen tree,  
And how in the thick wood he fled,  
Eer they a stime could see.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.92

\N1 And how they scarcely could win home,  
Their bones were beft so sore:  
Good Robin cry'd, Fy! out, for shame!  
We're sham'd for evermore.

\SBALLADS Child 134A.93

\N1 Altho good Robin would full fain  
Of his wrong revenged be,  
He smil'd to see his merry young men  
Had gotten a taste of the tree.

\LBALLADS Child 135A.1

\N1 ALL gentlemen and yeomen good,  
Down a down a down a down  
I wish you to draw near;  
For a story of gallant brave Robin Hood  
Vnto you I wil declare.  
Down, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 135A.2

\N1 As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,  
Some pastime for to spie,  
There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,  
That on the ground did lie.

\SBALLADS Child 135A.3

\N1 `Arise, arise,' cryed jolly Robin,  
`And now come let me see  
What is in thy bag and bottle, I say;  
Come tell it unto me.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.4

\N1 `What's that to thee, thou proud fellow?  
Tell me as I do stand  
What thou hast to do with my bag and bottle?  
Let me see thy command.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.5

\N1 `My sword, which hangeth by my side,  
Is my command I know;

Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,  
Or it may breed thee wo.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.6  
\N1 `Tut, the devil a drop, thou proud fellow,  
Of my bottle thou shalt see,  
Untill thy valour here be tried,  
Whether thou wilt f+ight or f+lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.7  
\N1 `What shall we f+ight for?' cries bold Robin Hood;  
`Come tell it soon to me;  
Here is twenty pounds in good red gold;  
Win it, and take it thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.8  
\N1 The Shepherd stood all in a maze,  
And knew not what to say:  
`I have no money, thou proud fellow,  
But bag and bottle I\'le lay.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.9  
\N1 `I am content, thou shepherd-swain,  
Fling them down on the ground;  
But it will breed thee mickle pain,  
To win my twenty pound.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.10  
\N1 `Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,  
Thou stands too long to prate;  
This hook of mine shall let thee know  
A coward I do hate.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.11  
\N1 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore;  
It was in a summers day;  
From ten till four in the afternoon  
The Shepherd held him play.

\SBALLADS Child 135A.12  
\N1 Robins buckler proved his chief defence,  
And saved him many a bang,  
For every blow the Shepherd gave  
Made Robins sword cry twang.

\SBALLADS Child 135A.13  
Many a sturdy blow the Shepherd gave,  
And that bold Robin found,  
Till the blood ran trickling from his head;  
Then he fell to the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 135A.14  
\N1 `Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,  
And thou shalt have fair play,  
If thou wilt yield, before thou go,  
That I have won the day.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.15  
\N1 `A boon, a boon,' cried bold Robin;  
`If that a man thou be,  
Then let me take my beaugle-horn,  
And blow but blasts three.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.16  
\N1 `To blow three times three,' the Shepherd said,  
`I will not thee deny;  
For if thou shouldest blow till to-morrow morn,  
I scorn one foot to f+ly.'

\SBALLADS Child 135A.17  
\N1 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew with mickle main,

Until he espied Little John  
Come tripping over the plain.  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.18  
\N1 `O who is yonder, thou proud fellow,  
That comes down yonder hill?'  
`Yonder is Little John, bold Robin Hoods man,  
Shall f+ight with thee thy f+ill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.19  
\N1 `What is the matter?' saies Little John,  
`Master, come tell to me:'  
`My case is great,' saies Robin Hood,  
`For the Shepherd hath conquered me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.20  
\N1 `I am glad of that,' cries Little John,  
`Shepherd, turn thou to me;  
For a bout with thee I mean to have,  
Either come f+ight or f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.21  
\N1 `With all my heart, thou proud fellow,  
For it never shall be said  
That a shepherds hook of thy sturdy look  
Will one jot be dismaid.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.22  
\N1 So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,  
Striving for victory;  
`I will know,' saies John, e+:re we give ore,  
Whether thou wilt f+ight or f+lye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.23  
\N1 The Shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,  
With his hook under the chin;  
`Beshrew thy heart,' said Little John,  
`Thou basely dost begin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.24  
\N1 `Nay, that\'s nothing,' said the Shepherd;  
`Either yield to me the day,  
Or I will bang thee back and sides,  
Before thou goest thy way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.25  
\N1 `What? dost thou think, thou proud fellow,  
That thou canst conquer me?  
Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,  
I\'le f+ight before I\'le f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.26  
\N1 With that to thrash Little John like mad  
The Shepherd he begun;  
`Hold, hold,' cryed bold Robin Hood,  
`And I\'le yield the wager won.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.27  
\N1 `With all my heart,' said Little John,  
`To that I will agree;  
For he is the f+lower of shepherd-swains,  
The like I never did see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 135A.28  
\N1 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,  
Also of Little John,  
How a shepherd-swain did conquer them;  
The like did never none.  
\LBALLADS Child 136A.1  
\N1 THERE is some will talk of lords and knights,  
Doun a doun a doun a doun

And some of yeoman good,  
But I will tell you of Will Scarlock,  
Little John and Robin Hood.  
Doun a doun a doun a doun  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.2  
\N1 They were outlaws, as \'tis well known,  
And men of a noble blood;  
And many a time was their valour shown  
In the forrest of merry Sheerwood.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.3  
\N1 Vpon a time it chanced so,  
As Robin Hood would have it be,  
They all three would a walking go,  
Some pastime for to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.4  
\N1 And as they walked the forest along,  
Upon a midsummer day,  
There was they aware of three keepers,  
Clade all in green aray.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.5  
\N1 With brave long fauchcons by their sides,  
And forest-bills in hand,  
They calld aloud to those bold outlaws,  
And charged them to stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.6  
\N1 `Why, who are you,' cry\'d bold Robin,  
`That speaks so boldly here?'  
`We three belong to King Henry,  
And are keepers of his deer.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.7  
\N1 `The devil thou art!' sayes Robin Hood,  
`I am sure that it is not so;  
We be the keepers of this forest,  
And that you soon shall know.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.8  
\N1 `Come, your coats of green lay on the ground,  
And so will we all three,  
And take your swords and bucklers round,  
And try the victory.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.9  
\N1 `We be content,' the keepers said,  
\R'\rwe be three, and you no less;  
Then why should we be of you afraid,  
And we never did transgress?'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.10  
\N1 `Why, if you be three keepers in this forest,  
Then we be three rangers good,  
And we will make you to know, before you do go,  
You meet with bold Robin Hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.11  
\N1 `We be content, thou bold outlaw,  
Our valour here to try,  
And we will make you know, before we do go,  
We will f+ight before we will f+ly.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.12  
\N1 `Then, come draw your swords, you bold outlaws,  
And no longer stand to prate,  
But let us try it out with blows,  
For cowards we do hate.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.13

\N1 `Here is one of us for Will Scarlock,  
And another for Little John,  
And I my self for Robin Hood,  
Because he is stout and strong.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.14  
\N1 So they fell to it full hard and sore;  
It was on a midsummers day;  
From eight a clock till two and past,  
They all shewed gallant play.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.15  
\N1 There Robin, and Will, and Little John,  
They fought most manfully,  
Till all their winde was spent and gone,  
Then Robin aloud did cry:  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.16  
\N1 `O hold, O hold,' cries bold Robin,  
`I see you be stout men;  
Let me blow one blast on my bugle-horn,  
Then I\'le f+ight with you again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.17  
\N1 `That bargain\'s to make, bold Robin Hood,  
Therefore we it deny;  
Though a blast upon thy bugle-horn  
Cannot make us f+ight nor f+ly.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.18  
\N1 `Therefore fall on, or else be gone,  
And yield to us the day:  
It shall never be said that we were afraid  
Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.19  
\N1 `If that be so,' cries bold Robin,  
`Let me but know your names,  
And in the forest of merry Sheerwood  
I shall extol your fames.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.20  
\N1 `And with our names,' one of them said,  
`What hast thou here to do?  
Except that you will f+ight it out,  
Our names thou shalt not know.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.21  
\N1 `We will f+ight no more,' sayes bold Robin,  
`You be men of valour stout;  
Come and go with me to Nottingham,  
And there we will f+ight it out.  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.22  
\N1 `With a but of sack we will bang it out,  
To see who wins the day;  
And for the cost, make you no doubt  
I have gold and money to pay  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.23  
\N1 `And ever after, so long as we live,  
We all will brethren be;  
For I love those men with heart and hand  
That will f+ight, and never f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 136A.24  
\N1 So away they went to Nottingham,  
With sack to make amends;  
For three dayes space they wine did chase,  
And drank themselves good friends.  
\LBALLADS Child 137A.1

\N1 WILL you heare a tale of Robin Hood,  
Will Scarlett, and Little John?  
Now listen awhile, it will make you smile,  
As before it hath many done.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.2

\N1 They were archers three, of hie degree,  
As good as ever drewe bowe;  
Their arrowes were long and their armes were strong,  
As most had cause to knowe.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.3

\N1 But one sommers day, as they toke their way  
Through the forrest of greene Sherwood,  
To kill the kings deare, you shall presently heare  
What befell these archers good.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.4

\N1 They were ware on the roade of three peddlers with loade,  
Ffor each had his packe,  
Ffull of all wares for countrie faires,  
Trusst up upon his backe.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.5

\N1 A good oke staffe, a yard and a halfe,  
Each one had in his hande;  
And they were all bound to Nottingham towne,  
As you shall understand.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.6

\N1 `Yonder I see bolde peddlers three,'  
Said Robin to Scarlett and John;  
`We\`le search their packes upon their backs  
Before that they be gone.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.7

\N1 `Holla, good fellowes!' quod Robin Hood,  
`Whither is it ye doe goe?  
Now stay and rest, for that is the best,  
'Tis well ye should doe soe.'

\SBALLADS Child 137A.8

\N1 `Noe rest we neede, on our roade we speede,  
Till to Nottingham we get:'  
`Thou tellst a lewde lye,' said Robin, 'For I  
Can see that ye swinke and swet.'

\SBALLADS Child 137A.9

\N1 The peddlers three crosst over the lee,  
They did not list to f+ight:  
`I charge you tarrie,' quod Robin, 'For marry,  
This is my owne land by right.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.10

\N1 `This is my manner and this is my parke,  
I would have ye for to knowe;  
Ye are bolde outlawes, I see by cause  
Ye are so prest to goe.'

\SBALLADS Child 137A.11

\N1 The peddlers three turned round to see  
Who it might be they herd;  
Then agen went on as they list to be gone,  
And never answered word.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.12

Then toke Robin Hood an arrow so good,  
Which he did never lacke,  
And drew his bowe, and the swift arrowe  
Went through the last peddlers packe.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.13

\N1 Ffor him it was well on the packe it fell,  
Or his life had found an ende;  
And it pierst the skin of his backe within,  
Though the packe did stand his frend.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.14  
\N1 Then downe they f+lung their packes eche one,  
And stayde till Robin came:  
Quod Robin, I saide ye had better stayde;  
Good sooth, ye were to blame.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.15  
\N1 `And who art thou? by S. Crispin, I vowe  
I\'le quickly cracke thy head!'  
Cried Robin, Come on, all three, or one;  
It is not so soone done as said.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.16  
\N1 My name, by the roode, is Robin Hood,  
And this is Scarlett and John;  
It is three to three, ye may plainelie see,  
Soe now, brave fellowes, laye on.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.17  
\N1 The f+irst peddlars blowe brake Robins bowe  
That he had in his hand;  
And Scarlett and John, they eche had one  
That they unneath could stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.18  
\N1 `Now holde your handes,' cride Robin Hood,  
`Ffor ye have got oken staves;  
But tarie till wee can get but three,  
And a f+ig for all your braves.'  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.19  
\N1 Of the peddlers the f+irst, his name Kit o Thirske,  
Said, We are all content;  
Soe eche tooke a stake for his weapon, to make  
The peddlers to repent.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.20  
\N1 Soe to it they fell, and their blowes did ring well  
Uppon the others backes;  
And gave the peddlers cause to wish  
They had not cast their packes.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.21  
\N1 Yet the peddlers three of their blowes were so free  
That Robin began for to rue;  
And Scarlett and John had such loade laide on  
It made the sunne looke blue.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.22  
\N1 At last Kits oke caught Robin a stroke  
That made his head to sound;  
He staggerd, and reelde, till he fell on the f+ielde,  
And the trees with him went round.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.23  
\N1 \R'N\row holde your handes,' cride Little John,  
And soe did Scarlett eke;  
`Our maister is slaine, I tell you plaine,  
He never more will speake.'  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.24  
\N1 `Now, heaven forefend he come to that ende,'  
Said Kit, `I love him well;  
But lett him learne to be wise in turne,  
And not with pore peddlers mell.  
\SBALLADS Child 137A.25



\N1 `In my packe, God wot, I a balsame have got  
That soone his hurts will heale;'  
And into Robin Hoods gaping mouth  
He presentlie powrde some deale.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.26

\N1 `Now fare you well, tis best not to tell  
How ye three peddlers met;  
Or if ye doe, pritheee tell alsoe  
How they made ye swinke and swett.'

\SBALLADS Child 137A.27

\N1 Poore Robin in sound they left on the ground,  
And hied them to Nottingham,  
While Scarlett and John Robin tended on,  
Till at length his senses came.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.28

\N1 Noe soone<r], in haste, did Robin Hood taste  
The balsame he had tane,  
Than he gan to spewe, and up he threwe  
The balsame all againe.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.29

\N1 And scarlett and John, who were looking on  
Their maister as he did lie,  
Had their faces besmeard, both eies and beard,  
Therewith most piteously.

\SBALLADS Child 137A.30

\N1 Thus ended that fray; soe beware alwaye  
How ye doe challenge foes;  
Looke well aboute they are not to stoute,  
Or you may have worst of the blowes.

\LBALLADS Child 138A.1

\N1 COME listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All you that loves mirth for to hear,  
And I will you tell of a bold outlaw,  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.2

\N1 As Robin Hood in the forrest stood,  
All under the green-wood tree,  
There was he ware of a brave young man,  
As f+ine as f+ine might be.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.3

\N1 The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,  
In scarlet f+ine and gay,  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a roundelay.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.4

\N1 As Robin Hood next morning stood,  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did he espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.5

\N1 The scarlet he wore the day before,  
It was clean cast away;  
And every step he fetcht a sigh,  
'Alack and a well a day!'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.6

\N1 Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
And Nick the millers son,  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
When as he see them come.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.7

\N1 `Stand off, stand off,' the young man said,  
`What is your will with me?'  
`You must come before our master straight,  
Vnder yon green-wood tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.8

\N1 And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin askt him courteously,  
O hast thou any money to spare  
For my merry men and me?

\SBALLADS Child 138A.9

\N1 `I have no money,' the young man said,  
`But f+ive shillings and a ring;  
And that I have kept this seven long years,  
To have it at my wedding.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.10

\N1 `Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But she is now from me tane,  
And chosen to be an old knights delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.11

\N1 `What is thy name?' then said Robin Hood,  
`Come tell me, without any fail:'  
`By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,  
`My name it is Allin a Dale.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.12

\N1 `What wilt thou give me,' said Robin Hood,  
`In ready gold or fee,  
To help thee to thy true-love again,  
And deliver her unto thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.13

\N1 `I have no money,' then quoth the young man,  
`No ready gold nor fee,  
But I will swear upon a book  
Thy true servant for to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.14

\N1 `How many miles is it to thy true-love?  
Come tell me without any guile:'  
`By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,  
`It is but f+ive little mile.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.15

\N1 Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor lin,  
Vntil he came unto the church  
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.16

\N1 `What dost thou do here?' the bishop he said,  
`I prethee now tell to me:'  
`I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,  
`And the best in the north countrey.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.17

\N1 `O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,  
`That musick best pleaseth me;'  
`You shall have no musick,' quoth Robin Hood,  
`Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.18

\N1 With that came in a wealthy knight,  
Which was both grave and old,  
And after him a f+inikin lass,  
Did shine like glistering gold.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.19

\N1 `This is no f+it match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,  
`That you do seem to make here;  
For since we are come unto the church,  
The bride she shall chuse her own dear.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.20

\N1 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew blasts two or three;  
When four and twenty bowmen bold  
Came leaping over the lee.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.21

\N1 And when they came into the church-yard,  
Marching all on a row,  
The f+irst man was Allin a Dale,  
To give bold Robin his bow.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.22

\N1 `This is thy true-love,' Robin he said,  
`Young Allin, as I hear say;  
And you shall be married at this same time,  
Before we depart away.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.23

\N1 `That shall not be,' the bishop he said,  
`For thy word shall not stand;  
They shall be three times askt in the church,  
As the law is of our land.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.24

\N1 Robin Hood pulld off the bishops coat,  
And put it upon Little John;  
`By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,  
This cloath doth make thee a man.'

\SBALLADS Child 138A.25

\N1 When Little John went into the quire,  
The people began for to laugh;  
He askt them seven times in the church,  
Least three times should not be enough.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.26

`Who gives me this maid,' then said Little John;  
Quoth Robin, That do I,  
And he that doth take her from Allin a Dale  
Full dearly he shall her buy.

\SBALLADS Child 138A.27

\N1 And thus having ended this merry wedding,  
The bride lookt as fresh as a queen,  
And so they returnd to the merry green wood,  
Amongst the leaves so green.

\LBALLADS Child 139A.1

\N1 ROBIN HOOD hee was and a tall young man,  
Derry derry down  
And f+fifteen winters old,  
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,  
Of courage stout and bold.

Hey down derry derry down

\SBALLADS Child 139A.2

\N1 Robin Hood he would and to fair Nottingham,  
With the general for to dine;  
There was he ware of f+fifteen forresters,  
And a drinking bear, ale, and wine.

\SBALLADS Child 139A.3

\N1 `What news? What news?' said bold Robin Hood;  
`What news, fain wouldest thou know?

Our king hath provided a shooting-match:  
`And I\'m ready with my bow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.4  
\N1 `We hold it in scorn,' then said the forresters,  
`That ever a boy so young  
Should bear a bow before our king,  
That\'s not able to draw one string.'  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.5  
\N1 `I\'le hold you twenty marks,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`By the leave of Our Lady,  
That I\'le hit a mark a hundred rod,  
And I\'le cause a hart to dye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.6  
\N1 `We\'l hold you twenty mark,' then said the forresters,  
`By the leave of Our Lady,  
Thou hitst not the marke a hundred rod,  
Nor causest a hart to dye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.7  
\N1 Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,  
And a broad arrow he let f+lye,  
He hit the mark a hundred rod,  
And he caused a hart to dy.  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.8  
\N1 Some said hee brake ribs one or two,  
And some said hee brake three;  
The arrow within the hart would not abide,  
But it glanced in two or three.  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.9  
\N1 The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,  
And the hart lay on the ground;  
`The wager is mine,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`If \'twere for a thousand pound.'  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.10  
\N1 `The wager\'s none of thine,' then said the forresters,  
`Although thou beest in haste;  
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,  
Lest wee thy sides do baste.'  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.11  
\N1 Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,  
And his broad arrows all amain,  
And Robin Hood he laught, and begun to smile,  
As hee went over the plain.  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.12  
\N1 Then Robin Hood hee bent his noble bow,  
And his broad arrows he let f+lye,  
Till fourteen of these f+fifteen forresters  
Vpon the ground did lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.13  
\N1 He that did this quarrel f+irst begin  
Went tripping over the plain;  
But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,  
And hee fetcht him back again.  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.14  
\N1 `You said I was no archer,' said Robin Hood,  
`But say so now again;'  
With that he sent another arrow  
That split his head in twain.  
\SBALLADS Child 139A.15  
\N1 `You have found mee an archer,' saith Robin Hood,  
`Which will make your wives for to wring,

And wish that you had never spoke the word,  
That I could not draw one string.'

\SBALLADS Child 139A.16

\N1 The people that lived in fair Nottingham  
Came runing out amain,  
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,  
With the forresters that were slain.

\SBALLADS Child 139A.17

\N1 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
And some did lose their blood,  
But Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,  
And is gone to the merry green wood.

\SBALLADS Child 139A.18

\N1 They carryed these forresters into fair Nottingham,  
As many there did know;  
They digd them graves in their church-yard,  
And they buried them all a row.

\LBALLADS Child 140A.1

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\N1 . . . . .

In faith thou shal[t] haue mine,  
And twenty pound in thy purse,  
To spend att ale and wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.2

\N1 `Though yo\iu\rr clothes are of light Lincolne green,  
And mine gray russett and torne,  
Yet it doth not you beseeme  
To doe an old man scorne.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.3

\N1 `I scorne thee not, old man,' says Robin,  
`By the faith of my body;  
Doe of thy clothes, thou shalt haue mine,  
For it may noe better bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.4

\N1 But Robin did on this old mans hose,  
The were torne in the wrist;  
`When I looke on my leggs,' said Robin,  
`Then for to laugh I list.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.5

\N1 But Robin did on the old mans shooes,  
And the were cliitt full cleane;  
`Now, by my faith,' sayes Litle Iohn,  
`These are good for thornes keene.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.6

\N1 But Robin did on the old mans cloake,  
And it was torne in the necke;  
`Now, by my faith,' said William Scarlett,  
`Heere shold be set a specke.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.7

\N1 But Robin did on this old mans hood,  
Itt gogled on his crowne;  
`When I come into Nottingham,' said Robin,  
`R'M\ry hood it will lightly downe.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.8

\N1 `But yonder is an outwood,' said Robin,  
`An outwood all and a shade,  
And thither I reede you, my merrymen all,  
The ready way to take.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.9

\N1 `And when you heare my litle horne blow,

Come raking all on a rowte

. . . . .

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 140A.10

\N1 But Robin he lope, and Robin he threw,  
He lope over stocke and stone;  
But those that saw Ro\ibin\r Hood run  
Said he was a liuer old man.

\SBALLADS Child 140A.11

\N1 [Then Robin set his] horne to his mowth,  
A loud blast cold h<e] blow;  
Ffull three hundred bold yeomen  
Came rakinge all on a row.

\SBALLADS Child 140A.12

\N1 But Robin cast downe his baggs of bread,  
Soe did he his staffe w\ii\rth a face,  
And in a doublet of red veluett  
This yeoman stood in his place.

\SBALLADS Child 140A.13

\N1 `But bend yo\iu\r rr bowes, and stroke yo\iu\r strings,  
Set the gallow-tree aboute,  
And Christs cursse on his heart,' said Robin,  
'That spares the sheriffe and the sergiant!'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.14

\N1 When the sheriffe see gentle Robin wold shoote,  
He held vp both his hands;  
Sayes, Aske, good Robin, and thou shalt haue,  
Whether it be house or land.

\SBALLADS Child 140A.15

\N1 `I will neither haue house nor land,' said Ro\ibin\r,  
'Nor gold, nor none of thy f+fee,  
But I will haue those three squires  
To the greene f+forest w\ii\rth me.

\SBALLADS Child 140A.16

\N1 `Now marry, Gods forbott,' said the sheriffe,  
'That euer \itha\rt shold bee;  
For why, they be the kings f+felons,  
They are all condemned to dye.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.17

\N1 `But grant me my askinge,' said Robin,  
'Or by the faith of my body  
Thou shalt be the f+irst man  
Shall f+lower this gallow-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 140A.18

\N1 `But I wi<ll haue t>hose three squires

. . . . .

\LBALLADS Child 140B.1

\N1 THERE are twelve months in all the year,  
As I hear many men say,  
But the merriest month in all the year  
Is the merry month of May.

\SBALLADS Child 140B.2

\N1 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
With a link a down and a day,  
And there he met a silly old woman,  
Was weeping on the way.

\SBALLADS Child 140B.3

\N1 `What news? what news, thou silly old woman?  
What news hast thou for me?'

Said she, There\'s three squires in Nottingham town  
To-day is condemned to die.

\SBALLADS Child 140B.4

\N1 `O have they parishes burnt?' he said,  
`Or have they ministers slain?  
Or have they robbed any virgin,  
Or with other men\'s wives have lain?'

\SBALLADS Child 140B.5

\N1 `They have no parishes burnt, good sir,  
Nor yet have ministwrs slain,  
Nor have they robbed any virgin,  
Nor with other men\'s wives have lain.'

\SBALLADS Child 140B.6

\N1 `O what have they done?' said bold Robin Hood,  
`I pray thee tell to me:'  
`It\'s for slaying of the king\'s fallow deer,  
Bearing their long bows with thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 140B.7

\N1 `Dost thou not mind, old woman,' he said,  
`Since thou made me sup and dine?  
By the truth of my body,' quoth bold Robin Hood,  
`You could not tell it in better time.'

\SBALLADS Child 140B.8

\N1 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
With a link a down and a day,  
And there he met a silly old palmer,  
Was walking along the highway.

\SBALLADS Child 140B.9

\N1 `What news? what news, thou silly old man?  
What news, I do thee pray?'  
Said he, Three squires in Nottingham town  
Are condemnd to die this day.

\SBALLADS Child 140B.10

\N1 `Come change thy apparel with me, old man,  
Come change thy apparel for mine;  
Here is forty shillings in good silver,  
Go drink it in beer or wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 140B.11

\N1 `O thine apparel is good,' he said,  
`And mine is ragged and torn;  
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,  
Laugh neer an old man to scorn.'

\SBALLADS Child 140B.12

\N1 `Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,  
Come change thy apparel with mine;  
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,  
Go feast thy brethren with wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 140B.13

\N1 Then he put on the old man\'s hat,  
It stood full high on the crown:  
`The ffirst bold bargain that I come at,  
It shall make thee come down.'

\SBALLADS Child 140B.14

\N1 Then he put on the old man\'s cloak,  
Was patchd black, blew, and red;  
He thought no shame all the day long  
To wear the bags of bread.

\SBALLADS Child 140B.15

\N1 Then he put on the old man\'s breeks,  
Was patchd from ballup to side;

`By the truth of my body,' bold Robin can say,  
`This man lov'd little pride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.16  
\N1 Then he put on the old man\'s hose,  
Were patch'd from knee to wrist;  
`By the truth of my body,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`I\'d laugh if I had any list.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.17  
\N1 Then he put on the old man\'s shoes,  
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;  
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,  
It\'s good habit that makes a man.  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.18  
\N1 Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
With a link a down and a down,  
And there he met with the proud sheriff,  
Was walking along the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.19  
\N1 `O save, O save, O sheriff,' he said,  
`O save, and you may see!  
And what will you give to a silly old man  
To-day will your hangman be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.20  
`Some suits, some suits,' the sheriff he said,  
`Some suits I\'ll give to thee;  
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen  
To-day\'s a hangman\'s fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.21  
\N1 Then Robin he turns him round about,  
And jumps from stock to stone;  
`By the truth of my body,' the sheriff he said,  
`That\'s well jump't, thou nimble old man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.22  
\N1 `I was neer a hangman in all my life,  
Nor yet intends to trade;  
But curst be he,' said bold Robin,  
`That first a hangman was made.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.23  
\N1 `I\'ve a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,  
And a bag for barley and corn;  
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,  
And a bag for my little small horn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.24  
\N1 `I have a horn in my pocket,  
I got it from Robin Hood,  
And still when I set it to my mouth,  
For thee it blows little good.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.25  
\N1 O wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,  
Of thee I have no doubt;  
I wish that thou give such a blast  
Till both thy eyes fall out.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.26  
\N1 The first loud blast that he did blow,  
He blew both loud and shrill;  
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood\'s men  
Came riding over the hill.  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.27  
\N1 The next loud blast that he did give,  
He blew both loud and amain,



And quickly sixty of Robin Hood\'s men  
Came shining over the plain.  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.28  
\N1 `O who are yon,' the sheriff he said,  
`Come tripping over the lee?'  
`The\'re my attendants,' brave Robin did say,  
`They\'ll pay a visit to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140B.29  
\N1 They took the gallows from the slack,  
They set it in the glen,  
They hangd the proud sheriff on that,  
Releasd their own three men.  
\LBALLADS Child 140C.1  
\N1 BOLD Robin Hood ranging the forest all round,  
The forest all round ranged he;  
O there did he meet with a gay lady,  
She came weeping along the highway.  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.2  
\N1 `Why weep you, why weep you?' bold Robin he said,  
`What, weep you for gold or fee?  
Or do you weep for your maidenhead,  
That is taken from your body?'  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.3  
\N1 `I weep not for gold,' the lady replied,  
`Neither do I weep for fee;  
Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,  
That is taken from my body.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.4  
\N1 `What weep you for then?' said jolly Robin,  
`I prithee come tell unto me;'  
`Oh! I do weep for my three sons,  
For they are all condemned to die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.5  
\N1 `What church have they robbed?' said jolly Robin,  
`Or parish-priest have they slain?  
What maids have they forced against their will?  
Or with other men\'s wives have lain?'  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.6  
\N1 `No church have they robbd,' this lady replied,  
`Nor parish-priest have they slain;  
No maids have they forc\'d against their will,  
Nor with other men\'s wives have lain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.7  
\N1 `What have they done then?' said jolly Robin,  
`Come tell me most speedily:'  
`Oh! it is for killing the king\'s fallow deer,  
And they are all condemned to die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.8  
\N1 `Get you home, get you home,' said jolly Robin,  
`Get you home most speedily,  
And I will unto fair Nottingham go,  
For the sake of the squires all three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.9  
\N1 Then bold Robin Hood for Nottingham goes,  
For Nottingham town goes he,  
O there did he meet with a poor beggar-man,  
He came creeping along the highway.  
\SBALLADS Child 140C.10  
\N1 `What news, what news, thou old beggar-man?  
What news, come tell unto me:'

`O there is weeping and wailing in fair Nottingham,  
For the death of the squires all three.'

\SBALLADS Child 140C.11

\N1 This beggar-man had a coat on his back,  
\'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;  
Bold Robin Hood thought \'twas no disgrace  
To be in a beggar-man\'s stead.

\SBALLADS Child 140C.12

\N1 `Come, pull off thy coat, you old beggar-man,  
And you shall put on mine;  
And forty good shillings I\'ll give thee to boot,  
Besides brandy, good beer, ale and wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 140C.13

\N1 Bold Robin Hood then unto Nottingham came,  
Unto Nottingham town came he;  
O there did he meet with great master sheriff,  
And likewise the squires all three.

\SBALLADS Child 140C.14

\N1 `One boon, one boon,' says jolly Robin,  
`One boon I beg on my knee;  
That, as for the deaths of these three squires,  
Their hangman I may be.'

\SBALLADS Child 140C.15

\N1 `Soon granted, soon granted,' says great master sheriff,  
`Soon granted unto thee;  
And you shall have all their gay cloathing,  
Aye, and all their white money.'

\SBALLADS Child 140C.16

\N1 `O I will have none of their gay cloathing,  
Nor none of their white money,  
But I\'ll have three blasts on my bugle-horn,  
That their souls to heaven may f+lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 140C.17

\N1 Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,  
Where he blew loud and shrill,  
Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood\'s men  
They came marching all down the green hill.

\SBALLADS Child 140C.18

\N1 `Whose men are they all these?' says great master sheriff,  
`Whose men are they? tell unto me:'

`O they are mine, but none of thine,  
And they\'re come for the squires all three.'

\SBALLADS Child 140C.19

\N1 `O take them, O take them,' says great master sheriff,  
`O take them along with thee;  
For there\'s never a man in all Nottingham  
Can do the like of thee.'

\LBALLADS Child 141A.1

\N1 WHEN Robin Hood in the green-wood livd,  
Derry derry down  
Vnder the green-wood tree,  
Tidings there came to him with speed,  
Tidings for certainty,  
Hey down derry derry down

\SBALLADS Child 141A.2

\N1 That Will Stutly surprized was,  
And eke in prison lay;  
Three varlets that the sheriff had hired  
Did likely him betray.

\SBALLADS Child 141A.3

\N1 I, and to-morrow hanged must be,  
To-morrow as soon as it is day;  
But before they could this victory get,  
Two of them did Stutly slay.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.4  
\N1 When Robin Hood he heard this news,  
Lord! he was grieved sore,  
I, and unto his merry men [said],  
Who altogether swore,  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.5  
\N1 That Will Stutly should rescued be,  
And be brought safe again;  
Or elde should many a gallant wight  
For his sake there be slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.6  
\N1 He cloathed himself in scarlet then,  
His men were all in green;  
A finer show, throughout the world,  
In no place could be seen.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.7  
\N1 Good lord! it was a gallant sight  
To see them all on a row;  
With every man a good broad sword,  
And eke a good yew bow.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.8  
\N1 Forth of the green wood are they gone,  
Yea, all couragiously,  
Resolving to bring Stutly home,  
Or every man to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.9  
\N1 And when they came the castle neer,  
Whereas Will Stutly lay,  
'I hold it good,' saith Robin Hood,  
'Wee here in ambush stay,  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.10  
\N1 'And send one forth some news to hear,  
To yonder palmer fair,  
That stands under the castle-wall;  
Some news he may declare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.11  
\N1 With that steps forth a brave young man,  
Which was of courage bold;  
Thus hee did say to the old man:  
I pray thee, palmer old,  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.12  
\N1 Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,  
When must Will Stutly die,  
Who is one of bold Robins men,  
And here doth prisoner lie?  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.13  
\N1 'Alack, alas,' the palmer said,  
'And for ever wo is me!  
Will Stutly hanged must be this day,  
On yonder gallows-tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.14  
\N1 'O had his noble master known,  
Hee would some succour send;  
A few of his bold yeomandree  
Full soon would fetch him hence.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.15

\N1 `I, that is true,' the young man said;  
`I, that is true,' said hee;  
`Or, if they were neer to this place,  
They soon would set him free.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.16  
\N1 `But fare thou well, thou good old man,  
Farewell, and thanks to thee;  
If Stutly hanged be this day,  
Revend his death will be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.17  
\N1 He was no sooner from the palmer gone,  
But the gates was opened wide,  
And out of the castle Will Stutly came,  
Guarded on every side.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.18  
\N1 When hee was forth from the castle come,  
And saw no help was nigh,  
Thus he did say unto the sheriff,  
Thus he said gallantly:  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.19  
\N1 Now seeing that I needs must die,  
Grant me one boon, says he;  
For my noble master nere had man  
That yet was hangd on the tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.20  
\N1 Give me a sword all in my hand,  
And let mee be unbound,  
And with thee and thy men I\`le f+ight,  
Vntill I lie dead on the ground.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.21  
\N1 But his desire he would not grant,  
His wishes were in vain;  
For the sheriff had sworn he hanged should be,  
And not by the sword be slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.22  
\N1 `Do but unbind my hands,' he saies,  
`I will no weapons crave,  
And if I hanged be this day,  
Damnation let me have.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.23  
\N1 `O no, O no,' the sheriff he said,  
`Thou shalt on the gallows die,  
I, and so shall thy master too,  
If ever in me it lie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.24  
\N1 `O dastard coward!' Stutly cries,  
`Thou faint-heart pesant slave!  
If ever my master do thee meet,  
Thou shalt thy paiment have.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.25  
\N1 `My noble master thee doth scorn,  
And all thy cowardly crew;  
Such silly imps unable are  
Bold Robin to subdue.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.26  
\N1 But when he was to the gallows come,  
And ready to bid adiew,  
Out of a bush leaps Little John,  
And steps Will Stutly to.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.27

\N1 `I pray thee, Will, before thou die,  
Of thy dear friends take leave;  
I needs must borrow him a while,  
How say you, master sheriff?'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.28  
\N1 `Now, as I live,' the sheriff he said,  
`That varlet will I know;  
Some sturdy rebell is that same,  
Therefore let him not go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.29  
\N1 With that Little John so hastily  
Away cut Stutly\'s bands,  
And from one of the sheriff his men,  
A sword twicht from his hands.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.30  
\N1 `Here, Will, here, take thou this same,  
Thou canst it better sway;  
And here defend thy self a while,  
For aid will come straight way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.31  
\N1 And there they turnd them back to back,  
In the middle of them that day,  
Till Robin Hood approached neer,  
With many an archer gay.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.32  
\N1 With that an arrow by them f+lew,  
I wist from Robin Hood;  
`Make haste, make haste,' the sheriff he said,  
`Make haste, for it is good.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.33  
\N1 The sheriff is gone; his doughty men  
Thought it no boot to stay,  
But, as their master had them taught,  
They run full fast away.  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.34  
\N1 `O stay, O stay,' Will Stutly said,  
`Take leave ere you depart;  
You nere will catch bold Robin Hood  
Vnless you dare him meet.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.35  
\N1 `O ill betide you,' quoth Robin Hood,  
`That you so soon are gone;  
My sword may in the scabbord rest,  
For here our work is done.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.36  
\N1 `I little thought when I came here,  
When I came to this place,  
For to have met with Little John,  
Or seen my masters face.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.37  
\N1 Thus Stutly was at liberty set,  
And safe brought from his foe;  
`O thanks, O thanks to my master,  
Since here it was not so.'  
\SBALLADS Child 141A.38  
\N1 `And once again, my fellows,  
We shall in the green woods meet,  
Where we will make our bow-strings twang,  
Musick for us most sweet.'  
\LBALLADS Child 142A.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

. . beggar,' he sayes,  
'With none such fellows as thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 142A.2

\N1 'I am not in iest,' said Litle Iohn,  
'I sweare all by the roode;  
Change w\ii\rth mee,' said Little Iohn,  
'And I will giue thee some boote.'

\SBALLADS Child 142A.3

\N1 But he has gotten on this old mans gowne,  
It reacht not to his wrist;  
'Christ\'s curse on\'s hart,' said Litle Iohn,  
'That thinkes my gowne amisse.'

\SBALLADS Child 142A.4

\N1 But he has gotten on this old mans shoes,  
Are clouted nine fold about;  
'Beshrew his hart,' said Litle Iohn,  
'That bryer or thorne does doubt.'

\SBALLADS Child 142A.5

\N1 'Wilt teach me some phrase of thy begging?' says Iohn;  
'I pray thee, tell it mee,  
How I may be as beggar-like  
As any in my companie.'

\SBALLADS Child 142A.6

\N1 'Thou must goe two foote on a staffe,  
The third upon a tree;  
Full loud that thou must cry and fare,  
When nothing ayleth thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 142A.7

\N1 But Iohn he walket the hills soe high,  
Soe did [he] the hills soe browne;  
The ready way that he could take  
Was towards Nottingham towne.

\SBALLADS Child 142A.8

\N1 But as he was on the hills soe high,  
He mett w\ii\rth palmers three;  
Sayes, God you saue, my brethren all,  
Now God you saue and see!

\SBALLADS Child 142A.9

\N1 This seuen yeere I haue you sought;  
Before I cold neuer you see!  
Said they, Wee had leuer such a cankred carle  
Were neuer in our companie.

\SBALLADS Child 142A.10

\N1 But one of them tooke Litle Iohn on his head,  
The blood ran over his eye;  
Little Iohn turned him twise about

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 142A.11

\N1 'If I . . . . .

As I haue beene but one day,  
I shold haue purchased three of the best churches  
That stands by any highway.'

\LBALLADS Child 142B.1

\N1 ALL you that delight to spend some time  
With a hey down down a down down  
A merry song for to sing,

Vnto me draw neer, and you shall hear  
How Little John went a begging.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.2  
\N1 As Robin Hood walked the forrest along,  
And all his yeomandree,  
Sayes Robin, Some of you must a begging go,  
And, Little John, it must be thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.3  
\N1 Sayes John, If I must a begging go,  
I will have a palmers weed,  
With a staff and coat, and bags of all sort,  
The better then I shall speed.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.4  
\N1 Come, give me now a bag for my bread,  
And another for my cheese,  
And one for a peny, when as I get any,  
That nothing I may leese.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.5  
\N1 Now Little John he is a begging gone,  
Seeking for some relief;  
But of all the beggers he met on the way,  
Little John he was the chief.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.6  
\N1 But as he was walking himself alone,  
Four beggers he chanced to spy,  
Some deaf, and some blind, and some came behind;  
Says John, Here\'s brave company!  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.7  
\N1 `Good-morrow,' said John, 'My brethren dear,  
Good fortune I had you to see;  
Which way do you go? pray let me know,  
For I want some company.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.8  
\N1 `O what is here to do?' then said Little John,  
`Why rings all these bells?' said he;  
`What dog is a hanging? come, let us be ganging,  
That we the truth may see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.9  
\N1 `Here is no dog a hanging,' then one of them said,  
`Good fellow, we tell unto thee;  
But here is one dead wil give us cheese and bred,  
And it may be one single peny.'  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.10  
\N1 `We have brethren in London,' another he said,  
`So have we in Coventry,  
In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over,  
But nere a crookt carril like thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.11  
\N1 `Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carel,  
And take that knock on the crown;'  
`Nay,' said Little John, `I\'le not yet be gone,  
For a bout will I have with you round.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.12  
\N1 `Now have at you all,' then said Little John,  
`If you be so full of your blows;  
Fight on, all four, and nere give ore,  
Whether you be friends or foes.'  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.13  
\N1 John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore,  
And the blind that could not see,

And he that a cripple had been seven years,  
He made him run faster then he.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.14  
\N1 And f+linging them all against the wall,  
With many a sturdie bang,  
It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,  
Which against the walls cryed twang.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.15  
\N1 Then he got out of the beggers cloak  
Three hundred pound in gold;  
'Good fortune had I,' then said Little John,  
'Such a good sight to behold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.16  
\N1 But what found he in a beggers bag,  
But three hundred pound and three?  
'If I drink water while this doth last,  
Then an ill death may I dye!  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.17  
'And my begging-trade I will now give ore,  
My fortune hath bin so good;  
Therefore I\le not stay, but I will away  
To the forrest of merry Sherwood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.18  
\N1 And when to the forrest of Sherwood he came,  
He quickly there did see  
His master good, bold Robin Hood,  
And all his company.  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.19  
\N1 'What news? What news?' then said Robin Hood,  
'Come, Little John, tell unto me;  
How hast thou sped with thy beggers trade?  
For that I fain would see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.20  
\N1 'No news but good,' then said Little John,  
'With begging ful wel I have sped;  
Six hundred and three I have here for thee,  
In silver and gold so red.'  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.21  
\N1 Then Robin took Little John by the hand,  
And danced about the oak-tree:  
'If we drink water while this doth last,  
Then an il death may we die!'  
\SBALLADS Child 142B.22  
\N1 So to conclude my merry new song,  
All you that delight it to sing,  
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
And how Little John went a begging.  
\LBALLADS Child 143A.1  
\N1 COME, gentlemen all, and listen a while,  
Hey down down an a down  
And a story I\le to you unfold;  
I\le tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,  
When he robbed him of his gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.2  
\N1 As it fell out on a sun-shining day,  
When Phebus was in his prime,  
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,  
In mirth would spend some time.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.3  
\N1 And as he walked the forrest along,



Some pastime for to spy,  
There was he aware of a proud bishop,  
And all his company.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.4  
\N1 `O what shall I do?' said Robin Hood then,  
`If the Bishop he doth take me,  
No mercy he\'l show unto me, I know,  
But hanged I shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.5  
\N1 Then Robin was stout, and turnd him about,  
And a little house there he did spy;  
And to an old wife, for to save his life,  
He loud began for to cry.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.6  
\N1 `Why, who art thou?' said the old woman,  
`Come tell it to me for good:'  
`I am an out-law, as many do know,  
My name it is Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.7  
\N1 `And yonder\'s the Bishop and all his men,  
And if that I taken be,  
Then day and night he\'l work me spight,  
And hanged I shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.8  
\N1 `If thou be Robin Hood,' said the old wife,  
`As thou dost seem to be,  
I\'le for thee provide, and thee I will hide  
From the Bishop and his company.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.9  
\N1 `For I well remember, one Saturday night  
Thou bought me both shoos and hose;  
Therefore I\'le provide thy person to hide,  
And keep thee from thy foes.'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.10  
\N1 `Then give me soon thy coat of gray,  
And take thou my mantle of green;  
Thy spindle and twine to me resign,  
And take thou my arrows so keen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.11  
\N1 And when that Robin Hood was so araid,  
He went straight to his company;  
With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt behind  
For the Bishop and his company.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.12  
\N1 `O who is yonder,' quoth Little John,  
`That now comes over the lee?  
An arrow I will at her let f+lie,  
So like an old witch looks she.'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.13  
\N1 `O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin then,  
`And shoot not thy arrows so keen;  
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,  
And quickly it shall be seen,'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.14  
\N1 The Bishop he came to the old womans house,  
And he called with furious mood,  
`Come let me soon see, and bring unto me,  
That traitor Robin Hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.15  
\N1 The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,

Himselpe on a dapple-gray,  
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,  
He went laughing all the way.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.16  
\N1 But as they were riding the forrest along,  
The Bishop he chanc\'d for to see  
A hundred brave bow-men bold  
Stand under the green-wood tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.17  
\N1 `O who is yonder,' the Bishop then said,  
`That\'s ranging within yonder wood?'  
`Marry,' says the old woman, `I think it to be  
A man calld Robin Hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.18  
\N1 `Why, who art thou,' the Bishop he said,  
`Which I have here with me?'  
`Why, I am an old woman, thou cuckoldly bishop;  
Lift up my leg and see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.19  
\N1 `Then woe is me,' the Bishop he said,  
`That ever I saw this day!'  
He turnd hum about, but Robin so stout  
Calld him, and bid him stay.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.20  
\N1 Then Robin took hold of the Bishops horse,  
And ty\'d him fast to a tree;  
Then Little John smil\'d his master upon,  
For joy of that company.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.21  
\N1 Robin Hood took his mantle from \'s back,  
And spread it upon the ground,  
And out of the Bishops portmantle he  
Soon told f+ive hundred pound.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.22  
\N1 `So now let him go,' said Robin Hood;  
Said Little John, That may not be;  
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass  
Before that he goe from me.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.23  
\N1 Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,  
And bound him fast to a tree,  
And made him sing a mass, God wot,  
To him and his yeomandree.  
\SBALLADS Child 143A.24  
\N1 And then they brought him through the wood,  
And set him on his dapple-gray,  
And gave the tail within his hand,  
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.  
\LBALLADS Child 144A.1  
\N1 SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,  
And some of barons bold,  
But I\'ll tell you how he servd the Bishop of Hereford,  
When he robbed him of his gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.2  
\N1 As it befel in merry Barnsdale,  
And under the green-wood tree,  
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,  
With all his company.  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.3  
\N1 `Come, kill a venson,' said bold Robin Hood,

`Come, kill me a good fat deer;  
The Bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,  
And he shall pay well for his cheer.  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.4  
\N1 `We`'ll kill a fat venson,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`And dress it by the highway-side;  
And we will watch the Bishop narrowly,  
Lest some other way he should ride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.5  
\N1 Robin Hood dressd himself in shepherd`s attire,  
With six of his men also;  
And, when the Bishop of Hereford came by,  
They about the fire did go.  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.6  
\N1 `O what is the matter?' then said the Bishop,  
`Or for whom do you make this a-do?  
Or why do you kill the king`s venson,  
When your company is so few?'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.7  
\N1 `We are shepherds,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`And we keep sheep all the year,  
And we are disposed to be merry this day,  
And to kill of the king`s fat deer.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.8  
\N1 `You are brave fellows!' said the Bishop,  
`And the king of your doings shall know;  
Therefore make haste and come along with me,  
For before the king you shall go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.9  
\N1 `O pardon, O pardon,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`O pardon, I thee pray!  
For it becomes not your lordship`s coat  
To take so many lives away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.10  
\N1 `No pardon, no pardon,' says the Bishop,  
`No pardon I thee owe;  
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
For before the king you shall go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.11  
\N1 Then Robin set his back against a tree,  
And his foot against a thorn,  
And from underneath his shepherd`s coat  
He pulld out a bugle-horn.  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.12  
\N1 He put the little end to his mouth,  
And a loud blast did he blow,  
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin`s men  
Came running all on a row;  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.13  
\N1 All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood;  
`'Twas a comely sight for to see:  
`What is the matter, master,' said Little John,  
`That you blow so hastily?'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.14  
\N1 `O here is the Bishop of Hereford,  
And no pardon we shall have:'  
`Cut off his head, master,' said Little John,  
`And throw him into his grave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.15  
\N1 `O pardon, O pardon,' said the Bishop,

`O pardon, I thee pray!  
For if I had known it had been you,  
I\'d have gone some other way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.16  
\N1 `No pardon, no pardon,' said Robin Hood,  
`No pardon I thee owe;  
Therefore make haste and come along with me,  
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.17  
\N1 Then Robin he took the Bishop by the hand,  
And led him to merry Barnsdale;  
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,  
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.18  
\N1 `Call in the reckoning,' said the Bishop,  
`For methinks it grows wondrous high:'  
`Lend me your purse, Bishop,' said Little John,  
`And I\'ll tell you bye and bye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.19  
\N1 Then Little John took the bishop\'s cloak,  
And spread it upon the ground,  
And out of the bishop\'s portmantua  
He told three hundred pound.  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.20  
\N1 `Here\'s money enough, master,' said Little John,  
`And a comely sight \\'tis to see;  
It makes me in charity with the Bishop,  
Tho he heartily loveth not me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144A.21  
\N1 Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand,  
And he caused the music to play,  
And he made the Bishop to dance in his boots,  
And glad he could so get away.  
\LBALLADS Child 144B.1  
\N1 SOME talk of lords, and some talk of lairds,  
And some talk of barrons bold,  
But I\'ll tell you a story of bold Robin Hood,  
How he robbed the Bishop of his gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 144B.2  
\N1 `Cause kill us a venison,' sayes Robin Hood,  
`And we\'ll dress it by the high-way side,  
And we will watch narrowly for the Bishop,  
Lest some other way he do ride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144B.3  
\N1 `Now who is this,' sayes the Bishop,  
`That makes so boldly here  
To kill the king\'s poor small venison,  
And so few of his company here?'  
\SBALLADS Child 144B.4  
\N1 `We are shepherds,' says Robin Hood,  
`And do keep sheep all the year;  
And we thought it f+it to be merry on a day,  
And kill one of the king\'s fallow deer.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144B.5  
\N1 `Thou art a bold fellow,' the Bishop replies,  
`And your boldness you do show;  
Make hast, make hast, and go along with me,  
For the king of your doings shall know.'  
\SBALLADS Child 144B.6  
\N1 He leand his back unto a brae,

His foot against a thorn,  
And out from beneath his long shepherds coat  
He pulled a blowing-horn.

\SBALLADS Child 144B.7

\N1 He put his horn in to his mouth,  
And a snell blast he did blow,  
Till four and twenty of bold Robins men  
Came riding up all in a row.

\SBALLADS Child 144B.8

\N1 `Come, give us a reckoning,' says the Bishop,  
`For I think you drink wondrous large.'  
`Come, give me your purse,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`And I will pay all your charge.'

\SBALLADS Child 144B.9

\N1 He pulled off his long shepherds coat,  
And he spread it on the ground,  
And out of the Bishops long trunk-hose,  
He pulled a hundred pound.

\SBALLADS Child 144B.10

\N1 `O master,' quoth Little John,  
`It\'s a very bony sight for to see;  
It makes me to favour the Bishop,  
Tho in heart he loves not me.'

\SBALLADS Child 144B.11

\N1 `Come, sing us a mass,' sayes bold Robin Hood,  
`Come, sing us a mass all anon;  
Come, sing us a mass,' sayes bold Robin Hood,  
`Take a kick in the a--se, and be gone.'

\LBALLADS Child 145A.1

\N1 NOW list you, lithe you, gentlemen,  
A while for a litle space,  
And I shall tell you how Queene Katterine  
Gott Robin Hood his grace.

\SBALLADS Child 145A.2

\N1 Gold taken from the kings harbengers  
Seldome times hath beene seene,

. . . .  
. . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 145A.3

\N1 . . . .  
`Queene Katherine, I say to thee;'  
`That\'s a princly wager,' q\iuo\rth Queene Katherine,  
`Betweene yo\iu\rr grace and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 145A.4

\N1 `Where must I haue mine archers?' says Queene Katherine;  
`You haue the f+lower of archery:.'  
`Now take yo\iu\rr choice, dame,' he sayes,  
`Thorow out all England free.'

\SBALLADS Child 145A.5

\N1 `Yea from North Wales to Westchester,  
And also to Couentry;  
And when you haue chosen the best you can,  
The wager must goe w\ii\rth mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 145A.6

\N1 `If that prooue,' says Queene Katherine,  
`Soone that wilbe tride and knowne;  
Many a man counts of another mans pursse,  
And after looseth his owne.'

\SBALLADS Child 145A.7

\N1 The queene is to her palace gone,  
 To her page thus shee can say:  
 Come hither to me, Dicke Patrinton,  
 Trusty and trew this day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.8  
 \N1 Thou must bring me the names of my archers all,  
 All strangers must they bee,  
 Yea from North Wales to West Chester,  
 And alsoe to Couentrie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.9  
 \N1 Com\im\rend me to Robin Hood, says Queene Katherine,  
 And alsoe to Litle John,  
 And specially to Will Scarlett,  
 Ffryar Tucke and Maid Marryan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.10  
 \N1 Robin Hood we must call Loxly,  
 And Little John the Millers sonne;  
 Thus wee then must change their names,  
 They must be strangers euery one.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.11  
 \N1 Com\im\rend mee to Robin Hood, sayes Queene Katherine,  
 And marke, page, what I say;  
 In London they must be w\ii\rth me  
 [Vpon St Georges day.]  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.12  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 `These words hath sent by me;  
 Att London you must be w\ii\rth her  
 Vpon St Georg<e>s day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.13  
 \N1 `Vpon St Georg<e>s day att noone  
 Att London needs must you bee;  
 Shee wold not misse yo\iu\rr companie  
 For all the gold in Cristinty.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.14  
 \N1 `Shee hath tane a shooting for yo\iu\rr sake,  
 The greatest in Christentie,  
 And her part you must needs take  
 Against her prince, Henery.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.15  
 \N1 `Shee sends you heere her gay gold ring  
 A trew token for to bee;  
 And, as you are [a] banisht man,  
 Shee trusts to sett you free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.16  
 \N1 `And I loose that wager,' says bold Robin Hoode,  
 `I\le bring mony to pay for me;  
 And wether that I win or loose,  
 On my queenes part I will be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.17  
 \N1 In som\im\rer time when leaues grow greene,  
 And f+lowers are fresh and gay,  
 Then Ro\ibin\r Hood he deckt his men  
 Eche one in braue array.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.18  
 \N1 He deckt his men in Lincolne greene,  
 Himselke in scarlett red;  
 Fayre of theire brest then was it seene  
 When his siluer armes were spread.

\SBALLADS Child 145A.19

\N1 With hatt\ii\rs white and fethers blacke,  
And bowes and arrowes keene,  
And thus he ietted towards louly London,  
To p\ire\rsent Queene Katherine.

\SBALLADS Child 145A.20

\N1 But when they cam to louly London,  
They kneeled vpon their knee;  
Sayes, God you saue, Queene Katherine,  
And all yo\iu\rr dignitie!

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 145A.21

\N1 . . . . . of my guard,'  
Thus can King Henry say,  
'And those that wilbe of Queene Katerines side,  
They are welcome to me this day.'

\SBALLADS Child 145A.22

\N1 `Then come hither to me, S\ii\rr Richard Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good;  
Well it is knowen f+from thy pedygree  
Thou came from Gawiins blood.

\SBALLADS Child 145A.23

\N1 `Come hither, Bishopp of Hereford,' q\iuo\rth Queene Katherine-+---+  
A good preacher I watt was hee-+---+  
'And stand thou heere vpon a odd side,  
On my side for to bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 145A.24

\N1 `I like not that,' sayes the bishopp then,  
'By faikine of my body,  
For if I might haue my owne will,  
On the kings I wold bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 145A.25

\N1 `What will thou be<t] against vs,' says Loxly then,  
'And stake it on the ground?'  
'That will I doe, f+ine fellow,' he says,  
'And it drawes to f+iue hundreth pound.'

\SBALLADS Child 145A.26

\N1 `There is a bett,' says Loxly then;  
'Wee\le stake it merrily;'  
But Loxly knew full well in his mind  
And whose that gold shold bee.

\SBALLADS Child 145A.27

\N1 Then the queenes archers they shot about  
Till it was three and three;  
Then the lady\'s gaued a merry shout,  
Sayes, Woodcocke, beware thine eye!

\SBALLADS Child 145A.28

\N1 `Well, gam and gam,' then q\iuo\rth our king,  
'The third three payes for all;'  
Then Robine rounded w\ii\rth our queene,  
Says, The kings p\iar\rt shall be small.

\SBALLADS Child 145A.29

\N1 Loxly puld forth a broad arrowe,  
He shott it vnder hand,  
. . s vnto .

. . . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 145A.30

\N1 . . . . .  
'For once he vndidd mee;

If I thought it had beene bold Ro\ibin\r Hoode,  
 I wold not haue betted one peny.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.31  
 \N1 `Is this Ro\ibin\r Hood?' says the bishopp againe;  
 `Once I knew him to soone;  
 He made me say a masse against my will,  
 Att two a clocke in the afternoone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.32  
 \N1 `He bound me fast vnto a tree,  
 Soe did he my merry men;  
 He borrowed ten pound against my will,  
 But he neuer paid me againe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.33  
 \N1 `What and if I did?' says bold Ro\ibin\r Hood,  
 `Of that masse I was full faine;  
 In recompence, befor king and queene  
 Take halfe of thy gold againe.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.34  
 \N1 `I thanke thee for nothing,' says the bishopp,  
 `Thy large gift to well is knowne,  
 \iTha\rt will borrow a mans mony against his will,  
 And pay him againe w\ii\rth his owne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.35  
 \N1 `What if he did soe?' says King Henery,  
 `For that I loue him neuer the worsse;  
 Take vp thy gold againe, bold Robin Hood,  
 And put [it] in thy pursse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.36  
 \N1 `If thou woldest leaue thy bold outlawes,  
 And come and dwell w\ii\rth me,  
 Then I wold say thou art welcome, bold Ro\ibin\r Hood,  
 The f+lower of archery.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.37  
 \N1 `I will not leaue my bold outlawes  
 For all the gold in Christentie;  
 In merry Sherwood I\'le take my end,  
 Vnder my trusty tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 145A.38  
 \N1 `And gett yo\iu\rr shooters, my leeig<e], where you will,  
 For in faith you shall haue none of me;  
 And when Queene Katherine puts up her f<inger]  
 Att her Graces com\im\randement I\'le bee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 145B.1  
 \N1 GOLD tane from the kings harbengers,  
 Down a down a down  
 As seldome hath been seen,  
 Down a down a down  
 And carried by bold Robin Hood  
 For a present to the queen.  
 Down a down a down  
 \SBALLADS Child 145B.2  
 \N1 `If that I live a year to an end,'  
 Thus gan Queen Katherin say,  
 `Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,  
 And all thy yeomen gay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 145B.3  
 \N1 The queen is to her chamber gone,  
 As fast as she can wen;  
 She cals unto her lovely page,  
 His name was Richard Patringten.



\SBALLADS Child 145B.4  
\N1 `Come hither to mee, thou lovely page,  
Come thou hither to mee;  
For thou must post to Notingham,  
As fast as thou canst dree.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.5  
\N1 `And as thou goest to Notingham,  
Search all those English wood;  
Enquire of one good yeoman or another  
That can tell thee of Robin Hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.6  
\N1 Sometimes he went, sometimes hee ran,  
As fast as he could win;  
And when hee came to Notingham,  
There he took up his inne.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.7  
\N1 And when he came to Notingham,  
And had took up his inne,  
He calls for a pottle of Renish wine,  
And drank a health to his queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.8  
\N1 There sat a yeoman by his side;  
`Tell mee, sweet page,' said hee,  
`What is thy business or the cause,  
So far in the North Country?'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.9  
\N1 `This is my business and the cause,  
Sir, I\`le tell it you for good,  
To inquire of one good yeoman or another  
To tell mee of Robin Hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.10  
\N1 `I\`le get my horse betime in the morn,  
By it be break of day,  
And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,  
And all his yeomen gay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.11  
\N1 When that he came at Robin Hoods place,  
Hee fell down on his knee:  
`Queen Katherine she doth greet you well,  
She greets you well by mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.12  
\N1 `She bids you post to fair London court,  
Not fearing any thing;  
For there shall be a little sport,  
And she hath sent you her ring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.13  
\N1 Robin took his mantle from his back-+---+  
It was of the Lincoln green-+---+  
And sent it by this lovely page,  
For a present unto the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.14  
\N1 In summer time, when leaves grow green,  
It is a seemly sight to see  
How Robin Hood himself had drest,  
And all his yeomandry.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.15  
\N1 He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,  
And himself in scarlet red,  
Black hats, white feathers, all alike;  
Now bold Robin Hood is rid.

\SBALLADS Child 145B.16  
\N1 And when he came at Londons court,  
Hee fell downe on his knee:  
`Thou art welcome, Locksly,' said the queen,  
`And all thy good yeomendree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.17  
\N1 The king is into Finsbury f+ield,  
Marching in battel ray,  
And after follows bold Robin Hood,  
And all his yeomen gay.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.18  
\N1 `Come hither, Tepus,' said the king,  
`Bow-bearer after mee,  
Come measure mee out with this line  
How long our mark shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.19  
\N1 `What is the wager?' said the queen,  
`That must I now know here:'  
`Three hundred tun of Renish wine,  
Three hundred tun of beer.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.20  
\N1 `Three hundred of the fattest harts  
That run on Dallom lee;  
That\'s a princely wager,' said the king,  
`That needs must I tell thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.21  
\N1 With that bespake one Clifton then,  
Full quickly and full soon;  
`Measure no mark for us, most soveraign leige,  
Wee\'l shoot at sun and moon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.22  
\N1 `Ful f+fifteen score your mark shall be,  
Ful f+fifteen score shall stand;'  
`I\'le lay my bow,' said Clifton then,  
`I\'le cleave the willow wand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.23  
\N1 With that the kings archers led about,  
While it was three and none;  
With that the ladies began to shout,  
Madam, your game is gone!  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.24  
\N1 `A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine cries,  
`I crave on my bare knee;  
Is there any knight of your privy counsel  
Of Queen Katherines part will be?  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.25  
\N1 `Come hither to mee, Sir Richard Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good;  
For I do know by thy pedigree  
Thou springst from Goweres blood.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.26  
\N1 `Come hither to me, thou Bishop of Herefordshire'+---+  
For a noble priest was he+---+  
`By my silver miter,' said the bishop then,  
`I\'le not bet one peny.  
\SBALLADS Child 145B.27  
\N1 `The king has archers of his own,  
Full ready and full light,  
And these be strangers every one,  
No man knows what they height.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.28

\N1 `What wilt thou bet,' said Robin Hood,  
`Thou seest our game the worse?'  
`By my silver miter,' said the bishop then,  
`All the mony within my purse.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.29

\N1 `What is in thy purse?' said Robin Hood,  
`Throw it down on the ground;'  
`Fifteen score nobles,' said the bishop then,  
`It\'s neer an hundred pound.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.30

\N1 Robin Hood took his bagge from his side,  
And threw it down on the green;  
William Scadlocke went smiling away,  
`I know who this mony must win.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.31

\N1 With that the queens archers led about,  
While it was three and three;  
With that the ladies gave a shout,  
`Woodcock, beware thyn ee!'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.32

\N1 `It is three and three, now,' said the king,  
`The next three pays for all;'  
Robin Hood went and whispered to the queen,  
`The kings part shall be but small.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.33

\N1 Robin Hood he led about,  
He shot it under hand,  
And Clifton, with a bearing arrow,  
He clave the willow wand.

\SBALLADS Child 145B.34

\N1 And little Midge, the Miller\'s son,  
Hee shot not much the worse;  
He shot within a f+inger of the prick;  
`Now, bishop, beware thy purse!'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.35

\N1 `A boon, a boon,' Queen Katherine cries,  
`I crave on my bare knee,---+--  
That you will angry be with none  
That is of my party.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.36

\N1 `They shall have forty days to come,  
And forty days to go,  
And three times forty to sport and play;  
Then welcome friend or fo.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.37

\N1 `Then thou art welcome, Robin Hood,' said the queen,  
`And so is Little John,  
So is Midge, the Miller\'s son;  
Thrice welcome every one.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.38

\N1 `Is this Robin Hood?' the king now said;  
`For it was told to mee  
That he was slain in the pallace-gate,  
So far in the North Country.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.39

\N1 `Is this Robin Hood,' said the bishop then,  
`As I see well to be?  
Had I knowne that had been that bold outlaw,  
I would not have bet one peny.

\SBALLADS Child 145B.40

\N1 `Hee took me late one Saturday at night,  
And bound mee fast to a tree,  
And made mee sing a mass, God wot,  
To him and his yeomendree.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.41

\N1 `What and if I did?' says Robin Hood,  
`Of that mass I was full fain;  
For recompense to thee,' he says,  
`Here\'s half thy gold again.'

\SBALLADS Child 145B.42

\N1 `Now nay, now nay,' saies Little John,  
`Master, that shall not be;  
We must give gifts to the kings off+icers;  
That gold will serve thee and mee.'

\LBALLADS Child 145C.1

\N1 STOUT Robin Hood, a most lusty out-law,  
As ever yet lived in this land,  
As ever yet lived in this land.  
His equal I\'m sure you never yet saw,  
So valiant was he of his hand,  
So valiant was he of his hand.

\SBALLADS Child 145C.2

\N1 No archers could ever compare with these three,  
Although from us they are gone;  
The like was never, nor never will be,  
To Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.

\SBALLADS Child 145C.3

\N1 Many stout robberies by these men were done,  
Within this our kingdom so wide;  
Vpon the highway much treasure they have won,  
No one that his purse ere deny\'d.

\SBALLADS Child 145C.4

\N1 Great store of money they from the kings men  
Couragiously did take away;  
Vnto fair Queen Katherine they gave it again,  
Who to them these words did say.

\SBALLADS Child 145C.5

\N1 If that I live but another fair year,  
Kind Robin Hood, said the fair queen,  
The love for this courtesie that I thee bear,  
Assure thy self it shall be seen.

\SBALLADS Child 145C.6

\N1 Brave Robin Hood courteously thanked her Grace,  
And so took leave of the queen;  
He with his bold archers then hied him apace,  
In summer time, to the woods green.

\SBALLADS Child 145C.7

\N1 `Now wend we together, my merry men all,  
To the green wood to take up our stand:'  
These archers were ready at Robin Hoods call,  
With their bent bows all in their hand.

\SBALLADS Child 145C.8

\N1 `Come, merrily let us now valiantly go  
With speed unto the green wood,  
And there let us kill a stout buck or a do,  
For our master, Robin Hood.'

\SBALLADS Child 145C.9

\N1 At London must now be a game of shooting,  
Where archers should try their best skill;

It was so commanded by their gracious king;  
The queen then thought to have her will.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.10  
\N1 Her little foot-page she sent with all speed,  
To find out stout Robin Hood,  
Who in the North bravely did live, as we read,  
With his bow-men in the green wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.11  
\N1 When as this young page unto the North came,  
He staid under a hill at his inn;  
Within the fair town of sweet Nottingham,  
He there to enquire did begin.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.12  
\N1 The page then having enquired aright  
The way unto Robin Hoods place,  
As soon as the page had obtained of him sight,  
He told him strange news from her Grace.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.13  
\N1 `Her Majestie praies you to haste to the court,'  
And therewithall shewd him her ring;  
We must not delay his swift haste to this sport,  
Which then was proclaimd by the king.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.14  
\N1 Then Robin Hood hies him with all speed he may,  
With his fair men attired in green,  
And towards fair London he then takes his way;  
His safety lay all on the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.15  
\N1 Now Robin Hood welcome was then to the court,  
Queen Katharine so did allow;  
Now listen, my friends, and my song shal report  
How the queen performed her vow.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.16  
\N1 The king then went marching in state with his peers  
To Finsbury field most gay,  
Where Robin Hood follows him, void of all fears,  
With his lusty brave shooters that day.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.17  
\N1 The king did command that the way should be  
Straight mete with a line that was good;  
The answer was made to him presently,  
By lusty bold Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.18  
\N1 `Let there be no mark measured,' then said he soon;  
`I,' so said Scarlet and John,  
`For we will shoot to the sun or the moon;  
We scorn to be outreacht with none.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.19  
\N1 `What shall the wager be?' then said the queen,  
`Pray tell me before you begin:'  
`Three hundred tuns of good wine shall be seen,  
And as much of strong bear for to win.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.20  
\N1 `Three hundred of lusty fat bucks, sweet, beside,  
Shall now be our royal lay:'  
Quoth Robin Hood, What ere does betide,  
I'll bear this brave purchase away.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.21  
\N1 `Full fifteenscore,' saith the king, 'it shall be;'  
Then straight did the bow-men begin,

And Robin Hoods side gave them leave certainly  
A while some credit to win.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.22  
\N1 The royal queen Katharine aloud cried she,  
Is here no lord, nor yet knight,  
That will take my part in this bold enmity?  
Sir Robert Lee, pray do me right.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.23  
\N1 Then to the bold Bishop of Herefordshire  
Most mildly spoke our good queen;  
But he straight refused to lay any more,  
Such ods on their parties were seen.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.24  
\N1 `What wilt thou bet, seeing our game is the worse?'  
Unto him then said Robin Hood:  
`Why then,' quoth the bishop, a+ell that\'s in my purse;'  
Quoth Scarlet, That bargain is good.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.25  
\N1 `A hundred good pounds there is in the same,'  
The bishop unto him did say;  
Then said Robin Hood, Now here\'s for the game,  
And to bear this your money away.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.26  
\N1 Then did the kings archer his arrows command  
Most bravely and with great might,  
But brave jolly Robin shot under his hand,  
And then did hit the mark right.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.27  
\N1 And Clifton he then, with his arrow so good,  
The willow-wood cleaved in two;  
The Miller\'s young son came not short, by the rood,  
His skill he most bravely did show.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.28  
\N1 Thus Robin Hood and his crew won the rich prize,  
From all archers that there could be;  
Then loudly unto the king Queen Katherine cries,  
Forgive all my company!  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.29  
\N1 The king then did say, that for forty daies,  
Free leave then to come or go,  
For any man there, though he got the praise,  
`Be he friend,' quoth he, 'or be he foe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.30  
\N1 Then quoth the queen, Welcome thou art, Robin Hood,  
And welcome, brave bow-men all three;  
Then straight quoth the king, I did hear, by the rood,  
That slain he was in the countrey.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.31  
\N1 `Is this Robin Hood?' the bishop did say,  
`Is this Robin Hood certainly?  
He made me to say him mass last Saturday,  
To him and his bold yeomendry.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.32  
\N1 `Well,' quoth Robin Hood, 'in requital thereof,  
Half thy gold I give unto thee;'  
`Nay, nay,' then said Little John in a scoff,  
`'Twill serue us ith\' North Countrey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.33  
\N1 Then Robin Hood pardon had straight of the king,  
And so had they every one;

The fame of these days most loudly does ring,  
Of Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.34  
\N1 Great honours to Robin Hood after were done,  
As stories for certain do say;  
The king made him Earl of fair Huntington,  
Whose fame will never decay.  
\SBALLADS Child 145C.35  
\N1 Thus have you heard the fame of these men,  
Good archers they were every one;  
We never shall see the like shooters again  
As Robin Hood, Scarlet and John.  
\LBALLADS Child 146A.1  
\N1 COME you gallants all, to you I do call,  
With a hey down down a down down  
That now is within this place,  
For a song I will sing of Henry the king,  
How he did Robin Hood chase.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.2  
\N1 Queen Katherine she a match then did make,  
As plainly doth appear,  
For three hundred tun of good red wine,  
And three hundred tun of beer.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.3  
\N1 But yet her archers she had to seek,  
With their bows and arrows so good;  
But her mind it was bent, with a good intent,  
To send for bold Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.4  
\N1 But when bold Robin Hood he came there,  
Queen Katherine she did say,  
Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,  
And all thy yeomen gay.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.5  
\N1 For a match at shooting I have made,  
And thou my part must be:  
'If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,  
Then hanged I will be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.6  
\N1 But when the game came to be playd,  
Bold Robin he then drew nigh;  
With his mantle of green, most brave to be seen,  
He let his arrows fly.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.7  
\N1 And when the game it ended was,  
Bold Robin won it with a grace,  
But after, the king was angry with him,  
And vowed he would him chase.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.8  
\N1 What though his pardon granted was  
While he with them did stay,  
But yet the king was vexed at him  
When as he was gone his way.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.9  
\N1 Soon after the king from the court did hie,  
In a furious angry mood,  
And often enquire, both far and near,  
After bold Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.10  
\N1 But when the king to Nottingham came,

Bold Robin was then in the wood;  
`O come now,' said he, a+end let me see  
Who can f+ind me bold Robin Hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.11  
\N1 But when that Robin Hood he did hear  
The king had him in chase,  
Then said Little John, Tis time to be gone,  
And go to some other place.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.12  
\N1 Then away they went from merry Sherwood,  
And into Yorkshire he did hie,  
And the king did follow, with a hoop and a hallow,  
But could not come him nigh.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.13  
\N1 Yet jolly Robin he passed along,  
He [went] straight to Newcastle town,  
And there stayed he hours two or three,  
And then he for Berwick was gone.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.14  
\N1 When the king he did see how Robin did f+lee,  
He was vexed wondrous sore;  
With a hoop and a hallow he vowed to follow,  
And take him, or never give ore.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.15  
\N1 `Come now, let\'s away,' then cries Little John,  
`Let any man follow that dare;  
To Carlile wee\'l hie with our company,  
And so then to Lancaster.'  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.16  
\N1 From Lancaster then to Chester they went,  
And so did king Henery;  
But Robin away, for he durst not stay,  
For fear of some treachery.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.17  
\N1 Saies Robin, Come, let us to London go,  
To see our noble queens face;  
It may be she wants our company,  
Which makes the king so us chase.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.18  
\N1 When Robin he came Queen Katherine before,  
He fell upon his knee:  
`If it please your Grace, I am come to this place,  
To speak with king Henery.'  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.19  
\N1 Queen Katherine she answered bold Robin again,  
The king is gone to merry Sherwood;  
And when he went he to me did say  
He would go seek Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.20  
\N1 \R'T\rhen fare you well, my gracious queen,  
For to sherwood I will hie apace;  
For fain would I see what he would with me,  
If I could but meet his Grace.'  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.21  
\N1 But when King Henery he came home,  
Full weary, and vexed in mind,  
When he did hear Robin had been there,  
He blamed Dame Fortune unkind.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.22  
\N1 `You are welcome home,' Queen Katherine cried,



`Henry, my sovereign liege;  
Bold Robin Hood that archer good,  
Your person hath been to seek.'  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.23  
\N1 But when King Henry he did hear  
That Robin had been there him to seek,  
This answer he gave, He\'s a cunning knave,  
For I have sought him this whole three weeks.  
\SBALLADS Child 146A.24  
\N1 `A boon! a boon!' Queen Katherine cried,  
`I beg it here on your Grace,  
To pardon his life, and seek no more strife:'  
And so endeth Robin Hoods chase.  
\LBALLADS Child 147A.1  
\N1 I HAVE heard talk of bold Robin Hood,  
Derry derry down  
And of brave Little John,  
Of Fryer Tuck, and Will Scarlet,  
Loxley, and Maid Marion.  
Hey down derry derry down  
\SBALLADS Child 147A.2  
\N1 But such a tale as this before  
I think there was never none;  
For Robin Hood disguised himself,  
And to the wood is gone.  
\SBALLADS Child 147A.3  
\N1 Like to a fryer, bold Robin Hood  
Was accoutered in his array;  
With hood, gown, beads and cricif+ix,  
He past upon the way.  
\SBALLADS Child 147A.4  
\N1 He had not gone [past] miles two or three,  
But it was his chance to spy  
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,  
Come riding gallantly.  
\SBALLADS Child 147A.5  
\N1 `Benedicete,' then said Robin Hood,  
`Some pittty on me take;  
Cross you my hand with a silver groat,  
For Our dear Ladies sake.  
\SBALLADS Child 147A.6  
\N1 `For I have been wandring all this day,  
And nothing could I get;  
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,  
Nor bit of bread to eat.'  
\SBALLADS Child 147A.7  
\N1 `Now, by my holydame,' the priests repli\'d,  
`We never a peny have;  
For we this morning have been robd,  
And could no mony save.'  
\SBALLADS Child 147A.8  
\N1 `I am much afraid,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`That you both do tell a lye;  
And now before that you go hence,  
I am resolvd to try.'  
\SBALLADS Child 147A.9  
\N1 When as the priests heard him say so,  
Then they rode away amain;  
But Robin Hood betook him to his heels,  
And soon overtook them again.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.10

\N1 Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,  
And pulld them down from their horse:  
'O spare us, fryer!' the priests cry\'d out,  
'On us have remorse!'

\SBALLADS Child 147A.11

\N1 'You said you had no mony,' quoth he,  
'Wherefore, without delay,  
We three will fall down on our knees,  
And for mony we will pray.'

\SBALLADS Child 147A.12

\N1 The priests they could not him gainsay,  
But down they kneeled with speed;  
'Send us, O send us,' then quoth they,  
'Some mony to serve our need.'

\SBALLADS Child 147A.13

\N1 The priests did pray with mournful chear,  
Sometimes their hands did wring,  
Sometimes they wept and cried aloud,  
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.14

\N1 When they had been praying an hours space,  
The priests did still lament;  
Then quoth bold Robin, Now let\'s see  
What mony heaven hath us sent.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.15

\N1 We will be sharers now all alike  
Of the mony that we have;  
And there is never a one of us  
That his fellows shall deceive.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.16

\N1 The priests their hands in their pockets put,  
But mony would f+ind none:  
'We\'l search our selves,' said Robin Hood,  
'Each other, one by one.'

\SBALLADS Child 147A.17

\N1 Then Robin took pains to search them both,  
And he found good store of gold;  
Five hundred peeces presently  
Vpon the grass was told.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.18

\N1 'Here is a brave show,' said Robin Hood,  
'Such store of gold to see,  
And you shall each one have a part,  
Cause you prayed so heartily.'

\SBALLADS Child 147A.19

\N1 He gave them f+ifty pound a-peece,  
And the rest for himself did keep;  
The priests durst not speak one word,  
Bur they sighed wondrous deep.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.20

\N1 With that the priests rose up from their knees,  
Thinking to have parted so;  
'Nay, stay,' said Robin Hood, 'one thing more  
I have to say ere you go.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.21

\N1 'You shall be sworn,' said bold Robin Hood,  
'Vpon this holy grass,  
That you will never tell lies again,  
Which way soever you pass.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.22

\N1 `The second oath that you here must take,  
All the days of your lives  
You never shall tempt maids to sin,  
Nor lye with other mens wives.

\SBALLADS Child 147A.23

\N1 `The last oath you shall take, it is this,  
Be charitable to the poor;  
Say you have met with a holy fryer,  
And I desire no more.'

\SBALLADS Child 147A.24

\N1 He set them upon their horses again,  
And away then they did ride;  
And hee returnd to the merry green-wood,  
With great joy, mirth and pride.

\LBALLADS Child 148A.1

\N1 IN summer time, when leaves grow green,  
When they doe grow both green and long,  
Of a bould outlaw, calld Robin Hood,  
It is of him I sing this song.

\SBALLADS Child 148A.2

\N1 When the lilly leafe and the elephant  
Doth bud and spring with a merry good cheere,  
This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,  
And chasing of the fallow deere.

\SBALLADS Child 148A.3

\N1 `The f+ishermen brave more mony have  
Then any merchant, two or three;  
Therefore I will to Scarborough goe,  
That I a f+ishermer brave may be.'

\SBALLADS Child 148A.4

\N1 This outlaw calld his merry men all,  
As they sate under the green-wood tree:  
`If any of you have gold to spend,  
I pray you heartily spend it with me.

\SBALLADS Child 148A.5

\N1 `Now,' quoth Robin, I\`le to Scarborough goe,  
It seemes to be a very faire day;  
Who tooke up his inne at a widdow-womans house,  
Hard by upon the water gray.

\SBALLADS Child 148A.6

\N1 Who asked of him, Where wert thou borne?  
Or tell to me, where dost thou fare?

`I am a poore f+ishermer,' saith he then,  
`This day intrapped all in care.'

\SBALLADS Child 148A.7

\N1 `What is thy name, thou f+ine fellow?  
I pray thee heartily tell to me;'  
`In mine own country where I was borne,  
Men called me Simon over the Lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 148A.8

\N1 `Simon, Simon,' said the good wife,  
The outlaw was ware of her courtesie,  
And rejoiced he had got such a dame.

\SBALLADS Child 148A.9

\N1 `Simon, wilt thou be my man?  
And good round wages I\`le give thee;  
I have as good a ship of mine owne  
As any sayle upon the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 148A.10

\N1 `Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,  
Masts and ropes that are so long;'  
`And if that you thus furnish me,'  
Said Simon, 'Nothing shall goe wrong.'  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.11  
\N1 They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,  
More of a day then two or three;  
When others cast in their baited hooks,  
The bare lines into the sea cast he.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.12  
\N1 `It will be long,' said the master then,  
`Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea;  
I\`le assure you he shall have no part of our f+ish,  
For in truth he is of no part worthy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.13  
\N1 `O woe is me,' said Simon then,  
`This day that ever I came here!  
I wish I were in Plomton Parke,  
In chasing of the fallow deere.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.14  
\N1 `For every clowne laughs me to scorne,  
And they by me set nought at all;  
If I had them in Plomton Park,  
I would set as little by them all.'  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.15  
\N1 They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,  
More of a day then two or three;  
But Simon spied a ship of warre,  
That sayld towards them most valourously.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.16  
\N1 `O woe is me,' said the master then,  
`This day that ever I was borne!  
For all our f+ish we have got to-day  
Is every bit lost and forlorne.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.17  
\N1 `For your French robbers on the sea,  
They will not spare of us one man,  
But carry us to the coast of France,  
And ligge us in the prison strong.'  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.18  
\N1 But Simon said, Doe not feare them,  
Neither, master, take you no care;  
Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.19  
\N1 `Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,  
For thou art nought but braggs and boast;  
If I should cast the over-board,  
There were nothing but a lubber lost.'  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.20  
\N1 Simon grew angry at these words,  
And so angry then was he  
That he tooke his bent bow in his hand,  
And to the ship-hatch goe doth he.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.21  
\N1 `Master, tye me to the mast,' saith he,  
`That at my mark I may stand fair,  
And give me my bended bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.22

\N1 He drew his arrow to the very head,  
And drew it with all might and maine,  
And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,  
Doth the Frenchmans heart the arrow gain.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.23  
\N1 The Frenchman fell downe on the ship-hatch,  
And under the hatches down below;  
Another Frenchman that him espy\'d  
The dead corps into the sea doth throw.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.24  
\N1 `O master, loose me from the mast,' he said,  
`And for them all take you no care,  
And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.25  
\N1 Then streight [they] did board the Frenchmans ship,  
They lying all dead in their sight;  
They found within the ship of warre  
Twelve thousand pound of money bright.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.26  
\N1 `The one halfe of the ship,' said Simon then,  
`I\'le give to my dame and children small;  
The other halfe of the ship I\'le bestow  
On you that are my fellowes all.'  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.27  
\N1 But now bespake the master then,  
For so, Simon, it shall not be;  
For you have won her with your own hand,  
And the owner of it you shall bee.  
\SBALLADS Child 148A.28  
\N1 `It shall be so, as I have said;  
And, with this gold, for the opprest  
An habitation I will build,  
Where they shall live in peace and rest.'  
\LBALLADS Child 149A.1  
\N1 KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?  
Ay, and then you shall hear anon  
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,  
And of his man, brave Little John.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.2  
\N1 In Locksly town, in Nottinghamshire,  
In merry sweet Locksly town,  
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,  
Bold Robin of famous renown.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.3  
\N1 The father of Robin a forester was,  
And he shot in a lusty long bow,  
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,  
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.4  
\N1 For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,  
And William a Clowdesle  
To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,  
And the forrester beat them all three.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.5  
\N1 His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,  
Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy;  
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,  
Or mine host of The Bull tells a lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.6

\N1 Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel Hall,  
And a noble house-keeper was he,  
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,  
And a squire of famous degree.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.7

\N1 The mother of Robin said to her husband,  
My honey, my love, and my dear,  
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,  
To taste of my brothers good cheer.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.8

\N1 And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,  
Take one of my horses, I pray;  
The sun is a rising, and therefore make haste,  
For to-morrow is Christmas-day.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.9

\N1 Then Robin Hoods fathers grey gelding was brought,  
And saddled and bridled was he;  
God wot, a blew bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,  
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.10

\N1 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,  
They were of a light Lincoln green;  
The cloath was homespun, but for colour and make  
It might a beseemed our queen.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.11

\N1 And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,  
And his dagger on his tother side,  
And said, My dear mother, let\'s haste to be gone,  
We have forty long miles to ride.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.12

\N1 When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,  
His father, without any trouble,  
Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,  
For his gelding had oft carried double.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.13

\N1 And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,  
And drank and shook hands with them all;  
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave ore,  
Till they lighted at Gamwel Hall.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.14

\N1 And now you may think the right worshipful squire  
Was joyful his sister to see;  
For he kist her and kist her, and swore a great oath,  
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.15

\N1 To-morrow, when mass had been said in the chappel,  
Six tables were coverd in the hall,  
And in comes the squire, and makes a short speech,  
It was, Neighbours, you\'re welcome all.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.16

\N1 But not a man here shall taste my March beer,  
Till a Christmas carrol he sing:  
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung,  
Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.17

\N1 Now mustard and braun, roast beef and plumb pies,  
Were set upon every table:  
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,  
And drink too, as long as you\'re able.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.18

\N1 When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,  
And, `Be merry, my friends,' said the squire;  
`It rains, and it blows, but call for more ale,  
And lay some more wood on the f+ire.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.19

\N1 `And now call ye Little John hither to me,  
For Little John is a f+ine lad  
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks  
As shall make you merry and glad.'

\SBALLADS Child 149A.20

\N1 When Little John came, to gambols they went,  
Both gentleman, yeoman and clown;  
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,  
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.21

\N1 And now you may think the right worshipful squire  
Was joyful this sight for to see;  
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou\'st go no more home,  
But tarry and dwell here with me.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.22

\N1 Thou shalt have my land when I dye, and till then  
Thou shalt be the staff of my age;  
`Then grant me my boon, dear uncle,' said Robin,  
`That Little John may be my page.'

\SBALLADS Child 149A.23

\N1 And he said, Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon;  
With all my heart, so let it be;  
`Then come hither, Little John,' said Robin Hood,  
`Come hither, my page, unto me.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.24

\N1 `Go fetch my bow, my longest long bow,  
And broad arrows, one, two, or three;  
For when it is fair weather we\'ll into Sherwood,  
Some merry pastime to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 149A.25

\N1 When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,  
He winded his bugle so clear,  
And twice f+ive and twenty good yeomen and bold  
Before Robin Hood did appear.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.26

\N1 `Where are your companions all?' said Robin Hood,  
`For still I want forty and three;'  
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,  
All under a green-wood tree.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.27

\N1 As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by;  
The queen of the shepherds was she;  
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,  
And her buskin did reach to her knee.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.28

\N1 Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,  
And her countenance free from pride;  
A bow in her hand, and quiver and arrows  
Hung dangling by her sweet side.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.29

\N1 Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,  
And her skin was as smooth as glass;  
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too;  
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!

\SBALLADS Child 149A.30

\N1 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away?  
O whither, fair lady, away?  
And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck;  
For to-morrow is Titbury day.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.31  
\N1 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me  
A little to yonder green bower;  
There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure  
Of a brace or a lease in an hour.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.32  
\N1 And as we were going towards the green bower,  
Two hundred good bucks we espy\`d;  
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,  
And she shot him through side and side.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.33  
\N1 `By the faith of my body,' said bold Robin Hood,  
`I never saw woman like thee;  
And comst thou from east, ay, or comst thou from west,  
Thou needst not beg venison of me.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.34  
\N1 `However, along to my bower you shall go,  
And taste of a forresters meat:'  
And when we come thither, we found as good cheer  
As any man needs for to eat.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.35  
\N1 For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,  
Cream clouted, with honey-combs plenty;  
And the sarvitores they were, beside Little John,  
Good yeomen at least four and twenty.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.36  
\N1 Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir;  
And he said, `Tis bold Robin Hood:  
Squire Gamwel\`s my uncle, but all my delight  
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.37  
\N1 For `tis a fine life, and `tis void of all strife.  
`So `tis, sir,' Clorinda reply\`d;  
`But oh,' said bold Robin, 'How sweet would it be,  
If Clorinda would be my bride!'  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.38  
\N1 She blusht at the motion; yet, after a pause  
Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart;  
`Then let\`s send for a priest,' said Robin Hood,  
`And be married before we do part.'  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.39  
\N1 But she said, It may not be so, gentle sir,  
For I must be at Titbury feast;  
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,  
I\`ll make him the most welcome guest.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.40  
\N1 Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little John,  
For I\`ll go along with my dear;  
Go bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,  
And meet me to-morrow just here.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.41  
\N1 Before we had ridden five Staffordshire miles,  
Eight yeomen, that were too bold,  
Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck;  
A truer tale never was told.  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.42



\N1 `I will not, faith!' said bold Robin: 'Come, John,  
Stand to me, and we'll beat em all:'  
Then both drew their swords, an so cut em and slasht em  
That f+ive of them did fall.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.43

\N1 The three that remaind calld to Robin for quarter,  
And pitiful John beggd their lives;  
When John\'s boon was granted, he gave them good counsel,  
And so sent them home to their wives.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.44

\N1 This battle was fought near to Titbury town,  
When the bagpipes bated the bull;  
I am king of the f+idlers, and sware \'tis a truth,  
And I call him that doubtts it a gull.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.45

\N1 For I saw them f+ighting, and f+idld the while,  
And Clorinda sung, Hey derry down!  
The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,  
And now let\'s dance into the town.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.46

\N1 Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,  
And all that were in it lookd madly;  
For some were a bull-back, some dancing a morris,  
And some singing Arthur-a-Bradly.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.47

\N1 And there we see Thomas, our justices clerk,  
And Mary, to whom he was kind;  
For Tom rode before her, and calld Mary, Madam,  
And kist her full sweetly behind.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.48

\N1 And so may your worships. But we went to dinner,  
With Thomas and Mary and Nan;  
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her  
Bold Robin Hood was a f+ine man.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.49

\N1 When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson  
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste;  
He brought his mass-book, and he bade them take hands,  
And he joynd them in marriage full fast.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.50

\N1 And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride  
Went hand in hand to the green bower,  
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,  
And \'twas a most joyful hour.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.51

\N1 And when Robin came in the sight of the bower,  
'Where are my yeomen?' said he;  
And Little John answered, Lo, yonder they stand,  
All under the green-wood tree.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.52

\N1 Then a garland they brought her, by two and by two,  
And plac\'d them upon the bride\'s head;  
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,  
Till the bride and the groom were a-bed.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.53

\N1 And what they did there must be counsel to me,  
Because they lay long the next day,  
And I had haste home, but I got a good piece  
Of the bride-cake, and so came away.

\SBALLADS Child 149A.54

\N1 Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye  
That marryd they were with a ring;  
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden,  
And now let us pray for the king:  
\SBALLADS Child 149A.55  
\N1 That he may get children, and they may get more,  
To govern and do us some good;  
And then I\'ll make ballads in Robin Hood\'s bower,  
And sing em in merry Sherwood.  
\LBALLADS Child 150A.1  
\N1 A BONNY f+ine maid of a noble degree,  
With a hey down down a down down  
Maid Marian calld by name,  
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,  
For she was a gallant dame.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.2  
\N1 For favour and face, and beauty most rare,  
Queen Hellen shee did excell;  
For Marian then was praisd of all men  
That did in the country dwell.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.3  
\N1 \'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,  
Whose beauty was clear and bright,  
That could surpass this country lass,  
Beloved of lord and knight.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.4  
\N1 The Earl of Huntington, nobly born,  
That came of noble blood,  
To Marian went, with a good intent,  
By the name of Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.5  
\N1 With kisses sweet their red lips meet,  
For shee and the earl did agree;  
In every place, they kindly imbrace,  
With love and sweet unity.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.6  
\N1 But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,  
That soon they were forced to part,  
To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,  
With a sad and sorrowfull heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.7  
\N1 And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind,  
For the absence of her friend;  
With f+inger in eye, shee often did cry,  
And his person did much commend.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.8  
\N1 Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,  
Shee drest her self like a page,  
And ranged the wood to f+ind Robin Hood,  
The bravest of men in that age.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.9  
\N1 With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,  
Thus armed was Marian most bold,  
Still wandering about to f+ind Robin out,  
Whose person was better then gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 150A.10  
\N1 But Robin Hood, hee himself had disguisd,  
And Marian was strangely attir\'d,  
That they provd foes, and so fell to blowes,  
Whose vallour bold Robin admir\'d.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.11

\N1 They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went,  
At least an hour or more,  
That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,  
And Marian was wounded sore.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.12

\N1 `O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,' said Robin Hood,  
`And thou shalt be one of my string,  
To range in the wood with bold Robin Hood,  
To hear the sweet nightingall sing.'

\SBALLADS Child 150A.13

\N1 When Marian did hear the voice of her love,  
Her self shee did quickly discover,  
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,  
Like to a most loyall lover.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.14

\N1 When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,  
Good lord, what clipping was there!  
With kind imbraces, and jobbing of faces,  
Providing of gallant cheer.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.15

\N1 For Little John took his bow in his hand,  
And wandring in the wood,  
To kill the deer, and make good chear,  
For Marian and Robin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.16

\N1 A stately banquet the<y] had full soon,  
All in a shaded bower,  
Where venison sweet they had to eat,  
And were merry that present hour.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.17

\N1 Great f+laggons of wine were set on the board,  
And merrily they drunk round  
Their boules of sack, to strengthen the back,  
Whilst their knees did touch the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.18

\N1 First Robin Hood began a health  
To Marian his onely dear,  
And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,  
Did quickly bring up the rear.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.19

\N1 For in a brave veine they tost off the<ir] bouls,  
Whilst thus they did remain,  
And every cup, as they drunk up,  
They f+illed with speed again.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.20

\N1 At last they ended their merrymment,  
And went to walk in the wood,  
Where Little John and Maid Marian  
Attended on bold Robin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.21

\N1 In sollid content together they livd,  
With all their yeomen gay;  
They livd by their hands, without any lands,  
And so they did many a day.

\SBALLADS Child 150A.22

\N1 But now to conclude, an end I will make  
In time, as I think it good,  
For the people that dwell in the North can tell  
Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

\LBALLADS Child 151A.1  
\N1 KING RICHARD hearing of the pranks  
Of Robin Hood and his men,  
He much admir\'d, and more desir\'d,  
To see both him and them.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.2  
\N1 Then with a dozen of his lords  
To Nottingham he rode;  
When he came there, he made good cheer,  
And took up his abode.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.3  
\N1 He having staid there some time,  
But had no hopes to speed,  
He and his lords, with [free] accord,  
All put on monk\'s weeds.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.4  
\N1 From Fountain-abby they did ride,  
Down to barnsdale;  
Where Robin Hood prepare+ :d stood  
All company to assail.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.5  
\N1 The king was higher then the rest,  
And Robin thought he had  
An abbot been whom he did spleen;  
To rob him he was glad.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.6  
\N1 He took the king\'s horse by the head,  
'Abbot,' says he, 'abide;  
I am bound to rue such knaves as you,  
That live in pomp and pride.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.7  
\N1 'But we are messengers from the king,'  
The king himself did say;  
'Near to this place his royal Grace  
To speak with thee does stay.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.8  
\N1 'God save the king,' said Robin Hood,  
'And all that wish him well;  
He that does deny his sovereignty,  
I wish he was in hell.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.9  
\N1 'O thyself thou curses,' says the king,  
'For thou a traitor art:'  
'Nay, but that you are his messenger,  
I swear you lie in heart.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.10  
\N1 'For I never yet hurt any man  
That honest is and true;  
But those that give their minds to live  
Upon other men\'s due.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.11  
\N1 'I never hurt the husbandman,  
That use to till the ground;  
Nor spill their blood that range the wood  
To follow hawk or hound.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.12  
\N1 'My chiefest spite to clergy is,  
Who in these days bear a great sway;  
With fryars and monks, with their fine sprunks,  
I make my chiefest prey.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.13

\N1 `But I am very glad,' says Robin Hood,  
`That I have met you here;  
Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,  
Taste of our green-wood cheer.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.14

\N1 The king did then marvel much,  
And so did all his men;  
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer  
Robin would provide for them.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.15

\N1 Robin took the king\'s horse by the head,  
And led him to the tent;  
`Thou would not be so usd,' quoth he,  
`But that my king thee sent.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.16

\N1 `Nay, more than that,' said Robin Hood,  
`For good king Richard\'s sake,  
If you had as much gold as ever I told,  
I would not one penny take.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.17

\N1 Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
And a loud blast he did blow,  
Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood\'s men  
Came marching all of a row.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.18

\N1 And when they came bold Robin before,  
Each man did bend his knee;  
`O,' thought the king, `\'tis a gallant thing,  
And a seemly sight to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.19

\N1 Within himself the king did say,  
These men of Robin Hood\'s  
More humble be than mine to me;  
So the court may learn of the woods.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.20

\N1 So then they all to dinner went,  
Upon a carpet green;  
Black, yellow, red, finely mingle+d,  
Most curious to be seen.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.21

\N1 Venison and fowls were plenty there,  
With fish out of the river:  
King Richard swore, on sea or shore,  
He neer was feasted better.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.22

\N1 Then Robin takes a can of ale:  
`Come, let us now begin;  
Come, every man shall have his can;  
Here\'s a health unto the king.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.23

\N1 The king himself drank to the king,  
So round about it went;  
Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,  
To pledge that health were spent.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.24

\N1 And after that, a bowl of wine  
In his hand took Robin Hood;  
`Until I die, I\'ll drink wine,' said he,  
`While I live in the green-wood.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.25

\N1 `Bend all your bows,' said Robin Hood,  
`And with the grey goose wing  
Such sport now shew as you would do  
In the presence of the king.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.26

\N1 They shewd such brave archery,  
By cleaving sticks and wands,  
That the king did say, Such men as they  
Live not in many lands.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.27

\N1 `Well, Robin Hood,' then says the king,  
`If I could thy pardon get,  
To serve the king in every thing  
Wouldst thou thy mind firm set?'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.28

\N1 `Yes, with all my heart,' bold Robin said,  
So they flung off their hoods;  
To serve the king in every thing,  
They swore they would spend their bloods.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.29

\N1 `For a clergyman was first my bane,  
Which makes me hate them all;  
But if you'll be so kind to me,  
Love them again I shall.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.30

\N1 The king no longer could forbear,  
For he was movd with ruth;  
[`Robin,' said he, `I now tell thee  
The very naked truth.]

\SBALLADS Child 151A.31

\N1 `I am the king, thy sovereign king,  
That appears before you all;'  
When Robin see that it was he,  
Strait then he down did fall.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.32

\N1 `Stand up again,' then said the king,  
`I'll thee thy pardon give;  
Stand up, my friend; who can contend,  
When I give leave to live?'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.33

\N1 So they are all gone to Nottingham,  
All shouting as they came;  
But when the people them did see,  
They thought the king was slain,

\SBALLADS Child 151A.34

\N1 And for that cause the outlaws were come,  
To rule all as they list;  
And for to shun, which way to run  
The people did not wist.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.35

\N1 The plowman left the plow in the fields,  
The smith ran from his shop;  
Old folks also, that scarce could go,  
Over their sticks did hop.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.36

\N1 The king soon let them understand  
He had been in the green wood,  
And from that day, for evermore,  
He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.37

\N1 When the people they did hear,  
And the truth was known,  
They all did sing, `God save the king!  
Hang care, the town\'s our own!'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.38

\N1 `What\'s that Robin Hood?' then said the sheriff;  
`That varlet I do hate;  
Both me and mine he causd to dine,  
And servd us all with one plate.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.39

\N1 `Ho, ho,' said Robin, `I know what you mean;  
Come, take your gold again;  
Be friends with me, and I with thee,  
And so with every man.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.40

\N1 `Now, master sheriff, you are paid,  
And since you are beginner,  
As well as you give me my due;  
For you neer paid for that dinner.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.41

\N1 `But if that it should please the king  
So much your house to grace  
To sup with you, for to speak true,  
[I] know you neer was base.'

\SBALLADS Child 151A.42

\N1 The sheriff could not [that] gain say,  
For a trick was put upon him;  
A supper was drest, the king was guest,  
But he thought \'twould have undone him.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.43

\N1 They are all gone to London court,  
Robin Hood, with all his train;  
He once was there a noble peer,  
And now he\'s there again.

\SBALLADS Child 151A.44

\N1 Many such pranks brave Robin playd  
While he lived in the green wood:  
Now, my friends, attend, and hear an end  
Of honest Robin Hood.

\LBALLADS Child 152A.1

\N1 WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham  
Was come, with mickle grief,  
He talkd no good of Robin Hood,  
That strong and sturdy thief.  
Fal lal dal de

\SBALLADS Child 152A.2

\N1 So unto London-road he past,  
His losses to unfold  
To King Richard, who did regard  
The tale that he had told.

\SBALLADS Child 152A.3

\N1 `Why,' quoth the king, 'what shall I do?  
Art thou not sheriff for me?  
The law is in force, go take thy course  
Of them that injure thee.

\SBALLADS Child 152A.4

\N1 `Go get thee gone, and by thyself  
Devise some tricking game  
For to enthal yon rebels all;

Go take thy course with them.'  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.5  
\N1 So away the sheriff he returnd,  
And by the way he thought  
Of the words of the king, and how the thing  
To pass might well be brought.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.6  
\N1 For within his mind he imagined  
That when such matches were,  
Those outlaws stout, without [all] doubt,  
Would be the bowmen there.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.7  
\N1 So an arrow with a golden head  
And shaft of silver white,  
Who won the day should bear away  
For his own proper right.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.8  
\N1 Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,  
Under the green-wood tree:  
'Come prepare you then, my merry men,  
We\'ll go yon sport to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.9  
\N1 With that stept forth a brave young man,  
David of Doncaster:  
'Master,' said he, 'Be rul'd by me,  
From the green-wood we\'ll not stir.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.10  
\N1 'To tell the truth, I\'m well informed  
Yon match is a wile;  
The sheriff, I wiss, devises this  
Us archers to beguile.'  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.11  
\N1 'O thou smells of a coward,' said Robin Hood,  
'Thy words does not please me;  
Come on\'t what will, I\'ll try my skill  
At yon brave archery.'  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.12  
\N1 O then bespoke brave Little John:  
Come, let us thither gang;  
Come listen to me, how it shall be  
That we need not be kend.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.13  
\N1 Our mantles, all of Lincoln green,  
Behind us we will leave;  
We\'ll dress us all so several  
They shall not us perceive.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.14  
\N1 One shall wear white, another red,  
One yellow, another blue;  
Thus in disguise, to the exercise  
We\'ll gang, whateer ensue.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.15  
\N1 Forth from the green-wood they are gone,  
With hearts all firm and stout,  
Resolving [then] with the sheriff\'s men  
To have a hearty bout.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.16  
\N1 So themselves they mixed with the rest,  
To prevent all suspicion;  
For if they should together hold



They thought [it] no discretion.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.17  
\N1 So the sheriff looking round about,  
Amongst eight hundred men,  
But could not see the sight that he  
Had long expected then.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.18  
\N1 Some said, If Robin Hood was here,  
And all his men to boot,  
Sure none of them could pass these men,  
So bravely they do shoot.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.19  
\N1 `Ay,' quoth the sheriff, and scratchd his head,  
`I thought he would have been here;  
I thought he would, but, tho he\'s bold,  
He durst not now appear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.20  
\N1 O that word grieved Robin Hood to the heart;  
He vexed in his blood;  
Eer long, thought he, thou shalt well see  
That here was Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.21  
\N1 Some cried, Blue jacket! another cried, Brown!  
And the third cried, Brave Yellow!  
But the fourth man said, Yon man in red  
In this place has no fellow.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.22  
\N1 For that was Robin Hood himself,  
For he was cloathd in red;  
At every shot the prize he got,  
For he was both sure and dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.23  
\N1 So the arrow with the golden head  
And shaft of silver white  
Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him  
For his own proper right.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.24  
\N1 These outlaws there, that very day,  
To shun all kind of doubt,  
By three or four, no less no more,  
As they went in came out.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.25  
\N1 Until they all assembled were  
Under the green-wood shade,  
Where they report, in pleasant sport,  
What brave pastime they made.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.26  
\N1 Says Robin Hood, All my care is,  
How that yon sheriff may  
Know certainly that it was I  
That bore his arrow away.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.27  
\N1 Says Little John, My counsel good  
Did take effect before,  
So therefore now, if you\'ll allow,  
I will advise once more.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.28  
\N1 `Speak on, speak on,' said Robin Hood,  
`Thy wit\'s both quick and sound;  
[I know no man amongst us can

For wit like thee be found.']  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.29  
\N1 `This I advise,' said Little John;  
`That a letter shall be pend,  
And when it is done, to Nottingham  
You to the sheriff shall send.'  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.30  
\N1 `That is well advised,' said Robin Hood,  
`But how must it be sent?'  
`Pugh! when you please, it\'s done with ease,  
Master, be you content.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.31  
\N1 `I\'ll stick it on my arrow\'s head,  
And shoot it into the town;  
The mark shall show where it must go,  
When ever it lights down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.32  
\N1 The project it was full performd;  
The sheriff that letter had;  
Which when he read, he scratchd his head,  
And rav\'d like one that\'s mad.  
\SBALLADS Child 152A.33  
\N1 So we\'ll leave him chaf+ing in his grease,  
Which will do him no good;  
Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end  
Of honest Robin Hood.  
\LBALLADS Child 153A.1  
\N1 WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,  
Derry, etc.  
Had reigned many years,  
The king was then told they had been too bold  
To his bishops and noble peers.  
Hey, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.2  
\N1 Therefore they called a council of state,  
To know what was best to be done  
For to quell their pride, or else, they reply\'d,  
The land would be over-run.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.3  
\N1 Having consulted a whole summers day,  
At length it was agreed  
That one should be sent to try the event,  
And fetch him away with speed.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.4  
\N1 Therefore a trusty and worthy knight  
The king was pleasd to call,  
Sir William by name; when to him he came,  
He told him his pleasure all.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.5  
\N1 `Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,  
And bid him, without more a-do,  
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf  
Shall suffer with all his crew.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.6  
\N1 `Take here a hundred bowmen brave,  
All chosen men of might,  
Of excellent art for to take thy part,  
In glittering armour bright.'  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.7  
\N1 Then said the knight, My sovereign liege,

By me they shall be led;  
I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood,  
And bring him alive or dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.8  
\N1 One hundred men were chosen straight,  
As proper as eer men saw;  
On Midsummer-day the marched away,  
To conquer that brave outlaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.9  
\N1 With long yew bows and shining spears,  
They marchd in mickle pride,  
And never delayd, or halted, or stayd,  
Till they came to the greenwood-side.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.10  
\N1 Said he to his archers, Tarry here;  
Your bows make ready all,  
That, if need should be, you may follow me;  
And see you observe my call.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.11  
\N1 `I'll go in person f+irst,' he cry'd,  
`With the letters of my good king,  
Both signd and seald, and if he will yield,  
We need not draw one string.'  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.12  
\N1 He wanderd about till at length he came  
To the tent of Robin Hood;  
The letter he shews; bold Robin arose,  
And there on his guard he stood.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.13  
\N1 `They'd have me surrender,' quoth bold Robin Hood,  
`And lie at their mercy then;  
But tell them from me, that never shall be,  
While I have full seven-score men.'  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.14  
\N1 Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,  
Did offer to seize him there,  
Which William Locksly by fortune did see,  
And bid him that trick forbear.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.15  
\N1 Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew a blast or twain,  
And so did the knight, at which there in sight  
The archers came all amain.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.16  
\N1 Sir William with care he drew up his men,  
And plac'd them in battle array;  
Bold Robin, we f+ind, he was not behind;  
Now this was a bloody fray.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.17  
\N1 The archers on both sides bent their bows,  
And the clouds of arrows f+lew;  
The very f+irst f+light, that honoured knight  
Did there bid the world adieu.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.18  
\N1 Yet nevertheless their f+ight did last  
From morning till almost noon;  
Both parties were stout, and loath to give out;  
This was on the last [day] of June.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.19  
\N1 At length they went off; one part they went

To London with right good will;  
And Robin Hood he to the green-wood tree,  
And there he was taken ill.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.20  
\N1 He sent for a monk, who let him blood,  
And took his life away;  
Now this being done, his archers they run,  
It was not a time to stay.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.21  
\N1 Some got on board and crossd the seas,  
To Flanders, France, and Spain,  
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,  
But soon returnd again.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.22  
\N1 Thus he that never feard bow nor spear  
Was murdered by letting of blood;  
And so, loving friends, the story doth end  
Of valiant bold Robin Hood.  
\SBALLADS Child 153A.23  
\N1 There\'s nothing remains but his epitaph now,  
Which, reader, here you have;  
To this very day, and read it you may,  
As it was upon his grave.  
\LBALLADS Child 153A.Epi.  
\N1 Robin, Earl of Huntington,  
Lies under this little stone.  
No archer was like him so good;  
His wildness nam\'d him Robin Hood.  
Full thirteen years, and something more,  
These northern parts he vexed sore.  
Such outlaws as he and his men  
May England never know again!  
\LBALLADS Child 154A.1  
\N1 BOTH gentlemen, or yeomen bould,  
Or whatsoever you are,  
To have a stately story tould,  
Attention now prepare.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.2  
\N1 It is a tale of Robin Hood,  
Which I to you will tell,  
Which being rightly understood,  
I know will please you well.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.3  
\N1 This Robbin, so much talked on,  
Was once a man of fame,  
Instiled Earle of Huntington,  
Lord Robert Hood by name.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.4  
\N1 In courtship and magnif+icence,  
His carriage won him prayse,  
And greater favor with his prince  
Than any in his dayes.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.5  
\N1 In bounteous liberality  
He too much did excell,  
And loved men of quality  
More than exceeding well.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.6  
\N1 His great revennues all he sould  
For wine and costly cheere;

He kept three hundred bowmen bold,  
He shooting loved so deare.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.7  
\N1 No archer living in his time  
With him might well compare;  
He practisd all his youthfull prime  
That exercise most rare.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.8  
\N1 At last, by his profuse expence,  
He had consumd his wealth,  
And being outlawed by his prince,  
In woods he livd by stealth.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.9  
\N1 The abbot of S\iaint\r Maries rich,  
To whom he mony ought,  
His hatred to this earle was such  
That he his downefall wrought.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.10  
\N1 So being outlawed, as \'tis told,  
He with a crew went forth  
Of lusty cutters, stout and bold,  
And robbed in the North.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.11  
\N1 Among the rest, one Little John,  
A yeoman bold and free,  
Who could, if it stood him upon,  
With ease encounter three.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.12  
\N1 One hundred men in all he got,  
With whom, the story sayes,  
Three hundred common men durst not  
Hold combate any wayes.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.13  
\N1 They Yorkshire woods frequented much,  
And Lancashire also,  
Wherein their practises were such  
That they wrought mickle woe.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.14  
\N1 None rich durst travell to and fro,  
Though nere so strongly armd,  
But by these theeves, so strong in show,  
They still were robd and harmd.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.15  
\N1 His chiefest spight to the clergie was,  
That lived in monstrous pride;  
No one of them he would let passe  
Along the high-way side,  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.16  
\N1 But f+irst they must to dinner goe,  
And afterwards to shrift:  
Full many a one he served so,  
Thus while he livd by theft.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.17  
No monkes nor fryers he would let goe,  
Without paying their fees:  
If they thought much to be usd so,  
Their stones he made them leese.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.18  
\N1 For such as they the country f+illd  
With bastards in those dayes;

Which to prevent, these sparkes did geld  
All that came by their wayes.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.19  
\N1 But Robbin Hood so gentle was,  
And bore so brave a minde,  
If any in distresse did passe,  
To them he was so kinde  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.20  
\N1 That he would give and lend to them,  
To helpe them at their neede:  
This made all poore men pray for him,  
And wish he well might speede.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.21  
\N1 The widdow and the fatherlesse  
He would send meanes unto,  
And those whom famine did oppresse  
Found him a friendly foe.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.22  
\N1 Nor would he doe a woman wrong,  
But see her safe conveid;  
He would protect with power strong  
All those who crav\'d his ayde.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.23  
\N1 The abbot of Saint Maries then,  
Who him undid before,  
Was riding with two hundred men,  
And gold and silver store.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.24  
\N1 But Robbin Hood upon him set  
With his couragious sparkes,  
And all the coyne perforce did get,  
Which was twelve thousand markes.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.25  
\N1 He bound the abbot to a tree,  
And would not let him passe  
Before that to his men and he  
His lordship had sayd masse.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.26  
\N1 Which being done, upon his horse  
He set him fast astride,  
And with his face towards his ar--  
He forced him to ride.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.27  
\N1 His men were faine to be his guide,  
For he rode backward home;  
The abbot, being thus villif+ide,  
Did sorely chafe and fume.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.28  
\N1 Thus Robbin Hood did vindicate  
His former wrongs receivd;  
For \'twas this covetous prelate  
That him of land bereavd.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.29  
\N1 The abbot he rode to the king  
With all the haste he could,  
And to his Grace he every thing  
Exactly did unfold.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.30  
\N1 And sayd if that no course were tane,  
By force or stratagem,

To take this rebell and his traine,  
No man should passe for them.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.31  
\N1 The king protested by and by  
Unto the abbot then  
That Robbin Hood with speed should dye,  
With all his merry men.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.32  
\N1 But ere the king did any send,  
He did another feate,  
Which did his Grace much more offend;  
The fact indeed was great.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.33  
For in a short time after that,  
The kings receivers went  
Towards London with the coyne they got,  
For \ 's highnesse northerne rent.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.34  
\N1 Bold Robbin Hood and Little John,  
With the rest of their traine,  
Not dreading law, set them upon,  
And did their gold obtaine.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.35  
\N1 The king much moved at the same,  
And the abbots talke also,  
In this his anger did proclaime,  
And sent word to and fro,  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.36  
\N1 That whosoere, alive or dead,  
Could bring him Robbin Hood,  
Should have one thousand markes, well payd  
In gold and silver good.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.37  
\N1 This promise of the king did make  
Full many yeomen bold  
Attempt stout Robbin Hood to take,  
With all the force they could.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.38  
\N1 But still when any came to him,  
Within the gay greene wood,  
He entertainment gave to them,  
With venison fat and good.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.39  
\N1 And shewd to them such martiall sport,  
\N1 With his long bow and arrow,  
That they of him did give report,  
How that it was great sorow,  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.40  
\N1 That such a worthy man as he  
Should thus be put to shift,  
Being late a lord of high degree,  
Of living quite bereft.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.41  
\N1 The king, to take him, more and more  
Sent men of mickle might,  
But he and his still beate them sore,  
And conquered them in f+ight.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.42  
\N1 Or else, with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts:

Thus still he livd by robbery,  
Throughout the northerne parts.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.43  
\N1 And all the country stood in dread  
Of Robbin Hood and \'s men;  
For stouter lads nere livd by bread,  
In those dayes nor since then.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.44  
\N1 The abbot which before I nam\'d  
Sought all the meanes he could  
To have by force this rebell tane,  
And his adherents bold.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.45  
\N1 Therefore he armd f+ive hundred men,  
With furniture compleate,  
But the outlawes slew halfe of them,  
And made the rest retreat.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.46  
\N1 The long bow and the arrow keene  
They were so usd unto  
That still they kept the forest greene,  
In spight o th\' proudest foe.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.47  
\N1 Twelve of the abbots men he tooke,  
Who came him to have tane,  
When all the rest the f+ield forsooke;  
These he did entertaine  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.48  
\N1 With banquetting and merriment,  
And, having usd them well,  
He to their lord them safely sent,  
And willd them him to tell  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.49  
\N1 That if he would be pleasd at last  
To beg of our good king  
That he might pardon what was past,  
And him to favour bring,  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.50  
\N1 He would surrender backe agen  
The money which before  
Was taken by him and his men,  
From him and many more.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.51  
\N1 Poore men might safelypasse by him,  
And some that way would chuse,  
For well they knew that to helpe them  
He evermore did use.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.52  
\N1 But where he knew a miser rich,  
That did the poore oppresse,  
To feele his coyne his hand did itch;  
Hee\'de have it, more or lesse.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.53  
\N1 And sometimes, when the high-way fayld,  
Then he his courage rouses;  
He and his men have oft assayld  
Such rich men in their houses.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.54  
\N1 So that, through dread of Robbin then  
And his adventurous crew ,



The mizers kept great store of men,  
Which else maintaynd but few.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.55  
\N1 King Richard, of that name the f+irst,  
Sirnamed Cuer de Lyon,  
Went to defeate the Pagans curst,  
Who kept the coasts of Syon.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.56  
\N1 The bishop of Ely, chancelor,  
Was left as vice-roy here,  
Who like a potent emperor,  
Did proudly domminere.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.57  
\N1 Our chronicles of him report  
That commonly he rode  
With a thousand horse from court to court,  
Where he would make abode.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.58  
\N1 He, riding downe towards the north,  
With his aforesayd traine,  
Robbin and his did issue forth,  
Them all to entertaine.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.59  
\N1 And, with the gallant gray-goose wing,  
They shewed to them such play,  
That made their horses kicke and f+ling,  
And downe their riders lay.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.60  
\N1 Full glad and faine the bishop was,  
For all his thousand men,  
To seeke what meanes he could to passe  
From out of Robbins ken.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.61  
\N1 Two hundred of his men were kil\'d,  
And fourscore horses good;  
Thirty, who did as captives yeeld,  
Were carryed to the greene wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.62  
\N1 Which afterwards were ransomed,  
For twenty markes a man;  
The rest set spurres to horse, and f+led  
To th\' town of Warrington.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.63  
\N1 The bishop, sore enraged then,  
Did, in King Richards name,  
Muster a power of northerne men,  
These outlawes bold to tame.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.64  
\N1 But Robbin, with his courtesie,  
So wonne the meaner sort,  
That they were loath on him to try  
What rigor did import.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.65  
\N1 So that bold Robbin and his traine  
Did live unhurt of them,  
Vntill King Richard came againe  
From faire Jerusalem.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.66  
\N1 And then the talke of Robbin Hood  
His royall eares did f+ill;

His Grace admir\'d that ith\' greene wood  
He thus continued still.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.67

\\N1 So that the country farre and neare  
Did give him great applause;  
For none of them neede stand in feare,  
But such as broke the lawes.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.68

\\N1 He wished well unto the king,  
And prayed still for his health,  
And never practised any thing  
Against the common wealth.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.69

\\N1 Onely, because he was undone  
By th\' crewell clergie then,  
All meanes that he could thinke upon  
To vexee such kinde of men

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.70

\\N1 He enterprized, with hatefull spleene;  
In which he was to blame,  
For fault of some, to wreeke his teene  
On all that by him came.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.71

\\N1 With wealth which he by robbery got  
Eight almes-houses he built,  
Thinking thereby to purge the blot  
Of blood which he had spilt.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.72

\\N1 Such was their blinde devotion then,  
Depending on their workes;  
Which, it \'twere true, we Christian men  
Inferiour were to Turkes.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.73

\\N1 But, to speak true of Robbin Hood,  
And wrong him not a iot,  
He never would shed any mans blood  
That him invaded not.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.74

\\N1 Nor would he iniure husbandmen,  
That toylde at cart and plough;  
For well he knew, were \'t not for them,  
To live no man knew how.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.75

\\N1 The king in person, with some lords,  
To Notingham did ride,  
To try what strength and skill affords  
To crush these outlawes pride.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.76

\\N1 And, as he once before had done,  
He did againe proclaime,  
That whosoere would take upon  
To bring to Notingham,

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.77

\\N1 Or any place within the land,  
Rebellious Robbin Hood,  
Should be preferd in place to stand  
With those of noble blood.

\\SBALLADS Child 154A.78

\\N1 When Robbin Hood heard of the same,  
Within a little space,

Into the towne of Notingham  
A letter to his Grace  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.79  
\N1 He shot upon an arrow-head,  
One evening cunningly;  
Which was brought to the king, and read  
Before his Maiestie.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.80  
\N1 The tennour of this letter was,  
That Robbin would submit,  
And be true leigeman to his Grace,  
In any thing that\'s f+it,  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.81  
\N1 So that his Highnesse would forgive  
Him and his merry men all;  
If not, he must i th\' greene wood live,  
And take what chance did fall.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.82  
\N1 The king would faine have pardoned him,  
But that some lords say,  
This president will much condemne  
Your Grace another day.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.83  
\N1 While that the king and lords did stay  
Debating on this thing,  
Some of these outlawes f+led away  
Unto the Scottish king.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.84  
\N1 For they supposed, if he were tane,  
Or to the king did yeeld,  
By th\' commons all the rest on \'s traine  
Full quickly would be quelld.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.85  
\N1 Of more than full a hundred men  
But forty tarryed still,  
Who were resolvd to sticke to him,  
Let fortune worke her will.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.86  
\N1 If none had f+led, all for his sake  
Had got their pardon free;  
The king to favour meant to take  
His merry men and he.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.87  
\N1 But ere the pardon to him came,  
This famous archer dy\'d:  
His death, and manner of the same,  
I\'le presently describe.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.88  
\N1 For, being vext to thinke upon  
His followers revolt,  
In melancholly passion  
He did recount their fault.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.89  
\N1 `Perf+ideous traytors!' sayd he then,  
`In all your dangers past  
Have I you guarded as my men  
To leave me thus at last?'  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.90  
\N1 This sad perplexity did cause  
A fever, as some say,

Which him unto confusion drawes,  
Though by a stranger way.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.91  
\N1 This deadly danger to prevent,  
He hide him with all speede  
Vnto a nunnery, with intent  
For his healths sake to bleede.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.92  
\N1 A faithlesse fryer did pretend  
In love to let him blood;  
But he by falshood wrought the end  
Of famous Robbin Hood .  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.93  
\N1 The fryer, as some say, did this  
To vindicate the wrong  
Which to the clergie he and his  
Had done by power strong.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.94  
\N1 Thus dyed he by trechery,  
That could not dye by force;  
Had he livd longer, certainly,  
King Richard, in remorse,  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.95  
\N1 Had unto favour him receavd;  
He brave men elevated;  
\'Tis pittie he was of life bereavd  
By one which he so hated.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.96  
\N1 A treacherous leech this fryer was,  
To let him bleed to death;  
And Robbin was, me thinkes, an asse,  
To trust him with his breath.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.97  
\N1 His corpes the priores of the place,  
The next day that he dy\'d,  
Caused to be buried, in mean case,  
Close by the high-way side.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.98  
\N1 And over him she caused a stone  
To be f+ixed on the ground;  
An epitaph was set thereon,  
Wherein his name was found.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.99  
\N1 The date o th\' yeare, and day also,  
Shee made to be set there,  
That all who by the way did goe  
Might see it plaine appeare  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.100  
\N1 That such a man as Robbin Hood  
Was buried in that place;  
And how he lived in the greene wood,  
And robd there for a space.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.101  
\N1 It seems that although the clergie he  
Had put to mickle woe,  
He should not quite forgotten be,  
Although he was their foe.  
\SBALLADS Child 154A.102  
\N1 This woman, though she did him hate,  
Yet loved his memory;

And thought it wondrous pittie that  
His fame should with him dye.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.103

\N1 This epitaph, as records tell,  
Within this hundred yeares  
By many was discerned well,  
But time all things outweares.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.104

\N1 His followers, when he was dead,  
Were some received to grace;  
The rest to forraigne countries fled,  
And left their native place.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.105

\N1 Although his funerall was but meane,  
This woman had in minde  
Least his fame should be buried cleane  
From those that came behind.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.106

\N1 For certainly, before nor since,  
No man ere understood,  
Vnder the reigne of any prince,  
Of one like Robbin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.107

\N1 Full thirteene yeares, and something more,  
These outlawes lived thus,  
Feared of the rich, loved of the poore,  
A thing most marvelous.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.108

\N1 A thing impossible to us  
This story seemes to be;  
None dares be now so venturous;  
But times are chang\'d, we see.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.109

\N1 We that live in these latter dayes  
Of civill government,  
If neede be, have a hundred wayes  
Such outlawes to prevent.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.110

\N1 In those dayes men more barbarous were,  
And lived lesse in awe;  
\N1 Now, God be thanked! people feare  
More to offend the law.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.111

\N1 No roaring guns were then in use,  
They dreamt of no such thing;  
Our English men in fight did chuse  
The gallant gray-goose wing.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.112

\N1 In which activity these men,  
Through practise, were so good,  
That in those dayes non equald them,  
Specially Robbin Hood.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.113

\N1 So that, it seemes, keeping in caves,  
In woods and forrests thicke,  
Thei\'d beate a multitude with staves,  
Their arrowes did so pricke.

\SBALLADS Child 154A.114

\N1 And none durst neare unto them come,  
Unlesse in courtesie;

All such he bravely would send home,  
 With mirth and iollity.  
 \SBALLADS Child 154A.115  
 \N1 Which courtesie won him such love,  
 As I before have told;  
 \'Twas the cheefe cause that he did prove  
 More prosperous than he could.  
 \SBALLADS Child 154A.116  
 \N1 Let us be thankefull for these times  
 Of plenty, truth, and peace,  
 And leave our great and horrid crimes,  
 Least they cause this to cease.  
 \SBALLADS Child 154A.117  
 \N1 I know there\'s many fained tales  
 Of Robbin Hood and \'s crew;  
 But chronicles, which seldome fayles,  
 Reports this to be true.  
 \SBALLADS Child 154A.118  
 \N1 Let none then thinke this a lye,  
 For, if \'twere put to th\' worst,  
 They may the truth of all discry  
 I th\' raigne of Richard the f+irst.  
 \SBALLADS Child 154A.119  
 \N1 If any reader please to try,  
 As I direction show,  
 The truth of this brave history,  
 Hee\'l f+inde it true I know.  
 \SBALLADS Child 154A.120  
 \N1 And I shall thinke my labour well  
 Bestowed, to purpose good,  
 When \'t shall be sayd that I did tell  
 True tales of Robbin Hood.  
 \LBALLADS Child 154A.Epi.  
 \N1 Robert Earle of Huntington  
 Lies under this little stone.  
 No archer was like him so good:  
 His wildnesse named him Robbin Hood.  
 Full thirteene yeares, and something more,  
 These northerne parts he vexed sore.  
 Such out-lawes as he and his men  
 May England never know agen.  
 \LBALLADS Child 155A.1  
 \N1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys  
 Were playing at the ba,  
 And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,  
 And he playd oer them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.2  
 \N1 He kickd the ba with his right foot,  
 And catchd it wi his knee,  
 And throuch-and-thro the Jew\'s window  
 He gard the bonny ba f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.3  
 \N1 He\'s doen him to the Jew\'s castell,  
 And walkd it round about;  
 And there he saw the Jew\'s daughter,  
 At the window looking out.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.4  
 \N1 `Throw down the ba, ye Jew\'s daughter,  
 Throw down the ba to me!'  
 \N1 `Never a bit,' says the jew\'s daughter,

`Till up to me come ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.5  
 \N1 `How will I come up? How can I come up?  
 How can I come to thee?  
 For as ye did to my auld father,  
 The same ye\'ll do to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.6  
 \N1 She\'s gane to her father\'s garden,  
 And pu\'d an apple red and green;  
 \'Twas a\' to wyle him sweet Sir Hugh,  
 And to entice him in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.7  
 \N1 She\'s led him in through ae dark door,  
 And sae has she thro nine;  
 \N1 She\'s laid him on a dressing-table,  
 And stickit him like a swine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.8  
 \N1 And f+irst came out the thick, thick blood,  
 And syne came out the thin,  
 And syne came out the bonny heart\'s blood;  
 There was nae mair within.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.9  
 \N1 She\'s rowd him in a cake o lead,  
 Bade him lie still and sleep;  
 She\'s thrown him in Our Lady\'s draw-well,  
 Was f+ifty fathom deep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.10  
 \N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a\' the bairns came hame,  
 When every lady gat hame her son,  
 The Lady Maisry gat nane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.11  
 \N1 She\'s taen her mantle her about,  
 Her coffer by the hand,  
 And she\'s gane out to seek her son,  
 And wanderd oer the land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.12  
 \N1 She\'s doen her to the Jew\'s castell,  
 Where a\' were fast asleep:  
 `Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
 I pray you to me speak.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.13  
 \N1 She\'s doen her to the Jew\'s garden,  
 Thought he had been gathering fruit:  
 `Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
 I pray you to me speak.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.14  
 \N1 She heard Our Lady\'s deep draw-well,  
 Was f+ifty fathom deep:  
 `Whareer ye be, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
 I pray you to me speak.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.15  
 \N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,  
 Prepare my winding-sheet,  
 And at the back o merry Lincoln  
 The morn I will you meet.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155A.16  
 \N1 Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,  
 Made him a winding sheet,  
 And at the back o merry Lincoln

The dead corpse did her meet.  
\SBALLADS Child 155A.17  
\N1 And a\' the bells of merry Lincoln  
Without men\'s hands were rung,  
And a\' the books o merry Lincoln  
Were read without man\'s tongue,  
And neer was such a burial  
Sin Adam\'s days begun.  
\LBALLADS Child 155B.1  
\N1 THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,  
Sae dois it doune the Pa;  
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,  
Whan they play at the ba.  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.2  
\N1 Than out and cam the Jewis dochter,  
Says, Will ye cum in and dine?  
'I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,  
Without my play-feres nine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.3  
\N1 Scho powd an apple reid and white,  
To intice the young thing in:  
Scho powd an apple white and reid,  
And that the sweet bairne did win.  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.4  
\N1 And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,  
And low down by her gair;  
Scho has twin\'d the yong thing and his life,  
A word he nevir spak mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.5  
\N1 And out and cam the thick, thick bluid,  
And out and cam the thin,  
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid;  
Thair was nae life left in.  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.6  
\N1 Scho laid him on a dressing-borde,  
And drest him like a swine,  
And laughing said, Gae nou and pley  
With your sweet play-feres nine.  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.7  
\N1 Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,  
Bade him lie stil and sleip;  
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,  
Was f+fifty fadom deip.  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.8  
\N1 Whan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,  
And every lady went hame,  
Than ilka lady had her yong sonne,  
Bot Lady Helen had nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.9  
\N1 Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,  
And sair, sair gan she weip,  
And she ran into the Jewis castel,  
Whan they wer all asleip.  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.10  
\N1 'My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew,  
I pray thee to me speik:'  
\N1 'O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,  
Gin ye your sonne wad seik.'  
\SBALLADS Child 155B.11  
\N1 Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,



And knelt upon her kne:  
 `My bonny Sir Hew, an ye be here,  
 I pray thee speik to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155B.12  
 \N1 `The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,  
 The well is wondrous deip;  
 A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,  
 A word I dounae speik.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155B.13  
 \N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,  
 Fetch me my windling sheet,  
 And at the back o Mirry-land toun,  
 It\'s thair we twa sall meet.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 155C.1  
 \N1 FOUR and twenty bonny boys  
 War playing at the ba;  
 Then up and started sweet Sir Hew,  
 The f+lower among them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.2  
 \N1 He hit the ba a kick wi\'s f+it,  
 And kept it wi his knee,  
 That up into the Jew\'s window  
 He gart the bonny ba f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.3  
 \N1 `Cast doun the ba to me, fair maid,  
 Cast doun the ba to me;'  
 `O neer a bit o the ba ye get  
 Till ye cum up to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.4  
 \N1 `Cum up, sweet Hew, cum up, dear Hew,  
 Cum up and get the ba;'  
 `I canna cum, I darna cum,  
 Without my play-feres twa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.5  
 \N1 `Cum up, sweet Hew, cum up, dear Hew,  
 Cum up and play wi me;'  
 `I canna cum, I darna cum,  
 Without my play-feres three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.6  
 \N1 She\'s gane into the Jew\'s garden,  
 Where the grass grew lang and green;  
 She powd an apple red and white,  
 To wyle the young thing in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.7  
 \N1 She wyl\'d him into ae chamber,  
 She wyl\'d him into twa,  
 She wyl\'d him to her ain chamber,  
 The fairest o them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.8  
 \N1 She laid him on a dressing-board,  
 Where she did sometimes dine;  
 She put a penknife in his heart,  
 And dressed him like a swine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.9  
 \N1 Then out and cam the thick, thick blude,  
 Then out and cam the thin;  
 Then out and cam the bonny heart\'s blude,  
 Where a\' the life lay in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.10  
 \N1 She rowd him in a cake of lead,

Bad him lie still and sleep;  
 She cast him in the Jew\'s draw-well,  
 Was fifty fadom deep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.11  
 \N1 She\'s tane her mantle about her head,  
 Her pike-staff in her hand,  
 And prayed Heaven to be her guide  
 Unto some uncouth land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.12  
 \N1 His mither she cam to the Jew\'s castle,  
 And there ran thryse about:  
 `O sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,  
 I pray ye to me speak.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.13  
 \N1 She cam into the Jew\'s garden,  
 And there ran thryse about;  
 \R\'ro sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,  
 I pray ye to me speak.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.14  
 \N1 She cam unto the Jew\'s draw-well,  
 And there ran thryse about:  
 `O sweet Sir Hew, gif ye be here,  
 I pray ye to me speak.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.15  
 \N1 `How can I speak, how dare I speak,  
 How can I speak to thee?  
 The Jew\'s penknife sticks in my heart,  
 I canna speak to thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.16  
 \N1 `Gang hame, gang hame, O mither dear,  
 And shape my winding sheet,  
 And at the birks of Mirryland town  
 There you and I shall meet.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155C.17  
 \N1 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a\' men bound for bed,  
 Every mither had her son,  
 But sweet Sir Hew was dead.  
 \LBALLADS Child 155D.1  
 \N1 A\R\'\'r the boys of merry Linkim  
 War playing at the ba,  
 An up it stands him sweet Sir Hugh,  
 The f+lower amang them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.2  
 \N1 He keppit the ba than wi his foot,  
 And catchd it wi his knee,  
 And even in at the Jew\'s window  
 He gart the bonny ba f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.3  
 \N1 `Cast out the ba to me, fair maid,  
 Cast out the ba to me!'  
 `Ah never a bit of it,' she says,  
 `Till ye come up to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.4  
 \N1 `Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,  
 Come up and get the ba\''!  
 `I winna come up, I mayna come [up],  
 Without my bonny boys a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.5  
 \N1 `Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,

Come up and speak to me!'
   
 `I mayna come up, I winna come up,
   
 Without my bonny boys three.'
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.6
   
 \N1 She\'s taen her to the Jew\'s garden,
   
 Where the grass grew lang and green,
   
 She\'s pu\'d an apple reid and white,
   
 To wyle the bonny boy in.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.7
   
 \N1 She\'s wyl\'d him in thro ae chamber,
   
 She\'s wyl\'d him in thro twa,
   
 She\'s wyl\'d him till her ain chamber,
   
 The f+lower out ovr them a\'.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.8
   
 \N1 She\'s laid him on a dressin-board,
   
 Whare she did often dine;
   
 She stack a penknife to his heart,
   
 And dressd him like a swine.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.9
   
 \N1 She rowd him in a cake of lead,
   
 Bade him lie still and sleep;
   
 She threw him i the Jew\'s draw-well,
   
 \'Twas f+ifty fathom deep.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155D.10
   
 \N1 Whan bells was rung, and mass was sung,
   
 An a\' man bound to bed,
   
 Every lady got hame her son,
   
 But sweet Sir Hugh was dead.
   
 \LBALLADS Child 155E.1
   
 \N1 YESTERDAY was brave Hallowday,
   
 And, above all days of the year,
   
 The schoolboys all got leave to play,
   
 And little Sir Hugh was there.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155E.2
   
 \N1 He kicked the ball with his foot,
   
 And kepped it with his knee,
   
 And even in at the Jew\'s window
   
 He gart the bonnie ba f+lee.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155E.3
   
 \N1 Out then came the Jew\'s daughter:
   
 `Will ye come in and dine?'
   
 `I winna come in, and I canna come in,
   
 Till I get that ball of mine.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155E.4
   
 \N1 `Throw down that ball to me, maiden,
   
 Throw down the ball to me!'
   
 \N1 `I winna throw down your ball, Sir Hugh,
   
 Till ye come up to me.'
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155E.5
   
 \N1 She pu\'d the apple frae the tree,
   
 It was baith red and green;
   
 She gave it unto little Sir Hugh,
   
 With that his heart did win.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155E.6
   
 \N1 She wiled him into ae chamber,
   
 She wiled him into twa,
   
 She wiled him into the third chamber,
   
 And that was warst o\'t a\'.
   
 \SBALLADS Child 155E.7
   
 \N1 She took out a little penknife,

Hung low down by her spare,  
She twined this young thing o his life,  
And a word he neer spak mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.8  
\N1 And f+irst came out the thick, thick blood,  
And syne came out the thin,  
And syne came out the bonnie heart\'s blood,  
There was nae mair within.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.9  
\N1 She laid him on a dressing-table,  
She dressd him like a swine;  
Says, Lie ye there, my bonnie Sir Hugh,  
Wi yere apples red and green!  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.10  
\N1 She put him in a case of lead,  
Says, Lie ye there and sleep!  
She threw him into the deep draw-well,  
Was f+ifty fathom deep.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.11  
\N1 A schoolboy walking in the garden  
Did grievously hear him moan;  
He ran away to the deep draw-well,  
And fell down on his knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.12  
\N1 Says, Bonnie Sir Hugh, and pretty Sir Hugh,  
I pray you speak to me!  
If you speak to any body in this world,  
I pray you speak to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.13  
\N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And every body went hame,  
Then every lady had her son,  
But Lady Helen had nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.14  
\N1 She rolled her mantle her about,  
And sore, sore did she weep;  
She ran away to the Jew\'s castle,  
When all were fast asleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.15  
\N1 She cries, Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,  
I pray you speak to me!  
If you speak to any body in this world,  
I pray you speak to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.16  
\N1 `Lady Helen, if ye want your son,  
I\'ll tell ye where to seek;  
Lady Helen, if ye want your son,  
He\'s in the well sae deep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.17  
\N1 She ran away to the deep draw-well,  
And she fell down on her knee,  
Saying, Bonnie Sir Hugh, O pretty Sir Hugh,  
I pray ye speak to me!  
If ye speak to any body in the world,  
I pray ye speak to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 155E.18  
\N1 `Oh the lead it is wondrous heavy, mother,  
The well it is wondrous deep;  
The little penknife sticks in my throat,  
And I downa to ye speak.

\SBALLADS Child 155E.19

\N1 `But lift me out o this deep draw-well,  
And bury me in yon churchyard;

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 155E.20

\N1 `Put a Bible at my head,' he says,  
`And a Testament at my feet,  
And pen and ink at every side,  
And I\`ll lie still and sleep.

\SBALLADS Child 155E.21

\N1 `And go to the back of Maitland town,  
Bring me my winding sheet;  
For it\`s at the back of Maitland town  
That you and I shall meet.'

\SBALLADS Child 155E.22

\N1 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom that makes full sore,  
A woman\`s mercy is very little,  
But a man\`s mercy is more.

\LBALLADS Child 155F.1

\N1 \`TWAS on a summer\`s morning  
Some scholars were playing at ball,  
When out came the Jew\`s daughter  
And leand her back against the wall.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.2

\N1 She said unto the fairest boy,  
Come here to me, Sir Hugh;  
`No! I will not,' said he,  
`Without my playfellows too.'

\SBALLADS Child 155F.3

\N1 She took an apple out of her pocket,  
And trundled it along the plain,  
And who was readiest to lift it  
Was little Sir Hugh again.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.4

\N1 She took him by the milk-white han,  
An led him through many a hall,  
Until they came to one stone chamber,  
Where no man might hear his call.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.5

\N1 She set him in a goolden chair,  
And jaggd him with a pin,  
And called for a goolden cup  
To houl his heart\`s blood in.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.6

\N1 She tuk him by the yellow hair,  
An also by the feet,  
An she threw him in the deep draw-well;  
It was f+fifty fadom deep.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.7

\N1 Day bein over, the night came on,  
And the scholars all went home;  
Then every mother had her son,  
But little Sir Hugh\`s had none.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.8

\N1 She put a mantle about her head,  
Tuk a little rod in her han,  
An she says, Sir Hugh, if I f+in you here,  
I will bate you for stayin so long.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.9

\N1 First she went to the Jew\'s door,  
But they were fast asleep;  
An then she went to the deep draw-well,  
That was f+ifty fadom deep.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.10

\N1 She says, Sir Hugh, if you be here,  
As I suppose you be,  
If ever the dead or quick arose,  
Arise and spake to me.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.11

\N1 `Yes, mother dear, I am here,  
I know I have staid very long;  
But a little penknife was stuck in my heart,  
Till the stream ran down full strong.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.12

\N1 `And mother dear, when you go home,  
Tell my playfellows all  
That I lost my life by leaving them,  
When playing that game of ball.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.13

\N1 `And ere another day is gone,  
My winding-sheet prepare,  
And bury me in the green churchyard,  
Where the f+lowers are bloomin fair.

\SBALLADS Child 155F.14

\N1 `Lay my Bible at my head,  
My Testament at my feet;  
the earth and worms shall be my bed,  
Till Christ and I shall meet.'

\LBALLADS Child 155G.1

of Baltimore.

\N1 IT rains, it rains in old Scotland,  
And down the rain does fa,  
And all the boys in our town  
Are out a playing at ba.

\SBALLADS Child 155G.2

\N1 `You toss your balls too high, my boys,  
You toss your balls too low;  
You\'ll toss them into the Jew\'s garden,  
Wherein you darst not go.'

\SBALLADS Child 155G.3

\N1 Then out came one of the Jew\'s daughters,  
All dressed in red and green:  
`Come in, come in, my pretty little boy,  
And get your ball again.'

\SBALLADS Child 155G.4

\N1 `I winna come in, and I canna come in,  
Without my playmates all,  
And without the will of my mother dear,  
Which would cause my heart\'s blood to fall.'

\SBALLADS Child 155G.5

\N1 She shewed him an apple as green as grass,  
She shewed him a gay gold ring,  
She shewed him a cherry as red as blood,  
Which enticed the little boy in.

\SBALLADS Child 155G.6

\N1 She took him by the lily-white hand,  
And led him into the hall,  
And laid him on a dresser-board,

And that was the worst of all.

\SBALLADS Child 155G.7

\N1 She laid the Bible at his head,  
The Prayer-Book at his feet,  
And with a penknife small  
She stuck him like a sheep.

\SBALLADS Child 155G.8

\N1 Six pretty maids took him by the head,  
And six took him by the feet,  
And threw him into a deep draw-well,  
That was eighteen fathoms deep.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 155G.9

\N1 `The lead is wondrous heavy, mother,  
The well is wondrous deep,  
A keen pen-knife sticks in my heart,  
And nae word more can I speak.'

\LBALLADS Child 155H.1

\N1 IT rains, it rains in fair Scotland,  
It rains both great and small

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 155H.2

\N1 He tossed the ball so high, so low,  
He tossed the ball so low,  
He tossed it over the Jew\'s garden-wall,  
Where no none dared to go.

\SBALLADS Child 155H.3

\N1 Out came one of the Jew\'s daughters,  
All dressed in apple-green;  
Said she, My dear little boy, come in,  
And pick up your ball again.

\SBALLADS Child 155H.4

\N1 `I dare not come, I will not come,  
I dare not come at all;  
For if I should, I know you would  
Cause my blood to fall.'

\SBALLADS Child 155H.5

\N1 She took him by the lily-white hand,  
And led him thro the kitchen;  
And there he saw his own dear maid  
A roasting of a chicken.

\SBALLADS Child 155H.6

\N1 She put him in a little chair,  
And pinned him with a pin,  
And then she called for a wash-basin,  
To spill his life blood in.

\SBALLADS Child 155H.7

\N1 `O put the Bible at my head,  
And the Testament at my feet,  
And when my mother calls for me,  
You may tell her I\'m gone to sleep.'

\LBALLADS Child 155I.1

from the recitation of an aged lady.  
\N1 IT rains, it rains in merry Scotland,  
It rains both great and small,  
And all the children in merry Scotland  
Are playing at the ball.

\SBALLADS Child 155I.2

\N1 They toss the ball so high, so high,

They toss the ball so low,  
 They toss the ball in the Jew\'s garden,  
 Where the Jews are sitting a row.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155I.3  
 \N1 Then up came one of the Jew\'s daughters,  
 Cloathed all in green:  
 `Come hither, come hither, my pretty Sir Hugh,  
 And fetch thy ball again.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155I.4  
 \N1 `I durst not come, I durst not go,  
 Without my play-fellowes all;  
 For if my mother should chance to know,  
 She\'d cause my blood to fall.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 155I.5  
 \N1 She laid him upon the dresser-board,  
 And stuck him like a sheep;  
 She laid the Bible at his head,  
 The Testament at his feet,  
 The Catechise-Book in his own heart\'s blood,  
 With a penknife stuck so deep.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 155J.1  
 \N1 IT rains, it rains in merry Scotland,  
 Both little, great and small,  
 And all the schoolfellows in merry Scotland  
 Must needs go play at ball.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.2  
 \N1 They tossd the ball so high, so high,  
 With that it came down so low;  
 They tossd it over the old Jew\'s gates,  
 And broke the old Jew\'s window.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.3  
 \N1 The old Jew\'s daughter she came out,  
 Was clothed all in green:  
 `Come hither, come hither, you young Sir Hugh,  
 And fetch your ball again.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.4  
 \N1 `I dare not come, nor I will not come,  
 Without my schoolfellows come all;  
 For I shall be beaten when I go home  
 For losing of my ball.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.5  
 \N1 She `ticed him with an apple so red,  
 And likewise with a f+ig;  
 She threw him over the dresser-board,  
 And sticked him like a pig.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.6  
 \N1 The f+irst came out the thickest of blood,  
 The second came out so thin,  
 The third came out the child\'s heart-blood,  
 Where all his life lay in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.7  
 \N1 `O spare my life! O spare my life!  
 O spare my life!' said he;  
 `If ever I live to be a young man,  
 I\'ll do as good chare for thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.8  
 \N1 `I\'ll do as good chare for thy true love  
 As ever I did for the king;



I will scour a basin as bright as silver  
 To let your heart-blood run in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.9  
 \N1 When eleven o'clock was past and gone,  
 And all the school-fellows came home,  
 Every mother had her own child  
 But young Sir Hugh\'s mother had none.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.10  
 \N1 She went up Lincoln and down Lincoln,  
 And all about Lincoln street,  
 With her small wand in her right hand,  
 Thinking of her child to meet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.11  
 \N1 She went till she came to the old Jew\'s gate,  
 She knocked with the ring;  
 Who should be so ready as the old Jew herself  
 To rise and let her in!  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.12  
 \N1 `What news, fair maid? what news, fair maid?  
 What news have you brought to me?  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 155J.13  
 \N1 `Have you seen any of my child today,  
 Or any of the rest of my kin?'  
 `No, I\'ve seen none of your child today,  
 Nor none of the rest of your kin.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 155K.1  
 \N1 IT hails, it rains, in Merry-Cock land,  
 It hails, it rains, both great and small,  
 And all the little children in Merry-Cock land  
 They have need to play at ball.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155K.2  
 \N1 They tossd the ball so high,  
 They tossd the ball so low,  
 Amongst all the Jews\' cattle,  
 And amongst the Jews below.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155K.3  
 \N1 Out came one of the Jew\'s daughters,  
 Dressed all in green;  
 `Come, my sweet Saluter,  
 And fetch the ball again.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 155K.4  
 \N1 `I durst not come, I must not come,  
 Unless all my little playfellows come along;  
 For if my mother sees me at the gate,  
 She\'ll cause my blood to fall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155K.5  
 \N1 `She showd me an apple as green as grass,  
 She showd me a gay gold ring;  
 She showd me a cherry as red as blood,  
 And so she entic\'d me in  
 \SBALLADS Child 155K.6  
 \N1 `She took me in the parlor,  
 She took me in the kitchen,  
 And there I saw my own dear nurse,  
 A picking of a chicken.  
 \SBALLADS Child 155K.7  
 \N1 `She laid me down to sleep,  
 With a Bible at my head and a Testament at my feet;

And if my playfellows come to quere for me,  
Tell them I am asleep.'

\LBALLADS Child 155L.1

\N1 IT rains, it hails in merry Lincoln,  
It rains both great and small,  
And all the boys and girls today  
Do play at pat the ball.

\SBALLADS Child 155L.2

\N1 They patted the ball so high, so high,  
They patted the ball so low,  
They patted it into the Jew\'s garden,  
Where all the Jews do go.

\SBALLADS Child 155L.3

\N1 Then out it spake the Jew\'s daughter,  
As she leant over the wall;  
'Come hither, come hither, my pretty playfellow,  
And I\'ll give you your ball.'

\SBALLADS Child 155L.4

\N1 She tempted him [in] with apple so red,  
But that wouldnt tempt him in;  
She tempted him in with sugar so sweet,  
And so she got him in.

\SBALLADS Child 155L.5

\N1 Then she put forth her lilly-white hand,  
And led him through the hall:  
'This way, this way, my pretty play-fellow,  
And you shall have your ball.'

\SBALLADS Child 155L.6

\N1 She led him on through one chamber,  
And so she did through nine,  
Until she came to her own chamber,  
Where she was wont to dine,  
And she laid him on a dressing-board,  
And sticket him like a swine.

\SBALLADS Child 155L.7

\N1 Then out it came the thick, thick blood,  
And out it came the thin,  
And out it came the bonnie heart\'s blood,  
There was no more within.

\LBALLADS Child 155M.1

\N1 DOWN in merry, merry Scotland  
It rained both hard and small;  
Two little boys went out one day,  
All for to play with a ball.

\SBALLADS Child 155M.2

\N1 They tossed it up so very, very high,  
They tossed it down so low;  
They tossed it into the Jew\'s garden,  
Where the f+lowers all do blow.

\SBALLADS Child 155M.3

\N1 Out came one of the Jew\'s daughters,  
Dresse+:d in green all:  
'If you come here, my fair pretty lad,  
You shall have your ball.'

\SBALLADS Child 155M.4

\N1 She showed him an apple as green as grass;  
The next thing was a f+ig;  
The next thing a cherry as red as blood,  
And that would \'tice him in.

\SBALLADS Child 155M.5

She set him on a golden chair,  
And gave him sugar sweet;  
Laid him on some golden chest of drawers,  
Stabbed him like a sheep.  
\SBALLADS Child 155M.6  
\N1 `Seven foot Bible  
At my head and my feet;  
If my mother pass by me,  
Pray tell her I\'m asleep.'  
\LBALLADS Child 155N.1  
\N1 IT was on a May, on a midsummer\'s day,  
When it rained, it did rain small;  
And little Harry Hughes and his playfellows all  
Went out to play the ball.  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.2  
\N1 He knocked it up, and he knocked it down,  
He knocked it oer and oer;  
The very f+irst kick little Harry gave the ball,  
He broke the duke\'s windows all.  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.3  
\N1 She came down, the youngest duke\'s daughter,  
She was dressed in green:  
`Come back, come back, my pretty little boy,  
And play the ball again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.4  
\N1 `I wont come back, and I daren\'t come back,  
Without my playfellows all;  
And if my mother she should come in,  
She\'d make it the bloody ball.'  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.5  
\N1 She took an apple out of her pocket,  
And rolled it along the plain;  
Little Harry Hughes picked up the apple,  
And sorely rued the day.  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.6  
\N1 She takes him by the lily-white hand,  
And leads him from hall to hall,  
Until she came to a little dark room,  
That no one could hear him call.  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.7  
\N1 She sat herself on a golden chair,  
Him on another close by,  
And there\'s where she pulled out her little penknife,  
That was both sharp and f+ine.  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.8  
\N1 Little Harry Hughes had to pray for his soul,  
For his days were at an end;  
She stuck her penknife in little Harry\'s heart,  
And f+irst the blood came very thick, and then came very thin.  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.9  
\N1 She rolled him in a quire of tin,  
That was in so many a fold;  
She rolled him from that to a little draw-well,  
That was f+ifty fathoms deep.  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.10  
\N1 `Lie there, lie there, little Harry,' she cried,  
`And God forbid you to swim,  
If you be a disgrace to me,  
Or to any of my friends.'  
\SBALLADS Child 155N.11

\N1 The day passed by, and the night came on,  
And every scholar was home,  
And every mother had her own child,  
But poor Harry\'s mother had none.

\SBALLADS Child 155N.12

\N1 She walked up and down the street,  
With a little sally rod in her hand,  
And God directed her to the little draw-well,  
That was fifty fathoms deep.

\SBALLADS Child 155N.13

\N1 `If you be there, little Harry,' she said,  
`And God forbid you to be,  
Speak one word to your own dear mother,  
That is looking all over for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 155N.14

\N1 `This I am, dear mother,' he cried,  
`And lying in great pain,  
With a little penknife lying close to my heart,  
And the duke\'s daughter has me slain.

\SBALLADS Child 155N.15

\N1 `Give my blessing to my schoolfellows all,  
And tell them to be at the church,  
And make my grave both large and deep,  
And my coffin of hazel and green birch.

\SBALLADS Child 155N.16

\N1 `Put my Bible at my head,  
My busker (?) at my feet,  
My little prayer-book at my right side,  
And sound will be my sleep.'

\LBALLADS Child 1550.1

\N1 IT rains, it rains, in merry Scotland,  
It rains both great and small,  
And all the children in merry Scotland  
Must needs play at ball.

\SBALLADS Child 1550.2

\N1 They toss the ball so high,  
And they toss the ball so low;  
They toss it into the Jew\'s garden,  
Where the Jews sate all of a row.

\SBALLADS Child 1550.3

\N1 . . . . .

A-dresse+:d all in green:  
`Come in, come in, my pretty lad,  
And you shall have your ball again.'

\SBALLADS Child 1550.4

\N1 `They set me in a chair of state,  
And gave me sugar sweet;  
They laid me on a dresser-board,  
And stuck me like a sheep.

\SBALLADS Child 1550.5

\N1 `Oh lay a Bible at my head,  
And a Prayer-Book at my feet!  
In the well that they did throw me in,  
Full five-and-fifty feet deep.'

\LBALLADS Child 155P.1

\N1 HE tossed the ball so high, so high,  
He tossed the ball so low,  
He tossed the ball in the Jew\'s garden,  
And the Jews were all below.

\SBALLADS Child 155P.2

\N1 Oh then out came the Jew\'s daughter,  
She was dressed all in green:  
'Come hither, come hither, my sweet pretty fellow,  
And fetch your ball again.'  
\LBALLADS Child 155Q.1  
\N1 A\R\'\'r the bairns o Lincolnshire  
Were learning at the school,  
And every Saturday at een  
They learnt their lessons weel.  
\SBALLADS Child 155Q.2  
\N1 The Jew\'s dochter sat in her bower-door,  
Sewing at her seam;  
She spied a\' the bonnie bairns,  
As they cam out and hame.  
\LBALLADS Child 155R.1  
\N1 IT was in the middle o the midsimmer tyme,  
When the scule weans playd at the ba, ba,  
Out and cam the Jew\'s tochter,  
And on little Sir Hew did ca, ca,  
And on little Sir Hew did ca.  
\LBALLADS Child 155[S.1]  
\N1 It rained so high, it rained so low,  
. . . . .  
In the Jew\'s garden all below.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[S.2]  
\N1 Out came a Jew,  
All clothe+:d in green,  
Saying, Come hither, come hither, my sweet little boy,  
And fetch your ball again.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[S.3]  
\N1 'I won\'t come hither, I shan\'t come hither,  
Without my school-fellows all;  
My mother would beat me, my father would kill me,  
And cause my blood to pour.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[S.4]  
\N1 'He showed me an apple as green as grass,  
He showed me a gay gold ring,  
He showed me a cherry as red as blood,  
And that enticed me in.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[S.5]  
\N1 'He enticed me into the parlour,  
He enticed me into the kitchen,  
And there I saw my own dear sister,  
A picking of a chicken.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[S.6]  
\N1 'He set me in a golden chair  
And gave me sugar sweet;  
He laid me on a dresser-board,  
And stabbed me like a sheep.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[S.7]  
\N1 'With a Bible at my head,  
A Testament at my feet,  
A prayer-book at the side of me,  
And a penknife in so deep.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[S.8]  
\N1 'If my mother should enquire for me,  
Tell her I\'m asleep;  
Tell her I\'m at heaven\'s gate,  
Where her and I shall meet.'  
\LBALLADS Child 155[T.1]

\N1 Easter Day was a holiday,  
Of all days in the year,  
And all the little schoolfellows went out to play,  
Bat Sir William was not there.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[T.2]  
\N1 Mamma went to the Jew\'s wife\'s house,  
And knocked at the ring,  
Saying, Little Sir William, if you are there,  
Oh, let your mother in!  
\SBALLADS Child 155[T.3]  
\N1 The Jew\'s wife opened the door and said,  
He is not here to-day;  
He is with the little schoolfellows out on the green,  
Playing some pretty play.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[T.4]  
\N1 Mamma went to the Boyne water,  
That is so wide and deep,  
Saying, Little Sir William, if you are there,  
Oh, pity your mother\'s weep!  
\SBALLADS Child 155[T.5]  
\N1 `How can I pity your weep, mother,  
And I so long in pain?  
For the little penknife sticks close in my heart,  
And the Jew\'s wife has me slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[T.6]  
\N1 `Go home, go home, my mother dear,  
And prepare my winding sheet,  
For tomorrow morning before eight o\'clock  
You with my body shall meet.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[T.7]  
\N1 `And lay my Prayer-Book at my head,  
And my grammar at my feet,  
That all the little schoolfellows as they pass by  
May read them for my sake.'  
\LBALLADS Child 155[U.1]  
\N1 You toss your ball so high,  
You toss your ball so low,  
You toss your ball into the Jew\'s garden,  
Where the pretty f+lowers grow.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[U.2]  
\N1 Out came one of the Jew\'s daughters,  
Dressed all in green:  
`Come hither, pretty little dear,  
And fetch your ball again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 155[U.3]  
\N1 She showed him a rosy-cheeked apple,  
She showed him a gay gold ring,  
She showed him a cherry as red as blood,  
And that enticed him in.  
\SBALLADS Child 155[U.4]  
\N1 She set him in a golden chair,  
She gave him kisses sweet,  
She threw him down a darksome well,  
More than f+ifty feet deep.  
\LBALLADS Child 156A.1  
\N1 QUEEN ELENOR was a sick woman,  
And afraid that she should dye;  
Then she sent for two fryars of France,  
For to speak with them speedily.  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.2

\N1 The King calld down his nobles all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
And sent away for Earl Martial,  
For to speak with him speedily.  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.3  
\N1 When that he came before the King,  
He fell on his bended knee;  
A boon, a boon! our gracious king,  
That you sent so hastily.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.4  
\N1 `I\'ll pawn my living and my lands,  
My septer and my crown,  
That whatever Queen Elenor says,  
I will not write it down.  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.5  
\N1 `Do you put on one fryar\'s coat,  
And I\'ll put on another,  
And we will to Queen Elenor go,  
one fryar like another.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.6  
\N1 Thus both attired then they go;  
When they came to Whitehall,  
The bells they did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
And the torches did light them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.7  
\N1 When that they came before the Queen,  
They fell on their bended knee:  
`A boon, a boon! our gracious queen,  
That you sent so hastily.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.8  
\N1 `Are you two fryars of France?' she said,  
`Which I suppose you be;  
But if you are two English fryars,  
Then hanged you shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.9  
\N1 `We are two fryars of France,' they said,  
`As you suppose we be;  
We have not been at any mass  
Since we came from the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.10  
\N1 `The f+irst vile thing that ere I did  
I will to you unfold;  
Earl Martial had my maidenhead,  
Underneath this cloath of gold.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.11  
`That is a vile sin,' then said the king,  
`God may forgive it thee!'  
`Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
With a heavy heart then spoke he.  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.12  
\N1 `The next vile thing that ere I did  
To you I\'ll not deny;  
I made a box of poyson strong,  
To poyson King Henry.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.13  
\N1 `That is a vile sin,' then said the King,  
`God may forgive it thee!'  
`Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
`And I wish it so may be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.14

\N1 `The next vile thing that ere I did  
To you I will discover;  
I poysoned Fair Rosamond,  
All in fair Woodstock bower.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.15  
\N1 `That is a vile sin,' then said the King,  
`God may forgive it thee!'  
`Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
`And I wish it so may be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.16  
\N1 `Do you see yonders little boy,  
A tossing of that ball?  
That is Earl Martial<\'s] eldest son,  
And I love him the best of all.  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.17  
\N1 `Do you see yonders little boy,  
A catching of the ball?  
That is King Henry\'s son,' she said,  
`And I love him the worst of all.  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.18  
\N1 `His head is like unto a bull,  
His nose is like a boar;'  
`No matter for that,' King Henry said,  
`I love him the better therefore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.19  
\N1 The King pulld of his fryar\'s coat,  
And appeard all in red;  
She shriekd and she cry\'d, she wrong her hands,  
And said she was betrayd.  
\SBALLADS Child 156A.20  
\N1 The King lookd over his left shoulder,  
And a grim look looked he,  
And said, Earl Martial, but for my oath,  
Then hangd shouldst thou be.  
\LBALLADS Child 156B.1  
\N1 OUR queen\'s sick, an very sick,  
She\'s sick an like to die;  
She has sent for the friars of France,  
To speak wi her speedilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 156B.2  
\N1 `I\'ll put on a friar\'s robe,  
An ye\'ll put on anither,  
An we\'ll go to Madam the Queen,  
Like friars bath thegither.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156B.3  
\N1 `God forbid,' said Earl Marishall,  
`That ever the like shud be,  
That I beguile Madam the Queen!  
I wad be hangit hie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156B.4  
\N1 The King pat on a friar\'s robe,  
Earl Marishall on anither;  
They\'re on to the Queen,  
Like friars baith thegither.  
\SBALLADS Child 156B.5  
\N1 `Gin ye be the friars of France,  
As I trust well ye be+---+  
But an ye be ony ither men,  
Ye sall be hangit hie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156B.6



\N1 The King he turnd him roun,  
 An by his troth sware he,  
 We hae na sung messe  
 Sin we came frae the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.7  
 \N1 `The f+irst sin ever I did,  
 An a very great sin \'twas tee,  
 I gae my maidenhead to Earl Marishall,  
 Under the greenwood tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.8  
 \N1 \R'T\rhat was a sin, an a very great sin,  
 But pardond it may be;'  
 `Wi mendiment,' said Earl Marishall,  
 But a heavy heart had he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.9  
 \N1 `The next sin ever I did,  
 An a very great sin \'twas tee,  
 I poisoned Lady Rosamond,  
 An the King\'s darling was she.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.10  
 \N1 `That was a sin, an a very great sin,  
 But pardond it may be;'  
 `Wi mendiment,' said King Henry,  
 But a heavy heart had he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.11  
 \N1 `The next sin ever I did,  
 An a very great sin \'twas tee,  
 I keepit poison in my bosom seven years,  
 To poison him King Henrie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.12  
 \N1 `That was a sin, an a very great sin,  
 But pardond it may be;'  
 `Wi mendiment,' said King Henry,  
 But a heavy heart had he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.13  
 \N1 `O see na ye yon bonny boys,  
 As they play at the ba?  
 An see na ye Lord Marishal\'s son?  
 I lee him best of a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.14  
 \N1 `But see na ye King Henry\'s son?  
 He\'s headit like a bull, and backit like a boar,  
 I like him warst awa:.'  
 `And by my sooth,' says him King Henry,  
 `I like him best o the twa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.15  
 \N1 The King he turned him roun,  
 Pat on the coat o goud,  
 . . . .  
 The Queen turnd the King to behold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 156B.16  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 `Gin I hadna sworn by the crown and sceptre roun,  
 Earl Marishal sud been gart die.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 156C.1  
 \N1 THE Queen\'s faen sick, and very, very sick,  
 Sick, and going to die,  
 And she\'s sent for twa friars of France,  
 To speak with her speedilie.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.2

\N1 The King he said to the Earl Marischal,  
To the Earl Marischal said he,  
The Queen she wants twa friars frae France,  
To speak with her presentlie.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.3

\N1 Will ye put on a friar\'s coat,  
And I\'ll put on another,  
And we\'ll go in before the Queen,  
Like friars both together.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.4

\N1 `But O forbid,' said the Earl Marischal,  
`That I this deed should dee!  
For if I beguile Eleanor our queen,  
She will gar hang me hie.'

\SBALLADS Child 156C.5

\N1 The King he turned him round about,  
An angry man was he;  
He\'s sworn by his sceptre and his sword  
Earl Marischal should not die.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.6

\N1 The King has put on a friar\'s coat,  
Earl Marischal on another,  
And they went in before the Queen,  
Like friars both together.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.7

\N1 `O, if ye be twa friars of France,  
Ye\'re dearly welcome to me;  
But if ye be twa London friars,  
I will gar hang you hie.'

\SBALLADS Child 156C.8

\N1 `Twa friars of France, twa friars of France,  
Twa friars of France are we,  
And we vow we never spoke to a man  
Till we spake to Your Majesty.'

\SBALLADS Child 156C.9

\N1 `The f+irst great sin that eer I did,  
And I\'ll tell you it presentlie,  
Earl Marischal got my maidenhead,  
When coming oer the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 156C.10

\N1 `That was a sin, and a very great sin,  
But pardoned it may be;'  
`All that with amendment,' said Earl Marischal,  
But a quacking heart had he.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.11

\N1 `The next great sin that eer I did,  
I\'ll tell you it presentlie;  
I carried a box seven years in my breast,  
To poison King Henrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 156C.12

\N1 `O that was a sin, and a very great sin,  
But pardoned it may be;'  
`All that with amendment,' said Earl Marischal,  
But a quacking heart had he.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.13

\N1 `The next great sin that eer I did,  
I\'ll tell you it presentlie;  
I poisoned the Lady Rosamond,  
And a very good woman was she.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.14

\N1 `See ye not yon twa bonny boys,  
As they play at the ba?  
The eldest of them is Marischal\'s son,  
And I love him best of a\';  
The youngest of them is Henrie\'s son,  
And I love him none at a\'

\SBALLADS Child 156C.15

\N1 `For he is headed like a bull, a bull,  
He is backed like a boar;'  
`Then by my sooth,' King Henrie said,  
`I love him the better therefor.'

\SBALLADS Child 156C.16

\N1 The King has cast off his friar\'s coat,  
Put on a coat of gold;  
The Queen she\'s turned her face about,  
She could not\'s face behold.

\SBALLADS Child 156C.17

\N1 The King then said to Earl Marischal,  
To the Earl Marischal said he,  
Were it not for my sceptre and sword,  
Earl Marischall, ye should die.

\LBALLADS Child 156D.1

a lady residing in Kirkcaldy; learned of her mother.

\N1 THE queen of England she has fallen sick,  
Sore sick, and like to die;  
And she has sent for twa French priests,  
To bear her companie.

\SBALLADS Child 156D.2

\N1 The King he has got word o this,  
And an angry man was he;  
And he is on to the Earl-a-Marshall,  
As fast as he can gae.

\SBALLADS Child 156D.3

\N1 `Now you\'ll put on a priest\'s robe,  
And I\'ll put on anither,  
And we will on unto the Queen,  
Like twa French priests thegither.'

\SBALLADS Child 156D.4

\N1 `No indeed!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
`That winna I do for thee,  
Except ye swear by your sceptre and crown  
Ye\'ll do me nae injurie.'

\SBALLADS Child 156D.5

\N1 The King has sworn by his sceptre and crown  
He\'ll do him nae injurie,  
And they are on unto the Queen,  
As fast as they can gae.

\SBALLADS Child 156D.6

\N1 `O, if that ye be twa French priests,  
Ye\'re welcome unto me;  
But if ye be twa Scottish lords,  
High hanged ye shall be.

\SBALLADS Child 156D.7

\N1 `The f+irst sin that I did sin,  
And that to you I\'ll tell,  
I slept wi the Earl-a-Marshall,  
Beneath a silken bell.

\SBALLADS Child 156D.8

\N1 `And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?

And I pray ye pardon me;'`Amen, and amen!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
And a wearied man was he.  
\SBALLADS Child 156D.9  
\N1 `The neist sin that I did sin,  
And that to you I\`ll tell,  
I kepted the poison seven years in my bosom,  
To poison the King himsel.  
\SBALLADS Child 156D.10  
\N1 `And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
And I pray ye pardon me;'`Amen, and amen!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
And a wearied man was he.  
\SBALLADS Child 156D.11  
\N1 `O see ye there my seven sons,  
A\` playing at the ba?  
There\`s but ane o them the King\`s himsel,  
And I like him warst of a\`.  
\SBALLADS Child 156D.12  
\N1 `He\`s high-backed, and low-breasted,  
And he is bald withal;'`And by my deed,' and says the King,  
`I like him best mysel!  
\SBALLADS Child 156D.13  
\N1 `O wae betide ye, Earl-a-Marshall,  
And an ill death may ye die!  
For if I hadna sworn by my sceptre and crown,  
High hanged ye should be.'  
\LBALLADS Child 156E.1  
\N1 THE Queen fell sick, and very, very sick,  
She was sick, and like to dee,  
And she sent for a friar oure frae France,  
Her confessour to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 156E.2  
\N1 King Henry, when he heard o that,  
An angry man was he,  
And he sent to the Earl Marshall,  
Attendance for to gie.  
\SBALLADS Child 156E.3  
\N1 `The Quen is sick,' King Henry cried,  
`And wants to be beshriven;  
She has sent for a friar oure frae France,  
By the rude, he were better in heaven!  
\SBALLADS Child 156E.4  
\N1 `But tak you a friar\`s guise,  
The voice and gesture feign,  
And when she has the pardon crav\`d,  
Respond to her, Amen!  
\SBALLADS Child 156E.5  
\N1 `And I will be a prelate old,  
And sit in a corner dark,  
To hear the adventures of my spouse,  
My spouse, and her haly spark.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156E.6  
\N1 `My liege, my liege, how can I betray  
My mistress and my queen?  
O swear by the rude that no damage  
From this shall be gotten or gien!'  
\SBALLADS Child 156E.7  
\N1 `I swear by the rude,' quoth King Henry,

`No damage shall be gotten or gien;  
Come, let us spare no cure nor care  
For the conscience o the Queen.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 156E.8

\N1 `O fathers, O fathers, I\'m very,very sick,  
I\'m sick, and like to dee;  
Some ghostly comfort to my poor soul  
O tell if ye can gie!'

\SBALLADS Child 156E.9

\N1 `Confess, confess,' Earl Marshall cried,  
`And you shall pardoned be;'  
`Confess, confess,' the King replied,  
`And we shall comfort gie.'

\SBALLADS Child 156E.10

\N1 `Oh, how shall I tell the sorry, sorry tale!  
How can the tale be told!  
I playd the harlot wi the Earl Marshall,  
Beneath yon cloth of gold.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.11

\N1 `Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
But I hope it will pardoned be;'  
`Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
And a very feart heart had he.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.12

\N1 `O down i the forest, in a bower,  
Beyond yon dark oak-tree,  
I drew a penknife frae my pocket  
To kill King Henerie.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.13

`Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
But I hope it will pardoned be;'  
`Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
And a very feart heart had he.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.14

\N1 `O do you see yon pretty little boy,  
That\'s playing at the ba?  
He is the Earl Marshall\'s only son,  
And I loved him best of a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.15

\N1 `Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
But I hope it will pardoned be;'  
`Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
And a very feart heart had he.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.16

\N1 `And do you see yon pretty little girl,  
That\'s a\' beclad in green?  
She\'s a friar\'s daughter, oure in France,  
And I hoped to see her a queen.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.17

\N1 `Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
But I hope it will pardoned be;'  
`Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
And a feart heart still had he.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.18

\N1 `O do you see yon other little boy,  
That\'s playing at the ba?  
He is King Henry\'s only son,  
And I like him warst of a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 156E.19

\N1 `He\'s headed like a buck,' she said,  
`And backed like a bear;'  
`Amen!' quoth the King, in the King\'s ain voice,  
`He shall be my only heir.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156E.20  
\N1 The King lookd over his left shoulder,  
An angry man was he:  
`An it werna for the oath I sware,  
Earl Marshall, thou shouldst dee.'  
\LBALLADS Child 156F.1  
\N1 QUEENE ELEANOR was a sick woman,  
And sick just like to die,  
And she has sent for two fryars of France,  
To come to her speedilie.  
And she has sent, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.2  
\N1 The King called downe his nobles all,  
By one, by two, by three:  
`Earl Marshall, I\'ll go shrive the Queene,  
And thou shalt wend with mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.3  
\N1 `A boone, a boone!' quoth Earl Marshall,  
And fell on his bended knee,  
`That whatsoever the Queene may say,  
No harm thereof may bee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.4  
\N1 `O you\'ll put on a gray-friar\'s gowne,  
And I\'ll put on another,  
And we will away to fair London town,  
Like friars both together.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.5  
\N1 `O no, O no, my liege, my king,  
Such things can never bee;  
For if the Queene hears word of this,  
Hanged she\'ll cause me to bee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.6  
\N1 `I swear by the sun, I swear by the moon,  
And by the stars so hie,  
And by my sceptre and my crowne,  
The Earl Marshall shall not die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.7  
\N1 The King\'s put on a gray-friar\'s gowne,  
The Earl Marshall\'s put on another,  
And they are away to fair London towne,  
Like fryars both together.  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.8  
\N1 When that they came to fair London towne,  
And came into Whitehall,  
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
And the torches did light them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.9  
\N1 And when they came before the Queene,  
They kneeled down on their knee:  
`What matter, what matter, our gracious queene,  
You\'ve sent so speedilie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 156F.10  
\N1 `O, if you are two fryars of France,  
It\'s you that I wished to see;  
But if you are two English lords,  
You shall hang on the gallowes-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 156F.11

\N1 `O we are not two English lords,  
But two fryars of France we bee,  
And we sang the Song of Solomon,  
As we came over the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 156F.12

\N1 `Oh, the f+irst vile sin I did commit  
Tell it I will to thee;  
I fell in love with the Earl Marshall,  
As he brought me over the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 156F.13

\N1 `Oh, that was a great sin,' quoth the King,  
`But pardond it must bee;'  
`Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,  
With a heavie heart spake hee.

\SBALLADS Child 156F.14

\N1 `Oh, the next sin that I did commit  
I will to you unfolde;  
Earl Marshall had my virgin dower,  
Beneath this cloth of golde.'

\SBALLADS Child 156F.15

\N1 `Oh, that was a vile sin,' said the King,  
`May God forgive it thee!'  
`Amen! Amen!' groaned the Earl Marshall,  
And a very frightened man was hee.

\SBALLADS Child 156F.16

\N1 `Oh, the next sin that I did commit  
Tell it I will to thee;  
I poisoned a lady of noble blood,  
For the sake of King Henrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 156F.17

\N1 `Oh, that was a great sin,' said the King,  
`But pardoned it shall bee;'  
`Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,  
And still a frightened man was hee.

\SBALLADS Child 156F.18

\N1 `Oh, the next sin that ever I did  
Tell it I will to thee;  
I have kept strong poison this seven long years,  
To poison King Henrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 156F.19

\N1 `Oh, that was a great sin,' said the King,  
`But pardoned it must bee;'  
`Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,  
And still a frightened man was hee.

\SBALLADS Child 156F.20

\N1 `O don't you see two little boys,  
Playing at the football?  
O yonder is the Earl Marshall's son,  
And I like him best of all.

\SBALLADS Child 156F.21

\N1 `O don't you see yon other little boy,  
Playing at the football?  
O that one is King Henrie's son,  
And I like him worst of all.

\SBALLADS Child 156F.22

\N1 `His head is like a black bull's head,  
His feet are like a bear;'  
`What matter! what matter!' cried the King,  
`He's my son, and my only heir.'

\SBALLADS Child 156F.23

\N1 The King plucked off his fryar\'s gowne,  
And stood in his scarlet so red;  
The Queen she turned herself in bed,  
And cryed that she was betrayde.

\SBALLADS Child 156F.24

\N1 The King lookt oer his left shoulder,  
And a grim look looked he;  
'Earl Marshall,' he said, 'But for my oath,  
Thou hadst swung on the gallowes-tree.'

\LBALLADS Child 156[G.1]

\N1 The queen of England she is seek,  
And seek and like to dee;  
She has sent for friers out of France,  
To bespeek hir speed<i>ly.

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.2]

\N1 The king has cald on his merrymen,  
By thirtys and by threes;  
Earl Marshall should have been the formest man,  
But the very last man was he.

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.3]

\N1 'The queen of England s<h>e is seek,  
And seek and like to dee,  
And she has sent for friers out of France,  
To bespeek hir speedyly.

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.4]

\N1 'But I will put on a frier\'s weeg,  
And ye\'ll put on another,  
And we\'ll away to Quenn Helen gaits,  
Like friers both together.'

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.5]

\N1 'O no, no,' says Earl Marshall,  
'For this it must not be;  
For if the queen get word of that,  
High hanged I will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.6]

\N1 'But I will swear by my septer and crown,  
And by the seas so free,  
I will swear by my septer and crown,  
Earl Marshall, thow\'s no dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.7]

\N1 So he has put on a frier\'s wig,  
And the king has put on another,  
And they are away to Queen Helen gaits,  
Like friers both together.

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.8]

\N1 When they came to Queen Helen gaits,  
They tirdled at the pin;  
There was non so ready as the queene herself  
To open and let them in.

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.9]

\N1 'O are you two Scottish dogs?--  
And hanged you shall be--  
Or are [you] friers come out of France,  
To bespeek me speedily?'

\SBALLADS Child 156[G.10]

\N1 'We are not two Scottish dogs,  
Nor hanged we shall be;  
For we have not spoken a wrong word  
Since we came over the sea.'



\SBALLADS Child 156[G.11]  
\N1 `Well then, the very first that ever I find  
I freely confess to thee;  
Earl Marshall took my maidenhead  
Below yon greenwood tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.12]  
\N1 `That is a sin, and very great sin,  
But the Pope will pardon thee;'  
`Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
But a feert, feert heart had he.  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.13]  
\N1 `The very next sin that ever I find  
I freely confess to thee;  
I had [poisen] seven years in my breast  
To poisen King Hendry.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.14]  
\N1 `That is a sin, and very great sin,  
But the Pope forgiveth thee;'  
`Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
But a feert, feert heart had he.  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.15]  
\N1 `The very next sin that ever I find  
I freely confess to thee;  
I poisoned one of my court\'s ladies,  
Was far more fairer than me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.16]  
\N1 `That is a sin, and a very great sin,  
But the Pope forgiveth thee;'  
`Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
But a feert, feert heart had he.  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.17]  
\N1 `Do you see yon bony boys,  
Playing at the baw?  
The oldest of them is Earl Marshall\'s,  
And I like him best of all.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.18]  
\N1 `That is a sin, and very great sin,  
But the Pope forgiveth thee;'  
`Amene, Amene,' says Earl Marshall,  
But a feert, feert heart had he.  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.19]  
\N1 `Do ye see two bony [boys],  
Playing at the baw?  
The youngest of them is King Hendry\'s,  
And I like him worst of all.  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.20]  
\N1 `Because he is headed like a bull,  
And his nose is like a boar;'  
`What is the matter?' says King Henry,  
`For he shall be my heir.'  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.21]  
\N1 Now he put off his frier\'s wig,  
And drest himself [in] red;  
She wrung hir hands, and tore hir hair,  
And s<w>ore she was betraid.  
\SBALLADS Child 156[G.22]  
\N1 `Had I not sworn by my septer and crown,  
And by the seas so free,  
Had I not sworn by my septer and crown,  
Earl Marshall, thowst have died.'

\LBALLADS Child 157A.1  
\N1 `HAD we a king,' said Wallace then,  
`That our kind Scots might live by their own!  
But betwixt me and the English blood  
I think there is an ill seed sown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.2  
\N1 Wallace him over a river lap,  
He lookd low down to a linn;  
He was war of a gay lady  
Was even at the well washing.  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.3  
\N1 `Well mot ye fare, fair madam,' he said,  
`And ay well mot ye fare and see!  
Have ye any tidings me to tell,  
I pray you\`ll show them unto me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.4  
\N1 \R'\ri have no tidings you to tell,  
Nor yet no tidings you to ken;  
But into that hostler\'s house  
There\'s f+fifteen of your Englishmen.  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.5  
\N1 `And they are seeking Wallace there,  
For they\'ve ordained him to be slain:'  
`O God forbid!' said Wallace then,  
`For he\'s oer good a kind Scotsman.  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.6  
\N1 \R'B\rut had I money me upon,  
And evn this day, as I have none,  
Then would I to that hostler\'s house,  
And evn as fast as I could gang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.7  
\N1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
She told him twenty shillings oer her knee;  
Then he took off both hat and hood,  
And thankd the lady most reverently.  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.8  
\N1 `If eer I come this way again,  
Well paid [your] money it shall be;'  
Then he took off both hat and hood,  
And he thankd the lady most reverently.  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.9  
\N1 He leand him twofold oer a staff,  
So did he threefold oer a tree,  
And he\'s away to the hostler\'s house,  
Even as fast as he might dree.  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.10  
\N1 When he came to the hostler\'s house,  
He said, Good-ben be here! quoth he:  
An English captain, being deep load,  
He asked him right cankerdly,  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.11  
\N1 Where was you born, thou crooked carle,  
And in what place, and what country?  
\`Tis I was born in fair Scotland,  
A crooked carle although I be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157A.12  
\N1 The English captain swore by th\` rood,  
`We are Scotsmen as well as thee,  
And we are seeking Wallace; then  
To have him merry we should be.'

\SBALLADS Child 157A.13

\N1 `The man,' said Wallace, 'ye\'re looking for,  
I seed him within these days three;  
And he has slain an English captain,  
And ay the fearder the rest may be.'

\SBALLADS Child 157A.14

\N1 `I\'d give twenty shillings,' said the captain,  
`To such a crooked carle as thee,  
If you would take me to the place  
Where that I might proud Wallace see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157A.15

\N1 `Hold out your hand,' said Wallace then,  
`And show your money and be free,  
For tho you\'d bid an hundred pound,  
I never bade a better bode'[, said he].

\SBALLADS Child 157A.16

\N1 He struck the captain oer the chafts,  
Till that he never chewed more;  
He stickd the rest about the board,  
And left them all a sprawling there.

\SBALLADS Child 157A.17

\N1 `Rise up, goodwife,' said Wallace then,  
`And give me something for to eat;  
For it\'s near two days to an end  
Since I tasted one bit of meat.'

\SBALLADS Child 157A.18

\N1 His board was scarce well covered,  
Nor yet his dine well scanty dight,  
Till f+fifteen other Englishmen  
Down all about the door did light.

\SBALLADS Child 157A.19

\N1 `Come out, come out,' said they, `Wallace!' then,  
`For the day is come that ye must die;'  
And they thought so little of his might,  
But ay the fearder they might be.

\SBALLADS Child 157A.20

\N1 The wife ran but, the gudeman ran ben,  
It put them all into a fever;  
Then f+ive he sticked where they stood,  
And f+ive he trampled in the gutter.

\SBALLADS Child 157A.21

\N1 And f+ive he chased to yon green wood,  
He hanged them all out-oer a grain;  
And gainst the morn at twelve o\'clock,  
He dined with his kind Scottish men.

\LBALLADS Child 157B.1

\N1 `I WISH we had a king,' says Wallace,  
`That Scotland might not want a head;  
In England and in Scotland baith,  
I\'m sure that some have sowed ill seed.'

\SBALLADS Child 157B.2

\N1 Wallace he oer the water did luke,  
And he loked law down by a glen,  
And he was aware of a gay lady,  
As she was at the well washing.

\SBALLADS Child 157B.3

\N1 `Weel may ye save, fair lady!' he says,  
`Far better may ye save and see!  
If ye have ony tidings to tell,  
I pray cum tell them a\' to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 157B.4

\N1 `I have no tidings you to tell,  
And as few tidings do I ken;  
But up and to yon ostler-house  
Are just gane f+fifteen gentlemen.

\SBALLADS Child 157B.5

\N1 `They now are seeking Gude Wallace,  
And ay they\'re damning him to hang;'  
`Oh God forbid,' says Wallace then,  
`I\'m sure he is a true Scotsman.

\SBALLADS Child 157B.6

\N1 `Had I but ae penny in my pocket,  
Or in my company ae baubee,  
I woud up to yon ostler-house,  
A\' these big gentlemen to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157B.7

\N1 She pat her hand into her pocket,  
She powd out twenty shillings and three:  
`If eer I live to come this way,  
Weel payed shall your money be.'

\SBALLADS Child 157B.8

\N1 He leaned him twafold oer a staff,  
Sae did he twafold oer a tree,  
And he\'s gane up to the ostler-house,  
A\' these f+ine gentlemen to see.

\SBALLADS Child 157B.9

\N1 When he cam up among them a\'',  
He bad his benison be there;  
The captain, being weel buke-learnd,  
Did answer him in domineer.

\SBALLADS Child 157B.10

\N1 `Where was ye born, ye cruiked carl,  
Or in what town, or what countree?'  
`O I was born in fair Scotland,  
A cruiked carl although I be.'

\SBALLADS Child 157B.11

\N1 The captain sware by the root of his sword,  
Saying, I\'m a Scotsman as weel as thee;  
Here\'s twenty shillings of English money  
To such a cruiked carl as thee,  
If thou\'ll tell me of that Wallace;  
He\'s ay the creature I want to see.

\SBALLADS Child 157B.12

\N1 `O hawd your hand,' says Wallace then,  
`I\'m feard your money be not gude;  
If \'twere as muckle and ten times mair,  
It should not bide another bode.'

\SBALLADS Child 157B.13

\N1 He\'s taen the captain along the chaps,  
A wat he never chawed mair;  
The rest he sticked about the table,  
And left them a\' a sprawling there.

\SBALLADS Child 157B.14

\N1 `Gude wife,' he said, 'For my benison,  
Get up and get my dinner dight;  
For it is twa days till an end  
Syne I did taste ane bit of meat.'

\SBALLADS Child 157B.15

\N1 Dinner was not weel made ready,  
Nor yet upon the table set,

When f+ifteen other Englishmen  
 Alighted all about the yate.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157B.16  
 \N1 `Come out, come out now, Wallace,' they say,  
 `For this is the day ye are to dee;  
 Ye trust sae mickle in God\'s might,  
 And ay the less we do fear thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157B.17  
 \N1 The gude wife ran but, the gude man ran ben,  
 They pat the house all in a swither;  
 Five sune he sticked where he stude,  
 And f+ive he smitherd in a gutter.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157B.18  
 \N1 Five he chac\'d to the gude green-wood,  
 And hanged them a\' out-oer a pin;  
 And at the morn at eight o\'clock  
 He din\'d with his men at Lough-mabin.  
 \LBALLADS Child 157C.1  
 \N1 `O FOR my ain king,' quo Gude Wallace,  
 `The rightfu king of fair Scotland!  
 Between me and my soverign blude  
 I think I see some ill seed sawn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157C.2  
 \N1 Wallace out over yon river he lap,  
 And he has lighted low down on yon plain,  
 And he was aware of a gay ladie,  
 As she was at the well washing.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157C.3  
 \N1 `What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?' he says,  
 `What tydins hast thou to tell unto me?  
 What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?' he says,  
 `What tydins hae ye in the south countrie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157C.4  
 \N1 `Low down in yon wee ostler-house  
 There is fyfteen Englishmen,  
 And they are seekin for Gude Wallace,  
 It\'s him to take and him to hang.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157C.5  
 \N1 `There\'s nocht in my purse,' quo Gude Wallace,  
 There\'s nocht, not even a bare pennie;  
 But I will down to yon wee ostler-house,  
 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157C.6  
 \N1 And when he cam to yon wee ostler-house  
 He bad bendicite be there;  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 157C.7  
 \N1 `Where was ye born, auld crookit carl?  
 Where was ye born, in what countrie?'  
 `I am a true Scot born and bred,  
 And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157C.8  
 \N1 `I wad gie f+ifteen shillings to onie crookit carl,  
 To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,  
 If ye will get me Gude Wallace;  
 For he is the man I wad very fain see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157C.9  
 \N1 He hit the proud captain along the chafft-blade,  
 That never a bit o meal he ate mair;

And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,  
And he left them a\ ' lyin sprawlin there.

\SBALLADS Child 157C.10

\N1 `Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,  
`And get to me some dinner in haste;  
For it will soon be three lang days  
Sin I a bit o meat did taste.'

\SBALLADS Child 157C.11

\N1 The dinner was na weel readie,  
Nor was it on the table set,  
Till other f+fifteen Englishmen  
Were a\ ' lighted about the yett.

\SBALLADS Child 157C.12

\N1 `Come out, come out now, Gude Wallace!  
This is the day that thou maun die:'  
`I lippen nae sae little to God,' he says,  
`Altho I be but ill wordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 157C.13

\N1 The gudewife had an auld gudeman;  
By Gude Wallace he stiff+ly stood;  
Till ten o the fyfteen Englishmen  
Before the door lay in their blude.

\SBALLADS Child 157C.14

\N1 The other f+ive to the greenwood ran,  
And he hangd these f+ive upon a grain,  
And on the morn, wi his merry men a\ ',  
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

\LBALLADS Child 157D.1

\N1 `I WISH we had our king,' quo Gude Wallace,  
`An ilka true Scotsman had his nawn;  
For between us an the southron louns  
I doubt some ill seed has been sawn.'

\SBALLADS Child 157D.2

\N1 Wallace he owre the water gaed,  
An looked low down by a glen,  
An there he saw a pretty, pretty maid,  
As she was at the well washin.

\SBALLADS Child 157D.3

\N1 `O weel may ye wash, my bonny, bonny maid!  
An weel may ye saep, an me to see!  
If ye have ony tidins to tell,  
I pray you tell them unto me.'

\SBALLADS Child 157D.4

\N1 `I have no tidins for to tell,  
Nor ony uncos do I ken;  
But up into yon little alehouse  
An there sits fyfteen Englishmen.

\SBALLADS Child 157D.5

\N1 `An ay they are speakin o Gude Wallace,  
An ay they are doomin him to hang:'  
`O forbid!' quo Gude Wallace,  
`He\'s owre truehearted a Scotsman.

\SBALLADS Child 157D.6

\N1 `Had I but a penny in my pouch,  
As I have not a single bawbee,  
I would up into yon little alehouse,  
An ay thae southron blades to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157D.7

\N1 She\'s put her hand into her pouch,  
An counted him out pennies three;

`If ever I live to come back this way,  
 Weel paid the money it shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.8  
 \N1 He\'s taen a staff into his hand,  
 An leand himsel outowre a tree,  
 An he\'s awa to yon little alehouse,  
 An ay the southron louns to see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.9  
 \N1 When he gaed in to that little alehouse,  
 He bad his bennison be there;  
 The captain answered him [in] wrath,  
 He answerd him with domineer.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.10  
 \N1 `O whare was ye born, ye crooked auld carle?  
 An how may this your dwellin be?'  
 `O I was born in fair Scotland,  
 A crooked carle altho I be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.11  
 \N1 `O I would een gie twenty shillins  
 To ony sic crooked carle as thee  
 That wad f+ind me out Gude Wallace;  
 For ay that traitor I lang to see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.12  
 \N1 `Haud out your hand,' quo Gude Wallace,  
 `I doubt your money be not gude;  
 If ye\'ll gie ither twenty shillins,  
 It neer shall bide ye anither bode.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.13  
 \N1 He\'s taen the captain outowre the jaws,  
 Anither word spak he neer mair;  
 An f+ive he sticket whare they sat,  
 The rest lay scramblin here an there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.14  
 \N1 `Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,  
 `An get some meat ready for me,  
 For I hae fasted this three lang days;  
 A wat right hungry I may be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.15  
 \N1 The meat it wasna weel made ready,  
 Nor as weel on the table set,  
 Till there cam fyfteen Englishmen  
 An lighted a\' about the yett.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.16  
 \N1 The gudewife ran but, the gudeman ran ben;  
 It put them a\' in sic a stoure  
 That f+ive he sticket whare they sat,  
 An f+ive lay sprawlin at the door.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157D.17  
 \N1 An f+ive are to the greenwood gane,  
 An he\'s hangd them a\' outowre a tree,  
 An before the mornin at twal o clock  
 He dined wi his men at Loch Marie.  
 \LBALLADS Child 157E.1  
 \N1 WILLIE WALLACE the water lap,  
 And lighted low down in a glen;  
 There he came to a woman washing,  
 And she had washers nine or ten.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157E.2  
 \N1 `O weel may ye wash!' said Willie Wallace,  
 `O weel may ye wash!' said fair Willie,

`And gin ye have any tidings to tell,  
I pray ye tell them unto me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.3  
\N1 `I have nae tidings for to tell,  
And as few will I let ye ken;  
But down into yon hosteler-ha  
Lies f+fifteen English gentlemen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.4  
\N1 `O had I ae penny in my pocket,  
O had I yet ane bare bawbee,  
I would go to yon hosteler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.5  
\N1 `O wil ye len me ane pennie,  
Or will ye len me a bare bawbee,  
I would go to yon hosteler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.6  
\N1 She\'s put her hand into her pocket,  
And she\'s gaen him out guineas three,  
And he\'s away to yon ostler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.7  
\N1 Before he came to the hosteler-ha,  
He linkit his armour oer a tree;  
These Englishmen, being weel book-learned,  
They said to him, Great Dominie!  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.8  
\N1 Where was ye born, ye crookit carle?  
Where was ye born, or in what countrie?  
`In merry Scotland I was born,  
A crookit carle altho I be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.9  
\N1 `Here\'s f+fifteen shillings,' one of them said,  
`Here\'s other f+fifteen I\'ll gie to thee,  
If you will tell me where the traitor Willie Wallace is,  
Or where away thou thinks he\'ll be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.10  
\N1 `Pay down, pay down your money,' he said,  
`Pay down, pay down richt speedilie,  
For if your answer be not good,  
You shall have the downfall of Robin Hood,'[said he].  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.11  
\N1 He struck the captain on the jaw,  
He swore that he would chow nae mair cheese;  
He\'s killed all the rest with his good broadsword,  
And left them wallowing on their knees.  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.12  
\N1 `Go cover the table,' said Willie Wallace,  
`Go cover the table, get me some meat,  
For it is three days and rather mair  
Since I did either drink or eat.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.13  
\N1 They had not the table weel covered,  
Nor yet the candle weel gaen licht,  
Till f+fifteen other Englishmen  
They a\' down at the door did light.  
\SBALLADS Child 157E.14  
\N1 `Come out, come out, Willie Wallace,' they said.  
`Come out, come out, and do not f+lee,



For we have sworn by our good broadswords  
That this is the night that you shall see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157E.15

\N1 He's killed five with his good broadsword,  
He's drowned other five in the raging sea,  
And he's taken other five to the merry greenwood,  
And hanged them over the highest tree.

\LBALLADS Child 157F.1

\N1 WALLACE in the high highlands,  
Neither meat nor drink got he;  
Said, for me life, or for me death,  
Now to some town I must be.

\SBALLADS Child 157F.2

\N1 He's put on his short claiding,  
And on his short claiding put he;  
Says, For me life, or for me death,  
Now to Perth-town I must be.

\SBALLADS Child 157F.3

\N1 He stepped over the river Tay,  
I wot he stepped on dry land;  
He was aware of a well-fared maid,  
Was washing there her lily hands.

\SBALLADS Child 157F.4

\N1 'What news, what news, ye well-fared maid?  
What news have ye this day to me?'  
'No news, no news, ye gentle knight,  
No news have I this day to thee,  
But fifteen lords in the hostage-house  
Waiting Wallace for to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157F.5

\N1 'If I had but in my pocket  
The worth of one single penny,  
I would go to the hostage-house,  
And there the gentlemen to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157F.6

\N1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
And she has pulled out half-a-crown;  
Says, Take ye that, ye belted knight,  
'Twill pay your way till ye come down.

\SBALLADS Child 157F.7

\N1 As he went from the well-fared maid,  
A beggar bold I wot met he,  
Was covered with a clouted cloak,  
And in his hand a trusty tree.

\SBALLADS Child 157F.8

\N1 'What news, what news, ye silly old man?  
What news have ye this day to give?'  
'No news, no news, ye belted knight,  
No news have I this day to thee,  
But fifteen lords in the hostage-house  
Waiting Wallace for to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157F.9

\N1 'Ye'll lend me your clouted cloak,  
That covers your fair head to shie,  
And I'll go to the hostage-house,  
Asking there for some supplies.'

\SBALLADS Child 157F.10

\N1 Now he's gone to the West-muir wood,  
And there he's pulled a trusty tree;  
And then he's on to the hostage gone,

Asking there for charitie.  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.11  
Down the stair the captain comes,  
Aye the poor man for to see:  
`If ye be a captain as good as ye look,  
Ye\'ll give a poor man some supplie;  
If ye be a captain as good as ye look,  
A guinea this day ye\'ll gie to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.12  
\N1 `Where were ye born, ye crooked carle?  
Where were ye born, in what countrie?'  
In fair Scotland I was born,  
Crooked carle that I be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.13  
\N1 `I would give you fifty pounds,  
Of gold and white monie,  
I would give you fifty pounds,  
If the traitor Wallace ye\'d let me see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.14  
\N1 `Tell down your money,' said Willie Wallace,  
`Tell down your money, if it be good;  
I\'m sure I have it in my power,  
And never had a better bode.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.15  
\N1 `Tell down your money,' said Willie Wallace,  
`And let me see if it be fine;  
I\'m sure I have it in my Ower  
To bring the traitor Wallace in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.16  
\N1 The money was told on the table,  
Silver bright of pounds fifty;  
`Now here I stand,' said Willie Wallace,  
`And what hae ye to say to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.17  
\N1 He slew the captain where he stood,  
The rest they did quack and roar;  
He slew the rest around the room,  
And askd if there were any more.  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.18  
\N1 `Come, cover the table,' said Willie Wallace,  
`Come, cover the table now, make haste;  
For it will soon be three lang days  
Sin I a bit o meat did taste.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.19  
\N1 The table was not well covered,  
Nor yet was he set down to dine,  
Till fifteen more of the English lords  
Surrounded the house where he was in.  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.20  
\N1 The guidwife she ran but the floor,  
And aye the guidman he ran ben;  
From eight o clock till four at noon  
He has killd full thirty man.  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.21  
\N1 He put the house in sick a swither  
That five o them he sticket dead,  
Five o them he drownd in the river,  
And five hung in the West-muir wood.  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.22  
\N1 Now he is on to the North-Inch gone,

Where the maid was washing tenderlie;  
`Now by my sooth,' said Willie Wallace,  
`It\'s been a sair day\'s wark to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157F.23  
\N1 He\'s put his hand in his pocket,  
And he has pulld out twenty pounds;  
Says, Take ye that, ye weel-fared maid,  
For the gude luck of your half-crown.  
\LBALLADS Child 157G.1  
\N1 WOUD ye hear of William Wallace,  
An sek him as he goes,  
Into the lan of Lanark,  
Amang his mortal faes?  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.2  
\N1 There was fyften English sogers  
Unto his ladie cam,  
Said, Gie us William Wallace,  
That we may have him slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.3  
\N1 Woud ye gie William Wallace,  
That we may have him slain,  
And ye\'s be wedded to a lord,  
The best in Christendeem.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.4  
\N1 `This verra nicht at seven,  
Brave Wallace will come in,  
And he\'ll come to my chamber-door,  
Without or dread or din.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.5  
\N1 The fyften English sogers  
Around the house did wait,  
And four brave southron foragers  
Stood hie upon the gait.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.6  
\N1 That verra nicht at seven  
Brave Wallace he came in,  
And he came to his ladie\'s bouir,  
Withouten dread or din.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.7  
\N1 When she beheld him Wallace,  
She star\'d him in the face;  
`Ohon, alas!' said that ladie,  
`This is a woful case.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.8  
\N1 `For I this nicht have sold you,  
This nicht you must be taen,  
And I\'m to be wedded to a lord,  
The best in christendeem.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.9  
\N1 `Do you repent,' said Wallace,  
`The ill you\'ve dane to me?'  
`Ay, that I do,' said that ladie,  
`And will do till I die.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.10  
\N1 `Ay, that I do,' said that ladie,  
`And will do ever still,  
And for the ill I\'ve dane to you,  
Let me burn upon a hill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.11  
\N1 `Now God forfend,' says brave Wallace,

`I shoud be so unkind;  
Whatever I am to Scotland\'s faes,  
I\'m aye a woman\'s friend.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.12  
\N1 `Will ye gie me your gown, your gown,  
Your gown but and your kirtle,  
Your petticoat of bonny brown,  
And belt about my middle?  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.13  
\N1 `I\'ll take a pitcher in ilka hand,  
And do me to the well;  
They\'ll think I\'m one of your maidens,  
Or think it is yoursell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.14  
\N1 She has gien him her gown, her gown,  
Her petticoat and kirtle,  
Her broadest belt, wi silver clasp,  
To bind about his middle.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.15  
\N1 He\'s taen a pitcher in ilka hand,  
And dane him to the well;  
They thought him one of her maidens,  
They kend it was nae hersell.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.16  
\N1 Said one of the southron foragers,  
See ye yon lusty dame?  
I woud nae gie muckle to thee, neebor,  
To bring her back agen.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.17  
\N1 Then all the southrons followd him,  
And sure they were but four;  
But he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slew them pair by pair.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.18  
\N1 He threw the pitchers frae his hands,  
And to the hills f+led he,  
Until he cam to a fair may,  
Was washin on yon lea.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.19  
\N1 `What news, what news, ye weel-far\'d may?  
What news hae ye to gie?'  
\N1 `Ill news, ill news,' the fair may said,  
`Ill news I hae to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.20  
\N1 `There is fyften English sogers  
Into that thatched inn,  
Seeking Sir William Wallace;  
I fear that he is slain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.21  
\N1 `Have ye any money in your pocket?  
Pray lend it unto me,  
And when I come this way again,  
Repaid ye weel shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.22  
\N1 She<\'s] put her hand in her pocket,  
And taen out shillings three;  
He turnd him right and round about,  
And thankd the weel-far\'d may.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.23  
\N1 He had not gone a long rig length,

A rig length and a span,  
Until he met a bold beggar,  
As sturdy as coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.24  
\N1 `What news, what news, ye bold beggar?  
What news hae ye to gie?'  
`O heavy news,' the beggar said,  
`I hae to tell to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.25  
\N1 `There is fyften English sogers,  
I heard them in yon inn,  
Vowing to kill him Wallace;  
I fear the chief is slain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.26  
\N1 `Will ye change apparell wi me, auld man?  
Change your apparell for mine?  
And when I come this way again,  
Ye\'ll be my ain poor-man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.27  
\N1 When he got on the beggar\'s coat,  
The pike-staff in his hand,  
He\'s dane him down to yon tavern,  
Where they were drinking wine.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.28  
\N1 `What news, what news, ye staff-beggar?  
What news hae ye to gie?'  
`I hae nae news, I heard nae news,  
As few I\'ll hae frae thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.29  
`I think your coat is ragged, auld man;  
But woud you wages win,  
And tell where William Wallace is,  
We\'ll lay gold in your hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.30  
\N1 `Tell down, tell down your good red gold,  
Upon the table-head,  
And ye sall William Wallace see,  
Wi the down-come of Robin Hood.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.31  
\N1 They had nae tauld the money down,  
And laid it on his knee,  
When candles, lamps, and candlesticks,  
He on the f+loor gard f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.32  
And he had drawn his trusty brand,  
And slew them one by one,  
Then sat down at the table-head,  
And called for some wine.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.33  
\N1 The goodwife she ran but, ran but,  
The goodman she ran ben,  
The verra bairns about the f+ire  
Were a\' like to gang brain.  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.34  
\N1 `Now if there be a Scotsman here,  
He\'ll come and drink wi me;  
But if there be an English loun,  
It is his time to f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 157G.35  
\N1 The goodman was an Englishman,

And to the hills he ran;  
 The goodwife was a scots woman,  
 And she came to his hand.  
 \LBALLADS Child 157H.1  
 \N1 WALLACE wight, upon a night,  
 Came riding oer the linn,  
 And he is to his leman\'s bower,  
 And tird at the pin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.2  
 \N1 `O sleep ye, wake ye, lady?' he said,  
 `Ye\'ll rise, lat me come in.'  
 `O wha\'s this at my bower-door,  
 That knocks, and knows my name?'  
 `My name is William Wallace,  
 Ye may my errand ken.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.3  
 \N1 `The truth to you I will rehearse,  
 The secret I\'ll unfold;  
 Into your enmies\' hands this night  
 I fairly hae you sold.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.4  
 \N1 `If that be true ye tell to me,  
 Do ye repent it sair?'  
 `O that I do,' she said, 'dear Wallace,  
 And will do evermair!  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.5  
 \N1 `The English did surround my house,  
 And forced me theretill;  
 But for your sake, my dear Wallace,  
 I coud burn on a hill.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.6  
 \N1 Then he gae her a loving kiss,  
 The tear droppd frae his ee;  
 Says, Fare ye well for evermair,  
 Your face nae mair I\'ll see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.7  
 \N1 She dressd him in her ain claithing,  
 And frae her house he came;  
 Which made the Englishmen admire,  
 To see this stalwart dame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.8  
 \N1 He is to Saint Johnston gane,  
 And there he playd him well;  
 For there he saw a well-far\'d may,  
 Was washing at a well.  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.9  
 \N1 `What news, wnat news, ye well-far\'d may?  
 What news hae ye to me?  
 What news, what news, ye well-far\'d may,  
 All from your north countrie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.10  
 \N1 `See ye not yon tavern-house,  
 That stands on yonder plain?  
 This very day have landet in it  
 Full f+ifteen Englishmen;  
 \SBALLADS Child 157H.11  
 `In search of Wallace, our dear champion,  
 Ordaining that he shoud dee.'  
 `Then on my troth,' said Wallace wight,  
 `These Englishmen I\'se see.'

\LBALLADS Child 157[I.1]

\N1 `I wish I had a king,' brave Wallace he said,  
`That every brave Scotsman might leave by his oun,  
For between me and my sovreign leige  
I think I see some ill [seed] sowen.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.2]

\N1 Brave Wallace out-oer yon river he lap,  
And he lighted low down on the plain,  
And he came to a gay lady,  
As she was at the well washing.

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.3]

\N1 `Some tidings, some tidings,' brave Wallace he said,  
`Some tidings ye most tell unto me;  
Now since we are met here together on the plain,  
Some tidings ye most tell unto me.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.4]

\N1 `O go ye down to yon wee ale-house,  
And there is f+ifeteen Englishmen,  
And they are seeking for good Wallace,  
And him to take and him for to hang.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.5]

\N1 `I wish I had a penny in my pocket,' he says,  
`Or although it were but a bare baubee,  
And I wad away to the wee ale-house,  
The f+ifeteen Englishmen to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.6]

\N1 She\'s put hir hand in hir left pocket,  
And f+ifeteen shillings to him she told down:  
`If ever I live to come back this way,  
The money\'s be well paid agein.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.7]

\N1 He louted twafauld oer a stick,  
And he louted threefauld oer a tree,  
And he\'es gane awa to the wee ale-house,  
The f+ifeteen Englishmen to see.

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.8]

\N1 When he came to the wee ale-house,  
He walked ben, says, Decencey be there!  
The Engilish proud captain he awnsered him,  
And he awnsered him with a graid domineer.

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.9]

\N1 `Why, where wast thou born, thou old crooked carle?  
Where and of what country?'

`I am a true Scotsman bred and born,  
And an auld crooked carle, just sic as ye may see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.10]

\N1 `I wad gee f+ifeteen shillings,' the captain he said,  
`To an auld crooked carle, just sic a ane as thee,  
If ye wad tell me of Willie Wallace,  
For he\'s the man I wad fain see.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.11]

\N1 `O hold your hand,' brave Wallace he said,  
`And let me see if yeer coin be good;  
If ye wad give f+ifeteen shillings more,  
Ye never bade a better boad.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.12]

\N1 He\'s tean the captain out-oer the chaft-blade,  
Till a bitt of meat he never did eat mair;  
He stickit a\' the reste as the sat aroun the table,  
And he left them all a sprauling there.

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.13]

\N1 `Get up, get up, goodwife,' he says,  
`Get up and get me some denner in haste,  
For it is now three days and nights  
Since a bit of meat my mouth did taste.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.14]

\N1 The denner was not well made ready,  
Nor was it on the table sett,  
Till other f+ifeteen English men  
Were a\` perading about the yett.

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.15]

\N1 `Come out, come out now, Wallace,' they crys,  
`For this is the place ye\`es sure for [to] die;'  
`I lippen not sae little to good,' he says,  
`Although I be but ill-wordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.16]

\N1 The goodman ran butt, the goodwife ran ben,  
They put the house in such a fever!  
Five of them he sticket where they stood,  
And other f+ive he smoddered in the gitter.

\SBALLADS Child 157[I.17]

\N1 Five of them he folowd to the merry greenwood,  
And these f+ive he hangt on a grain,  
And gin the morn at ten o\`clock  
He was wi his mirry men at Lochmaben.

\LBALLADS Child 158A.1

\N1 THE court is kept att leeue London,  
And euermore shall be itt;  
The K\iing\r sent for a bold ambassador,  
And S\ii\r Hugh Spencer \itha\rt he hight.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.2

\N1 `Come hither, Spencer,' saith our kinge,  
`And come thou hither vnto mee;  
I must make thee an embassadour  
Betweene the k\iing\r of Ffrance and mee.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.3

\N1 `Thou must comend me to the k\iing\r of Ffrance,  
And tell him thus and now f+from mee,  
I wold know whether there shold be peace in his land,  
Or open warr kept still must bee.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.4

\N1 `Thou\`st haue thy shipp at thy comande,  
Thou\`st neither want for gold nor f+fee;  
Thou\`st haue a hundred armed men,  
All att thy bidding f+for to bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.5

\N1 The wind itt serued, and they sayled,  
And towards Ffrance thus they be gone;  
The wind did bring them safe to shore,  
And safelye landed euerye one.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.6

\N1 The Ffrenchmen lay on the castle-wall,  
The English souldiers to behold:  
`You are welcome, traitors, out of England;  
The heads of you are bought and sold.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.7

\N1 With \itha\rt spake proud Spencer:  
My leege, soe itt may not bee;  
I am sent an ambassador  
Ffrom our English king to yee.



\SBALLADS Child 158A.8

\N1 The k\iing\r of England greetes you well,  
And hath sent this word by mee;  
He wold know whether there shold be peace in yo\iu\r land,  
Or open warres kept still must bee.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.9

\N1 `Comend me to the English kinge,  
And tell this now f+from mee;  
There shall neuer peace be kept in my land  
While open warres kept there may bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.10

\N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt came downe the queene of Ffrance,  
And an angry woman then was shee;  
Saies, Itt had beene as f+f+itt now for a k\iing\r  
To be in his chamber w\ii\rth his ladye,  
Then to be pleading w\ii\rth traitors out of England,  
Kneeling low vpon their knee.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.11

\N1 But then bespake him proud Spencer,  
For noe man else durst speake but hee:  
You haue not wiped yo\iu\r mouth, madam,  
Since I heard you tell a lye.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.12

\N1 `O hold thy tounge, Spencer!' shee said,  
`I doe not come to plead with thee;  
Darest thou ryde a course of warr  
W\ii\rth a knight \itha\rt I shall put to thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.13

\N1 `But eu\ier\r alacke!' then Spencer sayd,  
`I thinke I haue deserued Gods curse;  
Ffor I haue not any armour heere,  
Nor yett I haue noe iusting-horsse.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.14

\N1 `Thy shankes,' q\iuo\rth shee, 'Beneath the knee  
Are verry small aboue the shinne  
Ffor to doe any such hon\ioura\rbllle deeds  
As the Englishmen say thou has done.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.15

\N1 `Thy shankes beene small aboue thy shoone,  
And soe the beene aboue thy knee;  
Thou art to slender euey way  
Any good iuster f+for to bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.16

\N1 `But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
`For one steed of the English cuntrye!'  
W\ii\rth \itha\rt bespake and one Ffrench knight,  
This day thou\'st haue the choyce of three.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.17

\N1 The f+irst steed he f+feiched out,  
I-wis he was milke-white;  
The f+f+irst f+foot Spencer in stirropp sett,  
His backe did from his belly tyte.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.18

\N1 The second steed \itha\rt he f+feicht out,  
I-wis \itha\rt hee was verry browne;  
The second f+foot Spencer in stirropp settt,  
\iTha\rt horsse and man and all f+fell downe.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.19

\N1 The third steed \itha\rt he f+feichted out,  
I-wis \itha\rt he was verry blacke;

The third f+foote Spencer into the stirropp sett,  
He leaped on to the geldings backe.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.20

\N1 `But eu\ier\r alacke,' said Spencer then,  
`For one good steed of the English countrye!  
Goe f+feitch me hither my old hacneye,  
\iTha\rt I brought w\ii\rth me hither beyond the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.21

\N1 But when his hackney there was brought,  
Spencer a merry man there was hee;  
Saies, W\ii\rth the grace of God and St George of England,  
The f+feild this day shall goe w\ii\rth mee.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.22

\N1 `I haue noe f+forgotten,' Spencer sayd,  
`Since there was f+feild foughten att Walsingam,  
When the horsse did heare the trumpetts sound,  
He did beare ore both horsse and man.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.23

\N1 The day was sett, and togetther they mett,  
W\ii\rth great mirth and melodye,  
W\ii\rth minstrells playing, and trumpetts soundinge,  
W\ii\rth drummes striking loud and hye.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.24

\N1 The f+f+irst race that Spencer run,  
I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;  
He [hitt] the knight vpon his brest,  
But his speare itt burst, and wold touch noe more.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.25

\N1 `But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
`For one staffe of the English countrye!  
W\ii\rthout you\le bind me three together,'  
Q\iuo\rth hee, 'They\le be to weake f+for mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.26

\N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt bespake him the Ffrench knight,  
Sayes, Bind him together the whole thirtye,  
For I haue more strenght in my to hands  
Then is in all Spencers bodye.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.27

\N1 `But proue att p\iar\rting,' Spencer sayes,  
`Ffrench knight, here I tell itt thee;  
For I will lay thee f+ive to four  
The bigger man I proue to bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.28

\N1 But the day was sett, and together they mett,  
W\ii\rth great mirth and melodye,  
W\ii\rth minstrells playing, and trumpetts soundinge,  
W\ii\rth drummes strikeing loud and hye.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.29

\N1 The second race \itha\rt Spencer run,  
I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,  
And he hitt the knight vpon the brest,  
And draue him ore his horsse beside.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.30

\N1 But he run thorow the Ffrench campe;  
Such a race was neu\ier\r run beffore;  
He killed of K\iing\r Charles his men  
Att hand of thirteen or fourteen score.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.31

\N1 But he came backe againe to the K<ing],  
And kneeled him downe vpon his knee;

Saies, A knight I haue slaine, and a steed I haue woone,  
The best \itha\rt is in this countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.32

\N1 `But nay, by my faith,' then said the K\iing\r,  
`Spencer, soe itt shall not bee;  
I\le haue \itha\rt traitors head of thine,  
To enter plea at my iollye.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.33

\N1 But Spencer looket him once about,  
He had true bretheren left but four;  
He killed ther of the K\iing\rs gard  
About twelve or thirteen score.

\SBALLADS Child 158A.34

\N1 `But hold thy hands,' the K\iing\r doth say,  
`Spencer, now I doe pray thee;  
And I will goe into litle England,  
Vnto \itha\rt cruell kinge w\ii\rth thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.35

\N1 `Nay, by my f+faith,' Spencer sayd,  
`My leege, for soe itt shall not bee;  
For an you sett f+foot on English ground,  
You shall be hanged vpon a tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 158A.36

\N1 `Why then, comend [me] to \itha\rt Englishe kinge,  
And tell him thus now f+from mee,  
\iTha\rt there shall neu\ier\r be open warres kept in my land  
Whilest peace kept \itha\rt there may bee.'

\LBALLADS Child 158B.1

\N1 OUR king lay at Westminst\ie\rr,  
as oft times he had done,  
And he sent for Hugh Spencer,  
to come to him anon.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.2

\N1 Then in came Hugh Spencer,  
low kneeling on his knee:  
`What\'s the matter, my liege,  
you sent so speedily for me?'

\SBALLADS Child 158B.3

\N1 `Why you must go ambassadour  
to France now, to see  
Whether peace shall be taken,  
aye, or open wars must be.'

\SBALLADS Child 158B.4

\N1 `Who shall go with me?'  
says Hugh Spencer, he:  
`That shall Hugh Willoughby  
and John of Atherly.'

`O then,' says Hugh Spencer,  
'we\'ll be a merry company.'

\SBALLADS Child 158B.5

\N1 When they came before the French king,  
they kneeled low on the knee:  
`O rise up, and stand up,  
whose men soer you be.'

\SBALLADS Child 158B.6

\N1 The f+irst that made answer  
was Hugh Spencer, he:  
`We are English ambassad\iou\rrs,  
come hither to see  
Whether peace shall be taken,

aye, or open wars must be.'

\SBALLADS Child 158B.7

\N1 Then spoke the French king,  
and he spoke courteously:

The last time peace was broken,  
it was neer along of me.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.8

\N1 For you sunk my ships, slew my men,  
and thus did ye;

And the last time peace was broken,  
it was neer along of me.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.9

\N1 Then in came Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she:

`A chamber of presence

is better for thee,

Then amongst English shepherds,  
low bending on the knee.'

\SBALLADS Child 158B.10

\N1 The first that made answer  
was Hugh Spencer, he:

`We are no English shepherds,

Queen Maude, I tell thee,

But we're knights, and knights fellows,  
the worst man in our company.'

\SBALLADS Child 158B.11

\N1 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she:

Thou shouldst be Hugh Spencer,  
thou talkst so boldly.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.12

\N1 And if thou beest Hugh Spencer,  
as well thou seemst to be,

I've oft heard of thy justling,  
and some of it would fain see.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.13

\N1 I have a steed in my stable  
that thou canst not ride;

I have a spear in my keeping

that thou canst not guide;

And I have a knight in my realm  
that thou darest not abide.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.14

\N1 Then Spencer askd Willoughby  
and John of Atherly

Whether he should take this justling in hand,  
aye, or let be.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.15

\N1 O then spoke Hugh Willoughby  
and John of Atherly:

If you won't take it [in] hand,  
why turn it unto we.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.16

\N1 `It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Spencer, he,

`That I refused a good justling  
and turned it to ye.

\SBALLADS Child 158B.17

\N1 `Alas,' says Hugh Spencer,  
'Full sore may I moan,

I have nought here but an ambler,  
my good steed\'s at home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.18  
\N1 Then spoke a French knight,  
and he spoke courteously:  
I have thirty steeds in my stables,  
the best of them take to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.19  
\N1 `Gramercy,' says Spencer,  
`aye, and gramercy;  
If eer thou comest to England,  
well rewarded shalt thou be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.20  
\N1 The f+irst steed they brought him,  
he was a milk-white:  
`Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'For I do not him like.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.21  
\N1 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a good dun:  
`Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'For he\'s not for my turn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.22  
\N1 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a dapple-grey:  
`Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'For he is not used to the way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.23  
\N1 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a coal-black;  
His eyes burnt in his head,  
as if f+ire were in f+lax;  
`Come saddle me that horse,' says Spencer,  
'For I\'ll have none but that.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.24  
\N1 When that horse was saddled,  
and Spencer got on,  
With his spear at his foot,  
O he was portly man!  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.25  
\N1 `Now I am on that steede-back  
that I could not ride,  
That spear in my keeping  
that I could not guide,  
Come shew me that French knight  
that I dare not abide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.26  
\N1 `It is a sign by thy sharp shin,  
ay, and thy cropped knee,  
That are no f+it match  
to justle with me:'  
`Why it makes no matter,' says Spencer,  
'you hear no brags of me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.27  
\N1 The f+irst time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He turnd him in his saddle  
like an apple on a tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.28  
\N1 The next time they rode together,

now Sir Hugh and he,  
He lit upon his breast-plate,  
and he broke his spear in three.  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.29  
\N1 `A spear now,' says Spencer,  
a+e spear now get me:'  
' thou shalt have one,' says Willoughby,  
'if in France one there be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.30  
\N1 `O tye two together,  
and the stronger they\`l be,  
For the French is the better,  
and the better shall be:'  
'Why it makes no matter,' says Spencer,  
'you hear no brags of me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.31  
\N1 The next time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He threw him f+fifteen foot from his saddle,  
and he broke his back in three:  
'Now I have slain thy justler,  
Queen Maude, I tell thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.32  
\N1 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she:  
If thou\`st slain my justler,  
by the Kings laws thou\`st dye.  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.33  
\N1 `It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Spencer, he;  
'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Willoughby;  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.34  
\N1 `It shall neer be said in England,'  
says John of Atherly,  
'That a queen of another nation  
eer had her will of we.'  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.35  
\N1 They laid their heads together,  
and their backs to the wall;  
There were four score of the Queen\`s guards,  
and they slew them all.  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.36  
\N1 Then spoke the French king,  
and he spoke courteously:  
O hold thy hand, Spencer,  
I dearly pray thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.37  
\N1 Thou art sharp as thy spear,  
and as f+ierce as thy steed,  
And the stour of thy lilly-white hand  
makes my heart bleed.  
\SBALLADS Child 158B.38  
\N1 Thou hadst twenty ships hither,  
thou\`st have twenty away;  
Then hold thy hand, Spencer,  
I dearly thee pray.  
\LBALLADS Child 158C.1  
\N1 IT fell about the Martinmas time  
The wind blew loud and cauld,

And all the knichts of fair Scotland  
They drew them to sum hald.

\SBALLADS Child 158C.2

\N1 Unless it was him young Sir Hugh,  
And he beet to sail the sea,  
Wi a letter between twa kings, to see an they  
wald lat down the wars,  
And live and lat them be.

\SBALLADS Child 158C.3

\N1 On Friday shipped he, and lang  
Ere Wodensday at noon  
In fair France landed he,

. . .

\SBALLADS Child 158C.4

\N1 He fell down before the King,  
On his bare knees:

`Gude mak ye safe and soun;'

`Fat news o your contrie?' he says.

\SBALLADS Child 158C.5

\N1 `The news o our countrie,' he says,  
`Is but news brought over the sea,  
To see an ye\'ll lat down the wars,  
And live and lat them be.'

\SBALLADS Child 158C.6

\N1 `Deed no,' he says;

`I\'m but an auld man indeed,

But I\'ll no lat down the wars,

And live and lat them be.'

\SBALLADS Child 158C.7

\N1 It\'s out it spak the Queen hersel: I have a shepherd\'s sin  
Would f+ight an hour wi you;

`And by my seeth,' says young Sir Hugh,

`That sight fain would I see.'

\SBALLADS Child 158C.8

\N1 The f+irsten steed that he drew out,

He was the penny-gray;

He wad hae ridden oer meel or mor

A Leve-lang summer\'s day.

\SBALLADS Child 158C.9

\N1 O girths they brak, and great horse lap,

But still sat he on he:

`A girth, a girth,' says young Sir Hugh,

`A girth for charity!'

`O every girth that you shall have,

Its gude lord shall hae three.'

\SBALLADS Child 158C.10

\N1 The nexten steed that he drew out,

He was the penny-brown;

He wad hae ridden oer meel or mor

As ever the dew drap down.

\SBALLADS Child 158C.11

\N1 O bridles brak, and great horse lap,

But still sat he on he:

`A bridle, a bridle,' says young Sir Hugh,

`A bridle for charitie!'

`O every bridle that you shall have,

And its gude lord shall have three.'

\SBALLADS Child 158C.12

\N1 The nexten steed that he drew out

He was the raven-black;

His een was glancin in his head  
 Like wild-f+ire in a slack;  
 `Get here a boy,' says young Sir Hugh,  
 `Cast on the saddle on that.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 158C.13  
 \N1 O brands there brak, and great horse lap,  
 But still sat he on he:  
 `A brand, a brand,' says young Sir Hugh,  
 `A brand for charitie!'  
 `O every brand that you sall have,  
 And its gude lord sall have three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 158C.14  
 \N1 He gave him a dep unto the heart,  
 And over the steed fell he:  
 `I rather had gane you money,' she says,  
 `And free lands too,  
 That ye had foughten an hour wi him,  
 And than had latten him be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 158C.15  
 \N1 `If ye hae ony mair shepherd\'s sins,' he says,  
 `Or cooks i your kitchie,  
 Or ony mair dogs to fell,  
 Ye\'ll bring them here to me;  
 And gin they be a true-hearted Scotsman,  
 They\'ll no be scorned by thee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 159A.1  
 \N1 LORDINGES, listen, and hold you still;  
 Hearken to me a litle;  
 I shall you tell of the fairest battell  
 \iTha\rt eu\ier\r in England beffell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 159A.2  
 \N1 For as it befell in Edward the Thirds dayes,  
 In England, where he ware the crowne,  
 Then all the cheefe chialry of England  
 They busked and made them bowne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 159A.3  
 They chosen all the best archers  
 \iTha\rt in England might be found,  
 And all was to f+ight w\ii\rth the k\iing\r of Ffrance,  
 W\ii\rthin a litle stounde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 159A.4  
 \N1 And when our k\iing\r was ou\ier\r the water,  
 And on the salt sea gone,  
 Then tydings into Scotlandcame  
 \iTha\rt all England was gone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 159A.5  
 \N1 Bowes and arrowes they were all forth,  
 At home was not left a man  
 But shepards and millers both,  
 And priests w\ii\rth shauen crownes.  
 \SBALLADS Child 159A.6  
 \N1 Then the k\iing\r of Scotts in a study stood,  
 As he was a man of great might;  
 He sware he wold hold his parlam\ient\r in leeue London,  
 If he cold ryde there right.  
 \SBALLADS Child 159A.7  
 \N1 Then bespake a sq\iuier\r, of Scottland borne,  
 And sayd, My leege, apace,  
 Before you come to leeue London,  
 Full sore you\'le rue \itha\rt race.



\SBALLADS Child 159A.8

\N1 Ther beene bold yeomen in merry England,  
Husbandmen stiffe and strong;  
Sharpe swords they done weare,  
Bearen bowes and arrowes longe.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.9

\N1 The K\iing\r was angrye at that word;  
A long sword out he drew,  
And there befor his royall companye  
His owne squier hee slew.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.10

\N1 Hard hansell had the Scottes \itha\rt day,  
\iTha\rt wrought them woe enoughe,  
For then durst not a Scott speake a word  
Ffor hanging att a boughe.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.11

\N1 `The Earle of Anguish, where art thou?  
In my coate-armor thou shalt bee,  
And thou shalt lead the forward  
Thorow the English countrye.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.12

\N1 `Take thee Yorke,' then sayd the K\iing\r,  
`In stead wheras it doth stand;  
I\le make thy eldest sonne after thee  
Heyre of all Northumberland.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.13

\N1 `The Earle of Vaughan, where be yee?  
In my coate-armor thou shalt bee;  
The high Peak and Darbyshire  
I giue it thee to thy fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.14

\N1 Then came in famous Douglas,  
Saies, What shall my meede bee?  
And I\le lead the vaward, lord,  
Thorow the English countrye.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.15

\N1 `Take thee Worster,' sayd the K\iing\r,  
`Tuxburye, Killingworth, Burton vpon Trent;  
Doe thou not say another day  
But I haue giuen thee lands and rent.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.16

\N1 `S\ii\rr Rich\iard\r of Edenborrow, where are yee?  
A wise man in this warr!  
I\le giue thee Bristow and the shire  
The time \itha\rt wee come there.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.17

\N1 `My lo\ird\r Nevill, where beene yee?  
You must in this warres bee;  
I\le giue thee Shrewsburye,' saies the K\iing\r,  
`And Couentrye faire and free.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.18

\N1 `My lo\ird\r of Hambleton, where art thou?  
Thou art of my kin full nye;  
I\le giue thee Lincolne and Lincolneshire,  
And \itha\rt\'s enoughe for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.19

\N1 By then came in W\iillia\rm Douglas,  
As breeme as any bore;  
He kneeled him downe vpon his knees,  
In his hart he sighed sore.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.20

\N1 Saies, I haue serued you, my louelye leege,  
This thirty winters and four,  
And in the Marches betweene England and Scottland  
I haue beene wounded and beaten sore.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.21

\N1 For all the good service \itha\rt I haue done,  
What shall my meed bee?  
And I will lead the vanward  
Thorow the English countrye.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.22

\N1 `Aske on, Douglas,' said the king,  
`And granted it shall bee.'  
`Why then, I aske litle London,' saies Will\iiam\r Douglas,  
`Gotten giff \itha\rt it bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.23

\N1 The K\iing\r was wrath, and rose away,  
Saies, Nay, \itha\rt cannot bee!  
For \itha\rt I will keepe for my cheefe chamber,  
Gotten if it bee.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.24

\N1 But take thee North Wales and Weschaster,  
The cuntrye all round about,  
And rewarded thou shalt bee,  
Of \itha\rt take thou noe doubt.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.25

\N1 Fiue score k\inigh\rts he made on a day,  
And dubbd them w\ii\rth his hands;  
Rewarded them right worthilye  
W\ii\rth the townes in merry England.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.26

\N1 And when the fresh k\inigh\rts they were made,  
To battell the buske them bowne;  
Iames Douglas went before,  
And he thought to haue wonnen him shoone.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.27

\N1 But the were mett in a morning of May  
W\ii\rth the com\im\rinaltye of litle England;  
But there scaped neu\ier\r a man away,  
Through the might of Christe+s hand.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.28

\N1 But all onely Iames Douglas;  
In Durham in the f+feild  
An arrow stroke him in the thye;  
Fast f+linge<s he] towards the K\iing\r.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.29

\N1 The K\iing\r looked toward litle Durham,  
Saies, All things is not well!  
For Iames Dowglas beares an arrow in his thye,  
The head of it is of steele.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.30

\N1 `How now Iames?' then said the K\iing\r,  
`How now, how may this bee?  
And where beene all thy merrymen  
That thou tooke hence w\ii\rth thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.31

\N1 `But cease, my k\iing\r,' saies Iames Douglas,  
`Aliue is not left a man!'  
`Now by my faith,' saies the k\iing\r of Scottes,  
`\iTha\rt gate was euill gone.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.32

\N1 `But I\'le reuenge thy quarrell well,  
And of \itha\rt thou may be faine;  
For one Scott will beate f+iue Englishmen,  
If the meeten them on the plaine.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.33

\N1 `Now hold yo\iu\rr tounge,' saies Iames Douglas,  
`For in faith \itha\rt is not soe;  
For one English man is worth f+iue Scotts,  
When they meeten together thoe.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.34

\N1 `For they are as egar men to f+ight  
As a faulcon vpon a pray;  
Alas! if eu\ier\r the winne the vanward,  
There scapes noe man away.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.35

\N1 `O peace thy talking,' said the K\iing\r,  
`They bee but English knaues,  
But shepards and millers both,  
And preists w\ii\rth their staues.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.36

\N1 The K\iing\r sent forth one of his heralds of armes  
To vew the Englishmen:  
`Be of good cheere,' the herald said,  
`For against one wee bee ten.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.37

\N1 `Who leades those ladds?' said the k\iing\r of Scottes,  
`Thou herald, tell thou mee:'  
The herald said, The Bishopp of Durham  
Is captaine of \itha\rt companye.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.38

\N1 `For the Bishopp hath spred the K\iing\r\'s banner,  
And to battell he buskes him bowne:'  
`I sweare by St\. Andrewes bones,' saies the K\iing\r,  
`I\'le rapp \itha\rt preist on the crowne.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.39

\N1 The K\iing\r looked towards litle Durham,  
And \itha\rt hee well beheld,  
\iTha\rt the Earle Percy was well armed,  
W\ii\rth his battell-axe entred the feild.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.40

\N1 The K\iing\r looket againe towards litle Durham,  
Four ancyents there see hee;  
There were to standards, six in a valley,  
He cold not see them w\ii\rth his eye.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.41

\N1 My Lord of Yorke was one of them,  
My Lord of Carlile was the other,  
And my Lord Ff+luwilliams,  
The one came w\ii\rth the other.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.42

\N1 The Bishopp of Durham com\im\randed his men,  
And shortlye he them bade,  
\iTha\rt neu\ier\r a man shold goe to the feild to f+ight  
Till he had serued his God.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.43

\N1 Fiue hundred preists said masse \itha\rt day  
In Durham in the feild,  
And afterwards, as I hard say,  
They bare both speare and sheeld.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.44

\N1 The Bishopp of Durham orders himselfe to f+ight,  
W\ii\rth his battell-axe in his hand;  
He said, This day now I will f+ight  
As long as I can stand!

\SBALLADS Child 159A.45

\N1 `And soe will I,' sayd my Lo\ird\r of Carlile,  
`In this faire morning gay;'  
`And soe will I,' said my Lo\ird\r Ff+luwilliams,  
`For Mary, \itha\rt myld may.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.46

\N1 Our English archers bent their bowes  
Shortlye and anon;  
They shott ou\ier\r the Scottish oast  
And scantlye toucht a man.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.47

\N1 `Hold downe yo\iu\r hands,' sayd the Bishopp of Durham,  
`My archers good and true:'  
The second shoote \itha\rt the shott,  
Full sore the Scottes itt rue.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.48

\N1 The Bishopp of Durham spoke on hye,  
\iTha\rt both p\iar\rtyes might heare:  
`Be of good cheere, my merrymen all,  
The Scotts f+lyen, and changen there cheere.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.49

\N1 But as the saidden, soe the didden,  
They fell on heape+:s hye;  
Our Englishmen laid on w\ii\rth their bowes,  
As fast as they might dree.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.50

\N1 The k\iing\r of Scotts in a studye stood  
Amongst his companye;  
An arrow stoke him thorow the nose,  
And thorow his armorye.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.51

\N1 The K\iing\r went to a marsh-side  
And light beside his steede;  
He leaned him downe on his sword-hilts,  
To let his nose bleede.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.52

\N1 There followed him a yeaman of merry England,  
His name was Iohn of Coplande:  
`Yeeld thee, traytor!' saies Coplande then,  
`Thy liffe lyes in my hand.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.53

\N1 `How shold I yeeld me,' sayes the K\iing\r,  
`And thou art noe gentleman?'  
`Noe, by my troth,' sayes Copland there,  
`I am but a poore yeaman.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.54

\N1 `What art thou better then I, S\ii\r K\iing\r?  
Tell me if that thou can!  
What art thou better then I, S\ii\r K\iing\r,  
Now we be but man to man?'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.55

\N1 The K\iing\r smote angerly at Copland then,  
Angerly in that stonde;  
And then Copland was a bold yeaman,  
And bore the K\iing\r to the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.56

\N1 He sett the K\iing\r upon a palfrey,  
Himselpe upon a steede;  
He tooke him by the bridle-rayne,  
Towards London he can him lead.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.57

\N1 And when to London \itha\rt he came,  
The K\iing\r from Ffrance was new come home,  
And there unto the k\iing\r of Scottes  
He sayd these words anon.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.58

\N1 `How like you my shepards and my millers?  
My priests with shaven crownes?'  
`By my fayth, they are the sorest f+ighting men  
\iTha\rt ever I mett on the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.59

\N1 `There was never a yeaman in merry England  
But he was worth a Scottish k\inigh\rt:'  
`I, by my troth,' said K\iing\r Edward, and laughe,  
`For you fought all against the right.'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.60

\N1 But now the prince of merry England,  
Worthilye under his sheelde,  
Hath taken the k\iing\r of Ffrance,  
At Poytiers in the f+eelde.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.61

\N1 The prince did p\ire\rsent his father w\ii\rth \itha\rt food,  
The louely k\iing\r off Ffrance,  
And f+orward of his iourney he is gone:  
God send us all good chance!

\SBALLADS Child 159A.62

\N1 `You are welcome, broth\ier\r!' sayd the k\iing\r of Scotts, to \ith  
\re k\iing\r of Ffrance,  
`For I am come hither to soone;  
Christ leeve \itha\rt I had taken my way  
Unto the court of Roome!'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.63

\N1 `And soe wold I,' said the k\iing\r of Ffrance,  
`When I came over the streame,  
\iTha\rt I had taken my iourney  
Unto Ierusalem!'

\SBALLADS Child 159A.64

\N1 Thus ends the battell of f+faire Durham,  
In one morning of May,  
The battell of Cressey, and \ith\re battle of Potyers,  
All within one monthe+s day.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.65

\N1 Then was welthe and welfare in mery England,  
Solaces, game, and glee,  
And every man loved other well,  
And the K\iing\r loved good yeomanrye.

\SBALLADS Child 159A.66

\N1 But God \itha\rt made the grasse to growe,  
And leaves on greenwoode tree,  
Now save and keepe our noble k\iing\r,  
And maintaine good yeomanry!

\LBALLADS Child 160A.1

\N1 The Countesse of Douglas out of her boure she came,  
And loudly there that she did call:

`It is for the Lord of Liddesdale

That I let all these teares downe fall.'

\LBALLADS Child 161A.1  
 \N1 YT fell abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
 Whan husbond\ies\r wynnes ther haye,  
 The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,  
 In Ynglond to take a praye.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.2  
 \N1 The yerlle of Fyffe, w\iy\rt\ih\rowghten stryffe,  
 He bowynd hym over Sulway;  
 The grete wolde ever to-gether ryde;  
 That raysse they may rewe for aye.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.3  
 \N1 Over Hoppertope hyll they cam in,  
 And so down by Rodclyffe crage:  
 Vpon Grene Lynton they lyghted downyn,  
 Styrande many a stage.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.4  
 \N1 And boldely brente Northomberlond,  
 And haryed many a towyn;  
 They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,  
 To batell that were not bowyn.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.5  
 \N1 Than spake a berne vpon the bent,  
 Of comferte that was not colde,  
 And sayd, We haue brente Northomberlond,  
 We haue all welth in holde.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.6  
 \N1 Now we haue haryed all Bamborowe schyre,  
 All the welth in the worlde haue wee,  
 I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
 So styll and stalworthlye.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.7  
 \N1 Vpon the morowe, when it was day,  
 The standerds schone full bryght;  
 To the Newe Castell the toke the waye,  
 And thether they cam full ryght.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.8  
 \N1 S\iy\r Henry Perssy laye at the New Castell,  
 I tell yow w\iy\rt\ih\rowtten drede;  
 He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,  
 And kepte Barwyke vpon Twede.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.9  
 \N1 To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
 The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
 `Syr Hary Perssy, and thou byste w\ii\rt\ih\rin,  
 Com to the fylde, and fyght.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.10  
 \N1 `For we haue brente Northomberlonde,  
 Thy erytage good and ryght,  
 And syne my logeyng I haue take  
 W\iy\rt\ih\r my brande dubbyd many a knyght.'

\SBALLADS Child 161A.11  
 \N1 S\iy\r Harry Perssy cam to the wall\ies\r,  
 The Skottyssh oste for to se,  
 And sayd, And thou hast brente Northomberlond,  
 Full sore it rewyth me.

\SBALLADS Child 161A.12  
 \N1 Yf thou hast haryed all Bamborowe schyre,  
 Thow hast done me grete envye;  
 For the trespasse thow hast me done,

The tone of vs schall dye.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.13  
\N1 `Where schall I byde the?' sayd the Dowglas,  
`Or where wylte thow com to me?'  
`At Otterborne, in the hygh way,  
[T>her mast thow well logeed be.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.14  
\N1 `[T>he roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,  
[T>o make the game a<nd] glee;  
`T>he fawken and the fesaunt both,  
Among the holtes on hye.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.15  
\N1 `Ther mast thow haue thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged ther mast be;  
Yt schall not be long or I com the tyll,'  
Sayd Syr Harry Perssye.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.16  
\N1 `Ther schall I byde the,' sayd the Dowglas,  
`By the fayth of my bodye:'  
`Thether schall I com,' sayd S\iyr\r Harry Perssy,  
`My trowth I plyght to the.'  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.17  
\N1 A pype of wyne he gaue them over the walles,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Ther he mayd the Dowglasse drynke,  
And all hys ost that daye.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.18  
\N1 The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,  
For soth w\ii\rt\ih\rowghten naye;  
He toke hys logeyng at Oterborne,  
Vpon a Wedynsday.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.19  
\N1 And ther he pyght hys standerd dowyn,  
Hys getting more and lesse,  
And syne he warned hys men to goo  
To chose ther geldyng\ies\r gresse.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.20  
\N1 A Skottysse knyght hoved vpon the bent,  
A wache I dare well saye;  
So was he ware on the noble Perssy,  
In the dawning of the daye.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.21  
\N1 He prycked to hys pavyleon-dore,  
As faste as he myght ronne;  
`Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
`For hys love that syttes in trone.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.22  
\N1 `Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
`For thow maste waken wyth wyne;  
Yender haue I spyed the prowde Perssye,  
And seven stondardes wyth hym.'  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.23  
\N1 `Nay by my trowth,' the Dowglas sayed,  
`It ys but a fayned taylle;  
He durst not loke on my brede banner  
For all Ynglonde so haylle.  
\SBALLADS Child 161A.24  
\N1 `Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,  
That stond\ies\r so fayre on Tyne?  
For all the men the Perssy had,

He coude not garre me ones to dyne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.25  
 \N1 He stepped owt at his pavelyon-dore,  
 To loke and it were lesse:  
 `Araye yow, lordyng\ies\r, one and all,  
 For here bygynnes no peysse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.26  
 \N1 `The yerle of Mentaye, thow arte my eme,  
 The fowarde I gyve to the:  
 The yerlle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,  
 He schall be w\iy\rt\ih\r the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.27  
 \N1 `The lorde of Bowghan, in armure bryght,  
 On the other hand he schall be;  
 Lord Jhonsto\iu\rne and Lorde Maxwell,  
 They to schall be w\iy\rt\ih\r me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.28  
 \N1 `Swynton, fayre fylde vpon yo\iu\rr pryde!  
 To batell make yow bowen  
 S\iy\r Davy Skotte, S\iy\r Water Stewarde,  
 S\iy\r Jhon of Agurstone!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.29  
 \N1 The Perssy cam byfore hys oste,  
 Wych was ever a gentyll knyght;  
 Vpon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
 `I wyll holde that I haue hyght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.30  
 \N1 `For thou haste brente Northomberlonde,  
 And done me grete envye;  
 For thys trespasse thou hast me done,  
 The tone of vs schall dye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.31  
 \N1 The Dowglas answerde hym agayne,  
 W\iy\rt\ih\r grett wurd\ies\r vpon hye,  
 And sayd, I haue twenty agaynst thy one,  
 Byholde, and thou maste see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.32  
 \N1 Wyth th\ia\rt the Perssy was grevyd sore,  
 For soth as I yow saye;  
 He lyghted down vpon his foote,  
 And schoote hys horsse clene awaye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.33  
 \N1 Eu\ie\rry man sawe that he dyd soo,  
 That ryall was euer in rowght;  
 Eu\ie\rry man schoote hys horsse hym froo,  
 And lyght hym rowynde abowght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.34  
 \N1 Thus S\iy\r Hary Perssye toke the fylde,  
 For soth as I yow saye;  
 Jh\ies\ru Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
 Dyd helpe hym well that daye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.35  
 \N1 But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,  
 The cronykle wyll not layne;  
 Forty thowsande of Skottes and fowre  
 That day fowght them agayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.36  
 \N1 But when the batell byganne to ioyne,  
 In hast ther cam a knyght;  
 The letters fayre furth hath he tayne,



And thus he sayd full ryght:  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.37  
 \N1 `My lorde yo\iu\rr father he gretes yow well,  
 Wyth many a noble knyght;  
 He desyres yow to byde  
 That he may see thys fyght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.38  
 \N1 `The Baron of Grastoke ys com out of the west,  
 Wyth hym a noble companye;  
 All they loge at yo\iu\rr fathers thys nyght,  
 And the batell fayne wolde they see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.39  
 \N1 `For Jh\ies\rus love,' sayd Syr Harye Perssy,  
 `That dyed for yow and me,  
 Wende to my lorde my father agayne,  
 And saye thow sawe me not w\iy\rt\ih\r yee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.40  
 \N1 `My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysch knyght,  
 It nedes me not to layne,  
 That I schulde byde hym vpon thys bent,  
 And I haue hys trowth agayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.41  
 \N1 `And if that I w<e>ynde of thys growende,  
 For soth, onfowghten awaye,  
 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
 In hys londe another daye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.42  
 \N1 `Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
 By Mary, that mykkel maye,  
 Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd  
 Wyth a Skotte another day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.43  
 \N1 `Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,  
 And let scharpe arowes f+lee;  
 Mynstrells, playe vp for yo\iu\rr waryson,  
 And well quyt it schall bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.44  
 \N1 `Eu\ie\rry man thynke on hys trewe-love,  
 And marke hym to the Trenite;  
 For to God I make myne avowe  
 Thys day wyll I not f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.45  
 \N1 The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,  
 Hys standerde stode on hye,  
 That eu\ie\rry man myght full well knowe;  
 By syde stode starre+:s thre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.46  
 \N1 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,  
 For soth as I yow sayne,  
 The lucett\ies\r and the cressawnt\ies\r both;  
 The Skott\ies\r favght them agayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.47  
 \N1 Vpon Sent Androwe lowde can they crye,  
 And thrysse they schowte on hyght,  
 And syne m\ier\rked them one owr Ynglysshe men,  
 As I haue tolde yow ryght.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.48  
 \N1 Sent George the bryght, owr ladyes knyght,  
 To name they were full fayne;  
 Owr Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght,

And thrysse the schowtte agayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.49  
 \N1 Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to f+lee,  
 I tell yow in sertayne;  
 Men of armes byganne to joyne,  
 Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.50  
 \N1 The Perssy and the Dowglas mette,  
 That ether of other was fayne;  
 They swapped together whyll that the swette,  
 W\iy\rt\ih\r sword\ies\r of fyne collayne:  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.51  
 \N1 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnett\ies\r ranne,  
 As the roke doth in the rayne;  
 `Yelde the to me,' sayd the Dowglas,  
 `Or ell\ies\r thow schalt be slayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.52  
 \N1 `For I see by thy bryght bassonet,  
 Thow arte su\im\r man of myght;  
 And so I do by thy burnyssshed brande;  
 Thow arte an yerle, or ell\ies\r a knyght.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.53  
 \N1 `By my good faythe,' sayd the noble Perssye,  
 `Now haste thow rede full ryght;  
 Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
 Whyll I may stonde and fyght.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.54  
 \N1 They swapped together whyll that they swette,  
 Wyth sworde+:s scharpe and long;  
 Ych on other so faste thee beette,  
 Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses downyn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.55  
 \N1 The Perssy was a man of strength,  
 I tell yow in thys stounde;  
 He smote the Dowglas at the sworde+:s length  
 That he felle to the growynde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.56  
 \N1 The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,  
 I tell yow in sertayne;  
 To the harte he cowde hym smyte,  
 Thus was the Dowglas slayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.57  
 \N1 The stonderd\ies\r stode styll on eke a syde,  
 Wyth many a grevous grone;  
 Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,  
 And many a dowghty man was slayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.58  
 \N1 Ther was no freke that ther wolde f+lye,  
 But styffely in stowre can stond,  
 Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,  
 Wyth many a bayllefyll bronde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.59  
 \N1 Ther was slayne vpon the Skotte+:s syde,  
 For soth and sertenly,  
 S\iy\r James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
 That day that he cowde dye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.60  
 \N1 The yerlle of Mentaye he was slayne,  
 Grysely groned vpon the growynd;  
 S\iy\r Davy Skotte, S\iy\r Water Stewarde,

S\iyr\r Jhon of Agurstoune.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.61  
 \N1 S\iyr\r Charlle+s Morrey in that place,  
 That never a fote wold f+lee;  
 S\iyr\r Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
 W\iy\rt\ih\r the Dowglas dyd he dye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.62  
 \N1 Ther was slayne vpon the Skotte+s syde,  
 For soth as I yow saye,  
 Of fowre and forty thowsande Scott\ies\r  
 Went but eyghtene awaye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.63  
 \N1 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglysshe syde,  
 For soth and sertenlye,  
 A gentell knight, S\iyr\r Jhon Fechewe,  
 Yt was the more pety.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.64  
 \N1 S\iyr\r James Hardbotell ther was slayne,  
 For hym ther hartes were sore;  
 The gentyll Lovell ther was slayne,  
 That the Perssys standerd bore.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.65  
 \N1 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglyssh perte,  
 For soth as I yow saye,  
 Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men  
 Fyve hondert cam awaye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.66  
 \N1 The other were slayne in the fylde;  
 Cryste kepe ther sowlles from wo!  
 Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes  
 Agaynst so many a foo.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.67  
 \N1 Then on the morne they mayde them beerys  
 Of byrch and haysell graye;  
 Many a wydowe, w\iy\rt\ih\r wepyng teyres,  
 Ther makes they fette awaye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.68  
 \N1 Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,  
 Bytwene the nyght and the day;  
 Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe,  
 And the Perssy was lede awaye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.69  
 \N1 Then was ther a Scottysh p\iri\rsoner tayne,  
 S\iyr\r Hewe Montgomery was hys name;  
 For soth as I yow saye,  
 He borrowed the Perssy home agayne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161A.70  
 \N1 Now let vs all for the Perssy praye  
 To Jh\ies\ru most of myght,  
 To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,  
 For he was a gentyll knyght.  
 \LBALLADS Child 161B.1  
 \N1 IT fell and about the Lammas time,  
 When husbandmen do win their hay,  
 Earl Douglass is to the English woods,  
 And a\' with him to fetch a prey.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161B.2  
 \N1 He has chosen the Lindsays light,  
 With them the gallant Gordons gay,  
 And the Earl of Fyfe, withouten strife,

And Sir Hugh Montgomery upon a grey.  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.3  
\N1 They have taken Northumberland,  
And sae hae they the north shire,  
And the Otter Dale, they hae burnt it hale,  
And set it a\' into f+ire.  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.4  
\N1 Out then spake a bonny boy,  
That servd ane o Earl Douglass kin;  
Methinks I see an English host,  
A-coming branken us upon.  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.5  
\N1 `If this be true, my little boy,  
And it be troth that thou tells me,  
The brawest bower in Otterburn  
This day shall be thy morning-fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.6  
\N1 `But if it be fase, my little boy,  
But and a lie that thou tells me,  
On the highest tree that\'s in Otterburn  
With my ain hands I\'ll hing thee high.'  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.7  
\N1 The boy\'s taen out his little penknife,  
That hanget low down by his gare,  
And he gaed Earl Douglass a deadly wound,  
Alack! a deep wound and a sare.  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.8  
\N1 Earl Douglas said to Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Take thou the vanguard o the three,  
And bury me at yon braken-bush,  
That stands upon yon lilly lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.9  
\N1 Then Percy and Montgomery met,  
And weel a wot they warna fain;  
They swaped swords, and they twa swat,  
And ay the blood ran down between.  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.10  
\N1 `O yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
`Or else I vow I\'ll lay thee low;'  
`Whom to shall I yield,' said Earl Percy,  
`Now I see it maun be so?'  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.11  
\N1 `O yield thee to yon braken-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilly lee;  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.12  
\N1 `I winna yield to a braken-bush,  
Nor yet will I unto a brier;  
But I would yield to Earl Douglass,  
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.13  
\N1 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He stuck his sword\'s point in the ground,  
And Sir Hugh Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And he quickly broght him by the hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 161B.14  
\N1 This deed was done at Otterburn,  
About the breaking of the day;  
Earl Douglass was buried at the braken-bush,

And Percy led captive away.  
 \LBALLADS Child 161C.1  
 \N1 IT fell about the Lamma tide,  
 When the muir-men win their hay,  
 The doughty Douglas bound him to ride  
 Into England, to drive a prey.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.2  
 \N1 He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,  
 With them the Lindesays, light and gay;  
 But the Jardines wald not with him ride,  
 And they rue it to this day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.3  
 \N1 And he has burnd the dales of Tyne,  
 And part of Bambrough shire,  
 And three good towers on Reidswire fells,  
 He left them all on f+ire.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.4  
 \N1 And he marchd up to Newcastle,  
 And rode it round about:  
 `O wha\'s the lord of this castle?  
 Or wha\'s the lady o\'t?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.5  
 \N1 But up spake proud Lord Percy then,  
 And O but he spake hie!  
 I am the lord of this castle,  
 My wife\'s the lady gay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.6  
 \N1 `If thou\'rt the lord of this castle,  
 Sae weel it pleases me,  
 For, ere I cross the Border fells,  
 The tane of us shall die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.7  
 \N1 He took a lang spear in his hand,  
 Shod with the metal free,  
 And for to meet the Douglas there  
 He rode right furiouslie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.8  
 \N1 But O how pale his lady lookd,  
 Frae aff the castle-wa,  
 When down before the Scottish spear  
 She saw proud Percy fa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.9  
 \N1 `Had we twa been upon the green,  
 And never an eye to see,  
 I wad hae had you, f+lesh and fell;  
 But your sword sall gae wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.10  
 \N1 `But gae ye up to Otterbourne,  
 And, wait there dayis three,  
 And, if I come not ere three dayis end,  
 A fause knight ca ye me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.11  
 \N1 `The Otterbourne\'s a bonnie burn;  
 \'Tis pleasant there to be;  
 But there is nought at Otterbourne  
 To feed my men and me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.12  
 \N1 `The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
 The birds f+ly wild from tree to tree;  
 But there is neither bread nor kale

To fend my men and me.

\SBALLADS Child 161C.13

\N1 `Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
Where you shall welcome be;  
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,  
A fause lord I\'ll ca thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 161C.14

\N1 `Thither will I come,' proud Percy said,  
`By the might of Our Ladye;'  
`There will I bide thee,' said the Douglas,  
`My troth I plight to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 161C.15

\N1 They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
Upon the bent sae brown;  
They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
And threw their pallions down.

\SBALLADS Child 161C.16

\N1 And he that had a bonnie boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.

\SBALLADS Child 161C.17

\N1 But up then spake a little page,  
Before the peep of dawn:  
`O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Percy\'s hard at hand.'

\SBALLADS Child 161C.18

\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
Sae loud I hear ye lie:  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.

\SBALLADS Child 161C.19

\N1 `But I have dreamd a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Sky;  
I saw a dead man win a f+ight,  
And I think that man was I.'

\SBALLADS Child 161C.20

\N1 He belted on his guid braid sword,  
And to the f+ield he ran,  
But he forgot the helmet good,  
That should have kept his brain.

\SBALLADS Child 161C.21

\N1 When Percy with the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu fain;  
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.

\SBALLADS Child 161C.22

\N1 But Percy with his good broad sword,  
That could so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 161C.23

\N1 Then he calld on his little foot-page,  
And said, Run speedilie,  
And fetch my ain dear sister\'s son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

\SBALLADS Child 161C.24

\N1 `My nephew good,' the Douglas said,  
`What recks the death of ane!  
Last night I dreamd a dreary dream,

And I ken the day\'s thy ain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.25  
 \N1 `My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;  
 Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
 And hide me by the braken-bush,  
 That grows on yonder lilye lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.26  
 \N1 `O bury me by the braken-bush,  
 Beneath the blooming brier;  
 Let never living mortal ken  
 That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.27  
 \N1 He lifted up that noble lord,  
 Wi the saut tear in his ee;  
 He hid him in the braken-bush,  
 That his merrie men might not see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.28  
 \N1 The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
 The spears in f+linders f+lew,  
 But mony a gallant Englishman  
 Ere day the Scotsmen slew.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.29  
 \N1 The Gordons good, in English blood  
 They steepd their hose and shoon;  
 The Lindsays f+lew like f+ire about,  
 Till all the fray was done.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.30  
 \N1 The Percy and Montgomery met,  
 That either of other were fain;  
 They swapped swords, and they twa swat,  
 And aye the blood ran down between.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.31  
 \N1 `Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
 `Or else I vow I\'ll lay thee low!'  
 `To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,  
 `Now that I see that it must be so?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.32  
 \N1 `Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
 But yield thee to the braken-bush,  
 That grows upon yon lilye lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.33  
 \N1 `I will not yield to a braken-bush,  
 Nor yet will I yield to a brier;  
 But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
 Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.34  
 \N1 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
 He struck his sword\'s point in the gronde;  
 The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
 And quickly took him by the honde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161C.35  
 \N1 This deed was done at the Otterbourne,  
 About the breaking of the day;  
 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush,  
 And the Percy led captive away.  
 \LBALLADS Child 161D.1  
 \N1 THEN out an spak a little wee boy,  
 And he was near o Percy\'s kin:  
 Methinks I see the English host

A coming branking us upon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 161D.2  
 \N1 Wi nine waggons scaling wide,  
 And seven banners bearing high;  
 It was do any living gude  
 To see their bonny colours f+ly.  
 \LBALLADS Child 161E.1  
 \N1 `O YIELD thee to yon braken-bush,  
 That grows upon yon lilly lie;  
 For there lies aneth yon braken-bush  
 What aft has conquered mae than thee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 162A.1  
 \N1 THE P\ier\rse+: owt off Northombarlonde,  
 and avowe to God mayd he  
 That he wold hunte in the mowntayns  
 off Chyviat w\ii\rt\ih\rin days thre,  
 In the magg\ier\r of doughte+: Dogles,  
 and all that eu\ier\r with him be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.2  
 \N1 The fattiste hart\ies\r in all Cheviat  
 he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:  
 `Be my feth,' sayd \ith\re dougheti Doglas agayn,  
 `I wyll let \itha\rt hontyng yf \itha\rt I may.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.3  
 \N1 The<n] \ith\re P\ier\rse+: owt off Banborowe cam,  
 w\ii\rt\ih\r him a myghtee meany,  
 W\ii\rt\ih\r f+fifteen hondrith archar\ies\r bold off blood and bone;  
 and bone;  
 \ith\re wear chosen owt of shyars thre.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.4  
 \N1 This begane on a Monday at morn,  
 in Cheviat the hillys so he;  
 The chylde may rue that ys vn-born,  
 it was the mor pitte+:.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.5  
 \N1 The dryvars thorowe the wood\e\is\r went,  
 for to reas the dear;  
 Bomen byckarte vppone the bent  
 w\ii\rt\ih\r ther browd aros cleare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.6  
 \N1 Then the wyld thorowe the wood\e\is\r went,  
 on eu\ier\ry syde+: shear;  
 Greahond\ies\r thorowe the grevis glent,  
 for to kyll thear dear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.7  
 \N1 \iTh\ris begane in Chyviat \ith\re hyls abone,  
 yerly on a Monnyn-day;  
 Be \itha\rt it drewe to the oware off none,  
 a hondrith fat hart\e\is\r ded \ithe\rr lay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.8  
 \N1 The blewe a mort vppone \ith\re bent,  
 \ith\re semblyde on sydis shear;  
 To the quyrry then the P\ier\rse+: went,  
 to se the bryttlynge off the deare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.9  
 \N1 He sayd, It was the Duglas promys  
 this day to met me hear;  
 But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament;  
 a great oth \ith\re P\ier\rse+: swear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162A.10



\N1 At the laste a squyar off Northo\im\rb\ier\rlonde  
lokyde at his hand full ny;  
He was war a the doughetie Doglas co\im\rmynge,  
with him a myghtte+: meany.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.11

Both with spear, bylle, and brande,  
yt was a myghtti sight to se;  
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,  
wear not in Cristiante+:.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.12

\N1 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,  
withoute any feale;  
The wear borne along be the watt\ier\r a Twyde,  
yth bownd\eis\r of Tividale.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.13

\N1 `Leave of the brytlyng of the dear,' he sayd,  
a+end to your bo'ys lock ye tayk good hed\ie\r;  
For neu\ier\r sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
had ye neu\ier\r so mickle ned\ie\r.'

\SBALLADS Child 162A.14

\N1 The dougheti Dogglas on a stede,  
he rode all\ie\r his men beforene;  
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;  
a boldar barne was nev\ier\r born.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.15

\N1 `Tell me whos men ye ar,' he says,  
'or whos men that ye be:  
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat chays,  
in \ith\re spyt of myn and of me.'

\SBALLADS Child 162A.16

\N1 The f+irst mane that ev\ier\r him an answeare mayd,  
yt was \ith\re good lord P\ier\rse+::  
'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,' he says,  
'Nor whos men \itha\rt we be;  
But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,  
in the spyt of thyne and of the.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.17

\N1 `iTh\re fattiste hart\eis\r in all Chyviat  
we haue kyld, and cast to carry them away:'  
'Be my troth,' sayd \ith\re doughete+: Dogglas agay<n>,  
'\ithe\rrfor the ton of vs shal de this day.'

\SBALLADS Child 162A.18

\N1 Then sayd the doughte+: Doglas  
unto the lord P\ier\rse+::  
'To kyll all\ie\r thes giltles men,  
alas, it wear great pitte+:!

\SBALLADS Child 162A.19

\N1 But, P\ier\rse+:, thowe art a lord of lande,  
I am a yerle callyd w\ii\rt\ih\rin my contre+:;  
Let all our men vppone a p\iar\rti stande,  
and do the battell off the and of me.'

\SBALLADS Child 162A.20

\N1 `Nowe Crist\ies\r cors on his crowne,' sayd the lorde P\ier\rse+:,  
'who-so-euer \ithe\rr-to says nay!  
Be my troth, doughtte Doglas,' he says,  
'Thow shalt neu\ier\r se that day.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.21

\N1 `Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,  
nor for no man of a woman born,  
But, and fortune be my chance,

I dar met him, on man for on.'

\SBALLADS Child 162A.22

\N1 Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,  
R\iichard\r Wytharyngton was him nam;  
'It shal neu\ier\r be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he says,  
'To Kyng Herry \ith\re Fourth for sham.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.23

\N1 `I wat youe byn great lord\e\is\r twaw,  
I am a poor squyar of lande;  
I wyll\ie\r neu\ier\r se my captayne fyght on a fylde,  
and stande my selffe and loocke on,  
But whyll\ie\r I may my weppone welde,  
I wyll\ie\r not [fayle] both hart and hande.'

\SBALLADS Child 162A.24

\N1 That day, \itha\rt day, \itha\rt dredfull day!  
\ith\re f+irst f+it here I fynde;  
And youe wyll here any mor a the hountynge a the Chyviat,  
yet ys \ithe\rr mor behynd\ie\r.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.25

\N1 The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
\ith\rer hartes wer good yenoughe;  
The f+irst off arros that the shote off,  
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.26

\N1 Yet byddys the yerle Doglas vpon \ith\re bent,  
a captayne good yenoughe,  
And that was sene verament,  
for he wrought ho\im\r both woo and wouche.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.27

\N1 The Dogglas p\iar\rtyd his ost in thre,  
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;  
With suar spears off myghtte+: tre,  
the cu\im\r in on eu\ier\ry syde;

\SBALLADS Child 162A.28

\N1 Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery  
gave many a wounde full\ie\r wyde;  
Many a doughete+: the garde to dy,  
which ganyde them no pryde.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.29

\N1 The Yngglyshe men let ther bo'ys be,  
and pulde owt brand\ies\r \itha\rt wer brighte;  
It was a hevy syght to se  
bryght sword\ies\r on basnit\ies\r lyght.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.30

\N1 Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,  
many sterne the strocke done streght;  
Many a freyke that was full\ie\r fre,  
ther vndar foot dyd lyght.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.31

\N1 At last the Duglas and the P\ier\rse+: met,  
lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;  
The swapte toghethar tyll\ie\r the both swat,  
w\ii\rt\ih\r swordes that wear of fyn myllan.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.32

\N1 Thes worthe+: freckys for to fyght,  
\ithe\rr-to \ith\re wear full\ie\r fayne,  
Tyll\ie\r the bloode owte off thear basnet\ies\r sprete,  
as eu\ier\r dyd heal or ra<y>n.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.33

\N1 `Yelde the, P\ier\rse+:,' sayde the Doglas,

a+end i feth I shall\ie\r the brynge  
Wher thowe shalte haue a yerls wagis  
of Jamy our Skottish kynge.  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.34  
\N1 `Thoue shalte haue thy ransom fre,  
I hight the hear this thinge;  
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe  
that eu\ier\r I conqueryd in f+ilde f+ighttyng\ie\r.'  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.35  
\N1 `Nay,' sayd the lord P\ier\rse+:,  
`I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde neu\ier\r yeldyde be  
to no man of a woman born.'  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.36  
\N1 W\ii\rt\ih\r that ther cam an arrowe hastely,  
forthe off a myghtte+: wane;  
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas  
in at the brest-bane.  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.37  
\N1 Thorowe lyvar and long\e\is\r bathe  
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,  
\iTha\rt neu\ier\r aft\ier\r in all his lyffe-days  
he spayke mo word\e\is\r but ane:  
\iTha\rt was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,  
for my lyff-days ben gan.  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.38  
\N1 The P\ier\rse+: leanyde on his brande,  
and sawe \ith\re Duglas de;  
He tooke the dede mane by the hande,  
and sayd, Wo ys me for the!  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.39  
\N1 `To haue savyde thy lyffe, I wolde haue p\iar\rtyde w\ii\rt\ih\r  
my land\ies\r for years thre,  
For a bett\ier\r man, of hart nare of hande,  
was nat in all \ith\re north contre+:.'  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.40  
\N1 Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
was callyd S\ier\r Hewe the Monggo\im\rbyrry;  
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,  
he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.41  
\N1 He rod vppone a corsiare  
throughe a hondrith archery:  
He neu\ier\r stynttyde, nar neu\ier\r blane,  
tyll\ie\r he cam to \ith\re good lord P\ier\rse+:.  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.42  
\N1 He set vppone the lorde P\ier\rse+:  
a dynte that was full soare;  
With a suar spear of a myghtee+: tre  
clean thorow the body he \ith\re P\ier\rse+: ber,  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.43  
\N1 A the tothar syde that a man myght se  
a large cloth-yard and mare:  
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiante+:  
then \itha\rt day slan wear \ith\rer.  
\SBALLADS Child 162A.44  
\N1 An archar off Northomb\ier\rlonde  
say slean was \ith\re lord Perse+:;  
He bar a bende bowe in his hand,  
was made off trusti tre.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.45

\N1 An arow \itha\rt a cloth-yarde was lang  
to th\ie\r harde stele halyde he;  
A dynt \itha\rt was both sad and soar  
he sat on S\ier\r Hewe \ith\re Monggo\im\rbyrry.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.46

\N1 \iTh\re dynt yt was both sad and sar  
\itha\rt he of Monggo\im\rberry sete;  
\iTh\re swane-fethars \itha\rt his arrowe bar  
w\ii\rt\ih\r his hart-blood \ith\re wear wete.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.47

\N1 Ther was neu\ier\r a freake wone foot wolde f+le,  
but still in stour dyd stand,  
Heawyng on yche othar, whyll\ie\r the myghte dre,  
w\ii\rt\ih\r many a balfull brande.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.48

\N1 This battell begane in Chyviat  
an owar befor the none,  
And when even-songe bell was rang,  
the battell was nat half done.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.49

\N1 The tocke . . on ethar hande  
be the lyght off the mone;  
Many hade no strenght for to stande,  
in Chyviat \ith\re hillys abon.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.50

\N1 Of f+fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde  
went away but seuenti and thre;  
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,  
but even f+ive and f+ifti.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.51

\N1 But all wear slayne Cheviat w\ii\rt\ih\rin;  
\ith\re hade no streng<th>e to stand on hy;  
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,  
it was \ith\re mor pitte+..

\SBALLADS Child 162A.52

\N1 Thear was slayne, withe the lord P\ier\rse+:,  
S\ier\r Joh\ia\rn of Ag\ier\rstone,  
S\ier\r Rogar, the hinde Hartly,  
S\ier\r Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.53

\N1 Ser Jorg, the worthe+: Lou\im\rle,  
a knyghte of great renowen,  
Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,  
with dynt\ies\r wear beaten dowene.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.54

\N1 For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
\itha\rt eu\ier\r he slayne shulde be;  
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.55

\N1 Ther was slayne, w\ii\rt\ih\r \ith\re dougheti Duglas,  
S\ier\r Hewe the Monggo\im\rbyrry,  
S\ier\r Dauy Lwdale, \itha\rt worthe+: was,  
his sistars son was he.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.56

\N1 S\ier\r Charls a Murre+: in that place,  
\itha\rt neu\ier\r a foot wolde f+le;  
S\ier\r Hewe Maxwell\ie\r, a lorde he was,  
w\ii\rt\ih\r \ith\re Doglas dyd he dey.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.57

\N1 So on the morrowe the mayde them byears  
off birch and hasell so g<r>ay;  
Many wedous, w\ii\rt\ih\r wepyng tears,  
cam to fache \ithe\rr makys away.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.58

\N1 Tivydale may carpe off care,  
Northo\im\rbarlond may mayk great mon,  
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear  
on the March-p\iar\rti shall neu\ier\r be non.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.59

\N1 Word ys co\im\rmen to Eddenburrowe,  
to Jamy \ith\re Skottishe kynge,  
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the M\iar\rches,  
M\iar\rches,  
he lay slean Chyviot w\ii\rt\ih\rin.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.60

\N1 His handde+:s dyd he weal and wryn7 he sayd, Alas, and woe ys me!  
Such an othar captayn Skotland w\ii\rt\ih\rin,  
he sayd, ye-feth shuld neu\ier\r be.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.61

\N1 Worde ys co\im\rmyr to lovly Londone,  
till the fourth Harry our kynge,  
\iTha\rt lord P\ier\rse+:, leyff-tenante of the M\iar\rchis,  
he lay slayne Chyviat w\ii\rt\ih\rin.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.62

\N1 `God haue m\ier\rcei on his soll\ie\r,' sayde Kyng Harry,  
'good lord, yf thy will it be!  
I haue a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde,' he sayd,  
a+es good as eu\ier\r was he:  
But, P\ier\rse+:, and I brook my lyffe,  
thy deth well quyte shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 162A.63

\N1 As our noble kynge mayd his avowe,  
lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
For the deth of the lord P\ier\rse+:  
he dyde the battell of Ho\im\rbyll-down;

\SBALLADS Child 162A.64

\N1 Wher syx and thritte+: Skottishe knyght\ies\r  
on a day wear beaten down;  
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
ov\ier\r castill\ie\r, towar, and town.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.65

\N1 This was the hontynge off the Cheviat,  
that tear begane this spurn;  
Old men that knowen t8e grownde well yenoughe  
call it \ith\re battell of Ott\ier\rburn.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.66

\N1 At Ott\ier\rburn begane this spurne,  
vppone a Monnynday;  
Ther was the doughte+: Doglas slean,  
\ith\re P\ier\rse+: neu\ier\r went away.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.67

\N1 Ther was neu\ier\r a tym on the Marche-p\iar\rte+:s  
sen \ith\re Doglas and \ith\re P\ier\rse+: met,  
But yt ys m\ier\rvele and the rede blude ro\in\rne not,  
as the reane doys in \ith\re stret.

\SBALLADS Child 162A.68

\N1 Ihesue Crist our balys bete,  
and to the blys vs brynge!

Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat:  
 God send vs all\ie\r good endyng!  
 \LBALLADS Child 162B.1  
 \N1 GOD prosper long our noble k\iing\r,  
 our liffes and saftyes all!  
 A woefull hunting once there did  
 in Cheuy Chase befall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.2  
 \N1 To dr\ii\rue the deere w\ii\rth hound and horne  
 Erle Pearcy took the way:  
 The child may rue \itha\rt is vnborne  
 the hunting of \itha\rt day!  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.3  
 \N1 The stout Erle of Northumberland  
 a vow to God did make  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
 three som\im\rers days to take,  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.4  
 \N1 The cheefest harts in Cheuy C<h>ase  
 to kill and beare away:  
 These tydings to Erle Douglas came  
 in Scottland, where he lay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.5  
 \N1 Who sent Erle Pearcy p\ire\rsent word  
 he wold p\ire\rvent his sport;  
 The English erle, not fearing that,  
 did to the woods resort,  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.6  
 \N1 With f+fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
 all chosen men of might,  
 Who knew f+full well in time of neede  
 to ayme their shafts arright.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.7  
 \N1 The gallant greyhound<s] swiftly ran  
 to chase the fallow deere;  
 On Munday they began to hunt,  
 ere daylight did appeare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.8  
 \N1 And long before high noone the had  
 a hundred fat buckes slaine;  
 Then hauing dined, the drouyers went  
 to rouze the deare againe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.9  
 \N1 The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
 well able to endure;  
 Theire backsids all w\ii\rth speciall care  
 \itha\rt day were guarded sure.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.10  
 \N1 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
 the nimble deere to take,  
 \iTha\rt with their cryes the hills and dales  
 an eccho shrill did make.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.11  
 \N1 Lord Pearcy to the querry went  
 to veiw the tender deere;  
 Q\iuo\rth he, Erle Douglas p\iro\rmised once  
 this day to meete me heere;  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.12  
 \N1 But if I thought he wold not come,  
 noe longer wold I stay.

W\ii\rth \itha\rt a braue younge gentlman  
thus to the erle did say:  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.13  
\N1 `Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,  
hys men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres  
all marching in our sight.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.14  
\N1 `All men of pleasant Tiuydale,  
fast by the riuer Tweede:'  
`O ceaze yo\iu\rr sportts!' Erle Pearcy said,  
a+end take yo\iu\rr bowes w\ii\rth speede.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.15  
\N1 `And now w\ii\rth me, my countrymen,  
yo\iu\rr courage forth advance!  
For there was neuer champion yett,  
in Scottland nor in Ffrance,  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.16  
\N1 `iTha\rt eu\ier\r did on horsbacke come,  
[but], and if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
w\ii\rth him to breake a spere.'  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.17  
\N1 Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,  
most like a baron bold,  
Rode formost of his company,  
whose armor shone like gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.18  
\N1 `Shew me,' sayd hee, 'whose men you bee  
\itha\rt hunt soe boldly heere,  
\iTha\rt w\ii\rthout my consent doe chase  
and kill my fallow deere.'  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.19  
\N1 The f+irst man \itha\rt did answer make  
was noble Pearcy hee,  
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare  
nor shew whose men wee bee;  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.20  
\N1 `Yett wee will spend our deerest blood  
thy cheefest harts to slay.'  
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,  
and thus in rage did say:  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.21  
\N1 `Ere thus I will outbraued bee,  
one of vs tow shall dye;  
I know thee well, an erle thou art;  
Lord Pearcy, soe am I.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.22  
\N1 `But trust me, Pearcye, pittye it were,  
and great offence, to kill  
Then any of these our guiltlesse men,  
for they haue done none ill.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.23  
\N1 `Let thou and I the battell trye,  
and set our men aside:'  
`Accurst bee [he!]' Erle Pearcye sayd,  
'By whome it is denyed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.24  
\N1 Then stept a gallant squire forth--  
Witherington was his name--

Who said, `I wold not haue it told  
 to Henery our k\iing\r, for shame,  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.25  
 \N1 `iTha\rt ere my captaine fought on foote,  
 and I stand looking on.  
 You bee two Erles,' q\iuo\rth Witherington,  
 and I a squier alone;  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.26  
 \N1 `I\`le doe the best \itha\rt doe I may,  
 while I haue power to stand;  
 While I haue power to weeld my sword,  
 I\`le f+ight w\ii\rth hart and hand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.27  
 \N1 Our English archers bent their bowes;  
 their harts were good and trew;  
 Att the f+irst f+light of arrowes sent,  
 full foure score Scotts the slew.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.28  
 \N1 To driue the deere w\ii\rth hound and horne,  
 Dauglas bade on the bent;  
 Two captaines moued w\ii\rth mickle might,  
 their speres to shiuers went.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.29  
 \N1 They closed full fast on eu\ier\rye side,  
 noe slacknes there was found,  
 But many a gallant gentleman  
 lay gasping on the ground.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.30  
 \N1 O Christ! it was great greeue to see  
 how eche man chose his spere,  
 And how the blood out of their brests  
 did gush like water cleare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.31  
 \N1 At last these two stout erles did meet,  
 like captaines of great might;  
 Like lyons woode they layd on lode;  
 the made a cruell f+ight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.32  
 \N1 The fought vntill they both did sweat,  
 w\ii\rth swords of tempered steele,  
 Till blood downe their cheekes like raine  
 the trickling downe did feele.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.33  
 \N1 `O yeeld thee, Pearcye!' Douglas sayd,  
 a+end in faith I will thee bringe  
 Where thou shall high advanced bee  
 by Iames our Scottish k\iing\r.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.34  
 \N1 `Thy ransome I will freely giue,  
 and this report of thee,  
 Thou art the most couragious k\inigh\rt  
 [that ever I did see.]'  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.35  
 \N1 `Noe, Douglas!' q\iuo\rth Erle Percy then,  
 'Thy p\iro\rfer I doe scorne;  
 I will not yeelde to any Scott  
 \itha\rt eu\ier\r yett was borne!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.36  
 \N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt there came an arrow keene,  
 out of an English bow,



Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest  
a deepe and deadlye blow.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.37  
\N1 Who neu\ier\r sayd more words then these:  
Fight on, my merry men all!  
For why, my life is att [an] end,  
lo\ird\r Percy sees my fall.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.38  
\N1 Then leauing liffe, Erle Percy tooke  
the dead man by the hand;  
Who said, `Erle Dowglas, for thy life,  
wold I had lost my land!  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.39  
\N1 `O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed  
for sorrow for thy sake,  
For sure, a more redoubted k\inigh\rt  
mischance cold neu\ier\r take.'  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.40  
\N1 A k\inigh\rt amongst the Scotts there was  
w\ihi\rch saw Erle Douglas dye,  
Who streight in hart did vow revenge  
vpon the Lord Percy.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.41  
\N1 S\ii\r Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,  
who, w\ii\rth a spere full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
ran feircly through the f+ight,  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.42  
\N1 And past the English archers all,  
w\ii\rthout all dread or feare,  
And through Erle Percyes body then  
he thrust his hatfull spere.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.43  
\N1 W\ii\rth such a vehement force and might  
his body he did gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
a large cloth-yard and more.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.44  
\N1 Thus did both these nobles dye,  
whose courage none cold staine;  
An English archer then p\ier\rceiued  
the noble erle was slaine.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.45  
\N1 He had [a] good bow in his hand,  
made of a trusty tree;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
to the hard head haled hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.46  
\N1 Against S\ii\r Hugh Mountgomerye  
his shaft full right he sett;  
The grey-goose-winge \itha\rt was there-on  
in his harts bloode was wett.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.47  
\N1 This f+ight from breake of day did last  
till setting of the sun,  
For when the rung the euening-bell  
the battele scarce was done.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.48  
\N1 W\ii\rth stout Erle Percy there was slaine  
S\ii\r Iohn of Egerton,

Sir Rob\ier\rt Harcliffe and S\ii\rr William,  
S\ii\rr Iames, that bold barron.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.49  
\N1 And with S\ii\rr George and S\ii\rr Iames,  
both k\inigh\rts of good account,  
Good S\ii\rr Raphe Rebbye there was slaine,  
whose prowesse did surmount.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.50  
\N1 For Witherington needs must I wayle  
as one in dolefull dumpes,  
For when his leggs were smitten of,  
he fought vpon his stumpes.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.51  
\N1 And w\ii\rth Erle Dowglas there was slaine  
S\ii\rr Hugh Mountgomerye,  
And S\ii\rr Charles Morrell , \itha\rt from feelde  
one foote wold neu\ier\r f+lee;  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.52  
\N1 S\ii\rr Roger Heuer of Harcliffe tow,  
his sisters sonne was hee;  
S\ii\rr David Lambwell, well esteemed,  
but saved he cold not bee.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.53  
\N1 And the Lo\ird\r Maxwell, in like case,  
w\ii\rth Douglas he did dye;  
Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,  
scarce f+ifty-f+iue did f+lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.54  
\N1 Of f+ifteen hundred Englishmen  
went home but f+ifty-three;  
The rest in Cheuy Chase were slaine,  
vnder the greenwoode tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.55  
\N1 Next day did many widdowes come  
their husbands to bewayle;  
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
but all wold not p\ire\rvayle.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.56  
\N1 Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,  
the bore w\ii\rth them away;  
They kist them dead a thousand times  
ere the were cladd in clay.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.57  
\N1 The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,  
where Scottlands k\iing\r did rayne,  
\iTha\rt braue Erle Douglas soddainlye  
was w\ii\rth an arrow slaine.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.58  
\N1 `O heauy newes!' K\iing\r Iames can say;  
`Scotland may wittnesse bee  
I haue not any capt\iaine\r more  
of such account as hee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.59  
\N1 Like tydings to K\iing\r Henery came,  
w\ii\rthin as short a space,  
\iTha\rt Pearcy of Northumberland  
was slaine in Cheuy Chase.  
\SBALLADS Child 162B.60  
\N1 `Now God be w\ii\rth him!' said our k\iing\r,  
'Sith it will noe better bee;

I trust I haue within my realme  
 f+iue hundred as good as hee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.61  
 \N1 `Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say  
 but I will vengeance take,  
 And be revenged on them all  
 for braue Erle Percyes sake.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.62  
 \N1 This vow the k\iing\r did well p\ier\rforme  
 after on Humble-downe;  
 In one day f+iifty k\inigh\rts were slayne,  
 w\ii\rth lords of great renowne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.63  
 \N1 And of the rest, of small account,  
 did many hundreds dye:  
 Thus endeth the hunting in Cheuy Chase,  
 made by the Erle Pearcye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 162B.64  
 \N1 God saue our k\iing\r, and blesse this land  
 w\ii\rth plentye, ioy, and peace,  
 And grant hencforth \itha\rft foule debate  
 twixt noble men may ceaze!  
 \LBALLADS Child 163A.1  
 \N1 AS I cam in by Dunidier,  
 An doun by netherha,  
 There was f+iifty thousand Hielanmen  
 A-marching to Harlaw.  
 Wi a dree dree dradie drumtie dree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 163A.2  
 \N1 As I cam on, an farther on,  
 An doun an by Balquhain,  
 Oh there I met Sir James the Rose,  
 Wi him Sir John the Gryme.  
 \SBALLADS Child 163A.3  
 \N1 `O cam ye frae the Hielans, man?  
 An cam ye a\' the wey?  
 Saw ye Macdonell an his men,  
 As they cam frae the Skee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 163A.4  
 \N1 `Yes, me cam frae ta Hielans, man,  
 An me cam a\' ta wey,  
 An she saw Macdonell and his men,  
 As they cam frae ta Skee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 163A.5  
 \N1 `Oh was ye near Macdonell\'s men?  
 Did ye their numbers see?  
 Come, tell to me, John Hielanman,  
 What micht their numbers be?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 163A.6  
 \N1 `Yes, me was near, an near eneuch,  
 An me their numbers saw;  
 There was f+iifty thousand Hielanmen  
 A-marchin to Harlaw.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 163A.7  
 \N1 `Gin that be true,' says James the Rose,  
 `We\'ll no come meikle speed;  
 We\'ll cry upo our merry men,  
 And lichtly mount our steed.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 163A.8  
 \N1 `Oh no, oh no,' says John the Gryme,

`That thing maun never be;  
The gallant Grymes were never bate,  
We\'ll try phat we can dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.9  
\N1 As I cam on, an farther on,  
An doun an by Harlaw,  
They fell fu close on ilka side;  
Sic fun ye never saw.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.10  
\N1 They fell fu close on ilka side,  
Sic fun ye never saw;  
For Hielan swords gied clash for clash,  
At the battle o Harlaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.11  
\N1 The Hielanmen, wi their lang swords,  
They laid on us fu sair,  
An they drave back our merry men  
Three acres breadth and mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.12  
\N1 Brave Forbe+:s to his brither did say,  
Noo brither, dinna ye see?  
They beat us back on ilka side,  
An we\'se be forced to f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.13  
\N1 `Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
That thing maun never be;  
Tak ye your good sword in your hand,  
An come your wa\'s wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.14  
\N1 `Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
The clans they are ower strang,  
An they drive back our merry men,  
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.15  
\N1 Brave Forbe+:s drew his men aside,  
Said, Tak your rest a while,  
Until I to Drumminnor send,  
To fess my coat o mail.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.16  
\N1 The servan he did ride,  
An his horse it did na fail,  
For in twa hours an a quarter  
He brocht the coat o mail.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.17  
\N1 Then back to back the brithers twa  
Gaed in amo the thrang,  
An they hewed doun the Hielanmen,  
Wi swords baith sharp and lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.18  
\N1 Macdonell, he was young an stout,  
Had on his coat o mail,  
An he has gane oot throw them a\',  
To try his han himsell.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.19  
\N1 The f+irst ae straik that Forbe+:s strack,  
He garrt Macdonell reel,  
An the neist ae straik that Forbe+:s strack,  
The great Macdonell fell.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.20  
\N1 An siccan a lierachie

I\'m sure ye never saw  
As wis amo the Hielanmen,  
When they saw Macdonell fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.21  
\N1 An whan they saw that he was deid,  
They turnd an ran awa,  
An they buried him in Leggett\'s Den,  
A large mile frae Harlaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.22  
\N1 They rade, they ran, an some did gang,  
They were o sma record;  
But Forbe+:s an his merry men,  
They slew them a\' the road.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.23  
\N1 On Monanday, at mornin,  
The battle it began,  
On Saturday, at gloamin,  
Ye\'d scarce kent wha had wan.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.24  
\N1 An sic a weary buryin  
I\'m sure ye never saw  
As wis the Sunday after that,  
On the muirs aneath Harlaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 163A.25  
\N1 Gin ony body speer at you  
For them ye took awa,  
Ye may tell their wives and bairnies  
They\'re sleepin at Harlaw.  
\LBALLADS Child 163B.1  
\N1 AS I cam thro the Garrioch land,  
And in by Over Ha,  
There was sixty thousan Highland men  
Marching to Harlaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 163B.11  
\N1 The Highland men, with their broad sword,  
Pushd on wi might and power,  
Till they bore back the red-coat lads  
Three furlongs long, and more.  
\SBALLADS Child 163B.15  
\N1 Lord Forbe+:s calld his men aside,  
Says, Take your breath awhile,  
Until I send my servant now  
To bring my coat o mail.  
\LBALLADS Child 164A.1  
\N1 AS our king lay musing on his bed,  
He bethought himself upon a time  
Of a tribute that was due from France,  
Had not been paid for so long a time.  
Fal, lal, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 164A.2  
\N1 He called for his lovely page,  
His lovely page then called he,  
Saying, You must go to the king of France,  
To the king of France, sir, ride speedily.  
\SBALLADS Child 164A.3  
\N1 O then went away this lovely page,  
This lovely page then away went he;  
And when he came to the king of France,  
Low he fell down on his bended knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 164A.4

\N1 `My master greets you, worthy sir;  
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,  
That you will send him his tribute home,  
Or in French land you soon will him see.'

\SBALLADS Child 164A.5

\N1 `Your master\'s young and of tender years,  
Not f+ir to come into my degree,  
And I will send him three tennis-balls,  
That with them he may learn to play.'

\SBALLADS Child 164A.6

\N1 O then returned this lovely page,  
This lovely page then returned he,  
And when he came to our gracious king,  
Low he fell down on his bended knee.

\SBALLADS Child 164A.7

\N1 `What news, what news, my trusty page?  
What is the news you have brought to me?'  
`I have brought such news from the king of France  
That you and he will never agree.

\SBALLADS Child 164A.8

\N1 `He says you\'re young and of tender years,  
Not f+it to come into his degree,  
And he will send you three tennis-balls,  
That with them you may learn to play.'

\SBALLADS Child 164A.9

\N1 `Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,  
And Derby Hills that are so free;  
No marryd man nor no widow\'s son;  
For no widow\'s curse shall go with me.'

\SBALLADS Child 164A.10

\N1 They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,  
And Derby Hills that are so free;  
No marryd man, nor no widow\'s son;  
Yet there was a jovial bold company.

\SBALLADS Child 164A.11

\N1 O then we marchd into the French land,  
With drums and trumpets so merrily;  
And then bespoke the king of France,  
`Lo, yonder comes proud King Henry.'

\SBALLADS Child 164A.12

\N1 The f+irst shot that the Frenchmen gave,  
They killd our Englishmen so free;  
We killd ten thousand of the French,  
And the rest of them they ran away.

\SBALLADS Child 164A.13

\N1 And then we marched to Paris gates,  
With drums and trumpets so merrily:  
O then bespoke the king of France,  
`The Lord have mercy on my men and me!

\SBALLADS Child 164A.14

\N1 `O I will send him his tribute home,  
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,  
And the f+inest f+lower that is in all France  
To the Rose of England I will give free.'

\LBALLADS Child 165A.1

\N1 BUT word is come to Warrington,  
And Busye Hall is laid about;  
S\ii\rr Iohn Butler and his merry men  
Stand in f+full great doubt.

\SBALLADS Child 165A.2

\N1 When they came to Busye Hall  
Itt was the merke midnight,  
And all the bridges were vp drawn,  
And neuer a candle-light.  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.3  
\N1 There they made them one good boate,  
All of one good bull skinn;  
Will\i iam\r Sauage was one of the f+f+irst  
\iTha\rt euer came itt w\ii\rthin.  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.4  
\N1 Hee sayled ore his merrymen,  
By two and two together,  
And said itt was as good a bote  
As ere was made of lether.  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.5  
\N1 `Waken yoi, waken you, deare f+father!  
God waken you w\ii\rthin!  
For heere is yo\iu\r vnckle Standlye  
Come yo\iu\r hall w\ii\rthin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.6  
\N1 `If \itha\rt be true, Ellen Butler,  
These tydings you tell mee,  
A hundred pound in good redd gold  
This night will not borrow mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.7  
\N1 Then came downe Ellen Butler  
And into her f+fathers hall,  
And then came downe Ellen Butler,  
And shee was laced in pall.  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.8  
\N1 `Where is thy f+father, Ellen Butler?  
Haue done, and tell itt mee:'  
`My f+father is now to London ridden,  
As Christ shall haue p\iar\rt of mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.9  
\N1 `Now nay, now nay, Ellen Butler,  
Ffor soe itt must not bee;  
Ffor ere I goe f+forth of this hall,  
Yo\iu\r f+father I must see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.10  
\N1 The sought \itha\rt hall then vp and downe  
Theras Iohn Butler lay;  
The sought \itha\rt hall then vp and downe  
Theras Iohn Butler lay.  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.11  
\N1 Ffaire him Ffall, litle Holcrofft!  
Soe merrilye he kept the dore,  
Till \itha\rt his head f+from his shoulders  
Came tumbling downe the f+f+loore.  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.12  
\N1 `Yeeld thee, yeelde thee, Iohn Butler!  
Yeelde thee now to mee!'  
`I will yeelde me to my vnckle Stanlye,  
And neere to f+false Peeter Lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.13  
\N1 `A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
`To housle and to shriue!  
A preist, a preist,' sais Ellen Butler,  
`While \itha\rt my father is a man alieue!'  
\SBALLADS Child 165A.14

\N1 Then bespake him Will\iam\r Sauage,  
 A shames death may hee dye!  
 Sayes, He shall haue no other preist  
 But my bright sword and mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.15  
 \N1 The Ladye Butler is to London rydden,  
 Shee had better haue beene att home;  
 Shee might haue beggd her owne marryed lo\ird\r  
 Att her good brother Iohn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.16  
 \N1 And as shee lay in leeu London,  
 And as shee lay in her bedd,  
 Shee dreamed her owne marryed lo\ird\r  
 Was swiminge in blood soe red.  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.17  
 \N1 Shee called vp her merry men all,  
 Long ere itt was day;  
 Saies, Wee must ryde to Busye Hall,  
 W\ii\rth all speed \itha\rt wee may.  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.18  
 \N1 Shee matt w\ii\rth three Kendall men,  
 Were ryding by the way:  
 `Tydings, tydings, Kendall men,  
 I pray you tell itt mee!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.19  
 \N1 `Heauy tydings, deare madam;  
 Ffrom you wee will not leane;  
 The worthyest k\inigh\rt in merry England,  
 Iohn Butler, Lord! hee is slaine!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.20  
 \N1 `Ffarewell, f+farwell, Iohn Butler!  
 Ffor thee I must neuer see:  
 Ffarewell, f+farwell, Busiye Hall!  
 For thee I will neu\ier\r come nye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.21  
 \N1 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,  
 In all the speed might bee,  
 And when shee came before her prince,  
 Shee kneeled low downe on her knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.22  
 \N1 `A boone, a boone, my leege!' shee sayes,  
 `Ffor Gods loue grant itt mee!'  
 `What is thy boone,Lady Butler?  
 Or what wold thou haue of mee?  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.23  
 \N1 `What is thy boone, Lady Butler?  
 Or what wold thou haue of mee?'  
 `iTha\rt f+false Peeres of Lee, and my brother Stanley,  
 And Will\iam\r Sauage, and all, may dye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.24  
 \N1 `Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
 Come you ower this stone;  
 Wold you haue three men f+for to dye,  
 All f+for the losse off one?  
 \SBALLADS Child 165A.25  
 \N1 `Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
 With all the speed you may;  
 If thou wilt come to London, La\idy\r Butler,  
 Thou shalt goe home Lady Gray.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 166A.1



\N1 THROUGHOUT a garden greene and gay,  
A seemlye sight itt was to see  
How f+f+lowers did f+lourish fresh and gay,  
And birds doe sing melodiouslye.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.2  
\N1 In the midst of a garden there sprange a tree,  
W\ihi\rch tree was of a mickle price,  
And there vppon sprang the rose soe redd,  
The goodlyest \itha\rt euer sprange on rise.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.3  
\N1 This rose was f+faire, f+fresh to behold,  
Springing w\ii\rth many a royall lance;  
A crowned king, w\ii\rth a crowne of gold,  
Ouer England, Ireland, and of Ffrance.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.4  
\N1 Then in came a beast men call a bore,  
And he rooted this garden vpp and downe;  
By the seede of the rose he sett noe store,  
But afterwards itt wore the crowne.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.5  
\N1 Hee tooke the branches of this rose away,  
And all in sunder did them teare,  
And he buryed them vnder a clodd of clay,  
Swore they shold neu\ier\r bloome nor beare.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.6  
\N1 Then came in an egle gleaming gay,  
Of all f+faire birds well worth the best;  
He took the branche of the rose away,  
And bore itt to Latham to his nest.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.7  
\N1 But now is this rose out of England exiled,  
This certaine truth I will not laine;  
But if itt please you to sitt a while,  
I\'le tell you how the rose came in againe.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.8  
\N1 Att Milford Hauen he entered in;  
To claime his right, was his delight;  
He brought the blew bore in with him,  
To encounter w\ii\rth the bore soe white.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.9  
\N1 The<n] a messenger the rose did send  
To the egles nest, and bidd him hye:  
'To my f+f+father, the old egle, I doe [me] comend,  
His aide and helpe I crauespeedylye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.10  
\N1 Saies, I desire my father att my cominge  
Of men and mony att my need,  
And alsoe my mother of her deer blessing;  
The better then I hope to speede.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.11  
\N1 And when the messenger came before thold egle,  
He kneeled him downe vpon his knee;  
Saith, Well greeteth you my lo\ird\r the rose,  
He hath sent you greetings here by me.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.12  
\N1 Safe f+from the seas Christ hath him sent,  
Now he is entered England w\ii\rthin:  
'Let vs thanke God,' the old egle did say,  
'He shall be the f+f+lower of all his kine.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.13

\N1 `Wend away, messenger, w\ii\rth might and maine;  
Itt\'s hard to know who a man may trust;  
I hope the rose shall f+f+lourish againe,  
And haue all things att his owne lust.'  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.14  
\N1 Then S\ii\rr Rice ap Thomas drawes Wales w\ii\rth him;  
A worthy sight itt was to see,  
How the Welchmen rose wholly w\ii\rth him,  
And shogged them to Shrewsburye.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.15  
\N1 Att \itha\rt time was baylye in Shrewsburye  
One M\iaster\r Mitton, in the towne;  
The gates were strong, and he mad them f+fast,  
And the portcullis he lett downe.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.16  
\N1 And throug a garrett of the walls,  
Ouer Severne these words said hee;  
'Att these gates no man enter shall;'  
But he kept him out a night and a day.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.17  
\N1 These words Mitton did Erle Richmond tell  
(I am sure the chronicles of this will not lye);  
But when l\iett\rres came from S\ii\rr W\iillia\rm Stanley of the Holt  
castle,  
Then the gates were opened p\ire\rsentlye.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.18  
\N1 Then entred this towne the noble lord,  
The Erle Richmond, the rose soe redd;  
The Erle of Oxford, w\ii\rth a sword,  
Wold haue smitt of the bailiffes head.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.19  
\N1 `But hold yo\iu\rr hand,' saies Erle Richmond,  
'Ffor his loue \itha\rt dyed vpon a tree!  
Ffor if wee begin to head so soone,  
In England wee shall beare no degree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.20  
\N1 `What offence haue I made thee,' sayd Erle Richmonde,  
'\iTha\rt thou kept me out of my towne?'  
'I know no king,' sayd Mitton then,  
'But Rich\iard\r now, \itha\rt weares the crowne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.21  
\N1 `Why, what wilt tho\iu\r say,' said Erle Richmonde,  
'When I haue put K\iing\r Richard downe?'  
'Why, then Ile be as true to you, my lo\ird\r,  
After the time \itha\rt I am sworne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.22  
\N1 `Were itt not great pittie,' sayd Erle Richmond,  
'\iTha\rt such a man as this shold dye,  
Such loyall service by him done?  
(The cronickles of this will not lye.)  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.23  
\N1 `Thou shalt not be harmed in any case;'  
He p\iar\rdone<d] him p\ire\rsentlye;  
They stayd not past a night and a day,  
But towards Newp\ior\rt did they hye.  
\SBALLADS Child 166A.24  
\N1 But [at] Attherston these lords did meete;  
A worthy sight itt was to see,  
How Erle Richmond tooke his hatt in his hand,  
And said, Cheshire and Lancashire, welcome to me!

\SBALLADS Child 166A.25

\N1 But now is a bird of the egle taken;  
Ffrom the white bore he cannot f+f+lee;  
Therefore the old egle makes great moane,  
And prayes to God most certainly.

\SBALLADS Child 166A.26

\N1 `O stedfast God, verament,' he did say,  
`Thre p\ier\rsons in one god in Trinytye,  
Saue my sonne, the young egle, this day  
Ffrom all f+false craft and trecherye!'

\SBALLADS Child 166A.27

\N1 Then the blew bore the vanward had;  
He was both warry and wise of witt;  
The right hand of them he tooke,  
The sunn and wind of them to gett.

\SBALLADS Child 166A.28

\N1 Then the egle f+followed fast vpon his pray,  
W\ii\rth sore dints he did them smyte;  
The talbott he bitt wonderous sore,  
Soe well the vnicorne did him quite.

\SBALLADS Child 166A.29

\N1 And then came in the harts head;  
A worthy sight itt was to see,  
The iacketts \itha\rt were of white and redd,  
How they laid about them lustilye.

\SBALLADS Child 166A.30

\N1 But now is the f+feirce f+feeld foughten and ended,  
And the white bore there lyeth slaine,  
And the young egle is p\ire\rserued,  
And come to his nest againe.

\SBALLADS Child 166A.31

\N1 But now this garden f+f+lourishes f+freshly and gay,  
W\ii\rth f+fragrant f+f+lowers comely of hew,  
And gardners itt doth maintaine;  
I hope they will proue iust and true.

\SBALLADS Child 166A.32

\N1 Our k\iing\r, he is the rose soe redd,  
\iTha\rt now does f+f+lourish f+fresh and gay:  
Confound his f+foes, Lo\ird\r, wee beseeche,  
And loue His Grace both night and day!

\LBALLADS Child 167A.1

\N1 As itt beffell in m<i>dsummer-time,  
When burds singe sweetlye on euery tree,  
Our noble k\iing\r, K\iing\r Henery the Eighth,  
Ouer the riuer of Thames past hee.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.2

\N1 Hee was no sooner ouer the riuer,  
Downe in a f+forrest to take the ayre,  
But eighty merchants of London cittye  
Came kneeling before K\iing\r Henery there.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.3

\N1 `O yee are welcome, rich merchants,  
[Good saylers, welcome unto me!']  
They swore by the rood the were saylers good,  
But rich merchants they cold not bee.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.4

\N1 `To Ffrance nor Ff+landers dare we nott passe,  
Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not f+fare,  
And all f+for a f+false robber \itha\rt lyes on the seas,  
And robb<s] vs of our merchants-ware.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.5

\N1 K\iing\r Henery was stout, and he turned him about,  
And swore by the Lord \itha\rt was mickle of might,  
'I thought he had not beene in the world throughout  
\iTha\rt durst haue wrought England such vnright.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.6

\N1 But euer they sighed, and said, alas!  
Vnto K\iing\r Harry this answeare againe:  
'He is a proud Scott \itha\rt will robb vs all  
If wee were twenty shipps and hee but one.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.7

\N1 The k\iing\r looket ouer his left shoulder,  
Amongst his lords and barrons soe f+free:  
'Haue I neuer lo\ird\r in all my realme  
Will f+feitch yond traitor vnto mee?'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.8

\N1 'Yes, \itha\rt dare I!' sayes my lo\ird\r Chareles Howard,  
Neere to the k\iing\r wheras hee did stand;  
'If \itha\rt Yo\iu\rr Grace will giue me leaue,  
My selfe wilbe the only man.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.9

\N1 'Thou shalt haue six hundred men,' saith our k\iing\r,  
'And chuse them out of my realme soe f+free;  
Besids marriners and boyes,  
To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.10

\N1 'I\le goe speake w\ii\rth S\ii\rr Andrew,' sais Ch\iarles\r, my lo  
\ird\r Haward  
'Vpon the sea, if hee be there;  
I will bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or before my prince I will neu\ier\r come neere.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.11

\N1 The f+f+irst of all my lo\ird\r did call,  
A noble gunner hee was one;  
This man was three score yeeres and ten,  
And Peeter Simon was his name.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.12

\N1 'Peeter,' sais hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speed!'  
Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
Of a hundred guners thoust be my head.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.13

\N1 'My lo\ird\r,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen mee  
Of a hundred gunners to bethe head,  
Hange me att yo\iu\rr maine-mast tree  
If I misse my marke past three pence bread.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.14

\N1 The next of all my lo\ird\r he did call,  
A noble bowman hee was one;  
In Yorekeshire was this gentleman borne,  
And William Horsley was his name.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.15

\N1 \R'H\rorsley,' sayes hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speede!  
Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
Of a hundred bowemen thoust be my head.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.16

\N1 'My lo\ird\r,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen mee  
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,  
Hang me att yo\iu\rr mainemast-tree

If I misse my marke past twelue pence bread.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.17

\N1 W\ii\rth pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,  
This noble Howard is gone to the sea  
On the day before midsummer-euen,  
And out att Thames mouth sayled they.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.18

\N1 They had not sayled dayes three  
Vpon their iourney they tooke in hand,  
But there they mett w\ii\rth a noble shipp,  
And stoutely made itt both stay and stand.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.19

`Thou must tell me thy name,' sais Ch\iarles\r, my lo\ird\r Haward,  
`Or who thou art, or f+from whence thou came,  
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,  
To whom and where thy shipp does belong.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.20

\N1 `My name,' sayes hee, 'is Henery Hunt,  
W\ii\rth a pure hart and a penitent mind;  
I and my shipp they doe belong  
Vnto the New-castle \itha\rt stands vpon Tine.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.21

\N1 `Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,  
As thou hast sayled by day and by night,  
Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?  
Men calls him S\ii\rr Andrew Bartton, k\inigh\rt.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.22

\N1 But euer he sighed, and sayd, Alas!  
Ffull well, my lo\ird\r, I know \itha\rt wight;  
He robd me of my merchants ware,  
And I was his prisoner but yesternight.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.23

\N1 As I was sayling vppon the sea,  
And [a] Burdeaux voyage as I did f+fare,  
He clasped me to his archborde,  
And robd me of all my merchants-ware.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.24

\N1 And I am a man both poore and bare,  
And euery man will haue his owne of me,  
And I am bound towards London to f+fare,  
To complaine to my prince Henerye.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.25

\N1 ``iTha\rt shall not need,' sais my lo\ird\r Haward;  
`If thou canst lett me this robber see,  
Ffor euery peny he hath taken thee f+froe,  
Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,' q\iuo\rth hee.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.26

\N1 `Now God f+forefend,' saies Henery Hunt,  
`My lo\ird\r, you shold worke soe f+farr amisse!  
God keepe you out of \itha\rt traitors hands!  
For you wott f+full litle what a man hee is.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.27

\N1 `Hee is brasse w\ii\rthin, and steele w\ii\rthout,  
And beames hee beares in his topcastle stronge;  
His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;  
Besids, my lo\ird\r, hee is verry well mand.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.28

\N1 `He hath a pinnace, is deerlye dight,  
S\iain\rt Andrews crosse, \itha\rt is his guide;  
His pinnace beares nine score men and more,

Besids f+fifteen cannons on euery side.  
\SBALLADS Child 167A.29  
\N1 `If you were twenty shippes, and he but one,  
Either in archbord or in hall,  
He wold ouercome you euerye one,  
And if his beames they doe downe f+fall.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.30  
\N1 `This is cold comfort,' sais my Lord Haward,  
`To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea;  
I\le bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or else into Scottland hee shall carrye mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.31  
\N1 `Then you must gett a noble gunner, my lo\ird\r,  
\iTha\rt can sett well w\ii\rth his eye,  
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
And soone then ou\ier\rcome will hee bee.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.32  
\N1 `And when \itha\rt you haue done this,  
If you chance S\ii\r Andrew for to bord,  
Lett no man to his topcastle goe;  
And I will giue you a glasse, my lord,

\SBALLADS Child 167A.33  
\N1 `And then you need to f+feare no Scott,  
Whether you sayle by day or by night;  
And to-morrow, by seuen of the clocke,  
You shall meete w\ii\rth S\ii\r Andrew Bartton, k\inight\r.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.34  
\N1 `I was his prisoner but yester night,  
And he hath taken mee sworne,' q\iuo\rth hee;  
`I trust my L[ord] God will me f+forgiue  
And if \itha\rt oath then broken bee.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.35  
\N1 `You must lend me sixe peeces, my lo\ird\r,' q\iuo\rth hee,  
`Into my shipp, to sayle the sea,  
And to-morrow, by nine of the clocke,  
Yo\iu\r Hono\iu\r againe then will I see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 167A.36  
\N1 And the hache-bord where S\ii\r Andrew lay  
Is hached w\ii\rth gold deerlye dight:  
`Now by my f+faith,' sais Ch\iarles\r, my lo\ird\r Haward,  
`Then yonder Scott is a worthye wight!

\SBALLADS Child 167A.37  
\N1 `Take in yo\iu\r ancycnts and yo\iu\r standards,  
Yea \itha\rt no man shall them see,  
And put me f+forth a white willow wand,  
As merchants vse to sayle the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 167A.38  
\N1 But they stirred neither top nor mast,  
But S\ii\r Andrew they passed by:  
`Whatt English are yonder,' said S\ii\r Andrew,  
`\iTha\rt can so litle curtesye?

\SBALLADS Child 167A.39  
\N1 `I haue beene admirall ouer the sea  
More then these yeeres three;  
There is neu\ier\r an English dog, nor Portingall,  
Can passe this way w\ii\rthout leaue of mee.

\SBALLADS Child 167A.40  
`But now yonder pedlers, they are past,  
\iWhi\rch is no litle greffe to me:

ffeich them backe,' sayes S\ii\rr Andrew Bartton,  
 `They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.41  
 \N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt the pinnace itt shott of,  
 \iTha\rt my Lo\ird\r Haward might itt well ken;  
 Itt stroke downe my lords f+foremast,  
 And killed fourteen of my lo\ird\r his men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.42  
 \N1 `Come hither, Simon!' sayes my lo\ird\r Haward,  
 `Looke \itha\rt thy words be true thou sayd;  
 I\le hang thee att my maine-mast tree  
 If thou misse thy marke past twelue pence bread.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.43  
 \N1 Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold;  
 Hee tooke downe a peece, and layd itt f+full lowe;  
 He put in chaine yeards nine,  
 Besids other great shott lesse and more.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.44  
 \N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt hee lett his gun-shott goe;  
 Soe well hee settled itt w\ii\rth his eye,  
 The f+f+irst sight \itha\rt S\ii\rr Andrew sawe,  
 Hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.45  
 \N1 When hee saw his pinace sunke,  
 Lord! in his hart hee was not well:  
 `Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!  
 I\le goe f+feitch yond pedlers backe my selfe!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.46  
 \N1 When my lo\ird\r Haward saw S\ii\rr Andrew loose,  
 Lord! in his hart \itha\rt hee was f+faine:  
 `Strike on yo\iu\rr drummes! spread out yo\iu\rr ancyents!  
 Sound out yo\iu\rr trumpetts! sound out amaine!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.47  
 \N1 `Ff+ight on, my men!' sais S\ii\rr Andrew Bartton;  
 `Weate, howsoeu\ier\r this geere will sway,  
 Itt is my lo\ird\r Adm<i>rall of England  
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.48  
 \N1 Simon had a sonne; w\ii\rth shott of a gunn-+---+  
 Well S\ii\rr Andrew might itt ken-+---+  
 He shott itt in att a priuye place,  
 And killed sixty more of S\ir\r Andrews men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.49  
 \N1 Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,  
 And att S\ii\rr Andrew hee shott then;  
 He droue downe his f+formast-tree,  
 And killed eighty more of S\ii\rr Andriwes men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.50  
 \N1 `I haue done a good turne,' sayes Harry Hunt;  
 `S\ii\rr Andrew is not our k\iing\r s f+freind;  
 He hoped to haue vndone me yesternight,  
 But I hope I haue quitt him well in the end.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.51  
 \N1 `Euer alas!' sayd S\ii\rr Andrew Barton,  
 `What should a man either thinke or say?  
 Yonder f+false theeffe is my strongest enemye,  
 Who was my prisoner but yesterday.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.52  
 \N1 `Come hither to me, thou Gourden good,  
 And be thou readye att my call,

And I will giue thee three hundred pound  
 If thou wilt lett my beames downe f+fall.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.53  
 \N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt hee swarued the maine-mast tree,  
 Soe did he itt w\ii\rth might and maine;  
 Horseley, w\ii\rth a bearing arrow,  
 Stroke the Gourden through the braine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.54  
 \N1 And he f+fell into the haches againe,  
 And sore of this wound \itha\rt he did bleed;  
 Then word went throug S\ii\rr Andrews men,  
 \iTha\rt the Gourden hee was dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.55  
 \N1 `Come hither to me, Iames Hambliton,  
 Thou art my sisters sonne, I haue no more;  
 I will giue [thee] six hundred pound  
 If thou will lett my beames downe f+fall.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.56  
 \N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt hee swarued the maine-mast tree,  
 Soe did hee itt w\ii\rth might and maine:  
 Horseley, w\ii\rth another broad arrow,  
 Strake the yeaman through the braine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.57  
 \N1 \iTha\rt hee f+fell downe to the haches againe;  
 Sore of his wound \itha\rt hee did bleed;  
 Couetousness getts no gaine,  
 Itt is verry true, as the Welchman sayd.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.58  
 \N1 But when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,  
 Lo\ird\r! in his heart hee was not well:  
 `Goe f+feitch me downe my armour of proue,  
 Ffor I will to the topcastle my-selfe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.59  
 \N1 `Goe f+feitch me downe my armour of prooffe,  
 For itt is guiled w\ii\rth gold soe cleere;  
 God be w\ii\rth my brother, Iohn of Bartton!  
 Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.60  
 \N1 But when hee had his armour of prooffe,  
 And on his body hee had itt on,  
 Euery man \itha\rt looked att him  
 Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.61  
 \N1 `Come hither, Horsley!' sayes my lo\ird\r Haward,  
 `And looke yo\iu\rr shaft \itha\rt itt goe right;  
 Shoot a good shoote in the time of need,  
 And f+for thy shooting thoust be made a k\inigh\rt.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.62  
 \N1 `I\le doe my best,' sayes Horslay then,  
 `Yo\iu\rr Honor shall see beffore I goe;  
 If I shold be hanged att yo\iu\rr mainemast,  
 I haue in my shipp but arrowes tow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.63  
 \N1 But att S\ii\rr Andrew hee shott then;  
 Hee made sure to hitt his marke;  
 Vnder the spole of his right arme  
 Hee smote S\ii\rr Andrew quite throw the hart.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.64  
 \N1 Yett f+from the tree hee wold not start,  
 But hee clinged to itt w\ii\rth might and maine;



Vnder the collar then of his iacke,  
 He stroke S\ii\rr Andrew thorrow the braine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.65  
 \N1 `Ff+ight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,  
 `I am hurt, but I am not slaine;  
 I\le lay mee downe and bleed a-while,  
 And then I\le rise and f+f+ight againe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.66  
 \N1 `Ff+ight on my men,' sayes S\ii\rr Andrew Bartton,  
 `These English doggs they bite soe lowe;  
 Ff+ight on f+for Scottland and S\iain\rt Andrew  
 Till you heare my whistle blowe!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.67  
 \N1 But when the cold not heare his whistle blow,  
 Sayes Harry Hunt, I\le lay my head  
 You may bord yonder noble shipp, my lo\ird\r,  
 For I know S\ii\rr Andrew hee is dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.68  
 \N1 W\ii\rth \itha\rt they borded this noble shipp,  
 Soe did they itt w\ii\rth might and maine;  
 The f+found eighteen score Scotts alie,  
 Besids the rest were maimed and slaine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.69  
 \N1 My lo\ird\r Haward tooke a sword in his hand,  
 And smote of S\ii\rr Andrews head;  
 The Scotts stood by did weepe and mourne,  
 But neu\ier\r a word durst speake or say.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.70  
 \N1 He caused his body to be taken downe,  
 And ou\ier\r the hatch-bord cast into the sea,  
 And about his middle three hundred crownes:  
 `Whersoouer thou lands, itt will bury thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.71  
 \N1 W\ii\rth his head they sayled into England againe,  
 W\ii\rth right good will, and f+force and main,  
 And the day beffore Newyeeres euen  
 Into Thames mouth they came againe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.72  
 \N1 My lo\ird\r Haward wrote to K\iing\r Heneryes grace,  
 W\ii\rth all the newes hee cold him bring:  
 `Such a Newyeeres gifft I haue brought to yo\iu\rr Gr<ace]  
 As neu\ier\r did subiect to any king.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.73  
 \N1 `Ffor merchandyes and manhood,  
 The like is nott to be f+found;  
 The sight of these wold doe you good,  
 Ffor you haue not the like in yo\iu\rr English ground.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.74  
 \N1 But when hee heard tell \itha\rt they were come,  
 Full royally hee welcomed them home;  
 S\ii\rr Andrews shipp was the k\iing\r's Newyeeres guifft;  
 A brauer shipp you neu\ier\r saw none.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.75  
 \N1 Now hath our k\iing\r S\ii\rr Andrews shipp,  
 Besett w\ii\rth pearles and p\ire\r cyous stones;  
 Now hath England two shippes of warr,  
 Two shippes of warr, before but one.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.76  
 \N1 `Who holpe to this?' sayes K\iing\r Henerye,  
 `iTha\rt I may reward him f+for his paine:'

`Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon,  
 William Horseleay, and I the same.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.77  
 \N1 `Harry Hunt shall haue his whistle and chaine,  
 And all his iewells, whatsoever they bee,  
 And other rich giffits \itha\rt I will not name,  
 For his good service he hath done mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.78  
 \N1 `Horslay, right thoust be a k\inigh\rt,  
 Lands and liuings thou shalt haue store;  
 Howard shalbe erle of Nottingham,  
 And soe was neuer Howard before.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.79  
 \N1 `Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old;  
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;  
 Thou shalt haue f+iue hundred pound all in gold  
 Ffor the good service \itha\rt thou hast done.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.80  
 \N1 Then K\iing\r Henerye shiffted his roome;  
 In came the Queene and ladyes bright;  
 Other arrands they had none  
 But to see S\ii\rr Andrew Bartton, k\inigh\rt.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.81  
 \N1 But when they see his deadly f+face,  
 His eyes were hollow in his head;  
 `I wold giue a hundred pound,' sais K\iing\r Henerye,  
 `The man were alieue as hee is dead!  
 \SBALLADS Child 167A.82  
 \N1 `Yett f+for the manfull p\iar\rt \itha\rt hee hath playd,  
 Both heere and beyond the sea,  
 His men shall haue halfe a crowne a day  
 To bring them to my brother, K\iing\r Iamye.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 167B.1  
 \N1 WHEN Flora, with her fragrant f+lowers,  
 Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,  
 And Neptune, with his dainty showers,  
 Came to present the month of May,  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.2  
 \N1 King Henry would a progress ride;  
 Over the river of Thames past he,  
 Unto a mountain-top also  
 Did walk, some pleasure for to see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.3  
 \N1 Where forty merchants he espy\`d,  
 With f+iifty sail, come towards him,  
 Who then no sooner were arriv\`d,  
 But on their knees did thus complain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.4  
 \N1 `An \`t please Your Grace, we cannot sail  
 To France no voyage, to be sure,  
 But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
 And robs us of our merchant-ware.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.5  
 \N1 Vext was the king, and turned him,  
 Said to the lords of high degree,  
 Have I ner a lord within my realm  
 Dare fetch that traytor unto me?  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.6  
 \N1 To him repli\`d Lord Charles Howard:  
 I will, my liege, with heart and hand;

If it please you grant me leave, he said,  
I will perform what you command.

\SBALLADS Child 167B.7

\N1 To him then spake King Henry:  
I fear, my lord, you are too young.  
'No whit at all, my liege,' quoth he;  
'I hope to prove in valour strong.

\SBALLADS Child 167B.8

\N1 'The Scottish knight I vow to seek,  
In what place soever he be,  
And bring a shore, with all his might,  
Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'

\SBALLADS Child 167B.9

\N1 'A hundred men,' the king then said,  
'Out of my realm shall chosen be,  
Besides sailors and ship-boys  
To guide a great ship on the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 167B.10

\N1 'Bow-men and gunners of good skill  
Shall for this service chosen be,  
And they at thy command and will  
In all affairs shall wait on thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 167B.11

\N1 Lord Howard calld a gunner then  
Who was the best in all the realm;  
His age was threescore years and ten,  
And Peter Simon was his name.

\SBALLADS Child 167B.12

\N1 My lord calld then a bow-man rare,  
Whose active hands had gained fame,  
A gentleman born in Yorkshire,  
And William Horsly was his name.

\SBALLADS Child 167B.13

\N1 'Horsly,' quoth he, 'I must to sea,  
To seek a traytor, with great speed;  
Of a hundred bow-men brave,' quoth he,  
'I have chosen thee to be the head.'

\SBALLADS Child 167B.14

\N1 'If you, my lord, have chosen me  
Of a hundred men to be the head,  
Upon the main-mast I\'le hanged be,  
If twelve-score I miss one shillings breadth.'

\SBALLADS Child 167B.15

\N1 Lord Howard then, of courage bold,  
Went to the sea with pleasant chear,  
Not curbd with winters piercing cold,  
Though it was the stormy time of the year.

\SBALLADS Child 167B.16

\N1 Not long he had been on the sea,  
No more in days then number three,  
Till one Henry Hunt he there espied,  
A merchant of Newcastle was he.

\SBALLADS Child 167B.17

\N1 To him Lord Howard cald out amain,  
And strictly charged him to stand;  
Demanding then from whence he came,  
Or where he did intend to land.

\SBALLADS Child 167B.18

\N1 The merchant then made him answer soon,  
With heavy heart and careful mind,

`My lord, my ship it doth belong  
Unto Newcastle upon Tine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.19  
\N1 `Canst thou shew me,' the lord did say,  
`As thou didst sail by day and night,  
A Scottish rover on the sea,  
His name is Andrew Barton, knight?'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.20  
\N1 Then to him the merchant sighd and said,  
With grieved mind and well a way,  
`But over well I know that wight,  
I was his prisoner but yesterday.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.21  
\N1 `As I, my lord, did pass from France,  
A Burdeaux voyage to take so far,  
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,  
Who robd me of my merchant-ware.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.22  
\N1 `And mickle debts, God knows, I owe,  
And every man did crave his own;  
And I am bound to London now,  
Of our gracious king to beg a boon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.23  
\N1 `Shew me him,' said [Lord] Howard then,  
`Let me but once the villain see,  
And one penny he hath from the tane,  
I\'le double the same with shillings three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.24  
\N1 `Now, God forbid,' the merchant said;  
`I fear your aim that you will miss;  
God bless you from his tyranny,  
For little you know what man he is.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.25  
\N1 `He is brass within and steel without,  
His ship most huge and mighty strong,  
With eighteen pieces strong and stout,  
He carrieth on each side along.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.26  
\N1 `With beams for his top-castle,  
As also being huge and high,  
That neither English nor Portugal  
Can pass Sir Andrew Barton by.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.27  
\N1 `Hard news thou shewst,' then said the lord,  
`To welcome strangers to the sea;  
But, as I said, I\'le bring him aboard,  
Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.28  
\N1 The merchant said, If you will do so,  
Take counsel, then, I pray withal:  
Let no man to his top-castle go,  
Nor strive to let his beam[s] down fall.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.29  
\N1 `Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,  
Of each side of my ship,' quoth he,  
`And to-morrow, my lord, twixt six and seven,  
Again I will Your Honour see.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.30  
\N1 `A glass I\'le set that may be seen  
Whether you sail by day or night;

And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,  
 You shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.31  
 \N1 The merchant set my lord a glass,  
 So well apparent in his sight  
 That on the morrow, as his promise was,  
 He saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.32  
 \N1 The lord then swore a mighty oath,  
 `Now by the heavens that be of might,  
 By faith, believe me, and by troth,  
 I think he is a worthy knight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.33  
 \N1 `Fetch me my lyon out of hand,'  
 Saith the lord, 'with rose and streamer high;  
 Set up withal a willow-wand,  
 That merchant-like I [may] pass by.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.34  
 \N1 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
 And did on anchor rise so high;  
 No top-sail at all he cast,  
 But as his foe he did him def+ie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.35  
 \N1 Sir Andrew Barton seeing him  
 Thus scornfully to pass by,  
 As though he cared not a pin  
 For him and all his company,  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.36  
 \N1 Then called he his men amain,  
 `Fetch back yon pedler now,' quoth he,  
 `And against this way he comes again  
 I\'le teach him well his courtesie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.37  
 \N1 A piece of ordnance soon was shot  
 By this proud pirate f+iercely then  
 Into Lord Howards middle deck,  
 Which cruel shot killd fourteen men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.38  
 \N1 He calld then Peter Simon, he;  
 `Look now thy word do stand in stead,  
 For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast  
 If thou miss twelve score one penny breadth.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.39  
 \N1 Then Peter Simon gave a shot  
 Which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,  
 In at his deck it came so hot,  
 Killd f+ifteen of his men of war.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.40  
 \N1 `Alas!' then said the pyrate stout,  
 `I am in danger now, I see;  
 This is some lord, I greatly doubt,  
 That is set on to conquer me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.41  
 \N1 Then Henry Hunt, with rigor hot,  
 Came bravely on the other side,  
 Who likewise shot in at his deck,  
 And kild f+ifty of his men beside.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167B.42  
 \N1 Then `Out, alas!' Sir Andrew cri\'d,  
 `What may a man now think or say!

Yon merchant thief that pierceth me,  
He was my prisoner yesterday.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.43  
\N1 Then did he on Gordion call,  
Unto top-castle for to go,  
And bid his beams he should let fall,  
'For I greatly fear an overthrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.44  
\N1 The lord cald Horsly now in hast:  
'Look that thy word stand now in stead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast  
If thou miss twelve score one Shillings breadth.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.45  
\N1 Then up [the] mast-tree swarved he,  
This stout and mighty Gordion;  
But Horsly, he most happily  
Shot him under the collar-bone.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.46  
\N1 Then calld he on his nephew then,  
Said, Sisters sons I have no mo;  
Three hundred pound I will give thee,  
If thou wilt to top-castle go.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.47  
\N1 Then stoutly he began to climb,  
From off the mast scornd to depart;  
But Horsly soon prevented him,  
And deadly piercd him to the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.48  
\N1 His men being slain, then up amain  
Did this proud pyrate climb with speed,  
For armour of proof he had put on,  
And did not dint of arrow dread.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.49  
\N1 'Come hither, Horsly,' said the lord,  
'See thine arrow aim aright;  
Great means to thee I will afford,  
And if you speed, I\'le make you a knight.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.50  
\N1 Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,  
With right good will and all his main;  
Then upon the breast hit Horsly he,  
Till the arrow return again.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.51  
\N1 Then Horsly spied a private place,  
With a perfect eye, in a secret part;  
His arrow swiftly f+lew apace,  
And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.52  
\N1 'Fight on, f+ight on, my merry men all,  
A little I am hurt, yet not slain;  
I\'le but lie down and bleed a while,  
And come and f+ight with you again.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.53  
\N1 'And do not,' he said, 'Fear English rogues,  
And of your foes stand not in awe,  
But stand fast by St Andrews cross,  
Until you hear my whistle blow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.54  
\N1 They never heard his whistle blow,  
Which made them [all] sore afraid:

Then Horsly said, My lord, aboard,  
For now Sir Andrew Barton\'s dead.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.55  
\N1 Thus boarded they this gallant ship,  
With right good will and all their main,  
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,  
Besides as many more were slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.56  
\N1 The lord went where Sir Andrew lay,  
And quickly thence cut off his head:  
'I should forsake England many a day,  
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.57  
\N1 Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,  
With mickle joy and triumphing;  
The pyrates head he brought along  
For to present unto our king:  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.58  
\N1 Who brief+ly then to him did say,  
Before he knew well what was done,  
'Where is the knight and pyrate gay?  
That I my self may give the doom.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.59  
\N1 'You may thank God,' then said the lord,  
'And four men in the ship,' quoth he,  
'That we are safely come ashore,  
Sith you had never such an enemy:  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.60  
\N1 'That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,  
William Horsly, and Peters son;  
Therefore reward them for their pains,  
For they did service at their turn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.61  
\N1 To the merchant then the king did say,  
'In lue of what he hath from the tane,  
I give to the a noble a day,  
Sir Andrews whistle and his chain:  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.62  
\N1 'To Peter Simon a crown a day,  
And half-a-crown a day to Peters son,  
And that was for a shot so gay,  
Which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.63  
\N1 'Horsly, I will make thee a knight,  
And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell:  
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,  
For this title he deserveth well.  
\SBALLADS Child 167B.64  
\N1 'Seven shillings to our English men,  
Who in this f+ight did stoutly stand,  
And twelve pence a-day to the Scots, till they  
Come to my brother kings high land.'  
\LBALLADS Child 168A.1  
\N1 KING JAMIE hath made a vow,  
Keepe it well if he may!  
That he will be at lovely London  
Upon Saint James his day.  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.2  
\N1 'Upon Saint James his day at noone,  
At faire London will I be,

And all the lords in merrie Scotland,  
They shall dine there with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.3  
\N1 Then bespake good Queene Margaret,  
The teares fell from her eye:  
'Leave off these warres, most noble king,  
Keepe your f+idelitie.  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.4  
\N1 'The water runnes swift and wondrous deepe,  
From bottome unto the brimme;  
My brother Henry hath men good enough;  
England is hard to winne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.5  
\N1 'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly foole!  
In prison fast let her lie:  
For she is come of the English bloud,  
And for these words she shall dye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.6  
\N1 With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,  
The queenes chamberlaine that day:  
'If that you put Queene Margaret to death,  
Scotland shall rue it alway.'  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.7  
\N1 Then in a rage King Jamie did say,  
'Away with this foolish mome!  
He shall be hanged, and the other be burned,  
So soone as I come home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.8  
\N1 At Flodden Field the Scots came in,  
Which made our English men faine;  
At Bramstone Greene this battaile was seene,  
There was King Jamie slaine.  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.9  
\N1 Then presently the Scots did f+lie,  
Their cannons they left behind;  
Their ensignes gay were won all away,  
Our souldiers did beate them blinde.  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.10  
\N1 To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were slaine  
That to the f+ight did stand,  
And many prisoners tooke that day,  
The best in all Scotland.  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.11  
\N1 That day made many [a] fatherlesse child,  
And many a widow poore,  
And many a Scottish gay lady  
Sate weeping in her bower.  
\SBALLADS Child 168A.12  
\N1 Jack with a feather was lapt all in leather,  
His boastings were all in vaine;  
He had such a chance, with a new morrice-dance,  
He never went home againe.  
\LBALLADS Child 169A.1  
\N1 THERE dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,  
Ionne+: Armestrong men did him call,  
He had nither lands nor rents coming in,  
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.  
\SBALLADS Child 169A.2  
\N1 He had horse and harness for them all,  
Goodly steeds were all milke-white;



O the golden bands an about their necks,  
 And their weapons, they were all alike.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.3  
 \N1 Newes then was brought unto the king  
 That there was sicke a won as hee,  
 That live+:d lyke a bold out-law,  
 And robbe+:d all the north country.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.4  
 \N1 The king he writt an a letter then,  
 A letter which was large and long;  
 He signe+:d it with his owne hand,  
 And he promised to doe him no wrong.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.5  
 \N1 When this letter came Ionne+: untill,  
 His heart it was as blythe as birds on the tree:  
 `Never was I sent for before any king,  
 My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.6  
 \N1 `And if wee goe the king before,  
 I would we went most orderly;  
 Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,  
 Laced with silver laces three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.7  
 \N1 `Every won of you shall have his velvett coat,  
 Laced with silver lace so white;  
 O the golden bands an about your necks,  
 Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.8  
 \N1 By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock,  
 Towards Edenbrough gon was hee,  
 And with him all his eight score men;  
 Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.9  
 \N1 When Ionne+: came befower the king,  
 He fell downe on his knee;  
 `O pardon, my soveraigne leige,' he said,  
 `O pardon my eight score men and mee!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.10  
 \N1 `Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,  
 For thy eight score men nor thee;  
 For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,  
 Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow-tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.11  
 \N1 But Ionne+: looke\'d over his left shoulder,  
 Good Lord, what a grevius look looked hee!  
 Saying, Asking grace of a graceles face+---+-  
 Why there is none for you nor me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.12  
 \N1 But Ionne+: had a bright sword by his side,  
 And it was made of the mettle so free,  
 That had not the king, stept his foot aside,  
 He had smitten his head from his faire bodde+:.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.13  
 \N1 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
 And see that none of you be taine;  
 For rather then men shall say we were hange\'d,  
 Let them report how we were slaine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169A.14  
 \N1 Then, God wott, faire Eddenbrough rose,  
 And so besett poore Ionne+: rounde,

That fowerscore and tenn of Ionne+:s best men  
Lay gasping all upon the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 169A.15

\N1 Then like a mad man Ionne+: laide about,  
And like a mad man then fought hee,  
Untill a falce Scot came Ionne+: behinde,  
And runn him through the faire boddee.

\SBALLADS Child 169A.16

\N1 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
And see that none of you be taine;  
For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,  
And then will I come and f+ight againe.

\SBALLADS Child 169A.17

\N1 Newes then was brought to young Ionne+: Armestrong,  
As he stood by his nurses knee,  
Who vowed if ere he live\'d for to be a man,  
O the treacherous Scots revengd hee\'d be.

\LBALLADS Child 169B.1

\N1 IS there never a man in all Scotland,  
From the highest state to the lowest degree,  
That can shew himself now before the king?  
Scotland is so full of their traitery.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.2

\N1 Yes, there is a man in Westmerland,  
And John Armstrong some do him call;  
He has no lands nor rents coming in,  
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.3

\N1 He has horse and harness for them all,  
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,  
With their goodly belts about their necks,  
With hats and feathers all alike.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.4

\N1 The king he writ a lovely letter,  
With his own hand so tenderly,  
And has sent it unto John Armstrong,  
To come and speak with him speedily.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.5

\N1 When John he looked the letter upon,  
Then, Lord! he was as blithe as a bird in a tree:  
'I was never before no king in my life,  
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.6

\N1 `But seeing we must [go] before the king,  
Lord! we will go most valiantly;  
You shall every one have a velvet coat,  
Laid down with golden laces three.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.7

\N1 `And you shall every one have a scarlet cloak,  
Laid down with silver laces f+ive,  
With your golden belts about your necks,  
With hats [and] brave feathers all alike.'

\SBALLADS Child 169B.8

\N1 But when John he went from Guiltknock Hall!  
The wind it blew hard, and full sore it did rain:  
'Now fare you well, brave Guiltknock Hall!  
I fear I shall never see thee again.'

\SBALLADS Child 169B.9

\N1 Now John he is to Edenborough gone,  
And his eightscore men so gallantly,

And every one of them on a milk-white steed,  
With their bucklers and swords hanging down to the knee.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.10

\N1 But when John he came the king before,  
With his eightscore men so gallant to see,  
The king he moved his bonnet to him;  
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.11

\N1 `O pardon, pardon, my sovereign leige,  
Pardon for my eightscore men and me!  
For my name it is John Armstrong,  
And a subject of yours, my leige,' said he.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.12

\N1 `Away with thee, thou false traitor!  
No pardon I will grant to thee,  
But, to-morrow before eight of the clock,  
I will hang thy eightscore men and thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 169B.13

\N1 O how John looked over his left shoulder!  
And to his merry men thus said he:  
I have asked grace of a graceless face,  
No pardon here is for you nor me.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.14

\N1 Then John pulld out a nut-brown sword,  
And it was made of mettle so free;  
Had not the king moved his foot as he did,  
John had taken his head from his body.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.15

\N1 `Come, follow me, my merry men all,  
We will scorn one foot away to f+ly;  
It never shall be said we were hung like doggs;  
No, wee\'l f+ight it out most manfully.'

\SBALLADS Child 169B.16

\N1 Then they fought on like champions bold+----+  
For their hearts was sturdy, stout, and free+----+  
Till they had killed all the kings good guard;  
There was none left alive but onely three.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.17

\N1 But then rise up all Edenborough,  
They rise up by thousands three;  
Then a cowardly Scot came John behind,  
And run him thorow the fair body.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.18

\N1 Said John, Fight on, my merry men all,  
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;  
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,  
Then I\'le rise and f+ight with you again.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.19

\N1 Then they fought on like mad men all,  
Till many a man lay dead on the plain;  
For they were resolved, before they would yield,  
That every man would there be slain.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.20

\N1 So there they fought couragiously,  
'Till most of them lay dead there and slain,  
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,  
With his bonny grissell got away untain.

\SBALLADS Child 169B.21

\N1 But when he came up to Guiltknock Hall,  
The lady spyed him presently:

`What news, what news, thou little foot-page?  
 What news from thy master and his company?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169B.22  
 \N1 `My news is bad, lady,' he said,  
 `Which I do bring, as you may see;  
 My master, John Armstrong, he is slain,  
 And all his gallant company.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169B.23  
 \N1 `Yet thou are welcome home, my bonny grisel!  
 Full oft thou hast fed at the corn and hay,  
 But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,  
 And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169B.24  
 \N1 O then bespoke his little son,  
 As he was set on his nurses knee:  
 `If ever I live for to be a man,  
 My fathers blood revenged shall be.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 169C.1  
 \N1 SUM speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,  
 And siclyke men of hie degrie;  
 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,  
 Sumtyme calld Laird of Gilnockie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.2  
 \N1 The king he wrytes a luving letter,  
 With his ain hand sae tenderly:  
 And he hath sent it to Johny Armstrang,  
 To cum and speik with him speidily.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.3  
 \N1 The Eliots and Armstrangs did convene,  
 They were a gallant company:  
 `We\'ill ryde and meit our lawful king,  
 And bring him safe to Gilnockie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.4  
 \N1 `Make kinnen and capon ready, then,  
 And venison in great plenty;  
 We\'ill welcome hame our royal king;  
 I hope he\'ill dyne at Gilnockie!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.5  
 \N1 They ran their horse on the Langum howm,  
 And brake their speirs with mekle main;  
 The ladys lukit frae their loft-windows,  
 `God bring our men weil back again!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.6  
 \N1 When Johny came before the king,  
 With all his men sae brave to see,  
 The king he movit his bonnet to him;  
 He weind he was a king as well as he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.7  
 \N1 `May I f+ind grace, my sovereign liege,  
 Grace for my loyal men and me?  
 For my name it is Johny Armstrang,  
 And subject of yours, my liege,' said he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.8  
 \N1 `Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
 I grantit never a traytors lyfe,  
 And now I\'ll not begin with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.9  
 \N1 `Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
 And a bony gift I will give to thee;

Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt steids,  
 Were a\ ' foald in a yeir to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.10  
 \N1 `I\ 'll gie thee all these milk-whyt steids,  
 That prance and nicher at a speir,  
 With as mekle gude Inglis gilt  
 As four of their braid backs dow beir.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.11  
 \N1 `Away, away, thou traytor strang!  
 Out o\ ' my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
 I grantit never a traytors lyfe,  
 And now I\ 'll not begin with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.12  
 \N1 `Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
 And a bony gift I\ 'll gie to thee;  
 Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,  
 That gang throw a\ ' the yeir to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.13  
 \N1 `These four-and-twenty mills complete  
 Sall gang for thee throw all the yeir,  
 And as mekle of gude reid wheat  
 As all their happens dow to bear.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.14  
 \N1 `Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
 I grantit never a traytors lyfe,  
 And now I\ 'll not begin with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.15  
 \N1 `Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
 And a great gift I\ 'll gie to thee;  
 Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,  
 Sall for the fecht, tho all sould f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.16  
 \N1 `Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
 I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
 And now I\ 'll not begin with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.17  
 \N1 `Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
 And a brave gift I\ 'll gie to thee;  
 All betwene heir and Newcastle town  
 Sall pay thair yeirly rent to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.18  
 \N1 `Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
 Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
 I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
 And now I\ 'll not begin with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.19  
 \N1 `Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,' he says,  
 `Althocht a king and prince ye be,  
 For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,  
 I dare well say it, but honesty;  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.20  
 \N1 `But a fat horse, and a fair woman,  
 Twa bony dogs to kill a deir:  
 But England suld haif found me meil and malt,  
 Gif I had livd this hundred yeir!  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.21  
 \N1 `Scho suld haif found me meil and malt,  
 And beif and mutton in all plentie;

But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said  
 That eir I skaithd her a pure f+lie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.22  
 \N1 `To seik het water beneth cauld yce,  
 Surely it is a great folie;  
 I haif asked grace at a graceless face,  
 But there is nane for my men and me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.23  
 \N1 `But had I kend, or I came frae hame,  
 How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,  
 I wad haif kept the border-syde,  
 In spyte of all thy force and thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.24  
 \N1 `Wist Englands king that I was tane,  
 O gin a blyth man wald he be!  
 For anes I slew his sisters son,  
 And on his breist-bane brak a tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.25  
 \N1 John wore a girdle about his midle,  
 Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,  
 Bespangled with the same mettle,  
 Maist beautifull was to behold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.26  
 \N1 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,  
 And ilk an worth three hundred pound:  
 `What wants that knave that a king suld haif,  
 But the sword of honour and the crown!  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.27  
 \N1 `O whair gat thou these targats, Johnie,  
 That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?'  
 `I gat them in the f+ield fechtig,  
 Wher, cruel king, thou durst not be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.28  
 \N1 `Had I my horse, and my harness gude,  
 And ryding as I wont to be,  
 It sould haif bene tald this hundred yeir  
 The meiting of my king and me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.29  
 \N1 `God be withee, Kirsty, my brither,  
 Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun!  
 Lang mayst thou live on the border-syde  
 Or thou se thy brither ryde up and doun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.30  
 \N1 `And God be withee, Kirsty, my son,  
 Whair thou sits on thy nurses knee!  
 But and thou live this hundred yeir,  
 Thy fathers better thoul't never be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.31  
 \N1 `Farweil, my bonny Gilnock-Hall,  
 Whair on Esk-syde thou standest stout!  
 Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,  
 I wald haif gilt thee round about.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.32  
 \N1 John murdred was at Carlinrigg,  
 And all his galant companie;  
 But Scotlands heart was never sae wae,  
 To see sae mony brave men die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 169C.33  
 \N1 Because they savd their country deir  
 Frae Englishmen; nane were sae bauld,

Whyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,  
 Nane of them durst cum neir his hald.  
 \LBALLADS Child 170A.1  
 \N1 QUEEN JANE was in labour full six weeks and more,  
 And the women were weary, and fain would give oer:  
 `O women, O women, as women ye be,  
 Rip open my two sides, and save my baby!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170A.2  
 \N1 `O royal Queen Jane, that thing may not be;  
 We`ll send for King Henry to come unto thee.'  
 King Henry came to her, and sate on her bed:  
 `What ails my dear lady, her eyes look so red?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170A.3  
 \N1 `O royal King Henry, do one thing for me:  
 Rip open my two sides, and save my baby!'  
 `O royal Queen Jane, that thing will not do;  
 If I lose your fair body, I`ll lose your baby too.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170A.4  
 \N1 She wept and she waild, and she wrung her hands sore;  
 O the f+lour of England must f+lurish no more!  
 She wept and she waild till she fell in a swoond,  
 They opend her two sides, and the baby was found.  
 \SBALLADS Child 170A.5  
 \N1 The baby was christened with joy and much mirth,  
 Whilst poor Queen Jane`s body lay cold under earth:  
 There was ringing and singing and mourning all day,  
 The princess Eliz<abeth] went weeping away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 170A.6  
 \N1 The trumpets in mourning so sadly did sound,  
 And the pikes and the muskets did trail on the ground.  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \LBALLADS Child 170B.1  
 \N1 QUEEN JEANIE, Queen Jeanie, traveld six weeks and more,  
 Till women and midwives had quite gien her oer:  
 `O if ye were women as women should be,  
 Ye would send for a doctor, a doctor to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170B.2  
 \N1 The doctor was called for and set by her bedside:  
 `What aileth thee, my ladie, thine eyes seem so red?'  
 `O doctor, O doctor, will ye do this for me,  
 To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170B.3  
 \N1 `Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that`s the thing I`ll neer do,  
 To rip up your two sides to save your babie:'  
 Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, traveld six weeks and more,  
 Till midwives and doctors had quite gien her oer.  
 \SBALLADS Child 170B.4  
 \N1 `O if ye were doctors as doctors should be,  
 Ye would send for King Henry, King Henry to me:'  
 King Henry was called for, and sat by her bedside,  
 `What aileth thee, Jeanie? what aileth my bride?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170B.5  
 \N1 `King Henry, King Henry, will ye do this for me,  
 To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'  
 `Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that`s what I`ll never do,  
 To rip up your two sides to save your babie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170B.6  
 \N1 But with sighing and sobbing she`s fallen in a swoon,  
 Her side it was ript up, and her babie was found;

At this bonie babie\'s christning there was meikle joy and mirth,  
But bonnie Queen Jeanie lies cold in the earth.

\SBALLADS Child 170B.7

\N1 Six and six coaches, and six and six more,  
And royal King Henry went mourning before;  
O two and two gentlemen carried her away,  
But royal King Henry went weeping away.

\SBALLADS Child 170B.8

\N1 O black were their stockings, and black were their bands,  
And black were the weapons they held in their hands;  
O black were their mufflers, and black were their shoes,  
And black were the cheverons they drew on their luvés.

\SBALLADS Child 170B.9

\N1 They mourned in the kitchen, and they mourned in the ha,  
But royal King Henry mourned longest of a\':  
Farewell to fair England, farewell for evermore!  
For the fair flower of England will never shine more.

\LBALLADS Child 170C.1

\N1 QUEEN JEANY has traveld for three days and more,  
Till the ladies were weary, and quite gave her oer:  
'O ladies, O ladies, do this thing for me,  
To send for King Henry, to come and see me.'

\SBALLADS Child 170C.2

\N1 King Henry was sent for, and sat by her bedside:  
'Why weep you, Queen Jeany? your eyes are so red.'  
'O Henry, O Henry, do this one thing for me,  
Let my side straight be opened, and save my babie!'

\SBALLADS Child 170C.3

\N1 'O Jeany, O Jeany, this never will do,  
It will leese thy sweet life, and thy young babie too.'  
She wept and she wailed, till she fell in a swoon:  
Her side it was opened, the babie was found.

\SBALLADS Child 170C.4

\N1 Prince Edward was christened with joy and with mirth,  
But the flower of fair England lies cold in the earth.  
O black was King Henry, and black were his men,  
And black was the steed that King Henry rode on.

\SBALLADS Child 170C.5

\N1 And black were the ladies, and black were their fans,  
And black were the gloves that they wore on their hands,  
And black were the ribbands they wore on their heads,  
And black were the pages, and black were the maids.

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\SBALLADS Child 170C.6

\N1 The trumpets they sounded, the cannons did roar,  
But the flower of fair England shall flourish no more.

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\LBALLADS Child 170D.1

\N1 QUEEN JANE was in travail for six weeks or more,  
Till the women grew tired and fain would give oer:  
'O women, O women, good wives if ye be,  
Go send for King Henrie, and bring him to me!'

\SBALLADS Child 170D.2

\N1 King Henrie was sent for, he came with all speed,  
In a gownd of green velvet from heel to the head:  
'King Henrie, King Henrie, if kind Henrie you be,  
Send for a surgeon, and bring him to me!'

\SBALLADS Child 170D.3

\N1 The surgeon was sent for, he came with all speed,



In a gownd of black velvet from heel to the head;  
He gave her rich caudle, but the death-sleep slept she,  
Then her right side was opened, and the babe was set free.

\SBALLADS Child 170D.4

\N1 The babe it was christened, and put out and nursed,  
While the royal Queen Jane she lay cold in the dust.

. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 170D.5

\N1 So black was the mourning, and white were the wands,  
Yellow, yellow the torches they bore in their hands;  
The bells they were muff+led, and mournful did play,  
While the royal Queen Jane she lay cold in the clay.

\SBALLADS Child 170D.6

\N1 Six knights and six lords bore her corpse through the grounds,  
Six dukes followed after, in black mourning gownds;  
The f+lower of Old England was laid in cold clay,  
Whilst the royal King Henrie came weeping away.

\LBALLADS Child 170E.1

\N1 `YE midwives and women-kind, do one thing for me;  
Send for my mother, to come and see me.'

\SBALLADS Child 170E.2

\N1 Her mother was sent for, who came speedilie:  
`O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'

\SBALLADS Child 170E.3

\N1 `O mother, dear mother, do one thing for me;  
O send for King Henry, to come and see me.'

\SBALLADS Child 170E.4

\N1 King Henry was sent for, who came speedilie:  
`O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'

\SBALLADS Child 170E.5

\N1 `King Henry, King Henry, do one thing for me;  
O send for a doctor, to come and see me.'

\SBALLADS Child 170E.6

\N1 The doctor was sent for, who came speedilie:  
`O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'

\SBALLADS Child 170E.7

\N1 `O doctor, oh doctor, do one thing for me;  
Open my left side, and let my babe free.'

\SBALLADS Child 170E.8

\N1 He opened her left side, and then all was oer,  
And the best f+lower in England will f+lourish no more.

\LBALLADS Child 170F.1

\N1 QUEEN JANE lies in labour six weeks or more,  
Till the women were tired, go see her no more:

`Oh women, oh women, if women you be,  
You'll send for King Henry, to come and see me.

\SBALLADS Child 170F.2

\N1 `Oh King Henry, King Henry, if King Henry you be,  
You'll send for the doctor, to come and see me:

Oh doctor, oh doctor, if a doctor you be,  
You'll open my right side, and save my baby.'

\SBALLADS Child 170F.3

\N1 They churchd her, they chimed her, they dug her her grave,  
They buried her body, and christend her babe.

\LBALLADS Child 170G.1

\N1 QUEEN JEANIE was in labour full three days and more,  
Till a\' the good women was forced to gie her oer:

`O guide women, gude women, gude women,' quo she,  
`Will ye send for King Henry, to come and see me?'

Wi weeping and wailing, lamenting full sore,  
 That the flower of all England should flourish no more.  
 \SBALLADS Child 170G.2  
 \N1 King Henry was sent for, who came in great speed,  
 Stand in weep and wail at Queen Jeanie's bedside;  
 Stand in weep and wail, etc.  
 \SBALLADS Child 170G.3  
 \N1 'O King Henry, King Henry, King Henry,' quo she,  
 'Will ye send for my mother . . .'  
 \LBALLADS Child 170[H.1]  
 \N1 Queen Jane, O! Queen Jane, O! what a lady was she !  
 And six weeks and a day in labour was she;  
 Queen Jane was in labour for six weeks and more,  
 Till the women grew weary and fain would give oer.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167[H.2]  
 \N1 'O women, O women, good wives as ye be,  
 Go send for King Henry and bring him to me.'  
 King Henry was sent for, and to her he came:  
 'Dear lady, fair lady, your eyes they look dim.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167[H.3]  
 \N1 King Henry came to her, he came in all speed,  
 In a gown of red velvet, from the heel to the head:  
 'King Henry, King Henry, if kind you will be,  
 Send for a good doctor, and let him come to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167[H.4]  
 \N1 The doctor was sent for, he came with all speed,  
 In a gown of black velvet from the heel to the head;  
 The doctor was sent for and to her he came:  
 'Dear lady, fair lady, your labour's in vain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 167[H.5]  
 \N1 'Dear doctor, dear doctor, will you do this for me?  
 O open my right side, and save my baby:'  
 Then out spake King Henry, That never can be,  
 I'd rather lose the branches than the top of the tree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 167[H.6]  
 \N1 The doctor gave a caudle, the death-sleep slept she,  
 Then her right side was opened and the babe was set free;  
 The babe it was christened, and put out and nursed,  
 But the royal Queen Jane lay cold in the dust.  
 \LBALLADS Child 170[I.1]  
 \N1 Queen Jeanie was in labor for seven weeks in summer,  
 The women all being tired and quite gave her over:  
 'O women, dear women, if women you be,  
 Send for my mother to come and see me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170[I.2]  
 \N1 Her mother was sent for and instantly came,  
 Knelt down at the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:  
 'O mother, dear mother, if mother you be,  
 Send for my father to come and see me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170[I.3]  
 \N1 The father was sent for and instantly came,  
 Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:  
 'O father, dear father, if father you be,  
 Send for King Henry to come and see me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170[I.4]  
 \N1 King Henry was sent for and instantly came,  
 Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:  
 'O Henry, King Henry, if Henry you be,  
 Send for the doctor to come and see me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170[I.5]

\N1 The doctor was sent for and instantly came,  
 Knelt down by the bedside where Queen Jeanie lay on:  
 `O doctor, dear doctor, if doctor you be,  
 Open my left side and let the babe free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170[I.6]  
 \N1 Her left side was opened, the young prince was found:  
 `O doctor, dear doctor, lay me down on the ground.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 170[I.7]  
 \N1 Her bones were all broken and laid at her feet,  
 And they anointed her body with the ointment so sweet,  
 And ay as they weeped they wrung their hands sore,  
 For the fair f+lower of England will f+lourish no more.  
 \LBALLADS Child 171A.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `Ffor if yo\iu\rr boone be askeable,  
 Soone granted it shalbe:  
 \SBALLADS Child 171A.2  
 \N1 `If it be not touching my crowne,' he said,  
 `Nor hurting poore com\im\rinaltye.'  
 `Nay, it is not touching yo\iu\rr crowne,' shee sayes,  
 `Nor hurting poore cominaltye,  
 \SBALLADS Child 171A.3  
 \N1 `But I begg the death of Tho\imas\r Cromwell,  
 For a false traitor to you is hee.'  
 `Then feitch me hither the Earle of Darby  
 And the Earle of Shrewsbury,  
 \SBALLADS Child 171A.4  
 \N1 `And bidde them bring Thomas Cromawell;  
 Let\s see what he can say to mee;'  
 For Thomas had woont to haue carryed his head vp,  
 But now he hanges it vppon his knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 171A.5  
 \N1 `How now? How now?' the k\iing\r did say,  
 `Thomas, how is it w\ii\rth thee?'  
 `Hanging and drawing, O k\iing\r!' he saide;  
 `You shall neuer gett more from mee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 172A.1  
 \N1 ON the tenth day of December,  
 And the fourth yeere of K\iing\r Edwards raigne,  
 Att Musleboorowe, as I remember,  
 Two goodly hosts there mett on a plaine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 172A.2  
 \N1 All that night they camped there,  
 Soe did the Scotts, both stout and stubborne;  
 But "[wellaway,]" it was their song,  
 For wee haue taken them in their owne turne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 172A.3  
 \N1 Over night they carded for our English mens coates;  
 They f+ished before their netts were spunn;  
 A white for sixpence, a red f\ior\r two groates;  
 Now wisdome wold haue stayed till they had been woone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 172A.4  
 \N1 Wee feared not but that they wold f+ight,  
 Yett itt was turned vnto their owne paine;  
 Thoe against one of vs \itha\rt they were eight,  
 Yett w\ii\rth their owne weapons wee did them beat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 172A.5  
 \N1 On the twelfth day in the morne

The made a face as the wold f+ight,  
But many a proud Scott there was downe borne,  
And many a ranke coward was put to f+light.

\SBALLADS Child 172A.6

\N1 But when they heard our great gunnes cracke,  
Then was their harts turned into their hose;  
They cast down their weapons, and turned their backes,  
They ran soe fast \itha\rt the fell on their nose.

\SBALLADS Child 172A.7

\N1 The Lo\ird\r Huntley, wee had him there;  
W\ii\rth him hee brought ten thousand men,  
Yett, God bee thanked, wee made them such a banquet  
That none of them returned againe.

\SBALLADS Child 172A.8

\N1 Wee chased them to D[alkeith]

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 173A.1

\N1 WORD\R\'\rS gane to the kitchen,  
And word\'s gane to the ha,  
That Marie Hamilton gangs wi bairn  
To the highest Stewart of a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.2

\N1 He\'s courted her in the kitchen,  
He\'s courted her in the ha,  
He\'s courted her in the laigh cellar,  
And that was warst of a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.3

\N1 She\'s tyed it in her apron  
And she\'s thrown it in the sea;  
Says, Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe!  
You\'l neer get mair o me.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.4

\N1 Down them cam the auld queen,  
Goud tassels tying her hair:  
'O marie, where\'s the bonny wee babe  
That I heard greet sae sair?'

\SBALLADS Child 173A.5

\N1 `There never was a babe intill my room,  
As little designs to be;  
It was but a touch o my sair side,  
Come oer my fair bodie.'

\SBALLADS Child 173A.6

\N1 `O Marie, put on your robes o black,  
Or else your robes o brown,  
For ye maun gang wi me the night,  
To see fair Edinbro town.'

\SBALLADS Child 173A.7

\N1 `I winna put on my robes o black,  
Nor yet my robes o brown;  
But I\'ll put on my robes o white,  
To shine through Edinbro town.'

\SBALLADS Child 173A.8

\N1 When she gaed up the Cannogate,  
She laughd loud laughters three;  
But whan she cam down the Cannogate  
The tear blinded her ee.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.9

\N1 When she gaed up the Parliament stair,  
The heel cam aff her shee;  
And lang or she cam down again

She was condemnd to dee.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.10

\N1 When she cam down the Cannogate,  
The Cannogate sae free,  
Many a ladie lookd oer her window,  
Weeping for this ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.11

\N1 `Ye need nae weep for me,' she says,  
`Ye need nae weep for me;  
For had I not slain mine own sweet babe,  
This death I wadna dee.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.12

\N1 `Bring me a bottle of wine,' she says,  
`The best that eer ye hae,  
That I may drink to my weil-wishers,  
And they may drink to me.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.13

\N1 `Here\'s a health to the jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the main;  
Let them never let on to my father and mother  
But what I\'m coming hame.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.14

\N1 `Here\'s a health to the jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the sea;  
Let them never let on to my father and mother  
That I cam here to dee.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.15

\N1 `Oh little did my mother think,  
The day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.16

\N1 `Oh little did my father think,  
The day he held up me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.

\SBALLADS Child 173A.17

\N1 `Last night I washd the queen\'s feet,  
And gently laid her down;  
And a\' the thanks I\'ve gotten the nicht  
To be hangd in Edinbro town!

\SBALLADS Child 173A.18

\N1 `Last nicht there was four Maries,  
The nicht there\'l be but three;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.'

\LBALLADS Child 173B.1

\N1 THERE were ladies, they lived in a bower,  
And oh but they were fair!  
The youngest o them is to the king\'s court,  
To learn some unco lair.

\SBALLADS Child 173B.2

\N1 She hadna been in the king\'s court  
A twelve month and a day,  
Till of her they could get na wark,  
For wantonness and play.

\SBALLADS Child 173B.3

\N1 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word is up to Madame the Queen,

And that is warst of a',  
That Mary Hamilton has born a bairn,  
To the highest Stewart of a'.  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.4  
\N1 `O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
O rise, and tell to me  
What thou did with thy sweet babe  
We sair heard weep by thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.5  
\N1 `Hold your tongue, madame,' she said,  
`And let your folly be;  
It was a shouir o sad sickness  
Made me weep sae bitterlie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.6  
\N1 `O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
O rise, and tell to me  
What thou did with thy sweet babe  
We sair heard weep by thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.7  
\N1 `I put it in a piner-pig,  
And set it on the sea;  
I bade it sink, or it might swim,  
It should neer come hame to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.8  
\N1 `O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
Arise, and go with me;  
There is a wedding in Glasgow town  
This day we'll go and see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.9  
\N1 She put not on her black clothing,  
She put not on her brown,  
But she put on the glistering gold,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.10  
\N1 As they came into Edinburgh town,  
The city for to see,  
The bailie's wife and the provost's wife  
Said, Och an alace for thee!  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.11  
\N1 Gie never alace for me,' she said,  
`Gie never alace for me;  
It's all for the sake of my poor babe,  
This death that I maun die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.12  
\N1 As they gaed up the Tolbuith stair,  
The stair it was sae hie,  
The bailie's son and the provost's son  
Said, Och an alace for thee!  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.13  
\N1 `Gie never alace for me,' she said,  
`Gie never alace for me!  
It's all for the sake of my puir babe,  
This death I maun die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.14  
\N1 `But bring to me a cup,' she says,  
`A cup bot and a can,  
And I will drink to all my friends,  
And they'll drink to me again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.15  
`Here's to you all, travellers,

Who travels by land or sea;  
Let na wit to my father nor mother  
The death that I must die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.16  
\N1 `Here\'s to you all, travellers,  
That travels on dry land;  
Let na wit to my father nor mother  
But I am coming hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.17  
\N1 `Little did my mother think,  
First time she cradled me,  
What land I was to travel on,  
Or what death I would die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.18  
\N1 `Little did my mother think,  
First time she tied my head,  
What land I was to tread upon,  
Or whare I would win my bread.  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.19  
\N1 `Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries,  
This night she\'ll hae but three;  
She had Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.20  
\N1 `Yestreen I wush Queen Mary\'s feet,  
And bore her till her bed;  
This day she\'s given me my reward,  
This gallows-tree to tread.  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.21  
\N1 `Cast off, cast off my gown,' she said,  
`But let my petticoat be,  
And tye a napkin on my face,  
For that gallows I downa see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.22  
\N1 By and cum the king himsell,  
Lookd up with a pitiful ee:  
`Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton,  
This day thou wilt dine with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173B.23  
\N1 `Hold your tongue, my sovereign leige,  
And let your folly be;  
An ye had a mind to save my life,  
Ye should na shamed me here.'  
\LBALLADS Child 173C.1  
\N1 THERE lived a lord into the west,  
And he had dochters three,  
And the youngest o them is to the king\'s court,  
To learn some courtesie.  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.2  
\N1 She was not in the king\'s court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till she was neither able to sit nor gang,  
Wi the gaining o some play.  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.3  
\N1 She went to the garden,  
To pull the leaf aff the tree,  
To tak this bonnie babe frae her breast,  
But alas it would na do!  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.4  
\N1 She rowed it in her handkerchief,

And threw it in the sea:  
`O sink ye, swim ye, wee wee babe!  
Ye\'ll get nae mair o me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.5  
\N1 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
That Mary Myle she goes wi child  
To the highest Steward of a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.6  
\N1 Down and came the queen hersell,  
The queen hersell so free:  
`O mary Myle, whare is the child  
That I heard weep for thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.7  
\N1 `O hold your tongue now, Queen,' she says,  
`O hold your tongue so free!  
For it was but a shower o the sharp sickness,  
I was almost like to die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.8  
\N1 `O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Myle,  
O busk, and go wi me;  
O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Mile,  
It\'s Edinburgh town to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.9  
\N1 `I\'ll no put on my robes o black,  
No nor yet my robes [o] brown;  
But I\'ll put on my golden weed,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.10  
\N1 When she went up the Cannongate-side,  
The Cannongate-side so free,  
Oh there she spied some ministers\' lads,  
Crying Och and alace for me!  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.11  
\N1 `Dinna cry och and alace for me!  
Dinna cry o<c>h and alace for me!  
For it\'s all for the sake of my innocent babe  
That I come here to die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.12  
\N1 When she went up the Tolbooth-stair,  
The lap cam aff her shoe;  
Before that she came down again,  
She was condemned to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.13  
\N1 `O all you gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother know  
The death I am to die!  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.14  
\N1 `O all you gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the faem,  
Let neither my father nor mother know  
But I am coming hame!  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.15  
\N1 `Little did my mother know,  
The hour that she bore me,  
What lands I was to travel in,  
What death I was to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173C.16  
\N1 `Little did my father know,



When he held up my head,  
 What lands I was to travel in,  
 What was to be my deid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173C.17  
 \N1 `Yestreen I made Queen Mary\'s bed,  
 Kembed doun her yellow hair;  
 Is this the reward I am to get,  
 To tread this gallows-stair!'

\LBALLADS Child 173D.1  
 \N1 THERE lives a knight into the north,  
 And he had daughters three;  
 The ane of them was a barber\'s wife,  
 The other a gay ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 173D.2  
 \N1 And the youngest of them is to Scotland gane,  
 The queen\'s Mary to be,  
 And a\' that they could say or do,  
 Forbidden she woudna be.

\SBALLADS Child 173D.3  
 \N1 The prince\'s bed it was sae saft,  
 The spices they were sae f+ine,  
 That out of it she couldna lye  
 While she was scarce f+fifteen.

\SBALLADS Child 173D.4  
 \N1 She\'s gane to the garden gay  
 To pu of the savin tree;  
 But for a\' that she could say or do,  
 The babie it would not die.

\SBALLADS Child 173D.5  
 \N1 She\'s rowed it in her handkerchief,  
 She threw it in the sea;  
 Says, Sink ye, swim ye, my bonnie babe!  
 For ye\'ll get nae mair of me.

\SBALLADS Child 173D.6  
 \N1 Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,  
 Wi the gold strings in her hair:  
 `O whare\'s the little babie,' she says,  
 `That I heard greet sae sair?'

\SBALLADS Child 173D.7  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,  
 Let all those words go free!  
 It was mysell wi a f+it o the sair colic,  
 I was sick just like to die.'

\SBALLADS Child 173D.8  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue, Marie Hamilton,  
 Let all those words go free!  
 O where is the little babie  
 That I heard weep by thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 173D.9  
 \N1 `I rowed it in my handkerchief,  
 And threw it in the sea;  
 I bade it sink, I bade it swim,  
 It would get nae mair o me.'

\SBALLADS Child 173D.10  
 \N1 `O wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton,  
 And an ill deid may you die!  
 For if ye had saved the babie\'s life  
 It might hae been an honour to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 173D.11  
 \N1 `Busk ye, busk ye, Marie Hamilton,

O busk ye to be a bride!  
For I am going to Edinburgh toun,  
Your gay wedding to bide.  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.12  
\N1 `You must not put on your robes of black,  
Nor yet your robes of brown;  
But you must put on your yellow gold stuffs,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.13  
\N1 `I will not put on my robes of black,  
Nor yet my robes of brown;  
But I will put on my yellow gold stuffs,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town,'  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.14  
\N1 As she went up the Parliament Close,  
A riding on her horse,  
There she saw many a cobler\'s lady,  
Sat greeting at the cross.  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.15  
\N1 `O what means a\' this greeting?  
I\'m sure its nae for me;  
For I\'m come this day to Edinburgh town  
Weel wedded for to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.16  
\N1 When she gaed up the Parliament stair,  
She gied loud laughters three;  
But ere that she came down again,  
She was condemned to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.17  
\N1 `O little did my mother think,  
The day she prinned my gown,  
That I was to come sae far frae hame  
To be hangid in Edinburgh town.  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.18  
\N1 `O what\'ll my poor father think,  
As he comes thro the town,  
To see the face of his Molly fair  
Hanging on the gallows-pin!  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.19  
\N1 `Here\'s a health to the marineres,  
That plough the raging main!  
Let neither my mother nor father know  
But I\'m coming hame again!  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.20  
\N1 `Here\'s a health to the sailors,  
That sail upon the sea!  
Let neither my mother nor father ken  
That I came here to die!  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.21  
\N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
This night she\'ll hae but three;  
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.22  
\N1 `O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,  
Let all those words go free!  
This night eer ye be hanged  
Ye shall gang hame wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173D.23  
\N1 `O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,

Let all those words go free!  
 For since I have come to Edinburgh toun,  
 It\'s hanged I shall be,  
 And it shall neer be said that in your court  
 I was condemned to die.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 173E.1  
 \N1 `MY father was the Duke of York,  
 My mother a lady free,  
 Mysell a dainty damsell,  
 Queen Mary sent for me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.2  
 \N1 `Yestreen I washd Queen Mary\'s feet,  
 Kam\'d down her yellow hair,  
 And lay a\' night in the young man\'s bed,  
 And I\'ll rue t for evermair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.3  
 \N1 `The queen\'s kale was aye sae het,  
 Her spice was aye sae fell,  
 Till they gart me gang to the young man\'s bed,  
 And I\'d a\' the wyte mysell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.4  
 \N1 `I was not in the queen\'s service  
 A twelvemonth but barely ane,  
 Ere I grew as big wi bairn  
 As ae woman could gang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.5  
 \N1 `But it fell ance upon a day,  
 Was aye to be it lane,  
 I did take strong travilling  
 As ever yet was seen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.6  
 \N1 Ben it came the queen hersell,  
 Was a\' gowd to the hair;  
 `O where\'s the bairn, Lady Maisry,  
 That I heard greeting sair?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.7  
 Ben it came the queen hersell,  
 Was a\' gowd to the chin:  
 `O where\'s the bairn, Lady Maisry,  
 That I heard late yestreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.8  
 \N1 `There is no bairn here,' she says,  
 `Nor never thinks to be;  
 `\'Twas but a stoun of sairsickness  
 That ye heard seizing me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.9  
 \N1 They sought it out, they sought it in,  
 They sought it but and ben,  
 But between the bolster and the bed  
 They got the baby slain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.10  
 \N1 `Come busk ye, busk ye, Lady Maisdry,  
 Come busk, an go with me;  
 For I will on to Edinburgh,  
 And try the verity.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173E.11  
 \N1 She woud not put on the black, the black,  
 Nor yet wad she the brown,  
 But the white silk and the red scarlet,  
 That shin\'d frae town to town.

\SBALLADS Child 173E.12  
\N1 As she gaed down thro Edinburgh town  
The burghers\' wives made meen,  
That sic a dainty damsel  
Sud ever hae died for sin.

\SBALLADS Child 173E.13  
\N1 Make never meen for me,' she says,  
\R'M\rake never meen for me;  
Seek never grace frae a graceless face,  
For that ye\'ll never see.'

\SBALLADS Child 173E.14  
\N1 As she gaed up the Tolbooth stair,  
A light laugh she did gie;  
But lang ere she came down again  
She was condemned to die.

\SBALLADS Child 173E.15  
\N1 `A\' you that are in merchants-ships,  
And cross the roaring faem,  
Hae nae word to my father and mother,  
But that I\'m coming hame.

\SBALLADS Child 173E.16  
\N1 `Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,  
Hold them a little while!  
For yonder comes my father and mother,  
That\'s travelld mony a mile.

\SBALLADS Child 173E.17  
\N1 `Gie me some o your gowd, parents,  
Some o your white monie,  
To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 173E.18  
\N1 `Ye\'ll get nane o our gowd, daughter,  
Nor nane o our white monie;  
For we hae travelld mony a mile,  
This day to see you die.'

\SBALLADS Child 173E.19  
\N1 `Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,  
Hold them a little while!  
For yonder comes him Warenston,  
The father of my chile.

\SBALLADS Child 173E.20  
\N1 `Give me some o your gowd, Warenston,  
Some o your white monie,  
To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 173E.21  
\N1 `I bade you nurse my bairn well,  
And nurse it carefullie,  
And gowd shoud been your hire, Maisry,  
And my body your fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 173E.22  
\N1 He\'s taen out a purse o gowd,  
Another o white monie,  
And he\'s tauld down ten thousand crowns,  
Says, True love, gang wi me.

\LBALLADS Child 173F.1  
\N1 my father was the Duke of York,  
My mother a lady free,  
Mysel a dainty demosell,  
Queen Mary sent for me.

\SBALLADS Child 173F.2  
\N1 The queen\'s meat, it was sae sweet,  
Her colthing was sae rare,  
It made me lang for Sweet Willie\'s bed,  
An I\'ll rue it ever maer.  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.3  
\N1 Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
And Lady Livinston, three,  
We\'ll never meet in Queen Mary\'s bower,  
Now Maries tho ye be.  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.4  
\N1 Queen Mary sat in her bower,  
Sewing her silver seam;  
She thought she heard a baby greet,  
But an a lady meen.  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.5  
\N1 She threw her needle frae her,  
Her seam out of her hand,  
An she is on to Lady Mary\'s bower,  
As fast as she could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.6  
\N1 `Open your door, Lady Mary,' she says,  
`And lat me come in;  
For I hear baby greet,  
But an a lady meen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.7  
\N1 `There is na bab in my bower, madam,  
Nor never thinks to be,  
But the strong pains of gravel  
This night has seized me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.8  
\N1 She pat her f+it to the door,  
But an her knee,  
Baith of brass and iron bands  
In f+linders she gard f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.9  
\N1 She pat a hand to her bed-head,  
An ither to her bed-feet,  
An bonny was the bab  
Was blabbering in its bleed.  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.10  
\N1 `Wae worth ye, Lady Mary,  
An ill dead sall ye die!  
For an ye widna kept the bonny bab,  
Ye might ha sen\'t to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.11  
\N1 `Lay na the wate on me, madam,  
Lay na the wate on me!  
For my fas love bare the brand at his side  
That gared my barrine die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.12  
\N1 `Get up, Lady Beaton, get up, Lady Seton,  
And Lady Livinstone three,  
An we will on to Edinburgh,  
An try this gay lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.13  
\N1 As she came to the Cannongate,  
The burgers\' wives they cryed  
Hon ohon, ochree! . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 173F.14  
\N1 `O had you still, ye burgers\' wives,  
An make na meen for me;  
Seek never grace of a graceless face,  
For they hae nane to gie.

\SBALLADS Child 173F.15  
\N1 `Ye merchants and ye mariners,  
That trade upon the sea,  
O dinna tell in my country  
The dead I\'m gaen to die!

\SBALLADS Child 173F.16  
\N1 `Ye merchants and ye mariners,  
That sail upo the faeme,  
O dinna tell in my country  
But that I\'m comin hame!

\SBALLADS Child 173F.17  
\N1 `Little did my father think,  
Whan he brought me our the sea,  
That he wad see me yellow locks  
Hang on a gallow\'s tree.

\SBALLADS Child 173F.18  
\N1 `Little did my mither think  
Whan she brought me fra hame,  
That she maught see my yellow loks  
Han<g] on a gallow-pin.

\SBALLADS Child 173F.19  
\N1 `O had your hand a while!

. . .  
For yonder comes my father,  
I\'m sure he\'l borrow me.

\SBALLADS Child 173F.20  
\N1 `O some of your goud, father,  
An of your well won fee,  
To save me [frae the high hill]  
[And ] frae the gallow-tree!'

\SBALLADS Child 173F.21  
\N1 `Ye\'s get nane of my goud,  
Nor of my well won fee,  
For I would gie f+ive hundred pown  
To see ye hangit hie.'

\SBALLADS Child 173F.22  
\N1 `O had yer hand a while!

. . .  
Yonder is my love Willie,  
Sure he will borrow me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173F.23  
\N1 `O some o your goud, my love Willie,  
An some o yer well won fee,  
To save me frae the high hill,  
And fra the gallow-tree!'

\SBALLADS Child 173F.24  
\N1 `Ye\'s get a\' my goud,  
And a\' my well won fee,  
To save ye fra the headin-hill,  
And frae the gallow-tree.'

\LBALLADS Child 173G.1  
\N1 O MARY HAMILTON to the kirk is gane,  
Wi ribbons in her hair;  
An the king thoct mair o Marie  
Then onie that were there.

\SBALLADS Child 173G.2

\N1 Mary Hamilton\'s to the preaching gane,  
Wi ribbons on her breast;  
An the king thocht mair o Marie  
Than he thocht o the priest.

\SBALLADS Child 173G.3

\N1 Syne word is thro the palace gane,  
I heard it tauld yestreen,  
The king loes Mary Hamilton  
Mair than he loes his queen.

\SBALLADS Child 173G.4

\N1 A sad tale thro the town is gaen,  
A sad tale on the morrow;  
Oh Mary Hamilton has born a babe,  
An slain it in her sorrow!

\SBALLADS Child 173G.5

\N1 And down then cam the auld queen,  
Goud tassels tied her hair:  
'What did ye wi the wee wee bairn  
That I heard greet sae sair?'

\SBALLADS Child 173G.6

\N1 'There neer was a bairn into my room,  
An as little designs to be;  
'Twas but a stitch o my sair side,  
Cam owre my fair bodie.'

\SBALLADS Child 173G.7

\N1 'Rise up now, Marie,' quo the queen,  
'Rise up, an come wi me,  
For we maun ride to Holyrood,  
A gay wedding to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 173G.8

\N1 The queen was drest in scarlet f+ine,  
Her maidens all in green;  
An every town that they cam thro  
Took Marie for the queen.

\SBALLADS Child 173G.9

\N1 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
As she rode oure the lea,  
That she was gaun to Edinbro town  
Her doom to hear and dree.

\SBALLADS Child 173G.10

\N1 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She laughed loud laughters three;  
But when she reached the gallows-tree,  
The tears blinded her ee.

\SBALLADS Child 173G.11

\N1 'Oh aften have I dressed my queen,  
An put gowd in her hair;  
The gallows-tree is my reward,  
An shame maun be my share!

\SBALLADS Child 173G.12

\N1 'Oh aften hae I dressed my queen,  
An saft saft made her bed;  
An now I've got for my reward  
The gallows-tree to tread!

\SBALLADS Child 173G.13

\N1 'There\'s a health to all gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the sea!  
Oh never let on to my father and mither  
The death that I maun dee!

\SBALLADS Child 173G.14

\N1 `An I charge ye, all ye mariners,  
When ye sail owre the main,  
Let neither my father nor mither know  
But that I\'m comin hame.

\SBALLADS Child 173G.15

\N1 `Oh little did my mither ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to tread in,  
Or what death I should dee.

\SBALLADS Child 173G.16

\N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The nicht she\'ll hae but three;  
There\'s Marie Seaton, an Marie Beaton,  
An Marie Carmichael, an me.'

\LBALLADS Child 173H.1

\N1 `WHAN I was a babe, and a very little babe,  
And stood at my mither\'s knee,  
Nae witch nor warlock did unfauld  
The death I was to dree.

\SBALLADS Child 173H.2

\N1 `But my mither was a proud woman,  
A proud woman and a bauld;  
And she hired me to Queen Mary\'s bouer,  
When scarce eleven years auld.

\SBALLADS Child 173H.3

\N1 `O happy, happy is the maid,  
That\'s born of beauty free!  
It was my dimpling rosy cheeks  
That\'s been the dule o me;  
And wae be to that weirdless wicht,  
And a\' his witcherie!'

\SBALLADS Child 173H.4

\N1 Word\'s gane up and word\'s gane doun,  
An word\'s gane to the ha,  
That Mary Hamilton was wi bairn,  
An na body kend to wha.

\SBALLADS Child 173H.5

\N1 But in and cam the queen hersel,  
Wi gowd plait on her hair:  
Says, Mary Hamilton, whare is the babe  
That I heard greet sae sair?

\SBALLADS Child 173H.6

\N1 `There is na babe within my bouer,  
And I hope there neer will be;  
But it\'s me wi a sair and sick colic,  
And I\'m just like to dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 173H.7

\N1 But they looked up, they looked down,  
Atween the bowsters and the wa,  
It\'s there they got a bonnie lad-bairn,  
But its life it was awa.

\SBALLADS Child 173H.8

\N1 `Rise up, rise up, Mary Hamilton,  
Rise up, and dress ye f+ine,  
For you maun gang to Edinbruch,  
And stand afore the nine.

\SBALLADS Child 173H.9

\N1 `Ye\'ll no put on the dowie black,  
Nor yet the dowie brown;



But ye\'ll put on the robes o red,  
To sheen thro Edinbruch town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.10  
\N1 `I\'ll no put on the dowie black,  
Nor yet the dowie brown;  
But I\'ll put on the robes o red,  
To sheen thro Edinbruch town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.11  
\N1 As they gaed thro Edinbruch town,  
And down by the Nether-bow,  
There war monie a lady fair  
Siching and crying, Och how!  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.12  
\N1 `O weep nae mair for me, ladies,  
Weep nae mair for me!  
Yestreen I killed my ain bairn,  
The day I deserve to dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.13  
\N1 `What need ye hech and how, ladies?  
What need ye how for me?  
Ye never saw grace at a graceless face,  
Queen Mary has nane to gie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.14  
\N1 `Gae forward, gae forward,' the queen she said,  
`Gae forward, that ye may see;  
For the very same words that ye hae said  
Sall hang ye on the gallows-tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.15  
\N1 As she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
She gied loud laughters three;  
But or ever she cam down again,  
She was condemnd to dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.16  
\N1 `O tak example frae me, Maries,  
O tak example frae me,  
Nor gie your luve to courtly lords,  
Nor heed their witchin\' ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.17  
\N1 `But wae be to the Queen hersel,  
She nicht hae pardond me;  
But sair she\'s striven for me to hang  
Upon the gallows-tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.18  
\N1 `Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The nicht she\'ll hae but three;  
There was Mary Beatoun, Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.19  
\N1 `Aft hae I set pearls in her hair,  
Aft hae I lac\'d her gown,  
And this is the reward I now get,  
To be hangd in Edinbruch town!  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.20  
\N1 `O a\' ye mariners, far and near,  
That sail ayont the faem,  
O dinna let my father and mither ken  
But what I am coming hame!  
\SBALLADS Child 173H.21  
\N1 `O a\' ye mariners, far and near,  
That sail ayont the sea,

Let na my father and mither ken  
 The death I am to dee!  
 \SBALLADS Child 173H.22  
 \N1 `Sae, weep na mair for me. ladies,  
 Weep na mair for me;  
 The mither that kills her ain bairn  
 Deserves weel for to dee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 173I.1  
 \N1 MARIE HAMILTON\'s to the kirk gane,  
 Wi ribbons in her hair;  
 The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton  
 Than ony that were there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.2  
 \N1 Marie Hamilton\'s to the kirk gane,  
 Wi ribbons on her breast;  
 The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton  
 Then he listend to the priest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.3  
 \N1 Marie Hamilton\'s to the kirk gane,  
 Wi gloves upon her hands;  
 The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton,  
 Than the queen and a\' her lands.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.4  
 \N1 She hadna been about the king\'s court  
 A month, but barely one,  
     Till she was beloved by a\' the king\'s court,  
 And the king the only man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.5  
 \N1 She hadna been about the king\'s court  
 A month, but barely three,  
 Till frae the king\'s court Marie Hamilton,  
 Marie Hamilton durstna be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.6  
 \N1 The king is to the Abbey gane,  
 To pu the Abbey-tree,  
 To scale the babe frae Marie\'s heart,  
 But the thing it wadna be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.7  
 \N1 O she has rowd it in her apron,  
 And set it on the sea:  
 `Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe!  
 Ye\'s get nae mair o me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.8  
 \N1 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
 And word is to the ha,  
 And word is to the noble room,  
 Amang the ladyes a',  
 That Marie Hamilton\'s brought to bed,  
 And the bonny babe\'s mist and awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.9  
 \N1 Scarcely had she lain down again,  
 And scarcely fa\'en asleep,  
 When up then started our gude queen,  
 Just at her bed-feet,  
 Saying, Marie Hamilton, where\'s your babe?  
 For I am sure I heard it greet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.10  
 \N1 `O no, O no, my noble queen,  
 Think no such thing to be!  
 \'Twas but a stitch into my side,

And sair it troubles me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.11  
\N1 `Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,  
Get up and follow me;  
For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding for to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.12  
\N1 O slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on,  
And slowly rode she out the way,  
Wi mony a weary groan.  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.13  
\N1 The queen was clad in scarlet,  
Her merry maids all in green,  
And every town that they cam to,  
They took Marie for the queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.14  
\N1 `Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now wi me!  
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd  
Rade in your cumpanie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.15  
\N1 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rade on the brown,  
That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,  
And a\' to be put down.  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.16  
\N1 `Why weep ye so, ye burgess-wives,  
Why look ye so on me?  
O I am going to Edinburgh town  
A rich wedding for to see!'  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.17  
\N1 When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
The corks frae her heels did f+lee;  
And lang or eer she cam down again  
She was condemnd to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.18  
\N1 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She laughed loud laughters three;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
The tears blinded her ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.19  
\N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she\'ll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.20  
\N1 `O often have I dressed my queen,  
And put gold upon her hair;  
But now I\'ve gotten for my reward  
The gallows to be my share.  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.21  
\N1 `Often have I dressd my queen,  
And often made her bed;  
But now I\'ve gotten for my reward  
The gallows-tree to tread.  
\SBALLADS Child 173I.22  
\N1 `I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
When ye sail ower the faem,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wit

But that I\'m coming hame!  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.23  
 \N1 `I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
 That sail upon the sea,  
 Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
 This dog\'s death I\'m to die!  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.24  
 \N1 For if my father and mother got wit,  
 And my bold brethren three,  
 O mickle wad be the gude red blude  
 This day wad be spilt for me!  
 \SBALLADS Child 173I.25  
 \N1 `O little did my mother ken,  
 That day she cradled me,  
 The lands I was to travel in,  
 Or the death I was to die!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 173J.1  
 \N1 My mother was a proud, proud woman,  
 A proud, proud woman and a bold;  
 She sent me to Queen Marie\'s bour,  
 When scarcely eleven years old.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.2  
 \N1 Queen Marie\'s bread it was sae sweet,  
 An her wine it was sae f+ine,  
 That I hae lien in a young man\'s arms,  
 An I rued it aye synsyne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.3  
 \N1 Queen Marie she cam doon the stair,  
 Wi the goud kamis in her hair:  
 `Oh whare oh whare is the wee wee babe  
 I heard greetin sae sair?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.4  
 \N1 `It\'s no a babe, a babie fair,  
 Nor ever intends to be;  
 But I mysel, wi a sair colic,  
 Was seek and like to dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.5  
 \N1 They socht the bed baith up an doon,  
 Frae the pillow to the straw,  
 An there they got the wee wee babe,  
 But its life was far awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.6  
 \N1 `Come doon, come doon, Marie Hamilton,  
 Come doon and speak to me;  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.7  
 \N1 `You\'ll no put on your dowie black,  
 Nor yet your dowie broun;  
 But you\'ll put on your ried, ried silk,  
 To shine through Edinborough toun.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.8  
 \N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
 The nicht she\'ll hae but three;  
 There was Marie Bethune, an Marie Seaton,  
 An Marie Carmichael, an me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.9  
 \N1 `Ah, little did my mother ken,  
 The day she cradled me,

The lands that I sud travel in,  
 An the death that I suld dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173J.10  
 \N1 Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
 The nicht she has but three;  
 For the bonniest Marie amang them a\  
 Was hanged upon a tree.  
 \LBALLADS Child 173K.1  
 \N1 QUEEN MARY had four serving-maids,  
 As braw as braw could be,  
 But ane o them has fa\  
 And for it she maun die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173K.2  
 \N1 But whan the babie it was born,  
 A troubled woman was she;  
 She rowed it up in a handkerchief,  
 And f+lang it in the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173K.3  
 \N1 Out then spoke a bonnie wee burd,  
 And it spak sharp and keen:  
 `O what did ye do wi your wee babie,  
 Ye had in your arms yestreen?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173K.4  
 \N1 `O I tyed it up in a napkin,  
 And f+lang it in the sea;  
 I bade it sink, I bade it soom,  
 `Twad get nae mair o me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173K.5  
 \N1 Out and spak King Henrie,  
 And an angry man was he:  
 `A\  
 High hanged ye shall be.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 173K.6  
 \N1 `I\  
 Nor yet a gown o green,  
 But I\  
 To glance in young men\  
 \SBALLADS Child 173K.7  
 \N1 `O gin ye meet my father or mother,  
 Ye may tell them frae me,  
 `Twas for the sake o a wee wee bairn  
 That I came here to die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173K.8  
 \N1 `Yestreen four Maries made Queen Mary\  
 This nicht there\  
 A Mary Beaton, a Mary Seaton,  
 A Mary Carmichael, and me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173K.9  
 \N1 `O what will my three brithers say,  
 When they come hame frae see,  
 When they see three locks o my yellow hair  
 Hinging under a gallows-tree!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 173L.1  
 \N1 DOUN and cam the queen hersell,  
 Wi the goud links in her hair:  
 `O what did ye do wi the braw lad bairn  
 That I heard greet sae sair?  
 \SBALLADS Child 173L.2  
 \N1 `There was never a babe into my room,

Nor ever intends to be;  
It was but a f+it o the sair colic,  
That was like to gar me die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173L.3  
\N1 Doun and cam the king himsell,  
And an angry man was he:  
`If ye had saved that braw child\'s life,  
It might hae been an honour to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173L.4  
\N1 They socht the chamer up and doun,  
And in below the bed,  
And there they fand a braw lad-bairn  
Lying lapperin in his blood.  
\SBALLADS Child 173L.5  
\N1 She rowed it up in her apron green,  
And threw it in the sea:  
`Een sink or swim, you braw lad bairn!  
Ye\'ll neer get mair o me.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 173L.6  
\N1 When she gaed up the Cannogate,  
She gied loud laughters three;  
But or she cam to the Cowgate Head  
The tears did blind her ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173L.7  
\N1 `Come a\' ye jovial sailors,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Tell neither my father nor mother  
The death that I\'m to die!  
\SBALLADS Child 173L.8  
\N1 `Come a\' ye jovial sailors,  
That sail upon the main,  
See that ye tell baith my father and mother  
That I\'m coming sailing hame!  
\SBALLADS Child 173L.9  
\N1 `My father he\'s the Duke of York,  
And my mother\'s a gay ladie,  
And I mysell a pretty fair lady,  
And the king fell in love with me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 173M.1  
\N1 THEN down cam Queen Marie,  
Wi gold links in her hair,  
Saying, Marie Mild, where is the child,  
That I heard greet sae sair?  
\SBALLADS Child 173M.2  
\N1 `There was nae child wi me, madam,  
There was nae child wi me;  
It was but me in a sair cholic,  
When I was like to die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173M.3  
\N1 `I\'m not deceived,' Queen Marie said,  
`No, no, indeed not I!  
So Marie Mild, where is the child?  
For sure I heard it cry.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173M.4  
\N1 She turned down the blankets f+ine,  
Likewise the Holland sheet,  
And underneath, there strangled lay  
A lovely baby sweet.  
\SBALLADS Child 173M.5

\N1 `O cruel mother,' said the queen,  
`Some f+iend possessed thee;  
But I will hang thee for this deed,  
My Marie tho thou be!'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 173M.6

\N1 When she cam to the Netherbow Port  
She laught loud laughters three;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
The saut tear blinded her ee.

\SBALLADS Child 173M.7

\N1 `Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The night she`ll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beaton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

\SBALLADS Child 173M.8

\N1 `Ye mariners, ye mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let not my father or mother wit  
The death that I maun die!

\SBALLADS Child 173M.9

\N1 `I was my parents` only hope,  
They neer had ane but me;  
They little thought when I left hame,  
They should nae mair me see!'

\LBALLADS Child 173N.1

\N1 THE streen the queen had four Maries,  
This nicht she`ll hae but three;  
There`s Mary Heaton, an Mary Beaton,  
An Mary Michel, an me,  
An I mysel was Mary Mild,  
An f+lower oer a` the three.

\SBALLADS Child 173N.2

\N1 Mary`s middle was aye sae neat,  
An her clothing aye sae f+ine,  
It caused her lie in a young man`s airms,  
An she`s ruet it aye sin syne.

\SBALLADS Child 173N.3

\N1 She done her doon yon garden green,  
To pull the deceivin tree,  
For to keep back that young man`s bairn,  
But forward it would be.

\SBALLADS Child 173N.4

\N1 `Ye winna put on the dowie black,  
Nor yet will ye the broon,  
But ye`ll put on the robes o red,  
To shine through Edinburgh toon.'

\SBALLADS Child 173N.5

\N1 She hasna pitten on the dowie black,  
Nor yet has she the broon,  
But she`s pitten on the robes o red,  
To shine thro Edinburgh toon.

\SBALLADS Child 173N.6

\N1 When she came to the mariners` toon,  
The mariners they were playin,

. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 173N.7

\N1 `Ye needna play for me, mariners,  
Ye needna play for me;

Ye never saw grace in a graceless face,  
For there\'s nane therein to be.

\SBALLADS Child 173N.8

\N1 `Seven years an I made Queen Mary\'s bed,  
Seven years an I combed her hair,  
An a hansome reward noo she\'s gien to me,  
Gien me the gallows-tows to wear!

\SBALLADS Child 173N.9

\N1 `Oh little did my mither think,  
The day she cradled me,  
What road I\'d hae to travel in,  
Or what death I\'d hae to dee!'

\LBALLADS Child 1730.1

\N1 THERE lived a lord into the south,  
And he had dochters three,  
And the youngest o them went to the king\'s court,  
To learn some courtesie.

\SBALLADS Child 1730.2

\N1 She rowd it in a wee wee clout

. . .  
. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 1730.3

\N1 She rowd it in a wee wee clout  
And f+lang\'t into the faem,  
Saying, sink ye soon, my bonny babe!  
I\'ll go a maiden hame.

\SBALLADS Child 1730.4

\N1 `O woe be to you, ye ill woman,  
An ill death may ye die!  
Gin ye had spared the sweet baby\'s life,  
It might hae been an honour to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 1730.5

\N1 She wadna put on her gowns o black,  
Nor yet wad she o brown,  
But she wad put on her gowns o gowd,  
To glance through Embro town.

\SBALLADS Child 1730.6

\N1 `Come saddle not to me the black,' she says,  
`Nor yet to me the brown,  
But come saddle to me the milk-white steed,  
That I may ride in renown.'

\LBALLADS Child 173P.1

\N1 MY father\'s the duke of Argyll,  
My mither\'s a lady gay,  
And I mysel am a dainty dame,  
And the king desired me.

\SBALLADS Child 173P.2

He schawd [me] up, he schawed me doun,  
He schawd me to the ha;  
He schawd me to the low cellars,  
And that was waurst of a\'.

\LBALLADS Child 173Q.1

\N1 THE Duke of York was my father,  
My mother a lady free,  
Myself a dainty damosell,  
Queen Marie sent for me.

\SBALLADS Child 173Q.2

\N1 The queen\'s meat it was sae sweet,  
Her cleiding it was sae rare,



It gart me grien for sweet Willie,  
And I'll rue it evermair.  
\LBALLADS Child 173R.1  
\N1 LITTLE did my mother think,  
That day she cradled me,  
What land I was to travel in,  
Or what death I should die!  
\LBALLADS Child 173[S.1]  
\N1 There lived a lord into the South,  
An he had daughters three;  
The youngest o them's gaen to the king's court,  
To learn some courtesie.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.2]  
\N1 She had na been in the king's court  
A twelvemonth an a day,  
When word is thro the kitchen gaen,  
An likewise thro the ha,  
That Mary Moil was gane wi child  
To the highest steward of a'.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.3]  
\N1 She rowd it into a basket  
An f+lang 't into the sea,  
Saying, Sink ye soon, my bonny babe,  
Ye'se neer get mair o me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.4]  
\N1 She rowd it into a basket  
An f+lang 't into the faem,  
Saying, Sink ye soon, my bonny babe,  
I'se gang a maiden hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.5]  
\N1 O whan the news cam to the king  
An angry man was he;  
He has taen the table wi his foot,  
An in f+linders gart it f+lie.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.6]  
\N1 `O woe be to you, ye ill woman,  
An ill death may ye die!  
Gin ye had spared the sweet baby's life,  
It might have been an honour to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.7]  
\N1 `O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Moil,  
O busk, and gang wi me,  
For agen the morn at ten o clock  
A rare sight ye sall see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.8]  
\N1 She wadna put on her gown o black,  
Nor yet wad she o brown,  
But she wad put on her gown o gowd,  
To glance thro Embro town.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.9]  
\N1 O whan she cam to the Netherbow Port  
She gied loud laughters three,  
But whan she cam to the gallows-foot  
The tear blinded her ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.10]  
\N1 Saying, O ye mariners, mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let not my father nor mother to wit  
The death that I maun die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.11]

\N1 `For little did father or mother wit,  
The day they cradled me,  
What foreign lands I should travel in,  
Or what death I should die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[S.12]  
\N1 `Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The night she\'ll hae but three;  
There was Mary Seton, an Mary Beaton,  
An Mary Carmichael, an me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 173[T.1]  
\N1 There was a duke, and he dwelt in York,  
And he had daughters three;  
One of them was an hostler-wife,  
And two were gay ladies.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.2]  
\N1 O word\'s gane to Queen Mary\'s court,  
As fast as it coud gee,  
That Mary Hamilton\'s born a bairn,  
And the baby they coud na see.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.3]  
\N1 Then came the queen and a\' her maids,  
Swift tripping down the stair:  
`Where is the baby, Mary,  
That we heard weep sae sair?'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.4]  
\N1 `O say not so, Queen Mary,  
Nor bear ill tales o me,  
For this is but a sore sickness  
That oft times troubles me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.5]  
\N1 They sought it up, they sought it down,  
They sought it below the bed,  
And there the<y] saw the bonny wee babe,  
Lying wallowing in its bluid.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.6]  
\N1 `Now busk ye, busk ye, Mary Hamilton,  
Busk ye and gang wi me,  
For I maun away to Edinbro town,  
A rich wedding to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.7]  
\N1 Mary wad na put on the black velvet,  
Nor yet wad put on the brown,  
But she\'s put on the red velvet,  
To shine thro Edinbro town.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.8]  
\N1 When she came unto the town,  
And near the Tolbooth stair,  
There stood many a lady gay,  
Weeping for Mary fair.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.9]  
\N1 `O haud yeer tongue<s], ye ladys a\  
And weep na mair for me!  
O haud yeer tongues, ye ladys a\  
For it\'s for my fault I dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.10]  
\N1 `The king he took me on his knee  
And he gae three drinks to me,  
And a\' to put the babie back,  
But it wad na gang back for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.11]

\N1 `O ye mariners, ye mariners a`,  
That sail out-owr the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
What has become o me!  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.12]  
\N1 `Let neither my father nor mother ken,  
Nor my bauld brethren three,  
For muckle wad be the gude red bluid  
That wad be shed for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.13]  
\N1 `Aft hae I laced Queen Mary\'s back,  
Aft hae I kaimed her hair,  
And a\' the reward she\'s gein to me \'s  
The gallows to be my heir.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[T.14]  
\N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Marys,  
The night she\'l hae but three;  
There was Mary Seatoun, and Mary Beatoun,  
An Mary Carmichal, an me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 173[U.1]  
\N1 `My father was the Duke of York,  
My mother a gay ladye,  
And I myself a daintie dame;  
The queen she sent for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.2]  
\N1 `But the queen\'s meat it was sae sweet,  
And her clothing was sae rare,  
It made me long for a young man\'s bed,  
And I rued it evermair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.3]  
\N1 But word is up, and word is down,  
Among the ladyes a`,  
That Marie\'s born a babe sin yestreen,  
That babe it is awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.4]  
\N1 But the queen she gat wit of this,  
She calld for a berry-brown gown,  
And she\'s awa to Marie\'s bower,  
The bower that Marie lay in.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.5]  
\N1 `Open your door, my Marie,' she says,  
`My bonny and fair Marie;  
They say you have born a babe sin yestreen,  
That babe I fain wad see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.6]  
\N1 `It is not sae wi me, madam,  
It is not sae wi me;  
It is but a f+it of my sair sickness,  
That oft times troubles me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.7]  
\N1 `Get up, get up, my Marie,' she says,  
`My bonny and fair Marie,  
And we\'ll away to Edinburgh town,  
And try the verity.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.8]  
\N1 Slowly, slowly, gat she up,  
And slowly pat she on,  
And slowly went she to that milk-steed,  
To ride to Edinburgh town.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.9]

\N1 But when they cam to Edinburgh,  
And in by the Towbooth stair,  
There was mony a virtuous ladye  
Letting the tears fa there.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.10]  
\N1 `Why weep ye sae for me, madams?  
Why weep ye sae for me?  
For sin ye brought me to this town  
This death ye gar me die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.11]  
\N1 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She gae loud laughters three;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot  
The tear blinded her ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.12]  
\N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she\'ll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beatoun,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.13]  
\N1 `My love he was a pottinger,  
Mony drink he gae me,  
And a\' to put back that bonnie babe,  
But alas! it wad na do.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.14]  
\N1 `I pat that bonny babe in a box,  
And set it on the sea;  
O sink ye, swim ye, bonny babe!  
Ye\'s neer get mair o me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.15]  
\N1 `O all ye jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the sae,  
Let neither my father nor mother ken  
The death that I maun die.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[U.16]  
\N1 `But if my father and mother kend  
The death that I maun die,  
O mony wad be the good red guineas  
That wad be gien for me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 173[V.1]  
\N1 `My father was the Duke of York,  
My mother the gay ladie,  
An I myself a maiden bright,  
An the queen desired me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[V.2]  
\N1 But there word gane to the kitchen,  
There\'s word gane to the ha,  
That Mary mild she gangs wi child  
To the uppermost stewart of a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[V.3]  
\N1 Than they sought but, and they sou<ght] ben,  
They sought aneath the bed,  
An there the fand the bonnie lad-bairn,  
Lyin lappin in his blood.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[V.4]  
\N1 `Gae buss ye, Marie Hamilton,  
Gae buss ye, buss ye bra,  
For ye maun away to Edin<brough] town,  
The queen\'s birthday . . \'.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[V.5]

\N1 She wadna put on her black, bla<ck] silk,  
Nor wad she put on the brown,  
But she pat on the glisterin stufs,  
To glister in Edinbrough town.

\SBALLADS Child 173[V.6]

\N1 An whan she cam to the water-gate  
Loud laughters gae she three,  
But whan she cam to the Netherbow Port  
The tear blinded Marie\'s ee

\SBALLADS Child 173[V.7]

\N1 \'Twas up than spak Queen Marie\'s nurse,  
An a sorry woman was she:

`Whae sae clever o f+it and ready o wit  
Has telld sic news o thee!'

\SBALLADS Child 173[V.8]

\N1 `Oft have I Queen Marie\'s head  
Oft have I caimd her hair,  
An a\' the thanks I\'ve gotten for that  
Is the gallows to be my heir!

\SBALLADS Child 173[V.9]

\N1 `Oft have I dressd Queen Marie\'s head,  
An laid her in her bed,  
An a\' the thanks I\'ve gotten for that  
Is the green gallows-tree to tread!

\SBALLADS Child 173[V.10]

\N1 `O spare, O spare, O judge,' she cried,  
`O spair a day for me!'

`There is nae law in our land, ladie,  
To let a murderer be.'

\SBALLADS Child 173[V.11]

\N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she\'ll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Ma<rie] Bea<ton],  
An Marie Carmichael, an me.

\SBALLADS Child 173[V.12]

\N1 `O if my father now but kend  
The death that I\'m to die,  
O muckle, muckle wad be the red gowd  
That he wad gie for me.

\SBALLADS Child 173[V.13]

\N1 `An if my brothers kend the death  
That I am now to die,  
O muckle, muckle wad be the red blood  
That wad be shed for me.'

\LBALLADS Child 173[W.1]

\N1 There lived a man in the North Countree  
And he had doghters three;  
The youngest o them\'s to Edinbrough gaen,  
Ane o the queen\'s Marys to be.

\SBALLADS Child 173[W.2]

\N1 Queen Mary\'s bread it was sae white,  
And her wine it ran sae clear,  
It shewed her the way to the butler\'s bed,  
And I wait she\'s bought dear.

\SBALLADS Child 173[W.3]

\N1 For Mary\'s to the garden gaen,  
To eat o the saven tree,  
And a\' \'s to pit her young son back,  
But back he wad na be.

\SBALLADS Child 173[W.4]

\N1 So Mary\'s to her chamber gaen,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.5]  
 \N1 Queen Mary she came down the stair,  
 And a\' her maids afore her:  
 `Oh, Mary Miles, where is the child  
 That I have heard greet sae sore O?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.6]  
 \N1 `There is no child with me, madam,  
 There is no child with me;  
 It was only a bit of a cholick I took,  
 And I thought I was gawen to dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.7]  
 \N1 So they looked up, and they looked down,  
 And they looked beneath the bed-foot,  
 And there they saw a bonnie boy,  
 Lying weltering in his blood.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.8]  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `Since that you have killed your own dear child,  
 The same death you shall dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.9]  
 \N1 When Mary came afore the court,  
 A loud laugh laughed she;  
 But when she came to the [gallows->f+it  
 The tear blinded her ee.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.10]  
 \N1 `O wha will comb Queen Mary\'s heed?  
 Or wha will brade her hair?  
 And wha will lace her middle sae jimp  
 Whan [I] am nae langer there?  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.11]  
 \N1 `Yestreen the queen [had] four Maries,  
 The night she\'ll hae but three;  
 There was Mary Seaten, and Mary Beaten,  
 And Mary Carmichal, and me.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.12]  
 \N1 `I\'ll not put on my robes of black,  
 Nor yet my robes of brown,  
 But I\'ll put on a shining braw garb,  
 That will shine thro Edinburgh town.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.13]  
 \N1 Oh, whan she came to the Cannongate,  
 The Cannongate sae hee,  
 There mony a lord and belted knight  
 Was grieved for her beautee.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[W.14]  
 \N1 And whan she came to [the] Hee Town,  
 The Hee Town sae hee,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 173[X.1]  
 \N1 There livd a lord in the West Country,  
 And he had daughters three;

The youngest o them\'s to the queen\'s court,  
To learn some courtesy.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.2]  
\N1 She hadna been at the queen\'s court  
A year but and a day  
Till she has fa\'n as big wi child,  
As big as she coud gae.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.3]  
\N1 She\'s gane into the garden  
To pu the sycamore tree,  
And taen the bony bairn in her arms  
And thrown it in the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.4]  
\N1 She rowd it in her apron  
And threw it in the sea:  
'Gae sink or soom, my bony sweet babe,  
Ye\'ll never get mair o me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.5]  
\N1 Then in an came Queen Mary,  
Wi gowd rings on her hair:  
'O Mary mild, where is the child  
That I heard greet sae sair?'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.6]  
\N1 'It wasna a babe, my royal liege,  
Last night that troubled me,  
But it was a f+it o sair sickness,  
And I was lyken to dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.7]  
\N1 'O hold yere tongue, Mary Hamilton,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
For I\'ll send you to Enbro town,  
The verity to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.8]  
\N1 She wadna put on the ribbons o black,  
Nor yet wad she the brown,  
But she wad put on the ribbons o gowd,  
To gae glittering through Enbro town.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.9]  
\N1 As she rade up the Sands o Leith,  
Riding on a white horse,  
O little did she think that day  
To die at Enbro Corss!  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.10]  
\N1 As she rade up the Cannongate,  
She leugh loud laughters three,  
And mony a lord and lady said,  
'Alas for that lady!'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.11]  
\N1 'Ye needna say Oh, ye needna cry Eh,  
Alas for that lady!  
Ye\'ll neer see grace in a graceless face,  
As little ye\'ll see in me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.12]  
\N1 When she came to the Netherbow Port,  
She leugh loud laughters three,  
But ere she came to the gallows-foot  
The tear blinded her eie;  
Saying, Tye a white napkin owr my face,  
For that gibbet I downa see.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.13]

\N1 `O hold yere hand, Lord Justice!  
O hold it a little while!  
I think I see my ain true-love  
Come wandring mony a mile.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.14]  
\N1 `O have ye brought me ony o my gowd?  
Or ony o my weel-won fee?  
Or are ye come to see me hangd,  
Upon this gallows-tree?'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.15]  
\N1 `O I hae brought ye nane o yere gowd,  
Nor nane o yere weel-won fee,  
But I am come to see ye hangd,  
And hangit ye shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.16]  
\N1 `O all ye men and mariners,  
That sail for wealth or fame,  
Let never my father or mother get wit  
But what I\'m coming hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.17]  
\N1 `O all ye men and mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let never my father or mother get wit  
The death that I maun dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[X.18]  
\N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she\'ll hae but three;  
There was Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 173[Y.1]  
\N1 `Yestreen the queen had four Marys,  
The night she\'ll hae but three;  
She had Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.2]  
\N1 `My feather was the Duke of York,  
My mother a gay lady,  
And I mysell a bonnie young may,  
And the king fell in love we me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.3]  
\N1 `The king\'s kisses they were so sweet,  
And his wine it was so strong,  
That I became a mother  
Before f+ifteen years old.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.4]  
\N1 `O tell the truth now, Mary,  
And sett this matter right;  
What hae ye made o the babey  
Was greeting yesternight?'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.5]  
\N1 `O I will tell you, madam the queen,  
I winna tell a lie;  
I put it in a bottomless boat  
And bad it sail the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.6]  
\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie now, Mary,  
Sae loud\'s I hear you lie!  
You wasnae out o the palace,  
So that coud never be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.7]



\N1 `Weel I will tell you, madam,  
Though it should gar me weep;  
I stabbd it we my little pen-knife,  
And bad it take a sleep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.8]  
\N1 When she came up the Netherbow,  
She geed loud laughters three;  
But when she came out o the Parliament Close  
The tear blinded her ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.9]  
\N1 `O little does my feather ken  
The death I am to die,  
Or muckel wad be the red, red gould  
Wad be payed down for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.10]  
\N1 `O little does my mother think  
The death that I am to die,  
Or monie wad be the saut, saut tears  
That she wad shed for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.11]  
\N1 `O never lett my brothers ken  
The death that I am to die,  
For muckel wad be the red, red blood  
That wad be shed for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Y.12]  
\N1 `Aft hae I washd the king\'s bonnie face,  
Kaimd down his yellow hair,  
And this is a\' the reward he\'s geen me,  
The gallows to be my share.'  
\LBALLADS Child 173[Z.1]  
\N1 `Buss ye, bonny Marie Hamilton,  
Buss and gae wi me,  
For ye maun gae to Edinborough,  
A great wedding to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Z.2]  
\N1 `Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now wi me,  
For never, I\'m sure, a wearier bride  
Rode in your cumpany.'  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Z.3]  
\N1 Little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rode on the brown,  
That she was gawn to Edinborough,  
And a\' to be put down.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Z.4]  
\N1 When she came to the Council stairs,  
She ga loud laughters three;  
But or that she came down again  
She was condemmd to dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Z.5]  
\N1 `O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,  
When ye sail oer the faem,  
Let never my father nor mother to wit  
But I\'m just coming hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Z.6]  
\N1 `Let never my father nor mother to wit,  
Nor my bauld brether<en] three,  
Or meckle wad be the red, red gowd  
This day be gien for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 173[Z.7]

\N1 `Let never my father or mother to wit,  
 Nor my bauld brethren three,  
 Or meckle war the red, red blude  
 This day wad fa for me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 173[Aa.1]  
 \N1 Oft hae I kaimd Queen Mary\'s head,  
 An oft hae I curld her hair,  
 An now I hae gotten for my reward  
 A gallows to be heir.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 173[Bb.1]  
 \N1 Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
 But the nicht she\'ll hae but three;  
 There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
 And Mary Carmichell, and me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[Bb.2]  
 \N1 Oh little did my mither think,  
 At nicht when she cradled me,  
 That I wad sleep in a nameless grave  
 And hang on the gallows-tree.  
 Yestreen, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[Bb.3]  
 \N1 They\'ll tie a kerchief round my een,  
 And they\'ll na let me see t\' dee,  
 And they\'ll spread my story thro a\' the land,  
 Till it reaches my ain countrie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 173[Bb.4]  
 \N1 I wish I micht sleep in the auld kirkyard,  
 Beneath the hazel tree,  
 Where aft we played in the long simmer nights,  
 My brithers and sisters and me.  
 \LBALLADS Child 174A.1  
 \N1 WOE worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scottlande!  
 Ffor thou hast eu\ier\r wrought by a sleight;  
 For the worthiest prince \itha\rt euer was borne,  
 You hanged vnder a cloud by night.  
 \SBALLADS Child 174A.2  
 \N1 The Queene of France a letter wrote,  
 And sealed itt w\ii\rth hart and ringe,  
 And bade him come Scottland w\ii\rthin,  
 And shee wold marry him and crowne him \iking\r.  
 \SBALLADS Child 174A.3  
 \N1 To be a k\iing\r, itt is a pleasant thing,  
 To bee a prince vnto a peere;  
 But you haue heard, and sohaue I too,  
 A man may well by gold to deere.  
 \SBALLADS Child 174A.4  
 \N1 There was an Italyan in that place,  
 Was as wel beloued as euer was hee;  
 Lo\ird\r David was his name,  
 Chamberlaine vnto the queene was hee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 174A.5  
 \N1 Ffor if the king had risen forth of his place,  
 He wold haue sitt him downe in the cheare,  
 And tho itt beseemed him not soe well,  
 Altho the king had beene p\ire\rsent there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 174A.6  
 \N1 Some lords in Scottland waxed wonderous wroth,  
 And quarrelld w\ii\rth him for the nonce;  
 I shall you tell how itt beffell,  
 Twelue daggers were in him all att once.

\SBALLADS Child 174A.7

\N1 When this queene see the chamberlaine was slaine,  
For him her cheeks shee did weete,  
And made a vow for a twelue month and a day  
The k\iing\r and shee wold not come in one sheete.

\SBALLADS Child 174A.8

\N1 Then some of the lo\ird\r of Scotland waxed wrothe,  
And made their vow vehementlye,  
'For death of the queenes chamberlaine  
The k\iing\r himselfe he shall dye.'

\SBALLADS Child 174A.9

\N1 They strowed his chamber ou\ier\r w\ii\rth gunpowder,  
And layd greene rushes in his way;  
Ffor the traitors thought \itha\r night  
The worthy king for to betray.

\SBALLADS Child 174A.10

\N1 To bedd the worthy k\iing\r made him bowne,  
To take his rest, \itha\r was his desire;  
He was no sooner cast on sleepe,  
But his chamber was on a blasing fyer.

\SBALLADS Child 174A.11

\N1 Vp he lope, and a glasse window broke,  
He had thirty foote for to f+fall;  
Lo\ird\r Bodwell kept a priuy wach  
Vnderneath his castle-wall:  
'Who haue wee heere?' sayd Lo\ird\r Bodwell;  
'Answer me, now I doe call.'

\SBALLADS Child 174A.12

\N1 `K\iing\r Henery the Eighth my vnckle was;  
Some pittie show for his sweet sake!  
Ah, Lo\ird\r Bodwell, I know thee well;  
Some pittie on me I pray thee take!'

\SBALLADS Child 174A.13

\N1 `I\le pittie thee as much,' he sayd,  
'And as much favor I\le show to thee  
As thou had on the queene\'s chamberlaine  
\iTha\r day thou deemedst him to dye.'

\SBALLADS Child 174A.14

\N1 Through halls and towers this k\iing\r they ledd,  
Through castles and towers \itha\r were hye,  
Through an arbor into an orchard,  
And there hanged him in a peare tree.

\SBALLADS Child 174A.15

\N1 When the gou\ier\rnor of Scotland he heard tell  
\iTha\r the worthy king he was slaine,  
He hath banished the queene soe bitterlye  
\iTha\r in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

\SBALLADS Child 174A.16

\N1 But shee is f+f+led into merry England,  
And Scotland to a side hath laine,  
And through the Queene of Englands good grace  
Now in England shee doth remaine.

\LBALLADS Child 175A.1

\N1 LISTEN liuely lordings all,  
And all \itha\r beene this place within:  
If you\le giue eare vnto my songe,  
I will tell you how this geere did begin.

\SBALLADS Child 175A.2

\N1 It was the good Erle Of Westmorlande,  
A noble erle was calle+:d hee,

And he wrought treason against the crowne;  
 Alas, itt was the more pittye!  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.3  
 \N1 And soe itt was the Erle of Northumberland,  
 Another good noble erle was hee;  
 They tooke both vpon one p\iar\rt,  
 Against the crowne they wolden bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.4  
 \N1 Earle Percy is into his garden gone,  
 And after walkes his awne ladye:  
 `I heare a bird sing in my eare  
 \iTha\rt I must either f+f+ight or f+f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.5  
 \N1 `God f+forbidd,' shee sayd, 'good my lord,  
 \iTha\rt euer soe \itha\rt it shalbee!  
 But goe to London to the court,  
 And faire f+fall truth and honestye!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.6  
 \N1 `But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
 \iTha\rt eu\ier\r it shold soe bee;  
 My treason is knowen well enoughe;  
 Att the court I must not bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.7  
 \N1 `But goe to the court yet, good my lo\ird\r,  
 Take men enowe w\ii\rth thee;  
 If any man will doe you wronge,  
 Yo\iu\rr warrant they may bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.8  
 \N1 `But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
 For soe itt must not bee;  
 If I goe to the court, ladye,  
 Death will strike me, and I must dye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.9  
 \N1 `But goe to the court yett, [good] my lord,  
 I my-selfe will ryde w\ii\rth thee;  
 If any man will doe you wronge,  
 Yo\iu\rr borrow I shalbee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.10  
 \N1 `But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
 For soe it must not bee;  
 For if I goe to the court, ladye,  
 Thou must me neuer see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.11  
 \N1 `But come hither, thoulittle foot-page,  
 Come thou hither vnto mee,  
 For thou shalt goe a message to M\iaster\r Norton,  
 In all the hast \itha\rt euer may bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.12  
 \N1 Comend me to \itha\rt gentleman;  
 Bring him here this letter from mee,  
 And say, I pray him earnestlye  
 \iTha\rt hee will ryde in my companye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.13  
 \N1 But one while the foote-page went,  
 Another while he rann;  
 Vntill he came to M\iaster\r Norton,  
 The f+foot-page, neuer blanne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.14  
 \N1 And when he came to M\iaster\r Nortton,  
 He kneeled on his knee,

And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,  
 And lett the gentleman it see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.15  
 \N1 And when the letter itt was reade,  
 Affore all his companye,  
 I-wis, if you wold know the truth,  
 There was many a weeping eye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.16  
 \N1 He said, Come hither, Kester Nortton,  
 A f+f+ine f+fellow thou seemes to bee;  
 Some good councell, Kester Nortton,  
 This day doe thou giue to mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.17  
 \N1 `Marry, I\'le giue you councell, f+father,  
 If you\'le take councell att me,  
 \iTha\rt if you haue spoken the word, father,  
 \iTha\rt backe againe you doe not f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.18  
 \N1 `God a mercy! Christopher Nortton,  
 I say, God a mercye!  
 If I doe liue and scape w\ii\rth liffe,  
 Well advanced shalt thou bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.19  
 \N1 `But come you hither, my nine good sonnes,  
 In mens estate I thinke you bee;  
 How many of you, my children deare,  
 On my p\iar\rt \itha\rt wilbe?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.20  
 \N1 But eight of them did answer soone,  
 And spake f+full hastilye;  
 Sayes, We wilbe on yo\iu\rr p\iar\rt, f+father,  
 Till the day \itha\rt we doe dye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.21  
 \N1 `But God a mercy! my children deare,  
 And eu\ier\r I say God a mercy!  
 And yett my blessing you shall haue,  
 Whether-soeuer I liue or dye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.22  
 \N1 `But what sayst thou, thou Ffrancis Nortton,  
 Mine eldest sonne and mine heyre trulye?  
 Some good councell, Ffrancis Nortton,  
 This day thou giue to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.23  
 \N1 `But I will giue you councell, f+father,  
 If you will take councell att mee;  
 For if you wold take my councell, father,  
 Against the crowne you shold not bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.24  
 \N1 `But f+fye vpon thee, Ffrancis Nortton!  
 I say f+fye vpon thee!  
 When thou was younge and tender af age  
 I made f+full much of thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.25  
 \N1 `But yo\iu\rr head is white, f+father,' he sayes,  
 `And yo\iu\rr beard is wonderous gray;  
 Itt were shame f+for yo\iu\rr countrye  
 If you shold rise and f+f+lee away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.26  
 \N1 `But f+fye vpon thee, thou coward Ffrancis!  
 Thou neu\ier\r tookest \itha\rt of mee!

When thou was younge and tender of age  
 I made too much of thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.27  
 \N1 `But I will goe w\ii\rth you, father,' q\iuo\rth hee;  
 `Like a naked man will I bee;  
 He \itha\rt strikes the f+irst stroake against the crowne,  
 An ill death may hee dye!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.28  
 \N1 But then rose vpp M\iaster\r Nortton, \itha\rt esq\iuier\r,  
 W\ii\rth him a f+full great companye;  
 And then the erles they comen downe  
 To ryde in his companye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.29  
 \N1 Att Whethersbye the mustered their men,  
 Vpon a f+full fayre day;  
 Thirteen thousand there were seene  
 To stand in battel ray.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.30  
 \N1 The Erle of Westmoreland, he had in his ancyent  
 The dunn bull in sight most hye,  
 And three doggs w\ii\rth golden collers  
 Were sett out royallye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.31  
 \N1 The Erle of Northumberland, he had in his ancyent  
 The halfe moone in sight soe hye,  
 As the Lo\ird\r was crucifyed on the crosse,  
 And set forth pleasantlye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.32  
 \N1 And after them did rise good S\ii\rr George Bowes,  
 After them a spoyle to make;  
 The erles returned backe againe,  
 Thought eu\ier\r \itha\rt k\inigh\rt to take.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.33  
 \N1 This barron did take a castle then,  
 Was made of lime and stone;  
 The vttermost walls were ese to be woon;  
 The erles haue woon them anon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.34  
 \N1 But tho they woone the vttermost walls,  
 Quickly and anon,  
 The innermost walles the cold not winn;  
 The were made of a rocke of stone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.35  
 \N1 But newes itt came to leeu London,  
 In all the speede \itha\rt eu\ier\r might bee;  
 And word it came to our royall queene  
 Of all the rebells in the north countrye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.36  
 \N1 Shee turned her grace then once about,  
 And like a royall queene shee sware;  
 Sayes, I will ordaine them such a breake-fast  
 As was not in the north this thousand yeere!  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.37  
 \N1 Shee caused thirty thousand men to be made,  
 W\ii\rth horsse and harneis all quicklye;  
 And shee caused thirty thousand men to be made,  
 To take the rebells in the north countrye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 175A.38  
 \N1 They tooke w\ii\rth them the false Erle of Warwicke,  
 Soe did they many another man;

Vntill they came to Yorke castle,  
I-wis they neu\ier\r stinted nor blan.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 175A.39

\N1 . . . .

. . . .

`Spread thy ancyent, Erle of Westmoreland!  
The halfe-moone f+faine wold wee see!'

\SBALLADS Child 175A.40

\N1 But the halfe-moone is f+led and gone,  
And the dun bull vanished awaye;  
And Ffrancis Nortton and his eight sonnes  
Are f+f+led away most cowardlye.

\SBALLADS Child 175A.41

\N1 Ladds w\ii\rth mony are counted men,  
Men w\ii\rthout mony are counted none;  
But hold yo\iu\r tounge! why say you soe?  
Men wilbe men when mony is gone.

\LBALLADS Child 176A.1

\N1 NOW list and lithe, you gentlemen,  
And I\'st tell you the veretye,  
How they haue dealt w\ii\rth a banished man,  
Driuen out of his countrye.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.2

\N1 When as hee came on Scottish ground,  
As woe and wonder be them amonge!

Ffull much was there traitorye  
The wrought the Erle of Northumberland.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.3

\N1 When they were att the supp\ier\r sett,  
Beffore many goodly gentlemen,  
The f+fell a f+f+louting and mocking both,  
And said to the Erle of Northumberland:

\SBALLADS Child 176A.4

\N1 `What makes you be soe sad, my lord,  
And in yo\iu\r mind soe sorrowffullye?  
In the north of Scottland to-morrow there\'s a shooting,  
And thither thou\'st goe, my Lo\ird\r Percye.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.5

\N1 `The buttes are sett, and the shooting is made,  
And there is like to be great royaltye,  
And I am sworne into my bill  
Thither to bring my Lord Pearcy.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.6

\N1 `I\'le giue thee my hand, Douglas,' he sayes,  
'And be the faith in my bodye,  
If \itha\rt thou wilt ryde to the worlds end,  
I\'le ryde in thy companye.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.7

\N1 And then bespake the good ladye,  
Marry a Douglas was her name:  
'You shall byde here, good English lo\ird\r;  
My brother is a traiterous man.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.8

\N1 `He is a traitor stout and stronge,  
As I\'st tell you the veretye;  
For he hath tane liuerance of the Erle,  
And into England he will liuor thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.9

\N1 `Now hold thy tounge, thou goodlye ladye,

And let all this talking bee;  
 Ffor all the gold \itha\rt\'s in Loug Leuen,  
 William wold not liuor mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.10  
 \N1 `It wold breake truce betweene England and Scotland,  
 And freinds againe they wold neu\ier\r bee,  
 If he shold liuor a bani<s>ht erle,  
 Was driuen out of his owne countrye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.11  
 \N1 `Hold yo\iu\rr tounge, my lo\ird\r,' shee sayes,  
 `There is much f+falsehood them amonge;  
 When you are dead, then they are done,  
 Soone they will part them freinds againe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.12  
 \N1 `If you will giue me any trust, my lord,  
 I\le tell you how you best may bee;  
 You\'st lett my brother ryde his wayes,  
 And tell those English lords, trulye,  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.13  
 \N1 `How \itha\rt you cannot w\ii\rth them ryde,  
 Because you are in an ile of the sea;  
 Then, ere my brother come againe,  
 To Edenborrow castle I\le carry thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.14  
 \N1 `I\le liuor you vnto the Lo\ird\r Hume,  
 And you know a trew Scothe lo\ird\r is hee,  
 For he hath lost both land and goods  
 In ayding of yo\iu\rr good bodye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.15  
 \N1 `Marry, I am woe, woman,' he sayes,  
 `iTha\rt any freind fares worse for mee;  
 For where one saith it is a true tale,  
 Then two will say it is a lye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.16  
 \N1 `When I was att home in my [realme],  
 Amonge my tennants all trulye,  
 In my time of losse, wherin my need stooode,  
 They came to ayd me honestlye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.17  
 \N1 `Therefore I left a many a child f+fatherlese,  
 And many a widdow to looke wanne;  
 And therefore blame nothing, ladye,  
 But the woefull warres w\ihi\rch I began.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.18  
 \N1 `If you will giue me noe trust, my lo\ird\r,  
 Nor noe credence you will giue mee,  
 And you\le come hither to my right hand,  
 Indeed, my loid, I\le lett you see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.19  
 \N1 Saies, I neuer loued noe witchcraft,  
 Nor neu\ier\r dealt w\ii\rth treacherye,  
 But euermore held the hye way;  
 Alas, \itha\rt may be seene by mee!  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.20  
 \N1 `If you will not come yo\iu\rr selfe, my lo\ird\r,  
 You\le lett yo\iu\rr chamberlaine goe w\ii\rth mee,  
 Three words \itha\rt I may to him speake,  
 And soone he shall come againe to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.21  
 \N1 When Iames Swynard came \itha\rt lady before,



Shee let him see thorrow the weme of her ring  
 How many there was of English lords  
 To wayte there for his m\iaster\r and him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.22  
 \N1 `But who beene yonder, my good ladye,  
 \iTha\rt walkes soe royallye on yonder greene?'  
 `Yonder is Lo\ird\r Hunsden, Iamy,' shee saye<d],  
 `Alas, hee\le doe you both tree and teene!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.23  
 \N1 `And who beene yonder, thou gay ladye,  
 \iTha\rt walkes soe royallye him beside?'  
 `Yond is S\ii\r W\iillia\rm Drurye, Iamy,' shee sayd,  
 `And a keene capt\iain\r hee is, and tryde.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.24  
 \N1 `How many miles is itt, thou good ladye,  
 Betwixt yond English lord and mee?'  
 `Marry, thrise f+fifty mile, Iamy,' shee sayd,  
 `And euen to seale and by the sea.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.25  
 \N1 `I neu\ier\r was on English ground,  
 Nor neu\ier\r see itt w\ii\rth mine eye,  
 But as my witt and wisdomes serues,  
 And as [the] booke it telleth mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.26  
 \N1 `My mother, shee was a witch woman,  
 And p\iar\rt of itt shee learned mee;  
 Shee wold let me see out of Lough Leuen  
 What they dyd in London cytye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.27  
 \N1 `But who is yonde, thou good ladye,  
 \iTha\rt comes yonder w\ii\rth an osterne f+face?'  
 `Yond\'s S\ii\r Iohn Forster, Ia\im\r ye,' shee sayd;  
 `Methinkes thou sholdest better know him then I.'  
 `Euen soe I doe, my goodlye ladye,  
 And eu\ier\r alas, soe woe am I!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.28  
 \N1 He pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,  
 And, Lord, he wept soe tenderlye!  
 He is gone to his m\iaster\r againe,  
 And euen to tell him the veretye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.29  
 \N1 `Now hast thou beene w\ii\rth Marry, Iamy,' he sayd,  
 `Euen as thy tounge will tell to mee;  
 But if thou trust in any womans words,  
 Thou must refraine good companye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.30  
 \N1 `It is noe words, my lord,' he sayes;  
 `Yonder the men shee letts me see,  
 How many English lords there is  
 Is wayting there for you and mee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.31  
 \N1 `Yonder I see the Lo\ird\r Hunsden,  
 And hee and you is of the third degree;  
 A greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,  
 In England none haue yee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 176A.32  
 \N1 `And I haue beene in Lough Leuen  
 The most p\iar\rt of these yeeres three:  
 Yett had I neuer noe out-rake,  
 Nor good games \itha\rt I cold see.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.33

\N1 `And I am thus bidden to yonder shooting  
By William Douglas all trulye;  
Therefore speake neu\ier\r a word out of thy mouth  
That thou thinkes will hinder mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.34

\N1 Then he writhe the gold ring of his f+f+ingar  
And gaue itt to \itha\rt ladye gay;  
Sayes, \iTha\rt was a legacye left vnto mee  
In Harley woods where I cold bee.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.35

\N1 `Then f+farewell hart, and farewell hand,  
And f+farwell all good companye!  
\iTha\rt woman shall neuer beare a sonne  
Shall know soe much of yo\iu\rr priuitye.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.36

\N1 `Now hold thy tounge, ladye,' hee sayde,  
`And make not all this dole for mee,  
For I may well drinke, but I\'st neu\ier\r eate,  
Till againe in Lough Leuen I bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.37

\N1 He tooke his boate att the Lough Leuen,  
For to sayle now ou\ier\r the sea,  
And he hath cast vpp a siluer wand,  
Saies, Fare thou well, my good ladye!  
The ladye looked ouer her left sholder;  
In a dead swoone there fell shee.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.38

\N1 `Goe backe againe, Douglas!' he sayd,  
`And I will goe in thy companye,  
For sudden sicknesse yonder lady has tane,  
And euer, alas, shee will but dye!

\SBALLADS Child 176A.39

\N1 `If ought come to yonder ladye but good,  
Then blamed sore \itha\rt I shall bee,  
Because a banished man I am,  
And driuen out of my owne countrye.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.40

\N1 `Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,  
`And lett all such talking bee;  
There\'s ladyes enow in Lough Leuen  
And for to cheere yonder gay ladye.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.41

\N1 `And you will not goe yo\iu\rr selfe, my lord,  
You will lett my chamberlaine go w\ii\rth mee;  
Wee shall now take our boate againe,  
And soone wee shall ouertake thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.42

\N1 `Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,  
`And lett now all this talking bee;  
Ffor my sister is craftye enough  
For to beguile thousands such as you and mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.43

\N1 When they had sayled f+fifty myle,  
Now f+fifty mile vpon the sea,  
Hee had f+forgotten a message \itha\rt hee  
Shold doe in Lough Leuen trulye:  
Hee asked, how f+farr it was to \itha\rt shooting  
\iTha\rt W\iillia\rm Douglas p\iro\rmised mee.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.44

\N1 `Now faire words makes fooles faine,  
And \itha\rt may be seene by thy m\iaster\r and thee;  
Ffor you may happen think itt soone enoughe  
When-eu\ier\r you \itha\rt shooting see.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.45

\N1 Iamyè pulled his hatt now ou\ier\r his browe,  
I wott the teares fell in his eye;  
And he is to his m\iaster\r againe,  
And f+for to tell him the veretye.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.46

\N1 `He sayes fayre words makes fooles faine,  
And \itha\rt may be seene by you and mee,  
Ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone enoughe  
When-eu\ier\r wee \itha\rt shooting see.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.47

\N1 `Hold vpp thy head, Iamyè,' the erle sayd,  
`And neu\ier\r lett thy hart fayle thee;  
He did itt but to proue thee w\ii\rth\ih\r,  
And see how thow wold take w\ii\rth death trulye.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.48

\N1 When they had sayled other f+ifty mile,  
Other f+ifty mile vpon the sea,  
Lo\ird\r Peercy called to him, himselfe,  
And sayd, Douglas, what wilt thou doe w\ii\rth mee?

\SBALLADS Child 176A.49

\N1 `Looke \itha\rt yo\iu\r brydle be wight, my lord,  
\iTha\rt you may goe as a shipp att sea;  
Looke \itha\rt yo\iu\r spurres be bright and sharpe,  
\iTha\rt you may pricke her while shee\le awaye.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.50

\N1 `What needeth this, Douglas,' he sayth,  
`\iTha\rt thou needest to f+f+loute mee?  
For I was counted a horsseman good  
Before \itha\rt eu\ier\r I mett w\ii\rth thee.

\SBALLADS Child 176A.51

\N1 `A f+false Hector hath my horsse,  
And eu\ier\r an euill death may hee dye!  
And Willye Armestronge hath my spurres  
And all the geere belongs to mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 176A.52

\N1 When the had sayled other f+ifty mile,  
Other f+ifty mile vpon the sea,  
The landed low by Barwicke-side;  
A deputed lord landed Lo\ird\r Percye.

\LBALLADS Child 177A.1

\N1 `HOW long shall fortune faile me now,  
And keepe me heare in deadlye dreade?  
How long shall I in bale abide,  
In misery my life to leade?

\SBALLADS Child 177A.2

\N1 `To f+fall from my rose, it was my chance;  
Such was the Queene of England free;  
I tooke a lake, and turned my backe,  
On Bramaball More shee caused my f+lye.

\SBALLADS Child 177A.3

\N1 `One gentle Armstrong \itha\rt I doe ken,  
Alas, w\ii\rth thee I dare not mocke!  
Thou dwellest soe far on the west border,  
Thy name is called the Lo\ird\r Iocke.'

\SBALLADS Child 177A.4

\N1 Now hath Armstrong taken noble Nevill,  
And as one Martinf+ield did P\iro\rfecye;  
He hath taken the Lo\ird\r Dakers,  
A lords sonne of great degree.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.5

\N1 He hath taken old M\iaster\r Nortton,  
And sonnes four in his companye;  
Hee hath taken another gentleman,  
Called Iohn of Carnabie.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.6

\N1 Then bespake him Charles Nevill;  
To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
Sayes, I must into Scotland fare;  
Soe nie the borders is noe biding for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.7

\N1 When he came to Humes Castle,  
And all his noble companye;  
The Lo\ird\r Hume halched them right soone,  
Saying, Banished men, welcome to mee!  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.8

\N1 They had not beene in Humes Castle  
Not a month and dayes three,  
But the regent of Scotland and he got witt  
\iTha\rt banished men there shold be.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.9

\N1 `I\le write a letter,' sayd the regent then,  
'And send to Humes Castle hastilye,  
To see whether Lo\ird\r Hume wilbe soe good  
To bring the banished men vnto mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.10

\N1 ``\iTha\rt lord and I haue beene att deadlye fuyde,  
And hee and I cold neu\ier\r agree;  
Writting a letter, \itha\rt will not serue;  
The banished men must not speake w\ii\rth me.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.11

\N1 `But I will send for the garrison of Barwicke,  
\iTha\rt they will come all w\ii\rth speede,  
And w\ii\rth them will come a noble captaine,  
W\ihi\rc\ih\r is called Capt\iain\r Reade.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.12

\N1 Then the Lo\ird\r Hume he got witt  
They wold seeke vnto Nevill, where he did lye;  
He tooke them out of the castle of Hume,  
And brought them into the castle of Camelye.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.13

\N1 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
To all his men, I wott, spoke hee,  
Sayes, I must goe take a noble shippe,  
And wee\le be marriners vpon the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.14

\N1 I\le seeke out fortune where it doth lye;  
In Scotland there is noe byding for mee;  
Then the tooke leaue w\ii\rth fayre Scotland,  
For they are sealing vpon the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.15

\N1 They had not sayled vpon the sea  
Not one day and monthes three,  
But they were ware of a Noble shippe,  
\iTha\rt f+iue topps bare all soe hye.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.16

\N1 Then Nevill called to Martinfeeld,  
Sayd, Martinffeeld, come hither to mee;  
Some good counsell, Martinfeeld,  
I pray thee giue it vnto mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.17

\N1 Thou told me when I was in England fayre,  
Before \itha\rt I did take the sea,  
Thou neu\ier\r sawst noe banner borne  
But thou wold ken it w\ii\rth thine eye.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.18

\N1 Thou neu\ier\r saw noe man in the face,  
Iff thou had seene before w\ii\rth thine eye,  
[But] thou coldest haue kend the freind by thy foe,  
And then haue told it vnto mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.19

\N1 Thou neu\ier\r heard noe speche spoken,  
Neither in Greeke nor Hebrewes,  
[But] thou coldest haue answered them in any language,  
And then haue told it vnto mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.20

\N1 `M\iaster\r, m\iaster\r, see you yonder faire ancyent?  
Yonder is the serpent and the serpents head,  
The mould-warpe in the midst of itt,  
And itt all shines w\ii\rth gold soe redde.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.21

\N1 `Yonder is Duke Iohn of Austria,  
A noble warryour on the sea,  
Whose dwelling is in Ciuill land,  
And many men, God wot, hath hee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.22

\N1 Then bespake him Martinfeelde,  
To all his fellowes, I wot, said hee,  
Turne our noble shipp about,  
And \itha\rt\'s a token \itha\rt wee will f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.23

\N1 `Thy counsell is not good, Martinfeeld;  
Itt falleth not out f+itting for mee;  
I rue the last time I turnd my backe;  
I did displease my prince and the countrye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.24

\N1 Then bespake him noble Nevill,  
To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
Sett me vp my faire Dun Bull,  
W\ii\rth gilden hornes heebeares all soe hye.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.25

\N1 And I will passe yonder noble Duke,  
By the leaue of mild Marye;  
For Yonder is the Duke of Austria,  
\iTha\rt trauels now vpon the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.26

\N1 And then bespake this noble Duke,  
Vnto his men then sayd hee,  
Yonder is sure some nobleman,  
Or else some youth \itha\rt will not f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.27

\N1 I will put out a pinace fayre,  
A harold of armes vpon the sea,  
And goe thy way to yonder noble shippe,  
And bring the m\iaste\r's name to mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.28

\N1 When the herald of armes came before noble Nevill,  
He fell downe low vpon his knee:  
`You must tell me true what is yo\iu\rr name,  
And in what countrye yo\iu\rr dwelling may bee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.29  
\N1 `iTha\rt will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
`By Mary mild, \itha\rt mayden f+free,  
Except I f+irst know the m\iaste\rrs name,  
And in what country his dwelling may bee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.30  
\N1 Then bespake the herald of armes,  
O \itha\rt he spoke soe curteouslye!  
Duke Iohn of Austria is my m\iaste\rrs name,  
He will neu\ier\r lene it vpon the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.31  
\N1 He hath beene in the citye of Rome,  
His dwelling is in Ciuillee:  
`Then wee are poore Brittons,' the Nevill can say,  
`Where wee trauell vpon the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.32  
\N1 `And Charles Nevill itt is my name,  
I will neu\ier\r lene it vpon the sea;  
When I was att home in England faire,  
I was the Erle of Westmoreland,' sayd hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.33  
\N1 Then backe is gone this herald of armes  
Whereas this noble duke did lye;  
`Loe, yonder are poore Brittons,' can he say,  
`Where the trauell vpon the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.34  
\N1 `And Charles Nevill is thier m\iaste\rrs name,  
He will neuer lene it vpon the sea;  
When he was at home in England fayre,  
He was the Erle of Westmoreland, said hee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.35  
\N1 Then bespake this noble duke,  
And euer he spake soe hastilye,  
And said, Goe backe to yonder noble-man,  
And bid him come and speake w\ii\rth me.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.36  
\N1 For I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
There shold a Brittainne come ou\ier\r the sea,  
Charles Nevill w\ii\rth a childs voice:  
I pray God \itha\rt it maybe hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.37  
\N1 When these two nobles they didden meete,  
They halched eche other right curteouslye;  
Yett Nevill halched Iohn the sooner  
Because a banished man, alas! was hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.38  
\N1 `Call in yo\iu\rr men,' sayd this noble duke,  
`Faine yo\iu\rr men \itha\rt I wold see;'  
`Euer alas!' said noble Nevill,  
`They are but a litle small companye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.39  
\N1 First he called in Martinf+ield,  
\iTha\rt Martinf+ield \itha\rt cold p\iro\rphecye;  
He call<ed] in then Lo\ird\r Dakers,  
A lords sonne of high degree.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.40

\N1 Then called he in old M\iaster\r Nortton,  
 And sonnes four in his companye;  
 He called in one other gentleman,  
 Called Iohn of Carnabye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.41  
 \N1 `Loe! these be all my men,' said noble Nevill,  
 `And all \itha\rt\'s in my companye;  
 When we were att home in England fayre,  
 Our prince and wee cold not agree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.42  
 \N1 Then bespake this noble duke:  
 To try yo\iu\rr manhood on the sea,  
 Old M\iaster\r Nortton shall goe ou\ier\r into France,  
 And his sonnes four in his companye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.43  
 And my lo\ird\r Dakers shall goe over into Ffrance,  
 There a captaine f+for to bee;  
 And those two other gentlemen wold goe w\ii\rth him,  
 And for to fare in his companye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.44  
 \N1 And you yo\iu\rr-selfe shall goe into Ciuill land,  
 And Marttinffield \itha\rt can p\iro\rphecye;  
 `iTha\rt will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
 `By Mary mild, \itha\rt mayden free.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.45  
 \N1 `For the haue knowen me in wele and woe,  
 In neede, scar<s>nesse and pouertye;  
 Before I\'le p\iar\rt w\ii\rth the worst of them,  
 I\'le rather p\iar\rt w\ii\rth my liffe,' sayd hee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.46  
 \N1 And then bespake this noble duke,  
 And euer he spake soe curteouslye;  
 Sayes, You shall p\iar\rt w\ii\rth none of them,  
 There is soe much manhood in y\iou\rr bodye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.47  
 \N1 Then these two noble men labored together,  
 Pleasantlye vpon the sea;  
 Their landing was in Ciuill land,  
 In Ciuilee that f+faire citye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.48  
 \N1 Three nights att this dukes Nevill did lye,  
 And serued like a nobleman was hee;  
 Then the duke made a supplication,  
 And sent it to the queene of Ciuilee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.49  
 \N1 Saying, Such a man is yo\iu\rr citye w\ii\rthin,  
 I mett him pleasantlye vpon the sea;  
 He seemes to be a noble man,  
 And captaine to yo\iu\rr Grace he faine wold bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.50  
 \N1 Then the queene sent for [these] noble men  
 For to come into her companye;  
 When Nevill came before the queene,  
 Hee kneeled downe vpon his knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.51  
 \N1 Shee tooke him vp by the lilly-white hand,  
 Said, Welcome, my lo\ir\rd, hither to me;  
 You must f+irst tell me yo\iu\rr name,  
 And in what cuntrye thy dwelling may bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.52

\N1 He said, Charles Nevill is my name;  
 I will neu\ier\r lene it in noe countrye;  
 When I was att home in England fayre,  
 I was the Erle of Westmoreland trulye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.53  
 \N1 The queene made him captaine ou\ier\r forty thousand,  
 Watch and ward w\ii\rthin Ciuill land to keepe,  
 And for to warr against the heathen soldan,  
 And for to helpe her in her neede.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.54  
 \N1 When the heathen soldan he gott witt,  
 In Barbarye where he did lye,  
 Sainge, Such a man is in yonder citye w\ii\rthin,  
 And a bold venturer by sea is hee,  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.55  
 \N1 Then the heathen soldan made a letter,  
 And sent it to the queene instantlye,  
 And all that heard this letter reade  
 Where it was rehersed in Ciuillee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.56  
 \N1 Saying, Haue you any man yo\iu\r land w\ii\rthin  
 Man to man dare f+ight w\ii\rth mee?  
 And both our lands shalbe ioyned in one,  
 And cristened lands they both shalbe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.57  
 \N1 Shee said, I haue noe man my land w\ii\rthin  
 Man to man dare f+ight w\ii\rth thee;  
 But euery day thou shalt haue a battell,  
 If it be for these weekes three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.58  
 \N1 All beheard him Charles Nevill,  
 In his bedd where he did lye,  
 And when he came the queene before,  
 He fell downe low vpon his knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.59  
 \N1 `Grant me a boone, my noble dame,  
 For Chrissts loue \itha\rt dyed on tree;  
 Ffor I will goe f+ight w\ii\rth yond heathen soldan,  
 If you will bestowe the manhood on mee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.60  
 \N1 Then bespake this curteous queene,  
 And eu\ier\r shee spoke soe curteouslye:  
 Though you be a banished man out of yo\iu\r realme,  
 It is great pitye \itha\rt thou shold dye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.61  
 \N1 Then bespake this noble duke,  
 As hee stood hard by the queenes knee:  
 As I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
 There shall a Brittone come ou\ier\r the sea,  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.62  
 \N1 And Charles Nevill shold be his name;  
 But a childs voyce, I wott, hath hee,  
 And if he be in Christendome;  
 For hart and hand this man hath hee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.63  
 \N1 Then the queenes councill cast their heads together,  
 . . . .  
 \iTha\rt Nevill shold f+ight w\ii\rth the heathen soldan  
 \iTha\rt dwelt in the citye of Barbarye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 177A.64



\N1 The battell and place appointed was  
In a fayre greene, hard by the sea,  
And they shood meete att the Headless Crosse,  
And there to f+ight right manfullye.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.65  
\N1 Then Nevill cald for the queenes ancient,  
And faine \itha\rt ancient he wold see;  
The brought him forth the broken sword,  
W\ii\rth bloodye hands therein trulye.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.66  
\N1 The brought him forth the headless crosse,  
In \itha\rt ancyent it was seene;  
'O this is a token,' sayd Martinfeeld,  
\iTha\rt sore ouerthrown this prince hath beene.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.67  
\N1 'O sett me vp my fayre Dun Bull,  
And trumpetts blow me farr and nee,  
Vntill I come w\ii\rthin a mile of the Headlesse Crosse,  
\iTha\rt the Headlesse Crosse I may see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.68  
\N1 Then lighted downe noble Nevill,  
And sayd, Marttinfeeld, come hither to me;  
Heere I make thee choice cap\itain\r over my host  
Vntill againe I may thee see.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.69  
\N1 Then Nevill rode to the Headlesse Crosse,  
W\ihi\rch stands soe fayre vpon the sea;  
There was he ware of the heathen soldan,  
Both fowle and vglye for to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.70  
\N1 Then the soldan began for to call;  
Twise he called lowd and hye,  
And sayd, What is this? Some kitchin boy  
\iTha\rt comes hither to f+ight w\ii\rth mee?  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.71  
\N1 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
But a childs voice, I wott, had hee:  
'Thou spekest soe litle of Gods might,  
Much more lesse I doe care for thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.72  
\N1 Att the f+irst meeting \itha\rt these two mett,  
The heathen soldan and the christen man,  
The broke their speares quite in sunder,  
And after \itha\rt on foote did stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.73  
\N1 The next meeting \itha\rt these two mett,  
The swapt together w\ii\rth swords soe f+ine;  
The fought together till they both swett,  
Of blowes \itha\rt were both derf and dire.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.74  
\N1 They fought an houre in battell strong;  
The soldan marke[d] Nevill w\ii\rth his eye;  
'There shall neuer man me ouercome  
Except it be Charles Nevill,' sayd hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.75  
\N1 Then Nevill he waxed bold,  
And cunning in f+ight, I wott, was hee;  
Euen att the gorgett of the soldans iacke  
He stroke his head of p\ire\rsentlye.  
\SBALLADS Child 177A.76

\N1 Then kneeled downe noble Nevill,  
And thanked God for his great grace,  
\iTha\rt he shold come soe farr into a strang<e] land,  
To ouercome the soldan in place.

\SBALLADS Child 177A.77

\N1 Hee tooke the head vpon his sword-poynt,  
And carryed it amongst his host soe fayre;  
When the saw the soldans head,  
They thanked God on their knees there.

\SBALLADS Child 177A.78

\N1 Seuen miles from the citye the queene him mett,  
W\ii\rth p\iro\rcession \itha\rt was soe fayre;  
Shee tooke the crowne beside her heade,  
And wold haue crowned him k\iing\r there.

\SBALLADS Child 177A.79

\N1 `Now nay! Now nay! my noble dame,  
For soe, I wott, itt cannott bee;  
I haue a ladye in England fayre,  
And wedded againe I wold not bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 177A.80

\N1 The queene shee called for her penman,  
I wot shee called him lowd and hye,  
Saying, Write him downe a hundred pound a day,  
To keepe his men more merrylye.

\SBALLADS Child 177A.81

\N1 `I thanke yo\iu\rr Grace,' sayd noble Nevill,  
`For this worthy gift you haue giuen to me;  
If euer yo\iu\rr Grace doe stand in neede,  
Champion to yo\iu\rr Highnesse again I\'le bee.'

\LBALLADS Child 178A.1

\N1 IT befell at Martynmas,  
When wether waxed colde,  
Captaine Care said to his me\in\r,  
We must go take a holde.

\N1 Syck, sike, and to-towe sike,  
And sike and like to die;  
The sikkest nighte that eu\ier\r I abode,  
God lord haue m\ier\rcy on me!

\SBALLADS Child 178A.2

\N1 `Haille, m\iaste\rr, and wether you will,  
And wether ye like it best;'  
`To the castle of Crecrynbroghe,  
And there we will take o\iur\r reste.'

\SBALLADS Child 178A.3

\N1 `I knowe wher is a gay castle,  
Is builded of lyme and stone;  
Within their is a gay ladie,  
Her lord is riden and gone.'

\SBALLADS Child 178A.4

\N1 The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,  
She loked vpp and downe;  
There was she ware of an host of me\in\r,  
Come riding to the towne.

\SBALLADS Child 178A.5

\N1 `Se yow, my meri men all,  
And se yow what I see?  
Yonder I see an host of me\in\r,  
I muse who they bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 178A.6

\N1 She thought he had ben her wed lord,

As he comd riding home;  
 Then was it trait\iur\r Captaine Care  
 The lord of Ester-towne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.7  
 \N1 They wer no son\ier\r at supper sett,  
 Then after said the grace,  
 Or Captaine Care and all his men  
 Wer lighte aboute the place.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.8  
 \N1 `Gyue ou\ier\r thi howsse, thou lady gay,  
 And I will make the a bande;  
 To-nighte thou shall ly w\ii\rt\ih\rin my arm\ies\r,  
 To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.9  
 \N1 The\in\r bespache the eldest sonne,  
 That was both whitt and redde:  
 O mother dere, geue ou\ier\r y\iour\r howsse,  
 Or ell\ies\r we shalbe deade.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.10  
 \N1 `I will not geue ou\ier\r my hous,' she saithe,  
 `Not for feare of my lyffe;  
 It shalbe talked throughout the land,  
 The slaughter of a wyffe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.11  
 \N1 `Fetch me my pestilett,  
 And charge me my gonne,  
 That I may shott at yonder bloody butcher,  
 The lord of Easter-towne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.12  
 \N1 Styf+ly vpon her wall she stode,  
 And lett the pellett\ies\r f+lee;  
 But then she myst the bloody bucher,  
 And she slew other three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.13  
 \N1 `[I will] not geue ou\ier\r my hous,' she saithe,  
 `Netheir for lord nor lowne;  
 Nor yet for traito\iur\r Captaine Care,  
 The lord of Easter-towne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.14  
 \N1 `I desire of Captaine Care,  
 And all his bloddy band,  
 That he would saue my eldest sonne,  
 The eare of all my lande.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.15  
 \N1 `Lap him in a shete,' he sayth,  
 `And let him downe to me,  
 And I shall take him in my armes,  
 His waran shall I be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.16  
 \N1 The captayne sayd unto him selfe:  
 Wyth sped, before the rest,  
 He cut his tonge out of his head,  
 His hart out of his brest.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.17  
 \N1 He lapt them in a handkerchef,  
 And knet it of knot\ies\r three,  
 And cast them ouer the castell-wall,  
 At that gay ladye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.18  
 \N1 `Fye vpon the, Captayne Care,

And all thy bloody band!  
 For th\io\ru hast slayne my eldest sonne,  
 The ayre of all my land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.19  
 \N1 Then bespake the yongest sonne,  
 Th\ia\rt say on the nurses knee,  
 Sayth, Mother gay, geue ouer your house;  
 It smoldereth me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.20  
 \N1 `I wold geue my gold,' she saith,  
 `And so I wolde my f+fee,  
 For a blaste of the westryn wind,  
 To dryue the smoke from thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.21  
 \N1 `Fy vpo\in\r the, John Hamleton,  
 That euer I paid the hyre!  
 For th\io\ru hast broken my castle-wall,  
 And kyndled in the f+fyre.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.22  
 \N1 The lady gate to her close p\iar\rler,  
 The f+ire fell aboute her head;  
 She toke vp her childer\in\r thre,  
 Seth, Bab\ies\r, we are all dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.23  
 \N1 Then bespake the hye steward,  
 Th\ia\rt is of hye degree;  
 Saith, Ladie gay, you are in close,  
 Wether ye f+ighte or f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.24  
 \N1 Lord Hamleto\in\r dremd in his dream,  
 In Caruall where he laye,  
 His halle were all of fyre,  
 His ladie slayne or daye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.25  
 \N1 `Busk and bowne, my merry me\in\r all,  
 Eve\in\r and go ye with me;  
 For I dremd th\ia\rt my haal was on fyre,  
 My lady slayne or day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.26  
 \N1 He buskt him and bownd hym,  
 And like a worthi knighte;  
 And when he saw his hall burni\in\r,  
 His harte was no dele lighte.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.27  
 \N1 He sett a tru\im\rpett till his mouth,  
 He blew as it plesd his grace;  
 Twe\in\rty score of Ha\im\rrentons  
 Was light aboute the place.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.28  
 \N1 `Had I knowne as much yesternighte  
 As I do to-daye,  
 Captaine Care and all his me\in\r  
 Should not haue gone so quite.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.29  
 \N1 `Fye vpon the, Captaine Care,  
 And all thy bloody band\ie\r!  
 Thou haste slayne my lady gay,  
 More w\iu\rrth the\in\r all thy lande.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178A.30  
 \N1 `If th\io\ru had ought eny ill will,' he saith,

`Thou shoulde haue taken my lyffe,  
 And haue saved my children thre,  
 All and my louesome wyffe.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 178B.1  
 \N1 `FFA\iI\rTH, m\iaster\r, whither you will,  
 Whereas you like the best;  
 Vnto the castle of Bittons-borrow,  
 And there to take yo\iu\rr rest.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.2  
 \N1 `But yonder stands a castle faire,  
 Is made of lyme and stone;  
 Yonder is in it a fayre lady,  
 Her lord is ridden and gone.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.3  
 \N1 The lady stood on her castle-wall,  
 She looked vpp and downe;  
 She was ware of an hoast of men,  
 Came rydinge towards the towne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.4  
 \N1 `See you not, my merry men all,  
 And see you not what I doe see?  
 Methinks I see a hoast of men;  
 I muse who they shold be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.5  
 \N1 She thought it had beene her louly l\iord\r,  
 He had come ryding home;  
 It was the traitor, Captaine Carre,  
 The lord of Westerton-towne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.6  
 \N1 They had noe sooner sup\ier\r sett,  
 And after said the grace,  
 But the traitor, Captaine Carre,  
 Was light about the place.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.7  
 \N1 `Giue over thy house, thou lady gay,  
 I will make thee a band;  
 All night w\ii\rt\ih\r-in mine armes thou\'st lye,  
 To-morrow be the heyre of my land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.8  
 \N1 `I\'le not giue over my house,' shee said,  
 `Neither for ladds nor man,  
 Nor yet for traitor Captaine Carre,  
 Vntill my lord come home.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.9  
 \N1 `But reach me my pistoll pe<c>e,  
 And charge you well my gunne;  
 I\'le shoote at the bloody bucher,  
 The lord of Westerton.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.10  
 \N1 She stood vppon her castle-wall  
 And let the bulletts f+lee,  
 And where shee mist .  
 . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.11  
 \N1 But then bespake the litle child,  
 That sate on the nurses knee;  
 Saies, Mother deere, giue ore this house,  
 For the smoake it smoothers me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.12  
 \N1 `I wold giue all my gold, my childe,

Soe wold I doe all my fee,  
 For one blast of the westerne wind  
 To blow the smoke from thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.13  
 \N1 But when shee saw the f+ier  
 Came f+laming ore her head,  
 Shee tooke then vpp her children two,  
 Sayes, Babes, we all beene dead!  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.14  
 \N1 But Adam then he f+ired the house,  
 A sorrowfull sight to see;  
 Now hath he burned this lady faire  
 And eke her children three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.15  
 \N1 Then Captaine Carre he rode away,  
 He staid noe longer at that tide;  
 He thought that place it was to warme  
 Soe neere for to abide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.16  
 \N1 He calld vnto his merry men all,  
 Bidd them make hast away;  
 `For we haue slaine his children three,  
 All and his lady gay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.17  
 \N1 Worde came to louly London,  
 To London wheras her lord lay,  
 His castle and his hall was burned,  
 All and his lady gay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.18  
 \N1 Soe hath he done his children three,  
 More dearer vnto him  
 Then either the siluer or the gold,  
 That men soe faine wold win.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.19  
 \N1 But when he locket this writing on,  
 Lord, in is hart he was woe!  
 Saies, I will f+ind thee, Captaine Carre,  
 Wether thou ryde or goe!  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.20  
 \N1 Buske yee, bowne yee, my merrymen all,  
 W\ii\rth tempered swords of steele,  
 For till I haue found out Captaine Carre,  
 My hart it is nothing weele.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178B.21  
 \N1 But when he came to Dractons-borrow,  
 Soe long ere it was day,  
 And ther he found him Captaine Carre;  
 That night he ment to stay.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 178C.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 `LUK ye to yon hie castel,  
 Yon hie castel we see;  
 A woman\'s wit\'s sun oercum,  
 She\'ll gie up her house to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178C.2  
 \N1 She ca\'d to her merry men a\',  
 `Bring me my f+ive pistols and my lang gun;'  
 The f+irst shot the fair lady shot,  
 She shot seven of Gordon\'s men.

\SBALLADS Child 178C.3

\N1 He turned round about his back,  
And sware he woud ha his desire,  
And if that castel was built of gowd,  
It should gang a\' to f+ire.

\SBALLADS Child 178C.4

\N1 Up then spak her doughter deere,  
She had nae mair than she:  
'Gie up your house, now, mither deere,  
The reek it skomf+ishes me.'

\SBALLADS Child 178C.5

\N1 'I\'d rather see you birnt,' said she,  
'And doun to ashes fa,  
Ere I gie up my house to Adam of Gordon,  
And to his merry men a\'.  
'

\SBALLADS Child 178C.6

\N1 'I\'ve four and twenty kye  
Gaing upo the muir;  
I\'d gie em for a blast of wind,  
The reek it blows sae sour.'

\SBALLADS Child 178C.7

\N1 Up then spak her little young son,  
Sits on the nourrice knee:  
'Gie up your house, now, mither deere,  
The reek it skomf+ishes me.'

\SBALLADS Child 178C.8

\N1 'I\'ve twenty four ships  
A sailing on the sea;  
I\'ll gie em for a blast of southern wind,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.

\SBALLADS Child 178C.9

\N1 'I\'d rather see you birnt,' said she,  
'And grund as sma as f+lour,  
Eer I gie up my noble house,  
To be Adam of Gordon\'s hure.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 178D.1

\N1 IT fell about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew schrile and cauld,  
Said Edom o Gordon to his men,  
We maun draw to a hald.

\SBALLADS Child 178D.2

\N1 'And what an a hald sall we draw to,  
My merry men and me?  
We will gae to the house of the Rhodes,  
To see that fair lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.3

\N1 She had nae sooner busket her sell,  
Nor putten on her gown,  
Till Edom o Gordon and his men  
Were round about the town.

\SBALLADS Child 178D.4

\N1 They had nae sooner sitten down,  
Nor sooner said the grace,  
Till Edom o Gordon and his men  
Were closed about the place.

\SBALLADS Child 178D.5

\N1 The lady ran up to her tower-head,  
As fast as she could drie,  
To see if by her fair speeches

She could with him agree.

\SBALLADS Child 178D.6

\N1 As soon he saw the lady fair,  
And hir yates all locked fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his heart was aghast.

\SBALLADS Child 178D.7

\N1 `Cum down to me, ye lady fair,  
Cum down to me; let\'s see;  
This night ye\'s ly by my ain side,  
The morn my bride sall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.8

\N1 `I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,  
I winnae cum down to thee;  
I winnae forsake my ane dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.9

\N1 `Gi up your house, ye fair lady,  
Gi up your house to me,  
Or I will burn yoursel therein,  
Bot and your babies three.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.10

\N1 `I winnae gie up, you fals Gordon,  
To nae sik traitor as thee,  
Tho you should burn mysel therein,  
Bot and my babies three.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.11

\N1 `Set f+ire to the house,' quoth fals Gordon,  
`Sin better may nae bee;  
And I will burn hersel therein,  
Bot and her babies three.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.12

\N1 `And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
I paid ye weil your fee;  
Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
Lets in the reek to me?

\SBALLADS Child 178D.13

\N1 `And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
For I paid you weil your hire;  
Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
To me lets in the f+ire?'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.14

\N1 `Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,  
Ye paid me weil my fee,  
But now I\'m Edom of Gordon\'s man,  
Maun either do or die.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.15

\N1 O then bespake her youngest son,  
Sat on the nurses knee,  
`Dear mother, gie owre your house,' he says,  
`For the reek it worries me.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.16

\N1 `I winnae gie up my house, my dear,  
To nae sik traitor as he;  
Cum weil, cum wae, my jewels fair,  
Ye maun tak share wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 178D.17

\N1 O then bespake her dochter dear,  
She was baith jimp and sma;  
`O row me in a pair o shiets,



And tow me owre the wa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.18  
 \N1 They rowd her in a pair of shiets,  
 And towd her owre the wa,  
 But on the point of Edom\'s speir  
 She gat a deadly fa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.19  
 \N1 O bonny, bonny was hir mouth,  
 And chirry were her cheiks,  
 And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,  
 Whereon the reid bluid dreips!  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.20  
 \N1 Then wi his speir he turnd hir owr;  
 O gin hir face was wan!  
 He said, You are the f+irst that eer  
 I wist alive again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.21  
 \N1 He turned hir owr and owr again;  
 O gin hir skin was whyte!  
 He said, I might ha spard thy life  
 To been some mans delyte.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.22  
 \N1 `Busk and boon, my merry men all,  
 For ill dooms I do guess;  
 I cannae luik in that boony face,  
 As it lyes on the grass.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.23  
 \N1 `Them luiks to freits, my master deir,  
 Then freits will follow them;  
 Let it neir be said brave Edom o Gordon  
 Was daunted with a dame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.24  
 \N1 O then he spied hir ain deir lord,  
 As he came owr the lee;  
 He saw his castle in a f+ire,  
 As far as he could see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.25  
 \N1 `Put on, put on, my mighty men,  
 As fast as ye can drie!  
 For he that\'s hindmost of my men  
 Sall neir get guid o me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.26  
 \N1 And some they raid, and some they ran,  
 Fu fast out-owr the plain,  
 But lang, lang eer he coud get up  
 They were a\' deid and slain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.27  
 \N1 But mony were the mudie men  
 Lay gasping on the grien;  
 For o f+ifty men that Edom brought out  
 There were but f+ive ged heme.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.28  
 \N1 And mony were the mudie men  
 Lay gasping on the grien,  
 And mony were the fair ladys  
 Lay lemanless at heme.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178D.29  
 \N1 And round and round the waes he went,  
 Their ashes for to view;  
 At last into the f+lames he f+lew,

And bad the world adieu.

\LBALLADS Child 178E.1

\N1 IT fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Captain Gordon to his men,  
We'll a\ draw to som hauld.

\SNALLADS Child 178E.2

\N1 `And whatena hauld shall we draw to,  
To be the nearest hame?'  
`We will draw to the ha o bonny Cargarff;  
The laird is na at hame.'

\SNALLADS Child 178E.3

\N1 The lady sat on her castle-wa,  
Beheld both dale and down;  
And she beheld the fause Gordon  
Come halycon to the town.

\SNALLADS Child 178E.4

\N1 `Now, Lady Cargarff, gie ower yer house,  
Gie ower yer house to me;  
Now, Lady Cargarff, gie ower yer house,  
Or in it you shall die.'

\SNALLADS Child 178E.5

\N1 `I'll no gie ower my bonny house,  
To lord nor yet to loun;  
I'll no gie ower my bonny house  
To the traitors of Auchindown.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SNALLADS Child 178E.6

\N1 Then up and spak her youngest son,  
Sat at the nourice\'s knee:  
`O mother dear, gie ower yer house,  
For the reek o\'t smothers me.'

\SNALLADS Child 178E.7

\N1 `I would gie a\ my goud, my child,  
Sae would I a\ my fee,  
For ae blast o the westlan win,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

\SNALLADS Child 178E.8

\N1 Then up and spak her eldest heir,  
He spak wi muckle pride:  
`Now mother dear, keep weel yer house,  
And I'll f+ight by yer side.'

\LBALLADS Child 178F.1

\N1 IT fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the wind blew snell and cauld,  
That Adam o Gordon said to his men,  
Where will we get a hold?

\SBALLADS Child 178F.2

\N1 See [ye] not where yonder fair castle  
Stands on yon lily lee?  
The laird and I hae a deadly feud,  
The lady fain would I see.

\SBALLADS Child 178F.3

\N1 As she was up on the househead,  
Behold, on looking down,  
She saw Adam o Gordon and his men,  
Coming riding to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 178F.4

\N1 The dinner was not well set down,  
Nor the grace was scarcely said,

Till Adam o Gordon and his men  
About the walls were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.5  
\N1 `It\'s fause now fa thee, Jock my man!  
Thou might a let me be;  
Yon man has lifted the pavement-stone,  
An let in the low unto me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.6  
\N1 `Seven years I served thee, fair ladie,  
You gave me meat and fee;  
But now I am Adam o Gordon\'s man,  
An maun either do it or die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.7  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my lady Loudoun,  
Come down thou unto me!  
I\'ll wrap thee on a feather-bed,  
Thy warrand I shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.8  
\N1 `I\'ll no come down, I\'ll no come down,  
For neither laird no[r] loun;  
Nor yet for any bloody butcher  
That lives in Altringham town.  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.9  
\N1 `I would give the black,' she says,  
`And so would I the brown,  
If that Thomas, my only son,  
Could charge to me a gun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.10  
\N1 Out then spake the lady Margaret,  
As she stood on the stair;  
The f+ire was at her goud garters,  
The lowe was at her hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.11  
\N1 `I would give the black,' she says,  
`And so would I the brown,  
For a drink of yon water,  
That runs by Galston Town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.12  
\N1 Out then spake fair Annie,  
She was baith jimp and sma  
`O row me in a pair o sheets,  
And tow me down the wa!'  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.13  
\N1 `O hold the tongue, thou fair Annie,  
And let thy talkin be;  
For thou must stay in this fair castle,  
And bear thy death with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.14  
\N1 `O mother,' spoke the lord Thomas,  
As he sat on the nurse\'s knee,  
`O mother, give up this fair castle,  
Or the reek will worrie me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.15  
\N1 `I would rather be burnt to ashes sma,  
And be cast on yon sea-foam,  
Before I\'d give up this fair castle,  
And my lord so far from home.  
\SBALLADS Child 178F.16  
\N1 `My good lord has an army strong,  
He\'s now gone oer the sea;

He bad me keep this gay castle,  
 As long as it would keep me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178F.17  
 \N1 `I\'ve four-and-twenty brave milk kye,  
 Gangs on yon lily lee;  
 I\'d give them a\' for a blast of wind,  
 To blow the reek from me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178F.18  
 \N1 O pittie on yon fair castle,  
 That\'s built with stone and lime!  
 But far mair pittie on Lady Loudoun,  
 And all her children nine!  
 \LBALLADS Child 178G.1  
 \N1 IT was in and about the Martinmas time,  
 When the wind blew schill and cauld,  
 That Adam o Gordon said to his men,  
 Whare will we get a hauld?  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.2  
 \N1 `Do ye not see yon bonnie castell,  
 That stands on Loudon lee?  
 The lord and I hae a deadlie feed,  
 And his lady fain wuld I see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.3  
 \N1 Lady Campbell was standing in the close,  
 A preenin o her gown,  
 Whan Adam o Gordon and his men  
 Cam riding thro Galston toun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.4  
 \N1 The dinner was na weel set doun,  
 Nor yet the grace weel said,  
 Till Adam o Gordon and a\' his men  
 Around the wa\'s war laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.5  
 \N1 `Come doun, come doun, Ladie Campbell,' he said,  
 `Come doun and speak to me;  
 I\'ll kep thee in a feather bed,  
 And thy warraner I will be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.6  
 \N1 `I winna come doun and speak to thee,  
 Nor to ony lord nor loun;  
 Nor yet to thee, thou bloody butcher,  
 The laird o Auchruglen toun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.7  
 \N1 `Come doun, come doun, Ladye Campbell,' he said,  
 `Cum doun and speak to me;  
 I\'ll kep thee on the point o my sword,  
 And thy warraner I will be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.8  
 \N1 `I winna come doun and speak to thee,  
 Nor to ony lord or loun,  
 Nor yet to thee, thou bludie butcher,  
 The laird o Auchruglen toun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.9  
 \N1 `Syne gin ye winna come doun,' he said,  
 `A\' for to speak to me,  
 I\'ll tye the bands around my waist,  
 And f+ire thy death sall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.10  
 \N1 `I\'d leifer be burnt in ashes sma,  
 And cuist in yon sea-faem,

Or I\`d gie up this bonnie castell,  
And my gude lord frae hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.11  
\N1 `For my gude lord\`s in the army strong,  
He\`s new gane ower the sea;  
He bade me keep this bonnie castell,  
As lang\`s it wuld keep me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.12  
\N1 `Set f+ire to the house,' said bauld Gordon,  
`Set f+ire to the house, my men;  
We\`ll gar Lady Campbell come for to rew  
As she burns in the f+lame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.13  
\N1 `O wae be to thee, Carmichael,' she said,  
`And an ilk death may ye die!  
For ye hae lifted the pavement-stane,  
And loot up the lowe to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.14  
\N1 `Seven years ye war about my house,  
And received both meat and fee:'  
`And now I\`m Adam o Gordon\`s man,  
I maun either do or dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.15  
\N1 `Oh I wad gie the black,' she said,  
`And I wuld gie the brown,  
All for ae cup o the cauld water  
That rins to Galstoun toun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.16  
\N1 Syne out and spak the auld dochter,  
She was baith jimp and sma:  
`O row me in a pair o sheets,  
And f+ling me ower the wa!'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.17  
\N1 They row\`t her in a pair o sheets,  
And f+lang her ower the wa,  
And on the point o Gordon\`s sword  
She gat a deadlie fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.18  
\N1 He turned her ower, and ower again,  
And oh but she looked wan!  
`I think I\`ve killed as bonnie a face  
As ere the sun shined on.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.19  
\N1 He turned her ower, and ower again,  
And oh but she lookt white!  
`I micht hae spared this bonnie face,  
To hae been some man\`s delight!'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.20  
\N1 Syne out and spak Lady Margaret,  
As she stood on the stair:  
`The f+ire is at my gowd garters,  
And the lowe is at my hair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.21  
\N1 Syne out and spak fair Ladie Ann,  
Frae childbed whare she lay:  
`Gie up this bonnie castell, mother,  
And let us win away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.22  
\N1 `Lye still, lye still, my fair Annie,  
And let your talking be;

For ye maun stay in this bonnie castell  
 And dree your death wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.23  
 \N1 `Whatever death I am to dree,  
 I winna die my lane:  
 I\`ll tak a bairn in ilka arm  
 And the third is in my wame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.24  
 \N1 Syne out and spak her youngest son,  
 A bonnie wee boy was he:  
 `Gae doun, gae doun, mother,' he said,  
 `Or the lowe will worry me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.25  
 \N1 `I\`d leifer be brent in ashes sma  
 And cuist in yon sea-faem,  
 Or I\`d gie up this bonnie castell,  
 And my guid lord frae hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.26  
 \N1 `For my gude lord\`s in the army strong,  
 He\`s new gane ower the sea;  
 But gin he eer returns again,  
 Revenged my death sall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.27  
 \N1 Syne out and spak her waitin-maid:  
 Receive this babe frae me,  
 And save the saikless babie\`s life,  
 And I\`ll neer seek mair fee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.28  
 \N1 `How can I tak the bairn?' she said,  
 `How can I tak\`t?' said she,  
 `For my hair was ance f+ive quarters lang,  
 And \`tis now brent to my bree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.29  
 \N1 She rowit it in a feather-bed,  
 And f+lang it ower the wa,  
 But on the point o Gordon\`s sword  
 It gat a deidlie fa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.30  
 \N1 `I wuld gie Loudon\`s bonnie castell,  
 And Loudon\`s bonnie lee,  
 All gin my youngest son Johnnie  
 Could charge a gun to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.31  
 \N1 `Oh, I wuld gie the black,' she said,  
 `And sae wuld I the bay,  
 Gin young Sir George could take a steed  
 And quickly ride away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.32  
 \N1 Syne out and spak her auldest son,  
 As he was gaun to die:  
 `Send doun your chamber-maid, mother,  
 She gaes wi bairn to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.33  
 \N1 `Gin ye were not my eldest son,  
 And heir o a\` my land,  
 I\`d tye a sheet around thy neck,  
 And hang thee with my hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178G.34  
 \N1 `I would gie my twenty gude milk-kye,  
 That feed on Shallow lee,

A\' for ae blast o the norland wind,  
To blaw the lowe frae me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.35  
\N1 Oh was na it a pitie o yon bonnie castell,  
That was biggit wi stane and lime!  
But far mair pity o Lady Ann Campbell,  
That was brunt wi her bairns nine.  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.36  
\N1 Three o them war married wives,  
And three o them were bairns,  
And three o them were leal maidens,  
That neer lay in men\'s arms.  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.37  
\N1 And now Lord Loudon he\'s come hame,  
And a sorry man was he:  
'He micht hae spared my lady\'s life,  
And wreakit himsell on me!  
\SBALLADS Child 178G.38  
\N1 'But sin we\'ve got thee, bauld Gordon,  
Wild horses shall thee tear,  
For murdering o my ladie bricht,  
Besides my children dear.'  
\LBALLADS Child 178[H.1]  
\N1 It fell about the Martinmass time,  
When the wind blew shill and cald,  
That Adam McGordon said to his men,  
Where will we get a hall?  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.2]  
\N1 'There is a hall here near by,  
Well built with lime and stone;  
There is a lady there within  
As white as the . . bone.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.3]  
\N1 'Seven year and more this lord and I  
Has had a deadly feud,  
And now, since her good lord\'s frae hame,  
His place to me she\'ll yield.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.4]  
\N1 She looked oer her castle-wall,  
And so she looked down,  
And saw Adam McGordon and his men  
Approaching the wood-end.  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.5]  
\N1 'Steik up, steik up my yett,' she says,  
'And let my draw-bridge fall;  
There is meickle treachery  
Walking about my wall.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.6]  
\N1 She had not the sentence past,  
Nor yet the word well said,  
When Adam McGordon and his men  
About the walls were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.7]  
\N1 She looked out at her window,  
And then she looked down,  
And then she saw Jack, her own man,  
Lifting the pavement-stane.  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.8]  
\N1 'Awa, awa, Jack my man!  
Seven year I paid you meat and fee,

And now you lift the pavement-stane  
To let in the low to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.9]  
\N1 `I yield, I yield, O lady fair,  
Seven year ye paid me meat and fee;  
But now I am Adam McGordon\'s man,  
I must either do or die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.10]  
\N1 `If ye be Adam McGordon\'s man,  
As I true well ye be,  
Prove true unto your own master,  
And work your will to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.11]  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my lady Campbell,  
Come down into my hand;  
Ye shall lye all night by my side,  
And the morn at my command.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.12]  
\N1 `I winna come down,' this lady says,  
`For neither laird nor lown,  
Nor to no bloody butcher\'s son,  
The Laird of Auchindown.  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.13]  
\N1 `I wald give all my kine,' she says,  
`So wald I f+ifty pound,  
That Andrew Watty he were here;  
He would charge me my gun.  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.14]  
\N1 `He would charge me my gun,  
And put in bullets three,  
That I might shoot that cruel traitor  
That works his wills on me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.15]  
\N1 He shot in, and [s>he shot out,  
The value of an hour,  
Until the hall Craigie North  
Was like to be blawn in the air.  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.16]  
\N1 `He f+ired in, and she f+ired out,  
The value of houris three,  
Untill the hall Craigie North  
The reik went to the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.17]  
\N1 `O the frost, and ae the frost,  
The frost that freezes fell!  
I cannot stay within my bower,  
The powder it blows sae bald.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.18]  
\N1 But then spake her oldest son,  
He was both white and red;  
`O mither dear, yield up your house!  
We\'ll all be burnt to deed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.19]  
\N1 Out then spake the second son,  
He was both red and fair;  
`O brother dear, would you yield up your house,  
And you your father\'s heir!'  
\SBALLADS Child 178[H.20]  
\N1 Out then spake the little babe,  
Stood at the nurse\'s knee;



`O mither dear, yield up your house!  
 The reik will worry me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[H.21]  
 \N1 Out then speaks the little nurse,  
 The babe upon her knee;  
 `O lady, take from me your child!  
 I\'ll never crave my fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[H.22]  
 \N1 `Hold thy tongue, thou little nurse,  
 Of thy prating let me bee;  
 For be it death or be it life,  
 Thou shall take share with me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[H.23]  
 \N1 `I wald give a\' my sheep,' she says,  
 `T<hat>] . . yon . . s>ha],  
 I had a drink of that wan water  
 That runs down by my wa.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 178[I.1]  
 \N1 It fell about the Martimas time,  
 Fan the wind blue loud an calld,  
 Said Edom of Gordon to his men,  
 We man dra till a hall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.2]  
 \N1 `An fatten a hall will we dra tell,  
 My merry men a\' an me?  
 We will to the house of Rothes,  
 An see that gay lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.3]  
 \N1 The lady louked our castell-wa,  
 Beheld the day ga doun,  
 An she saa Edun of Gordon,  
 Fase Edom of Ach<en>doun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.4]  
 \N1 `Gee our yer house, ye gay lady,  
 Gee our yer house to me;  
 The night ye\'s be my leall leman,  
 The morn my lady free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.5]  
 \N1 `I winne+: gee our my bonny house,  
 To leard nor yet to loun,  
 Nor will I gee our my bonny house  
 To fase Edom of Achendoun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.6]  
 \N1 `Bat ye gett me Cluny, Gight, or Glack,  
 Or get him young Lesmore,  
 An I ell gee our my bonny house  
 To ony of a\' the four.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.7]  
 \N1 `Ye\'s nether gett Cluny, Gight, nor Glack,  
 Nor yet him young Lesmore,  
 An ye man gee our yer bonny house,  
 Winten ony of a\' the four.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.8]  
 \N1 The ladie shot out of a shot-windou,  
 It didne hurt his head,  
 It only grased his knee  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.9]  
 \N1 `Ye hast, my merry men a\',  
 Gather hathorn an fune,

. . . . .  
 To see gin this lady will burn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.10]  
 \N1 `Wai worth ye, Joke, my man!  
 I paid ye well yer fee,  
 An ye tane out the quine+:-stane,  
 Laten in the f+ire to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.11]  
 \N1 `Wai worth ye, Joke, my man!  
 I paid ye well yer hair,  
 An ye t<a>en out the qunie-stane,  
 To me laten in the f+ire.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.12]  
 \N1 `Ye paid me well my meatt, lady,  
 Ye paid me well my fee,  
 Bat nou I am Edom of Gordon\'s man,  
 Mane eather dee\'d or dree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.13]  
 \N1 `Ye paid me well my meatt, lady,  
 Ye paid me well my hire,  
 But nou I am Edom of Gordon\'s man,  
 To ye mane lat the f+ire.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.14]  
 \N1 Out spak her doughter,  
 She was bath jimp an smaa;  
 `Ye take me in a pair of shets,  
 Lat me our the castell-waa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.15]  
 \N1 The pat her in a pair of shets,  
 Lute her oure the castell-waa;  
 On the point of Edom of Gordon\'s lance  
 She got a deadly faa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.16]  
 \N1 Cherry, cherry was her cheeks,  
 An bonny was her eyen;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.17]  
 \N1 He turned her about,  
 . . . . .  
 `I might haa spared that bonny face  
 To ha ben some man\'s delight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.18]  
 \N1 `Chirry is yer chik,  
 An bonny is yer eayn;  
 Ye\'r the f+irst face I ever saa dead  
 I wist liveng agen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.19]  
 \N1 Out spak one of his men,  
 As he stad by a stane;  
 `Lat it never be sade brave Edom of Gordon  
 Was dantoned by a dame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.20]  
 \N1 Out spake the bonny barn,  
 Ti sat on the nurce\'s knee;  
 `Gee out yer house, my mider dear,  
 The reak it smothers me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.21]  
 \N1 `I wad gee a\' my silks,' she says,  
 `That lays in mony a fall,

To haa ye on the head of Mont Gannell,  
 To gett three gasps of the call.  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.22]  
 \N1 `I wad gee a\' my goud,' she says,  
 `Far it lays out an in,  
 To haa ye on the head of Mount Ganill,  
 To get three gasps of the wind.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 178[I.23]  
 \N1 . . . . . that gued lord,  
 As he came fraa the sea,  
 `I see the house of Rothes in f+ire,  
 God safe my gay ladie!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 179A.1  
 \N1 ROOKHOPE stands in a pleasant place,  
 If the false thieves wad let it be;  
 But away they steal our goods apace,  
 And ever an ill death may they die!  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.2  
 \N1 And so is the men of Thirlwa \'nd Williehaver,  
 And all their companies thereabout,  
 That is minded to do mischief,  
 And at their stealing stands not out.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.3  
 \N1 But yet we will not slander them all,  
 For there is of them good enough;  
 It is a sore consumed tree  
 That on it bears not one fresh bough.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.4  
 \N1 Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,  
 That men dare not drive their goods to t\' fell,  
 But limmer thieves drives them away,  
 That fears neither heaven nor hell?  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.5  
 \N1 Lord, send us peace into the realm,  
 That every man may live on his own!  
 I trust to God, if it be his will,  
 That Weardale men may never be overthrown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.6  
 \N1 For great troubles they\'ve had in hand,  
 With borderers pricking hither and thither,  
 But the greatest fray that eer they had  
 Was with the 'Men' of Thirlwa \'nd Williehaver.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.7  
 \N1 They gatherd together so royally,  
 The stoutest men and the best in gear,  
 And he that rade not on a horse,  
 I wat he rade on a weil-fed mear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.8  
 \N1 So in the morning, before they came out,  
 So well, I wot, they broke their fast;  
 In the [forenoon they came] unto a bye fell,  
 Where some of them did eat their last.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.9  
 \N1 When they had eaten aye and done,  
 They sayd some captains here needs must be:  
 Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,  
 And `Symon Fell,' and Martin Ridley.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.10  
 \N1 Then oer the moss, where as they came,  
 With many a brank and whew,

One of them could to another say,  
`I think this day we are men anew.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.11  
\N1 `For Weardale men is a journey taen;  
They are so far out-oer yon fell  
That some of them\'s with the two earls,  
And others fast in Barnard castell.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.12  
\N1 `There we shal get gear enough,  
For there is nane but women at hame;  
The sorrowful fend that they can make  
Is loudly cries as they were slain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.13  
\N1 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
And there they thought tul a had their prey,  
But they were spy\'d coming over the Dry Rig,  
Soon upon Saint Nicholas\' day.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.14  
\N1 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
They ran the forest but a mile;  
They gatherd together in four hours  
Six hundred sheep within a while.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.15  
\N1 And horses I trow they gat  
But either ane or twa,  
And they gat them all but ane  
That belanged to great Rowley.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.16  
\N1 That Rowley was the f+irst man that did them spy;  
With that he raised a mighty cry;  
The cry it came down Rookhope burn,  
And spread through Weardale hasteyly.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.17  
\N1 Then word came to the bailif\'s house,  
At the East Gate, where he did dwell;  
He was walkd out to the Smale Burns,  
Which stands above the Hanging Well.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.18  
\N1 His wife was wae when she heard tell,  
So well she wist her husband wanted gear;  
She gard saddle him his horse in haste,  
And neither forgot sword, jack, nor spear.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.19  
\N1 The bailif got wit before his gear came  
That such news was in the land;  
He was sore troubled in his heart,  
That on no earth that he could stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.20  
\N1 His brother was hurt three days before,  
With limmer thieves that did him prick;  
Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon;  
What ferly was\'t that he lay sick?  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.21  
\N1 But yet the bailif shrinked nought,  
But fast after them he did hye,  
And so did all his neighbours near,  
That went to bear him company.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.22  
\N1 But when the bailiff was gathered,  
And all his company,

They were numberd to never a man  
But forty [or] under f+ifty.  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.23  
\N1 The thieves was numberd a hundred men,  
I wat they were not of the worst  
That could be choosed out of Thirlwa \ 'nd Williehaver,

. . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 179A.24  
\N1 But all that was in Rookhope-head,  
And all that was i Nuketon Cleugh,  
Where weardale men oertook the thieves,  
And there they gave them f+ighting enough.

\SBALLADS Child 179A.25  
\N1 So sore they made them fain to f+lee,  
As many was `a\'' out of hand,  
And, for tul have been at home again,  
They would have been in iron bands;

\SBALLADS Child 179A.26  
\N1 And for the space of long seven years,  
As sore they mighten a had their lives;  
But there was never one of them  
That ever thought to have seen their 'wives.'

\SBALLADS Child 179A.27  
\N1 About the time the fray began,  
I trow it lasted but an hour,  
Till many a man lay weaponless,  
And was sore wounded in that stour.

\SBALLADS Child 179A.28  
\N1 Also before that hour was done,  
Four of the thieves were slain,  
Besides all those that wounded were,  
And eleven prisoners there was taen.

\SBALLADS Child 179A.29  
\N1 George Carrick and his brother Edie,  
Them two, I wot, they were both slain;  
Harry Corbyl and Lennie Carrick  
Bore them company in their pain.

\SBALLADS Child 179A.30  
\N1 One of our Weardale men was slain,  
Rowland Emerson his name hight;  
I trust to God his soul is well,  
Because he 'Fought' unto the right.

\SBALLADS Child 179A.31  
\N1 But thus they sayd: `We\''ll not depart  
While we have one; speed back again!'  
And when they came amongst the dead men,  
There they found George Carrick slain.

\SBALLADS Child 179A.32  
\N1 And when they found George Carrick slain,  
I wot it went well near their 'Heart;'  
Lord, let them never make a better end  
That comes to play them sicken a \ 'part!'

\SBALLADS Child 179A.33  
\N1 I trust to God, no more they shal,  
Except it be one for a great chance;  
For God wil punish all those  
With a great heavy pestilence.

\SBALLADS Child 179A.34  
\N1 Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,  
They nevir think to be oerthrown;

Three banners against Weardale men they bare,  
 As if the world had been all their own.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.35  
 \N1 Thir Weardale men, they have good hearts,  
 They are as stif as any tree;  
 For, if they\'d every one been slain,  
 Never a foot back man would f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.36  
 \N1 And such a storm amongst them fell  
 As I think you never heard the like,  
 For he that bears his head so high,  
 He oft-times falls into the dyke.  
 \SBALLADS Child 179A.37  
 \N1 And now I do entreat you all,  
 As many as are persent here,  
 To pray for [the] singer of this song,  
 For he sings to make blithe your cheer.  
 \LBALLADS Child 180A.1  
 \N1 AS I did walke my selfe alone,  
 And by one garden greene,  
 I heard a yonge prince make great moane,  
 W\ihi\rch did turne my hart to teene.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.2  
 \N1 `O Lord!' he then said vntou me,  
 `Why haue I liued soe long?  
 For yonder comes a cruell Scott,'  
 Q\iuo\rth hee, '\itha\rt will doe me some ronge.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.3  
 \N1 And then came traitor Douglas there,  
 He came for to betray his king;  
 Some they brought bills, and some they brought bowes,  
 And some the brought other things.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.4  
 \N1 The king was aboue in a gallery,  
 W\ii\rth a heauy heart;  
 Vnto his body was sett about  
 W\ii\rth swords and speares soe sharpe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.5  
 \N1 `Be you the lordes of Scottland,' he said,  
 `iTha\rt hither for counsell seeke to me?  
 Or bee you traitors to my crowne,  
 My blood \itha\rt you wold see?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.6  
 \N1 `Wee are the l\iord\rsof Scottland,' they said,  
 `Nothing we come to craue of thee;  
 But wee be traitors to thy crowne,  
 Thy blood that wee will see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.7  
 \N1 `O fye vpon you, you false Scotts!  
 For you neuer all trew wilbe;  
 My grandfather you haue slaine,  
 And caused my mother to f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.8  
 \N1 `My grandfather you haue slaine,  
 And my owne father you hanged on a tree;  
 And now,' q\iuot\rh he, 'The like treason  
 You haue now wrought for me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.9  
 \N1 `Ffarwell hart, and farwell hand!  
 Farwell all pleasures alsoe!

Farwell th . . . my head

. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 180A.10

\N1 . . . .

. . . .

`If thou wilt . . .

And soe goe away w\ii\rth mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 180A.11

\N1 `Goe marry thy daughter to whome thou wilt,'

Q\iuot\rh Browne; 'Thou marrys none to me;

For I\le not be a traitor,' q\iuot\rh Browne,

`For all the gold that euer I see.'

\SBALLADS Child 180A.12

\N1 This Douglas, hearing Browne soe say,

Began to f+lee away full fast;

`But tarry a while,' saies lusty Browne,

`I\le make you to pay before you passe.'

\SBALLADS Child 180A.13

\N1 He hath taken the Douglas prisoner,

And hath brought him before the k\iing\r;

He kneeled low vpon the knee,

For pardon there prainge.

\SBALLADS Child 180A.14

\N1 `How shold I pardon thee,' saith the k\iing\r,

`And thou\le remaine a traitor still?

For euer since that I was borne,'

Q\iuot\rh he, 'Thou hast sought my blood to spill.'

\SBALLADS Child 180A.15

\N1 `For if you will grant me my pardon,' he said,

`Out of this place soe free,

I wilbe sworne before yo\iu\rr Grace

A trew subiect to bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 180A.16

\N1 `God for-gaue his death,' said the k\iing\r,

`When he was nayled vpon a tree;

And as free as euer God forgaue his death,

Douglas,' q\iuot\rh he, `I\le forgiue thee.

\SBALLADS Child 180A.17

\N1 `And all the traitors in Scottland,'

Q\iuo\rth he, 'Both great and small;

As free as euer God forgaue his death,

Soe free I will forgiue them all.'

\SBALLADS Child 180A.18

\N1 `I thanke you for yo\iu\rr pardon, king,

\iTha\rt you haue granted forth soe plaine;

If I liue a twelue month to an end,

You shall not alieue remaine.

\SBALLADS Child 180A.19

\N1 `Tomorrow yet, or ere I dine,

I meane to doo thee one good turne;

For Edenborrow, that is thine owne,'

Q\iuo\rth he, `I will both h<arry] and [burne].'

\SBALLADS Child 180A.20

\N1 Thus Douglas hied towards Edenborrow,

And many of his men were gone beffore;

And after him on euery side,

W\ii\rth him there went some twenty score.

\SBALLADS Child 180A.21

\N1 But when that they did see him come,

They cryed lowd w\ii\rth voices, saying,

`Yonder comes a false traitor,  
 That wold haue slaine our k\iing\r.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.22  
 \N1 They chaynd vp the gates of Edenborrow,  
 And there the made them wonderous fast,  
 And there Browne sett on Douglas againe,  
 And quicklye did him ouer cast.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.23  
 \N1 But worde came backe againe to the k\iing\r,  
 W\ii\rth all the speed that euer might bee,  
 \iTha\rt traitor Douglas there was taken,  
 And his body was there to see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.24  
 \N1 `Bring me his taker,' q\iuo\rth the k\iing\r,  
 `Come, quickly bring him vnto me!  
 I\le giue a thousand pound a yeere,  
 What man soeuer he bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.25  
 \N1 But then they called lusty Browne;  
 Sayes, `Browne, come thou hither to mee.  
 How oft hast thou foughten for my sake,  
 And alwayes woone the victory?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.26  
 \N1 `The f+irst time that I fought for you,  
 It was in Edenborrow, k\iing\r;  
 If there I had not stoutly stood,  
 My leege, you neuer had beene k\iing\r.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.27  
 \N1 `The second time I fought for you,  
 Here I will tell you in this place;  
 I killd the sheriffs sonne of Carlile,'  
 Q\iuot\rh he, 'That wold haue slaine yo\iu\rr Grace.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.28  
 \N1 `The third time t\iha\rt I fought for you,  
 Here for to let you vnderstand,  
 I slew the Bishopp of St Andrew<s],'  
 Q\iuo\rth he, 'w\ii\rth a possat in [his hand],'  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.29  
 \N1 . . . q\iuo\rth hee,  
 \iTha\rt euer my manhood I did trye;  
 I\le make a vow for Englands sake  
 \iTha\rt I will neuer battell f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.30  
 \N1 `God amercy, Browne,' then said the k\iing\r,  
 `And God amercy heartilye!  
 Before I made thee but a knight,  
 But now an earle I will make thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.31  
 \N1 `God saue the queene of England,' he said,  
 `For her blood is verry neshe;  
 As neere vnto her I am  
 As a colloppe shorne from the f+leshe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 180A.32  
 \N1 `If I be false to England,' he said,  
 `Either in earnest or in iest,  
 I might be likened to a bird,'  
 Q\iuot\rh he, 'That did def+ile it nest.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 181A.1  
 \N1 YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,  
 Oh where have you been?



They have slain the Earl of Murray,  
And they layd him on the green.

\SBALLADS Child 181A.2

\N1 `Now wae be to thee, Huntly!

And wherefore did you sae?

I bade you bring him wi you,

But forbade you him to slay.'

\SBALLADS Child 181A.3

\N1 He was a braw gallant,

And he rid at the ring;

And the bonny Earl of Murray,

Oh he might have been a king!

\SBALLADS Child 181A.4

\N1 He was a braw gallant,

And he playd at the ba;

And the bonny Earl of Murray

Was the f+lower amang them a\'.  
'

\SBALLADS Child 181A.5

\N1 He was a braw gallant,

And he playd at the glove;

And the bonny Earl of Murray,

Oh he was the Queen\'s love!

\SBALLADS Child 181A.6

\N1 Oh lang will his lady

Look oer the castle Down,

Eer she see the Earl of Murray

Come sounding thro the town!

Eer she, etc.

\LBALLADS Child 181B.1

\N1 `OPEN the gates,

and let him come in;

He is my brother Huntly,

he\'ll do him nae harm.'

\SBALLADS Child 181B.2

\N1 The gates they were opent,

they let him come in,

But fause traitor Huntly,

he did him great harm.

\SBALLADS Child 181B.3

\N1 He\'s ben and ben,

and ben to his bed,

And with a sharp rapier

he stabbed him dead.

\SBALLADS Child 181B.4

\N1 The lady came down the stair,

wringing her hands:

`He has slain the Earl o Murray,

the f+lower o Scotland.'

\SBALLADS Child 181B.5

\N1 But Huntly lap on his horse,

rade to the king:

`Ye\'re welcome hame, Huntly,

and where hae ye been?

\SBALLADS Child 181B.6

\N1 `Whare hae ye been?

and how hae ye sped?'

`I\'ve killed the Earl o Murray,

dead in his bed.'

\SBALLADS Child 181B.7

\N1 `Foul fa you, Huntly!

and why did ye so?  
You might have taen the Earl o Murray,  
and saved his life too.'  
\SBALLADS Child 181B.8  
\N1 `Her bread it\'s to bake,  
her yill is to brew;  
My sister\'s a widow,  
and sair do I rue.  
\SBALLADS Child 181B.9  
\N1 `Her corn grows ripe,  
her meadows grow green,  
But in bonny Dinnibristle  
I darena be seen.'  
\LBALLADS Child 182A.1  
\N1 I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,  
If ye will hearken unto me;  
The king has taen a poor prisoner,  
The wanton laird o Young Logie.  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.2  
\N1 Young Logie\'s laid in Edinburgh chapel,  
Carmichael\'s the keeper o the key;  
And May Margaret\'s lamenting sair,  
A\' for the love of Young Logie.  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.3  
\N1 `Lament, lament na, May Margaret,  
And of your weeping let me be;  
For ye maun to the king himsell,  
To seek the life of Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.4  
\N1 May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,  
And she has curld back her yellow hair:  
`If I canna get Young Logie\'s life,  
\N1 Farewell to Scotland for evermair!'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.5  
\N1 When she came before the king,  
She knelit lowly on her knee:  
`O what\'s the matter, May Margaret?  
And what needs a\' this courtesie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.6  
\N1 `A boon, a boon, my noble liege,  
A boon, a boon, I beg o thee,  
And the f+irst boon that I come to crave  
Is to grant me the life of Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.7  
\N1 `O na, O na, May Margaret,  
Forsooth, and so it mauna be;  
For a\' the gowd o fair Scotland  
Shall not save the life of Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.8  
\N1 But she has stown the king\'s redding-kaim,  
Likewise the queen her wedding knife,  
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,  
To cause Young Logie get his life.  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.9  
\N1 She sent him a purse o the red gowd,  
Another o the white monie;  
She sent him a pistol for each hand,  
And bade him shoot when he gat free.  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.10  
\N1 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,

There he let his volley f+lee;  
It made the king in his chamber start,  
Een in the bed where he might be.  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.11  
\N1 `Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a`',  
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;  
For I`ll lay my life the pledge o that  
That yon`s the shot o Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.12  
\N1 When Carmichael came before the king,  
He fell low down upon his knee;  
The very f+irst word that the king spake  
Was, Where`s the laird of Young Logie?  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.13  
\N1 Carmichael turnd him round about,  
I wot the tear blinded his ee:  
`There came a token frae your Grace  
Has taen away the laird frae me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.14  
\N1 `Hast thou playd me that, Carmichael?  
And hast thou playd me that?' quoth he;  
`The morn the Justice Court`s to stand,  
And Logie`s place ye maun supplie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.15  
\N1 Carmichael`s awa to Margaret`s bower,  
Even as fast as he may dree:  
`O if Young Logie be within,  
Tell him to come and speak with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.16  
\N1 May Margaret turnd her round about,  
I wot a loud laugh laughed she:  
`The egg is chippd, the bird is f+lown,  
Ye`ll see nae mair of Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182A.17  
\N1 The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,  
The tother at the Queen`s Ferrie,  
And she`s gotten a father to her bairn,  
The wanton laird of Young Logie.  
\LBALLADS Child 182[A2.1]  
\N1 I will sing, if ye will harken,  
An ye wad listen unto me;  
I`ll tell ye of a merry passage  
Of the wanton laird of Young Logie.  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.2]  
\N1 Young Logie`s laid in Edin\ibo\rr\iough\r chapel,  
Carmichaell`s keeper of the key;  
I heard a may lamenting sair,  
All for the laird of Young Logie.  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.3]  
\N1 `Lament, lament na, May Margret,  
And o your weeping let me be;  
For ye maun to the king y\iou\rr sell,  
And ask the life of Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.4]  
\N1 May Margaret has kilted her green cleeding,  
And she`s currld back her yellow hair,  
And she`s away to the king hersell,  
And adieu to Scotland for ever mair!  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.5]  
\N1 When she came before the king,

She fell low down on her knee:  
`It\'s what\'s your will wi me, May Margret,  
And what makes all this courtesey?'  
`Naething, naething, my sovreign liege,  
But grant me the life of Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.6]  
\N1 `O no, O no, May Margret,  
No, in sooth it maun na be;  
For the morn, or I taste meat or drink,  
Hee hanged shall Young Logie be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.7]  
\N1 She has stolen the king\'s reeding-comb,  
But an the queen her wedding-knife,  
And she has sent it to Carmichaell,  
To cause Young Logie come by life.  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.8]  
\N1 She sent him a purse of the red gold,  
Another of the white money,  
And sent him a pistol into each hand,  
And bade him shoot when he got fra.  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.9]  
\N1 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,  
There he loot his volley f+lee,  
Wh\iich\r made the king in his chamber start,  
Even in the chamber where he lay.  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.10]  
\N1 `Gae out, gae out, my merrie men,  
And gar Carmichael come speake wi me,  
For I\'ll lay my life the pledge of that,  
That yon\'s the volley of Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.11]  
\N1 When Carmichael came before the king,  
He fell low down on his knee;  
The very f+irst word that the king spake,  
`How dois the laird o Young Logie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.12]  
\N1 Carmichael turnd him round about,  
A wait the salt tear blint his eye:  
`There came a tacken frae the king  
Has taen the laird awa frae me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.13]  
\N1 `Hast thou playd me that, Carmichael?  
Hast thou playd me that?' quo he;  
`The morn the Justice Court\'s to stand,  
And Logie\'s place ye maun supply.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.14]  
\N1 Carmichal\'s away to May Margr<e>t\'s bower,  
Een as fast as he may dree:  
`It\'s if Young Logie be within,  
Tell him to come speak to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.15]  
\N1 May Margret\'s turnd her round about,  
A wait a loud laughter gae she:  
`The egg is cheeped and the bird is f+lown,  
And seek ye the laird of Young Logie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 182[A2.16]  
\N1 The one is sheppd at the pier o Leith,  
The other at the Queen\'s Ferry,  
And she has gotten a father to her bairn,  
The wanton laird of Young [Logie].

\LBALLADS Child 182B.1

\N1 O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,  
Listen to what I tel to thee;  
The king has taiken a poor prisoner,  
The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

\SBALLADS Child 182B.2

\N1 When news came to our guidly queen,  
Sche sicht, and said right mournfullie,  
'O what will cum of Lady Margret!  
Wha beirs sick luve to Ochiltrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.3

\N1 Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair  
When as the queen tald hir the saim:  
'I wis that I had neir bin born,  
Nor neir had knawn Ochiltrie\'s naim!'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.4

\N1 'Fie, na!' quoth the queen, 'That maunna be;  
Fie, na! that maunna be;  
I\'ll fynd ye out a better way  
To saif the lyfe of Ochiltrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.5

\N1 The queen sche trippit up the stair,  
And lowlie knielt upon hir knie:  
'The f+irst boon which I cum to craive  
Is the life of gentel Ochiltrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.6

\N1 'O iff you had askd me castels or towirs,  
I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie;  
Bot a\' the monie in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.7

\N1 The queen sche trippit down the stair,  
And down she gade richt mournfullie:  
'It\'s a\' the monie in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie!'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.8

\N1 Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair  
When as the queen tald hir the saim:  
'I\'ll tak a knife and end my lyfe,  
And be in the grave as soon as him!'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.9

\N1 'Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,  
'Fie, na! Fie, na! this maunna be;  
I\'ll set ye on a better way  
To loose and set Ochiltrie frie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.10

\N1 The queen sche slippit up the stair,  
And sche gaid up richt privatlie,  
And sche has stoun the prison-keys,  
And gane and set Ochiltrie frie.

\SBALLADS Child 182B.11

\N1 And sche\'s gien him a purse of gowd,  
And another of whyt monie;  
Sche\'s gien him twa pistoles by\'s syde,  
Saying to him, Shute, when ye win frie.

\SBALLADS Child 182B.12

\N1 And when he cam to the queen\'s window,  
Whaten a joyfou shute gae he!  
'Peace be to our royal queen,  
And peace be in her companie!'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.13

\N1 `O whaten a voyce is that?' quoth the king,  
`Whaten a voyce is that?' quoth he;  
`Whaten a voyce is that?' quoth the king;  
`I think it\'s the voyce of Ochiltrie.

\SBALLADS Child 182B.14

\N1 `Call to me a\' my gaolours,  
Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie;  
Whairfoir the morn, at twelve a clock,  
It\'s hangit schall they ilk ane be.'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.15

\N1 `O didna ye send your keyis to us?  
Ye sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie,  
And wi thaim sent a strait command  
To set at lairge young Ochiltrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.16

\N1 `Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,  
`Fie, my dear luve, this maunna be!  
And iff ye\'re gawn to hang thaim a\',  
Indeed ye maun begin wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 182B.17

\N1 The tane was schippit at the pier of Leith,  
The ither at the Queen\'s Ferrie,  
And now the lady has gotten hir luve,  
The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

\LBALLADS Child 182C.1

\N1 THE young laird of Logie is to prison cast;  
Carmichael\'s the keeper of the key;  
Lady Margaret, the queen\'s cousin, is very sick,  
And it\'s all for love of Young Logie.

\SBALLADS Child 182C.2

\N1 She\'s into the queen\'s chamber gone,  
She has kneeld low down on her knee;  
Says she, You must go to the king yourself;  
It\'s all for a pardon to Young Logie.

\SBALLADS Child 182C.3

\N1 The queen is unto the king\'s chamber gone,  
She has kneeld low down on her knee:  
`O what is the matter, my gracious queen?  
And what means all this courtesie?

\SBALLADS Child 182C.4

\N1 `Have not I made thee queen of fair Scotland?  
The queen of England I trow thou be;  
Have I not made thee my wedded wife?  
Then what needs all this courtesie?'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.5

\N1 `You have made me queen of [fair] Scotland,  
The queen of England I surely be;  
Since you have made me your wedded wife,  
Will you grant a pardon for Young Logie?'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.6

\N1 The king he turned him right round about,  
I think an angry man was he:  
`The morrow, before it is twelve o\'clock,  
O hangd shall the laird of Logie be.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.7

\N1 The queen she\'s into her chamber gone,  
Amongst her maries, so frank and free;  
`You may weep, you may weep, Margaret,' she says,  
`For hanged must the laird of Logie be.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.8

\N1 She has torn her silken scarf and hood,  
And so has she her yellow hair:  
'Now fare you well, both king and queen,  
And adieu to Scotland for ever mair!'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.9

\N1 She has put off her gown of silk,  
And so has she her gay clothing:  
'Go fetch me a knife, and I'll kill myself,  
Since the laird of Logie is not mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.10

\N1 Then out bespoke our gracious queen,  
And she spoke words most tenderlie;  
'Now hold your hand, Lady Margaret,' she said,  
'And I'll try to set Young Logie free.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.11

\N1 She's up into the king's chamber gone,  
And among his nobles so free;  
'Hold away, hold away!' says our gracious king,  
'No more of your pardons for Young Logie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.12

\N1 'Had you but askd me for houses and land,  
I would have given you castles three;  
Or anything else shall be at your command,  
But only a pardon for Young Logie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.13

\N1 'Hold your hand now, my sovereign liege,  
And of your anger let it be;  
For the innocent blood of Lady Margret  
It will rest on the head of thee and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.14

\N1 The king and queen are gone to their bed,  
But as he was sleeping so quietly,  
She has stole the keys from below his head,  
And has sent to set Young Logie free.

\SBALLADS Child 182C.15

\N1 Young Logie he's on horseback got,  
Of chains and fetters he's got free;  
As he passd by the king's window,  
There he has f+ired vollies three.

\SBALLADS Child 182C.16

\N1 The king he awakend out of his sleep,  
Out of his bed came hastilie;  
Says, I'll lay all my lands and rents  
That yonder's the laird of Logie free.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.17

\N1 The king has sent to the prison strong,  
He has calld for his keepers three;  
Says, How does all your prisoners?  
And how does the young laird of Logie?

\SBALLADS Child 182C.18

\N1 'Your Majesty sent me your wedding-ring,  
With your high command to set him free;'  
'Then tomorrow, before that I eat or drink,  
I surely will hang you keepers three.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.19

\N1 Then out bespoke our gracious queen,  
And she spoke words most tenderlie;  
'If ever you begin to hang a man for this,  
Your Majesty must begin with me.'

\SBALLADS Child 182C.20

\N1 The one took shipping at [the pier of] Leith,  
The other at the Queen\'s Ferrie;  
Lady Margaret has gotten the man she loves,  
I mean the young laird of Logie.

\LBALLADS Child 182D.1

\N1 PRETTY is the story I hae to tell,  
Pretty is the praisin o itsel,  
An pretty is the prisner oor king\'s tane,  
The rantin young laird o Logie.

\SBALLADS Child 182D.2

\N1 Has he brunt? or has he slain?  
Or has he done any injurie?  
Oh no, no, he\'s done nothing at all,  
But stown a kiss frae the queen\'s marie.

\SBALLADS Child 182D.3

\N1 Ladie Margaret cam doon the stair,  
Wringin her hands an tearin her hair;  
Cryin, Oh, that ever I to Scotland cam,  
Aye to see Young Logie dee!

\SBALLADS Child 182D.4

\N1 `Had your tongue noo, Lady Margaret,  
An a\' your weepin lat a bee!  
For I\'ll gae to the king my sell,  
An plead for life to Young Logie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182D.5

\N1 `First whan I to Scotland cam,  
You promised to gie me askens three;  
The f+irst then o these askens is  
Life for the young laird o Logie.'

\SBALLADS Child 182D.6

\N1 `If you had asked house or lands,  
They suld hae been at your command;  
But the morn, ere I taste meat or drink,  
High hanged sall Young Logie be.'

\SBALLADS Child 182D.7

\N1 Lady Margaret cam doon the stair,  
Wringin her hands an tearin her hair;  
Cryin, Oh, that ever I to Scotland cam,  
A\' to see Young Logie dee!

\SBALLADS Child 182D.8

\N1 `Haud your tongue noo, Lady Margaret,  
An a\' your weepin lat a bee!  
For I\'ll counterf+iet the king\'s hand-write,  
An steal frae him his right-hand gloe,  
An send them to Pitcairn\'s wa\'s,  
A\' to lat Young Logie free.'

\SBALLADS Child 182D.9

\N1 She counterf+ieted the king\'s hand-write,  
An stole frae him his richt hand gloe,  
An sent them to Pitcairn\'s wa\'s,  
A\' to let Young Logie free.

\SBALLADS Child 182D.10

\N1 The king luikit owre his castle-wa,  
Was luikin to see what he cald see:  
`My life to wad an my land to pawn,  
Yonder comes the young laird o Logie!'

\SBALLADS Child 182D.11

\N1 `Pardon, oh pardon! my lord the king,  
Aye I pray you pardon me;



For I counterf+ieted your hand-write,  
 An stole frae you your richt hand gloe,  
 An sent them to Pitcairn\'s wa\'s,  
 A\' to set Young Logie free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 182D.12  
 \N1 `If this had been done by laird or lord,  
 Or by baron of high degree,  
 I\'se mak it sure, upon my word,  
 His life suld hae gane for Young Logie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 182D.13  
 \N1 `But since it is my gracious queen,  
 A hearty pardon we will gie,  
 An for her sake we\'ll free the loon,  
 The rantin young laird o Logie.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 182E.1  
 \N1 MAY MARGARET sits in the queen\'s bouir,  
 Knicking her f+ingers ane be ane,  
 Cursing the day that she ere was born,  
 Or that she ere heard o Logie\'s name.  
 \LBALLADS Child 183A.1  
 \N1 `TURN, Willie Macintosh,  
 Turn, I bid you;  
 Gin ye burn Auchindown,  
 Huntly will head you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 183A.2  
 \N1 `Head me or hang me,  
 That canna f+ley me;  
 I\'ll burn Auchendown  
 Ere the life lea me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 183A.3  
 \N1 Coming down Deeside,  
 In a clear morning,  
 Auchindown was in f+lame,  
 Ere the cock-crawing.  
 \SBALLADS Child 183A.4  
 \N1 But coming oer Cairn Croom,  
 And looking down, man,  
 I saw Willie Macintosh  
 Burn Auchindown, man,  
 \SBALLADS Child 183A.5  
 \N1 `Bonny Willie Macintosh,  
 Whare left ye your men?'  
 `I left them in the Stapler,  
 But they\'ll never come hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 183A.6  
 \N1 `Bonny Willie Macintosh,  
 Whare now is your men?'  
 `I left them in the Stapler,  
 Sleeping in their sheen.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 183B.1  
 \N1 AS I came in by Fiddich-side,  
 In a May morning,  
 I met Willie Mackintosh,  
 An hour before the dawning.  
 \SBALLADS Child 183B.2  
 \N1 `Turn again, turn again,  
 Turn again, I bid ye;  
 If ye burn Auchindown,  
 Huntly he will head ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 183B.3

\N1 `Head me, hang me,  
 That sall never fear me;  
 I\'ll burn Auchindown  
 Before the life leaves me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 183B.4  
 \N1 As I came in by Auchindown,  
 In a may morning,  
 Auchindown was in a bleeze,  
 An hour before the dawning.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 183B.5  
 \N1 Crawing, crawling,  
 For my crowse crawling,  
 I lost the best feather i my wing  
 For my crowse crawling.  
 \LBALLADS Child 184A.1  
 \N1 TWIXT the Girthhead and Langwood-end  
 Livd the Galiard and Galiard\'s men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.2  
 \N1 It is the lads of Lethenha,  
 The greatest rogues among them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.3  
 \N1 It is the lads of Leverhay,  
 That drove the Crichtons\' gier away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.4  
 \N1 It is the lads o the Kirkhill,  
 The gay Galiard and Will o Kirkhill,  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.5  
 \N1 But and the lads o Stefenbiggin,  
 They broke the house in at the riggin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.6  
 \N1 The lads o Fingland and Hellbackhill,  
 They were neer for good, but aye for ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.7  
 \N1 Twixt the Staywood Bass and Langside Hill,  
 They stelld the broked cow and branded bull.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.8  
 \N1 It is the lads o the Girthhead,  
 The diel\'s in them for pride and greed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.9  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.10  
 \N1 The Galiard is to the stable gane;  
 Instead of the Dun, the Blind he\'s taen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.11  
 \N1 `Come out now, Simmy o the Side,  
 Come out and see a Johnston ride!  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.12  
 \N1 `Here\'s the boniest horse in a\' Nithside,  
 And a gentle Johnston aboon his hide.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.13  
 \N1 Simmy Crichton\'s mounted then,  
 And Crichtons has raised mony a ane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.14  
 \N1 The Galiard thought his horse had been f+leet,  
 But they did outstrip him quite out o sight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 184A.15  
 \N1 As soon as the Galiard the Crichton he saw,  
 Beyond the saugh-bush he did draw.

\SBALLADS Child 184A.16  
\N1 The Crichtons there the Galiard hae taen,  
And nane wi him but Willy alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.17  
\N1 `O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,  
And I vow I'll neer do a Crichton wrang!  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.18  
\N1 `O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,  
And a peck o goud I'll gie to thee!  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.19  
\N1 `O Simmy, Simmy, let me gang,  
And my wife shall heap it wi her hand!'  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.20  
\N1 But the Crichtons wadna let Willy bee,  
But they hanged him high upon a tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.21  
\N1 O think then Will he was right wae,  
When he saw his uncle guided sae.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.22  
\N1 `But if ever I live Wamphray to see,  
My uncle's death revenged shall be!'  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.23  
\N1 Back to Wamphray Willy's gane,  
And riders has raised mony a ane.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.24  
\N1 Saying, My lads, if ye'll be true,  
Ye's a' be clad in the noble blue.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.25  
\N1 Back to Nidsdale they are gane,  
And away the Crichtons' nout they hae taen.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.26  
\N1 As they came out at the Wallpath-head,  
The Crichtons bad them light and lead.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.27  
\N1 And when they came to the Biddess-burn,  
The Crichtons bad them stand and turn.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.28  
\N1 And when they came to the Biddess-strand,  
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.29  
\N1 But when they cam to the Biddess-law,  
The Johnstons bad them stand and draw.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.30  
\N1 Out then spake then Willy Kirkhill:  
`Of f+ighting, lads, ye's hae your f+ill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.31  
\N1 Then off his horse Willy he lap,  
And a burnishd brand in his hand he took.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.32  
\N1 And through the Crichtons Willy he ran,  
And dang them down both horse and man.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.33  
\N1 O but these lads were wondrous rude,  
When the Biddess-burn ran three days blood!  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.34  
\N1 `I think, my lads, we've done a noble deed;  
We have revengd the Galiard's blood.  
\SBALLADS Child 184A.35  
\N1 `For every f+inger o the Galiard's hand,  
I vow this day I've killed a man.'

\SBALLADS Child 184A.36

\N1 And hame for Wamphray they are gane,  
And away the Crichtons\' nout they\'ve taen.

\SBALLADS Child 184A.37

\N1 `Sin we\'ve done na hurt, nor we\'ll take na wrang,  
But back to Wamphray we will gang.'

\SBALLADS Child 184A.38

\N1 As they came in at Evanhead,  
At Reaklaw-holm they spred abroad.

\SBALLADS Child 184A.39

\N1 `Drive on, my lads, it will be late;  
We\'ll have a pint at Wamphray Gate.

\SBALLADS Child 184A.40

\N1 `For where eer I gang, or eer I ride,  
The lads o Wamphr<a>y\'s on my side.

\SBALLADS Child 184A.41

\N1 `For of a\' the lads that I do ken,  
The lads o Wamphr<a>y\'s king o men.'

\LBALLADS Child 185A.1

\N1 NOW Liddisdale has lain long in,  
Fa la

There is no rideing there a ta;

Fa la

Their horse is growing so lidder and fatt  
That are lazie in the sta.

Fa la la didle

\SBALLADS Child 185A.2

\N1 Then Johne+: Armstrang to Willie can say,  
Billie, a rideing then will we;

England and us has been long at a feed;  
Perhaps we may hitt of some bootie.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.3

\N1 Then they\'r comd on to Hutton Hall,  
They rade that proper place about;

But the laird he was the wiser man,  
For he had left nae gear without.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.4

\N1 Then he had left nae gear to steal,  
Except six sheep upon a lee;

Says Johnie, I\'de rather in England die  
Before their six sheep good to Liddesdale with me.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.5

\N1 `But how cald they the man we last w\ii\rt\ih\r mett,  
Billie, as we came over the know?'

`That same he is an innocent fool,

And some men calls him Dick o the Cow.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.6

\N1 `That fool has three as good kyne of his own  
As in a\' Cumberland, billie,' quoth he:

`Betide my life, betide my death,  
These three kyne shal go to Liddisdaile with me.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.7

\N1 Then they\'re comd on to the poor fool\'s house,  
And they have broken his wals so wide;

They have loosd out Dick o the Cow\'s kyne three,  
And tane three coerlets off his wife\'s bed.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.8

\N1 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,  
The shouts and crys rose loud and high:

`Hold thy tongue, my wife,' he says,

`And of thy crying let me bee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.9  
 \N1 `Hald thy tongue, my wife,' he says,  
 `And of thy crying let me bee,  
 And ay that where thou wants a kow,  
 Good sooth that I shal bring the three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.10  
 \N1 Then Dick\'s comd on to lord and master,  
 And I wate a drerie fool [was] he:  
 `Hald thy tongue, my fool,' he says,  
 `For I may not stand to jest with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.11  
 \N1 `Shame speed a your jesting, my lord,' quo Dickie,  
 `For nae such jesting grees with me;  
 Liddesdaile has been in my house th\ii\rs last night,  
 And they have tane my three kyne from me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.12  
 \N1 `But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwel,  
 To be your poor fool and your leel,  
 Unless ye give me leave, my lord,  
 To go to Liddisdale and steal.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.13  
 \N1 `To give thee leave, my fool,' he says,  
 `Thou speaks against mine honour and me;  
 Unless thou give me thy truth and thy right hand  
 Thou\'l steal frae nane but them th\ia\rt sta from thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.14  
 \N1 `There is my truth and my right hand;  
 My head shal hing on Hairibie,  
 I\'le never crose Carlele sands again,  
 If I steal frae a man but them th\ia\rt sta frae me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.15  
 \N1 Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,  
 And I wate a merrie fool was he;  
 He has bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,  
 And has packed th\ie\rm up in his breek-thigh.  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.16  
 \N1 Then Dickie\'s come on for Puddinburn,  
 Even as fast as he may drie;  
 Dickie\'s come on for Puddinburn,  
 Where there was thirty Armstrongs and three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.17  
 \N1 `What\'s this comd on me!' quo Dicke+.,  
 `What meakle wae\'s th\ii\rs happend on me,' quo he,  
 `Where here is but ae innocent fool,  
 And there is thirty Armstrongs and three!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.18  
 \N1 Yet he\'s comd up to the hall among th\ie\rm all;  
 So wel he became his courtesie:  
 `Well may ye be, my good Laird\'s Jock!  
 But the deil bless all your companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.19  
 \N1 `I\'m come to plain of your man Fair Johnie Armstrong,  
 And syne his billie Willie,' qou he;  
 `How they have been in my house th\ii\rs last night,  
 And they have tane my three ky frae me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 185A.20  
 \N1 Quo Johnie Armstrong, We\'ll him hang;  
 `Nay,' thain quo Willie, 'we\'ll him slae';  
 But up bespake another young man, We\'le nit him in a four-nooked sheet,

Give him his burden of batts, and lett him gae.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.21

\N1 Then up bespake the good Laird\'s Jock,  
The best falla in the companie:

Fitt thy way down a little while, Dicke+;,  
And a peice of thine own cow\'s hough I\'ll give to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.22

\N1 But Dicki\'s heart it grew so great  
That never a bitt of it he dought to eat;  
But Dickie was warr of ane auld peat-house,  
Where there al the night he thought for to sleep.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.23

\N1 Then Dickie was warr of that auld peat-house,  
Where there al the night he thought for to ly;  
And a\' the prayers the poor fool prayd was,  
'I wish I had a mense for my own three kye!'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.24

\N1 Then it was the use of Puddinburn,  
And the house of Mangertoun, all haile!  
These that came not at the f+irst call  
They gott no more meat till the next meall.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.25

\N1 The lads, that hungry and aevery was,  
Above the door-head they f+lang the key;  
Dickie took good notice to that;  
Says, There\'s a bootie younder for me.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.26

\N1 Then Dickie\'s gane into the stable,  
Where there stood thirty horse and three;  
He has ty\'d them a\' with St Mary knot,  
All these horse but barely three.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.27

\N1 He has ty\'d them a\' with St Mary knott,  
All these horse but barely three;  
He has loupn on one, taken another in his hand,  
And out at the door and gane is Dickie.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.28

\N1 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,  
The shouts and cryes rose loud and high;  
'What\'s that theife?' quo the good Laird\'s Jock;  
'Tel me the truth and the verity.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.29

\N1 'What\'s that theife?' quo the good Laird\'s Jock;  
'See unto me ye do not lie:'  
'Dick o the Cow has been in the stable this last night,  
And has my brother\'s horse and mine frae me.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.30

\N1 'Ye wad never be teld it,' quo the Laird\'s Jock;  
'Have ye not found my tales fu leel?  
Ye wade never out of England bide,  
Till crooked and blind and a\' wad steal.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.31

\N1 'But will thou lend me thy bay?' Fair Johne+: Armstrong can say,  
'There\'s nae mae horse loose in the stable but he;  
And I\'le either bring ye Dick o the Kow again,  
Or the day is come that he must die.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.32

\N1 'To lend thee my bay,' the Laird\'s Jock can say,  
'He\'s both worth gold and good monie;  
Dick o the Kow has away twa horse,

I wish no thou should no make him three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.33  
\N1 He has tane the Laird\'s jack on his back,  
The twa-handed sword th\ia\rt hang lieugh by his thigh;  
He has tane the steel cap on his head,  
And on is he to follow Dickie.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.34  
\N1 Then Dickie was not a mile off the town,  
I wate a mile but barely three,  
Till John Armstrang has oertane Dick o the Kow,  
Hand for hand on Cannobei lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.35  
\N1 `Abide th<e], bide now, Dickie than,  
The day is come that thow must die;'  
Dickie looked oer his left shoulder;  
`Johnie, has thow any mo in thy company?  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.36  
\N1 `There is a preacher in owr chapell,  
And a\' the lee-lang day teaches he;  
When day is gane, and night is come,  
There\'s never a word I mark but three.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.37  
\N1 `The f+irst and second\'s Faith and Conscience;  
The third is, Johnie, Take head of thee;  
But what faith and conscience had thow, traitor,  
When thou took my three kye frae me?  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.38  
\N1 `And when thou had tane my three kye,  
Thou thought in thy heart thou was no wel sped;  
But thou sent thi billie Willie oer the know,  
And he took three coerlets of my wife\'s bed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.39  
\N1 Then Johne lett a spear fa leaugh by his thigh,  
Thought well to run the innocent through;  
But the powers above was more than his,  
He ran but the poor fool\'s jerkin through.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.40  
\N1 Together they ran or ever they blan+---+--  
This was Dickie, the fool, and hee+---+--  
Dickie could not win to him w\ii\rt\ih\r the blade of the sword,  
But he feld [him] with the plummet under the eye.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.41  
\N1 Now Dickie has [feld] Fair Johne+: Armstrong,  
The prettiest man in the south country;  
`Gramercie,' then can Dickie say,  
`I had twa horse, thou has made me three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.42  
\N1 He has tane the laird\'s jack off his back,  
The twa-handed sword th\ia\rt hang leiugh by his thigh;  
He has tane the steel cape off his head:  
`Johnie, I\'le tel my master I met with thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.43  
\N1 When Johne+: wakend out of his dream,  
I wate a dreiry man was he:  
`Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?  
The shame gae in thy company!  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.44  
\N1 `Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?  
The shame go in thy companie!  
For if I should live this hundred year,

I shal never f+ight with a fool after thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.45  
\N1 Then Dickie comed home to lord and master,  
Even as fast as he may drie:  
`Now Dickie, I shal neither eat meat nor drink  
Till high hanged that thou shall be!'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.46  
\N1 `The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie,  
`That was no the promise ye made to me;  
For I\'d never gane to Liddesdale to steal  
Till that I sought my leave at thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.47  
\N1 `But what gart thow steal the Laird\'s-Jock\'s horse?  
And, limmer, what gart thou steal him?' quo he;  
`For lang might thow in Cumberland dwelt  
Or the Laird\'s Jock had stoln ought frae thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.48  
\N1 `Indeed I wate ye leed, my lord,  
And even so loud as I hear ye lie;  
I wan him frae his man, Fair Johnne+: Armstrong,  
Hand for hand on Cannobie lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.49  
\N1 `There\'s the jack was on his back,  
The twa-handed sword that hung lewgh by his thigh;  
There\'s the steel cap was on his head;  
I have a\' these takens to lett you see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.50  
\N1 `If that be true thou to me tels+---+  
I trow thou dare not tel a lie+---+  
I\'le give thee twenty pound for the good horse,  
Wel told in thy cloke-lap shall be.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.51  
\N1 `And I\'le give thee one of my best milk-kye,  
To maintain thy wife and children three;  
[And that may be as good, I think,  
As ony twa o thine might be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.52  
\N1 `The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dicke,  
`Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?  
I\'le either have thirty pound for the good horse,  
Or els he\'s gae to Mattan fair wi me:'  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.53  
\N1 Then he has given him thirty pound for the good horse,  
All in gold and good monie;  
He has given him one of his best milk-kye,  
To maintain his wife and children three.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.54  
\N1 Then Dickie\'s come down through Carlile town,  
Even as fast as he may drie:  
The f+irst of men that he with mett  
Was my lord\'s brother, Bailife Glazenberrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.55  
\N1 `Well may ye be, my good Ralph Scrupe!'  
`Welcome, my brother\'s fool!' quo he;  
`Where did thou gett Fair Johnie Armstrong\'s horse?'  
`Where did I get him but steall him,' quo he.  
\SBALLADS Child 185A.56  
\N1 `But will thou sell me Fair Johnie Armstrong\<\'s] horse?  
And, billie, will thou sel him to me?' quo he:  
`Ay, and tel me the monie on my cloke-lap,



For there\'s not one fathing I\'le trust thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.57

\N1 `I\'le give thee fifteen pound for the good horse,  
Wel told on thy cloke-lap shal be;  
And I\'le give [thee] one of my best milk-kye,  
To maintain thy wife and children three.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.58

\N1 `The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dicke+,:  
`Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?' quo he:  
`I\'le either have thirty pound for the good horse,  
Or else he\'s to Mattan Fair with me.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.59

\N1 He has given him thirty pound for the good horse,  
All in gold and good monie;  
He has given him one of his best milk-kye,  
To maintain his wife and children three.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.60

\N1 Then Dickie lap a loup on high,  
And I wate a loud laughter leugh he:  
`I wish the neck of the third horse were browken,  
For I have a better of my own, and onie better can be.'

\SBALLADS Child 185A.61

\N1 Then Dickie comd hame to his wife again;  
Judge ye how the poor fool he sped;  
He has given her three score of English pounds  
For the three auld coerlets was tane of her bed.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.62

\N1 `Hae, take thee there twa as good kye,  
I trow, as al thy three might be;  
And yet here is a white-footed naigg;  
I think he\'le carry booth thee and me.

\SBALLADS Child 185A.63

\N1 `But I may no longer in Cumberland dwell;  
The Armstrongs the\'le hang me high:'  
But Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,  
And Burgh under Stanemuir there dwels Dickie.

\LBALLADS Child 186A.1

\N1 O HAVE ye na heard o the fause Sakelde?  
O have ye na heard o the keen Lord Scroop?  
How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,  
On Hairibee to hang him up?

\SBALLADS Child 186A.2

\N1 Had Willie had but twenty men,  
But twenty men as stout as he,  
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont taen,  
Wi eight score in his companie.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.3

\N1 They band his legs beneath the steed,  
They tied his hands behind his back;  
They guarded him, f+ivesome on each side,  
And they brought him ower the Liddelrack.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.4

\N1 They led him thro the Liddel-rack,  
And also thro the Carlisle sands;  
They brought him to Carlisle castell,  
To be at my Lord Scroope\'s commands.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.5

\N1 `My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,  
And whae will dare this deed avow?  
Or answer by the border law?

Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?'  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.6  
\N1 `Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!  
There\'s never a Scot shall set ye free;  
Before ye cross my castle-yate,  
I trow ye shall take farewell o me.'

\SBALLADS Child 186A.7  
\N1 `Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo Willie;  
`By the faith o my bodie, Lord Scroop,' he said,  
`I never yet lodged in a hostelrie  
But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'

\SBALLADS Child 186A.8  
\N1 Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,  
In Branksome Ha where that he lay,  
That Lord Scroope has taen the Kinmont Willie,  
Between the hours of night and day.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.9  
\N1 He has taen the table wi his hand,  
He garrd the red wine spring on hie;  
`Now Christ\'s curse on my head,' he said,  
`But avenged of Lord Scroop I\'ll be!

\SBALLADS Child 186A.10  
\N1 `O is my basnet a widow\'s curch?  
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?  
Or my arm a ladye\'s lilye hand?  
That an English lord should lightly me.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.11  
\N1 `And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,  
Against the truce of Border tide,  
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

\SBALLADS Child 186A.12  
\N1 `And have they een taen him Kinmont Willie,  
Withouten either dread or fear,  
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

\SBALLADS Child 186A.13  
\N1 `O were there war between the lands,  
As well I wot that there is none,  
I would slight Carlisle castell high,  
Tho it were builded of marble-stone.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.14  
\N1 `I would set that castell in a low,  
And sloken it with English blood;  
There\'s nevir a man in Cumberland  
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.15  
\N1 `But since nae war\'s between the lands,  
And there is peace, and peace should be,  
I\'ll neither harm English lad or lass,  
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!'

\SBALLADS Child 186A.16  
\N1 He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,  
I trow they were of his ain name,  
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, calld  
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.17  
\N1 He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,  
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,  
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,

And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.18  
 \N1 There were f+ive and f+ive before them a\',  
 Wi hunting-horns and bugles bright;  
 And f+ive and f+ive came wi Buccleuch,  
 Like Warden\'s men, arrayed for f+ight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.19  
 \N1 And f+ive and f+ive like a mason-gang,  
 That carried the ladders lang and hie;  
 And f+ive and f+ive like broken men;  
 And so they reached the Woodhouselee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.20  
 \N1 And as we crossd the Bateable Land,  
 When to the English side we held,  
 The f+irst o men that we met wi,  
 Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde!  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.21  
 \N1 `Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'  
 Quo fause Sakelde; 'Come tell to me!'  
 `We go to hunt an English stag,  
 Has trespassd on the Scots countrie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.22  
 \N1 `Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?'  
 Quo fause Sakelde; 'Come tell me true!'  
 `We go to catch a rank reiver,  
 Has broken faith wi the bauld Buccleuch.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.23  
 \N1 `Where are ye gaun, ye mason-lads,  
 Wi a\' your ladders lang and hie?'  
 `We gang to herry a corbie\'s nest,  
 That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.24  
 \N1 `Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'  
 Quo fause Sakelde; 'Come tell to me!'  
 Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,  
 And the nevir a word o lear had he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.25  
 \N1 `Why trespass ye on the English side?  
 Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo he;  
 The neer a word had Dickie to say,  
 Sae he thrust the lance thro his fause bodie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.26  
 \N1 Then on we held for Carlisle toun,  
 And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossd;  
 The water was great, and meikle of spait,  
 But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.27  
 \N1 And when we reachd the Staneshaw-bank,  
 The wind was rising loud and hie;  
 And there the laird garrd leave our steeds,  
 For fear that they should stamp and nie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.28  
 \N1 And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
 The wind began full loud to blaw;  
 But \'twas wind and weat, and f+ire and sleet,  
 When we came beneath the Castel-wa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 186A.29  
 \N1 We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
 Till we placed the ladders against the wa;  
 And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell

To mount the first before us a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.30  
\N1 He has taen the watchman by the throat,  
He flung him down upon the lead:  
`Had there not been peace between our lands,  
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.31  
\N1 `Now sound out, trumpets!' quo Buccleuch;  
`Let\'s waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!'  
Then loud the Warden\'s trumpets blew  
`O whae dare meddle wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.32  
\N1 Then speedilie to wark we gaed,  
And raised the slogan ane and a\',  
And cut a hole thro a sheet of lead,  
And so we wan to the castel-ha.  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.33  
\N1 They thought King James and a\' his men  
Had won the house wi bow and speir;  
It was but twenty Scots and ten  
That put a thousand in sic a stear!  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.34  
\N1 Wi coulter and wi forehammers,  
We garrd the bars bang merrilie,  
Untill we came to the inner prison,  
Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie.  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.35  
\N1 And when we cam to the lower prison,  
Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie,  
`O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,  
Upon the morn that thou\'s to die?'  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.36  
\N1 `O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,  
It\'s lang since sleeping was fleyd frae me;  
Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns,  
And a\' gude fellows that speer for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.37  
\N1 Then Red Rowan has hente him up,  
The starkest men in Teviotdale:  
`Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,  
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.38  
\N1 `Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!  
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he cried;  
`I\'ll pay you for my lodging-maill  
When first we meet on the border-side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.39  
\N1 Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,  
We bore him down the ladder lang;  
At every stride Red Rowan made,  
I wot the Kinmont\'s airns playd clang.  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.40  
\N1 `O mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,  
`I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;  
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan  
I ween my legs have neer bestrode.  
\SBALLADS Child 186A.41  
\N1 `And mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,  
`I\'ve pricked a horse out oure the furs;  
But since the day I backed a steed

I nevir wore sic cumbrous spurs.'

\SBALLADS Child 186A.42

\N1 We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,  
When a\' the Carlisle bells were rung,  
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,  
Cam wi the keen Lord Scroope along.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.43

\N1 Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,  
Even where it f+lowd frae bank to brim,  
And he has plunged in wi a\' his band,  
And safely swam them thro the stream.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.44

\N1 He turned him on the other side,  
And at Lord Scroope his glove f+lung he:  
`If ye like na my visit in merry England,  
In fair Scotland come visit me!'

\SBALLADS Child 186A.45

\N1 All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,  
He stood as still as rock of stane;  
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes  
When thro the water they had gane.

\SBALLADS Child 186A.46

\N1 `He is either himsell a devil frae hell,  
Or else him mother a witch maun be;  
I wad na have ridden that wan water  
For a\' the gowd in Christentie.'

\LBALLADS Child 187A.1

\N1 \* \* \* \* \*

PEETER a Whif+ield he hath slaine,  
And Iohn a Side, he is tane,  
And Iohn is bound both hand and foote,  
And to the New-castle he is gone.

\SBALLADS Child 187A.2

\N1 But tydings came to the Sybill o the Side,  
By the water-side as shee rann;  
Shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,  
And fast shee runn to Mangerton.

\SBALLADS Child 187A.3

\N1 . . . . .

The lord was sett downe at his meate;  
When these tydings shee did him tell,  
Neu\ier\r a morsell might he eate.

\SBALLADS Child 187A.4

\N1 But lords, the wrunge their f+ingars white,  
Ladies did pull themselues by the haire,  
Crying, Alas and weladay!  
For Iohn o the Side wee shall neu\ier\r see more.

\SBALLADS Child 187A.5

\N1 `But wee\'le goe sell our droues of kine,  
And after them our oxen sell,  
And after them our troopes of sheepe,  
But wee will loose him out of the New Castell.'

\SBALLADS Child 187A.6

\N1 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
And spoke these words wonderous hye;  
Sayes, Giue my f+iue men to my selfe,  
And I\'le feitch Iohn o the Side to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 187A.7

\N1 `Yea, thou\'st haue f+iue, Hobby Noble,  
Of the best \itha\rt are in this countrie;

I\le giue thee f+iue thousand, Hobby Noble,  
\iTha\rt walke in Tyuidale trulye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.8  
\N1 `Nay, I\le haue but f+iue,' saies Hobby Noble,  
\iTha\rt shall walke away w\ii\rth mee;  
Wee will ryde like noe men of warr;  
But like poore badgers wee wilbe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.9  
\N1 They stuffet vp all their baggs w\ii\rth straw,  
And their steeds barefoot must bee;  
'Come on, my bretheren,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
'Come on yo\iu\rr wayes, and goe w\ii\rth mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.10  
\N1 And when they came to Culerton ford,  
The water was vp, they cold it not goe;  
And then they were ware of a good old man,  
How his boy and hee were at the plowe.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.11  
\N1 `But stand you still,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
'Stand you still heere at this shore,  
And I will ryde to Yonder old man,  
And see w<h>ere the gate it lyes ore.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.12  
\N1 `But Christ you saue, father!' q\iuo\rth hee,  
'Crist both you saue and see!  
Where is the way ou\ier\r this f+ford?  
For Christ\'s sake tell itt mee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.13  
\N1 `But I haue dwelled heere three score yeere,  
Soe haue I done three score and three;  
I neu\ier\r sawe man nor horsse goe ore,  
Except itt were a horse of tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.14  
\N1 `But fare thou well, thou good old man!  
The deuill in hell I leave w\ii\rth thee,  
Noe better comfort heere this night  
Thow giues my bretheren heere and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.15  
\N1 But when he came to his brether againe,  
And told this tydings full of woe,  
And then they found a well good gate  
They might ryde ore by two and two.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.16  
\N1 And when they were come ou\ier\r the f+forde,  
All safe gotten att the last,  
'Thankes be to God!' sayes Hobby Nobble,  
'The worst of our perill is past.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.17  
\N1 And then they came into Howbrame wood,  
And there then they found a tree,  
And cutt itt downe then by the roote;  
The lenght was thirty f+foote and three.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.18  
\N1 And four of them did take the planke,  
As light as it had beene a f+f+lee,  
And carryed itt to the New Castle,  
Where as Iohn a Side did lye.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.19  
\N1 And some did climbe vp by the walls,  
And some did climbe vp by the tree,

Vntill they came vpp to the top of the castle,  
Where Iohn made his moane trulye.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.20  
\N1 He sayd, God be w\ii\rth thee, Sybill o the Side!  
My owne mother thou art, q\iuo\rth hee;  
If thou knew this night I were here,  
A woe woman then woldest thou bee.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.21  
\N1 And fare you well, Lo\ird\r Mangerton!  
And eu\ier\r I say God be with thee!  
For if you knew this night I were heere,  
You wold sell your land for to loose mee.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.22  
\N1 And fare thou well, Much, Millers sonne!  
Much, Millars sonne, I say;  
Thou has beene better att merke midnight  
Then eu\ier\r thou was att noone o the day.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.23  
\N1 And fare thou well, my good Lord Clough!  
Thou art thy f+fathers sonne and heire;  
Thou neu\ier\r saw him in all thy liffe  
But w\ii\rth him durst thou breake a speare.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.24  
\N1 `Wee are brothers childer nine or ten,  
And sisters children ten or eleven.  
We neu\ier\r came to the feild to f+ight,  
But the worst of us was counted a man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.25  
\N1 But then bespake him Hoby Noble,  
And spake these words vnto him;  
Saies, Sleepest thou, wakest thou, Iohn o the Side,  
Or art thou this castle w\ii\rthin?  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.26  
\N1 `But who is there,' q\iuo\rth Iohn oth Side,  
`\iTha\rt knowes my name soe right and free?'  
`I am a bastard-brother of thine;  
This night I am comen for to loose thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.27  
\N1 `Now nay, now nay,' q\iuo\rth Iohn o the Side;  
`Itt f+feares me sore \itha\rt will not bee;  
Ffor a pecke of gold and silver,' Iohn sayd,  
`In faith this night will not loose mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.28  
\N1 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
And till his brother thus sayd hee;  
Sayes, Four shall take this matter in hand,  
And two shall tent our geldings f+free.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.29  
\N1 Four did breake one dore w\ii\rthout,  
Then Iohn brake f+iue himsell;  
But when they came to the iron dore,  
It smote twelue vpon the bell.  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.30  
\N1 `Itt feares me sore,' sayd Much, the Miller,  
`\iTha\rt heere taken wee all shalbee;'  
`But goe away, bretheren,' sayd Iohn a Side,  
`For eu\ier\r alas! this will not bee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 187A.31  
\N1 `But f+fye vpon thee!' sayd Hobby Noble;  
`Much, the Miller, fye vpon thee!

`It sore feares me,' said Hobby Noble,  
 `Man \itha\rt thou wilt neu\ier\r bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.32  
 \N1 But then he had Ff+landers f+iles two or three,  
 And hee fyled downe \itha\rt iron dore,  
 And tooke Iohn out of the New Castle,  
 And sayd, Looke thou neu\ier\r come heere more!  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.33  
 \N1 When he had him f+forth of the New Castle,  
 `Away w\ii\rth me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde:'  
 But eu\ier\r alas! itt could not bee;  
 For Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.34  
 \N1 But then he had sheets two or three,  
 And bound Iohns boults fast to his f+feete,  
 And sett him on a well good steede,  
 Himselfe on another by him seete.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.35  
 \N1 Then Hobby Noble smiled and loug<h>e,  
 And spoke these worde in mickle pryde:  
 Thou sitts soe f+inely on thy geldinge  
 \iTha\rt, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.36  
 \N1 And when they came thorrow Howbrame towne,  
 Iohns horsse there stumbled at a stone;  
 `Out and alas!' cryed Much, the Miller,  
 `Iohn, thou\le make vs all be tane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.37  
 \N1 `But fye vpon thee!' saies Hobby Noble,  
 `Much, the Millar, fye on thee!  
 I know full well,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
 `Man \itha\rt thou wilt neu\ier\r bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.38  
 \N1 And when the came into Howbrame wood,  
 He had Ff+landers f+iles two or three  
 To f+ile Iohns bolts beside his f+feete,  
 \iTha\rt hee might ryde more easilye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.39  
 \N1 Sayes, `Iohn, now leape ou\ier\r a steede!'  
 And Iohn then hee lope ou\ier\r f+iue:  
 `I know well,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
 `Iohn, thy f+fellow is not alieue.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.40  
 \N1 Then he brought him home to Mangerton;  
 The lo\ird\r then he was att his meate;  
 But when Iohn o the Side he there did see,  
 For faine hee cold noe more eate.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187A.41  
 \N1 He sayes, Blest be thou, Hobby Noble,  
 \iTha\rt euer thou wast man borne!  
 Thou hast feitcht vs home good Iohn oth Side,  
 \iTha\rt was now cleane f+from vs gone.  
 \LBALLADS Child 187B.1  
 \N1 `NOW Liddisdale has ridden a raid,  
 But I wat they had better staid at hame;  
 For Mitchel o Winf+ield he is dead,  
 And my son Johnie is prisner tane.'  
 With my fa ding diddle, la la dow diddle.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.2  
 \N1 For Mangerton House auld Downie is gane;



Her coats she has kilted up to her knee,  
And down the water wi speed she rins,  
While tears in spaits fa fast frae her eie.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.3

\N1 Then up and bespake the lord Mangerton:  
'What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?'

'Bad news, bad news, my lord Mangerton;  
Mitchel is killd, and tane they hae my son Johnie.'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.4

\N1 'Neer fear, sister Downie,' quo Mangerton;  
'I hae yokes of oxen four and twentie,  
My barns, my byres, and my faulds, a\' weel f+illd,  
And I\'ll part wi them a\' ere Johnie shall die.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.5

\N1 'Three men I\'ll take to set him free,  
Weel harnessd a\' wi best o steel;  
The English rogues may hear, and drie  
The weight o their braid swords to feel.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.6

\N1 'The Laird\'s Jock ane, the Laird\'s Wat twa,  
Oh, Hobie Noble, thou ane maun be;  
Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,  
Since England banishd thee, to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.7

\N1 Now Hobie was a English man,  
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banishd him neer to return.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.8

\N1 Lord Mangerton them orders gave,  
'Your horses the wrang way maun a\' be shod;  
Like gentlemen ye must not seem,  
But look like corn-caugers gawn ae road.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.9

\N1 'Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
Nor ance appear like men o weir;  
As country lads be all arrayd,  
Wi branks and brecham on ilk mare.'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.10

\N1 Sae now a\' their horses are shod the wrang way,  
And Hobie has mounted his grey sae f+ine,  
Jock his lively bay, Wat\'s on his white horse behind,  
And on they rode for the water o Tyne.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.11

\N1 At the Choler-ford they a\' light down,  
And there, wi the help o the light o the moon,  
A tree they cut, wi f+fifteen naggs upo ilk side,  
To climb up the wa o Newcastle town.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.12

\N1 But when they cam to Newcastle town,  
And were alighted at the wa,  
They fand their tree three ells oer laigh,  
They fand their stick baith short and sma.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.13

\N1 Then up and spake the Laird\'s ain Jock,  
'There\'s naething for \'t, the gates we maun force;'  
But when they cam the gates unto,  
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.14

\N1 His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung,

Wi hand or foot he neer playd paw;  
 His life and his keys at anes they hae tane,  
 And cast his body ahind the wa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.15  
 \N1 Now soon they reach Newcastle jail,  
 And to the prisner thus they call:  
 `Sleips thou, wakes thou, Jock o the Side?  
 Or is thou wearied o thy thrall?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.16  
 \N1 Jock answers thus, wi dolefu tone:  
 Aft, aft I wake, I seldom sleip;  
 But wha\'s this kens my name sae weel,  
 And thus to hear my waes do<es] seik?  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.17  
 \N1 Then up and spake the good Laird\'s Jock,  
 `Neer fear ye now, my billie,' quo he;  
 `For here\'s the Laird\'s Jock, the Laird\'s Wat,  
 And Hobie Noble, come to set thee free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.18  
 \N1 `Oh, had thy tongue, and speak nae mair,  
 And o thy tawk now let me be!  
 For if a\' Liddisdale were here the night,  
 The morn\'s the day that I maun die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.19  
 \N1 `Full f+fifteen stane o Spanish iron  
 They hae laid a\' right sair on me;  
 Wi locks and keys I am fast bound  
 Into this dungeon mirk and drearie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.20  
 \N1 `Fear ye no that,' quo the Laird\'s Jock;  
 `A faint heart neer wan a fair ladie;  
 Work thou within, we\'ll work without,  
 And I\'ll be bound we set thee free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.21  
 \N1 The f+irst strong dore that they came at,  
 They loosed it without a key;  
 The next chaind dore that they cam at,  
 They gard it a\' in f+linders f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.22  
 \N1 The prisner now, upo his back,  
 The Laird\'s Jock\'s gotten up fu hie;  
 And down the stair him, irons and a\  
 Wi nae sma speed and joy brings he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.23  
 \N1 `Now, Jock, I wat,' quo Hobie Noble,  
 `Part o the weight ye may lay on me;'  
 `I wat weel no,' quo the Laird\'s Jock,  
 `I count him lighter than a f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.24  
 \N1 Sae out at the gates they a\' are gane,  
 The prisner\'s set on horseback hie;  
 And now wi speed they\'ve tane the gate,  
 While ilk ane jokes fu wantonlie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.25  
 \N1 `O Jock, sae winsomely\'s ye ride,  
 Wi baith your feet upo ae side!  
 Sae weel\'s ye\'re harnessd, and sae trig!  
 In troth ye sit like ony bride.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187B.26  
 \N1 The night, tho wat, they didna mind,

But hied them on fu mirrilie,  
Until they cam to Cholerford brae,  
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.27

\N1 But when they came to Cholerford,  
There they met with an auld man;  
Says, Honest man, will the water ride?  
Tell us in haste, if that ye can.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.28

\N1 `I wat weel no,' quo the good auld man;  
`Here I hae livd this threty yeirs and three.  
And I neer yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
Nor rinning ance sae like a sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.29

\N1 Then up and spake the Laird\'s saft Wat,  
The greatest coward in the company;  
`Now halt, now halt, we needna try\'t;  
The day is comd we a\' maun die!'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.30

\N1 `Poor faint-hearted thief!' quo the Laird\'s Jock,  
`There\'ll nae man die but he that\'s f+ie;  
I\'ll lead ye a\' right safely through;  
Lift ye the prisner on ahint me.'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.31

\N1 Sae now the water they a\' hae tane,  
By anes and twas they a\' swam through;  
`Here are we a\' safe,' says the Laird\'s Jock,  
`And, poor faint Wat, what think ye now?'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.32

\N1 They scarce the ither side had won,  
When twenty men they saw pursue;  
Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,  
A\' English lads, right good and true.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.33

\N1 But when the land-sergeant the water saw,  
`It winna ride, my lads,' quo he;  
Then out he cries, Ye the prisner may take,  
But leave the irons, I pray, to me.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.34

\N1 `I wat weel no,' cryd the Laird\'s Jock,  
`I\'ll keep them a\'', shoon to my mare they\'ll be;  
My good grey mare, for I am sure,  
She\'s bought them a\' fu dear frae thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.35

\N1 Sae now they\'re away for Liddisdale,  
Een as fast as they coud them hie;  
The prisner\'s brought to his ain f+ire-side,  
And there o\'s airns they make him free.

\SBALLADS Child 187B.36

\N1 `Now, Jock, my billie,' quo a\' the three,  
`The day was comd thou was to die;  
But thou\'s as weel at thy ain f+ire-side,  
Now sitting, I think, tween thee and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 187B.37

\N1 They hae gard f+ill up ae punch-bowl,  
And after it they maun hae anither,  
And thus the night they a\' hae spent,  
Just as they had been brither and brither.

\LBALLADS Child 187C.1

\N1 `NOW Liddisdale has ridden a rade,

But I wat they had a better staid at home;  
 For Michel of Windfield he is slain,  
 And my son Jonny, they have him tane.'  
 With my fa dow diddle, lal la dow didle  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.2  
 \N1 Now Downy\'s down the water gone,  
 With all her cots unto her arms,  
 And she gave never over swift running  
 Untill she came to Mengertown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.3  
 \N1 Up spack Lord Mengertown and says,  
 What news, what news now, sister Downy? what news hast thou to me?  
 `Bad news, bad news, Lord Mengertown,  
 For Michal of Windfield he is slain, and my son Jonny they have him  
 tain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.4  
 \N1 Up speaks Lord Mengertown and says, I have four and twenty yoke of  
 oxen,  
 And four and twenty good milk-ky,  
 And three times as mony sheep,  
 And I\'ll gie them a\' before my son Jonny die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.5  
 \N1 I will tak three men unto myself;  
 The Laird\'s Jack he shall be ane,  
 The Laird\'s Wat another,  
 For, Hobbie Noble, thow must be ane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.6  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . thy cot is of the blue;  
 For ever since thou cam to Liddisdale  
 To Mengertown thou hast been true.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.7  
 \N1 Now Hobbie hath mounted his frienged gray,  
 And the Laird\'s Jack his lively bey,  
 And Watt with the ald horse behind,  
 And they are away as fast as they can ride.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.8  
 \N1 Till they are come to the Cholar foord,  
 And there they lighted down;  
 And there they cut a tree with fifty nags upo each side,  
 For to clim Newcastle wall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.9  
 \N1 And when they came there . .  
 It wad not reach by ellish three;  
 `There\'s nothing for\'t,' says the Laird\'s Jack,  
 `But forceing o New Castle gate.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.10  
 \N1 And when they came there,  
 There was a proud porter standing,  
 And I wat they were obliged to wring his neck in twa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.11  
 \N1 Now they are come to New Castle gile:  
 Says they, Sleep thou, wakes thou, John o the Side?  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.12  
 \N1 Says he, Whiles I wake, but seldom sleep;  
 Who is there that knows my name so well?  
 \SBALLADS Child 187C.13  
 \N1 Up speaks the Laird\'s Jack and says,  
 . . . .  
 Here is Jack and Watt and Hobby Noble,

Come this night to set thee free.

\SBALLADS Child 187C.14

\N1 Up speaks John of the Side and says,  
O hold thy tongue now, billy, and of thy talk now let me be;  
For if a\' Liddisdale were here this night,  
The morn is the day that I must die.

\SBALLADS Child 187C.15

\N1 For their is fifty stone of Spanish iron  
Laid on me fast wee lock and key,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 187C.16

\N1 Then up speaks the Laird\'s Jack and says,  
A faint heart neer wan a fair lady;  
Work thou within and we without,  
And this night we\'el set thee free.

\SBALLADS Child 187C.17

\N1 The first door that they came at  
They loused without either lock or key,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 187C.18

\N1 Till now Jack has got the prisner on his back,  
And down the tolbooth stair came he;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 187C.19

\N1 Up spack Hobby Noble and says,  
O man, I think thou may lay some weight o the prisner upo me;  
'I wat weel no,' says the Laird\'s Jack,  
'For I do not count him as havy as ane poor flee.'

\SBALLADS Child 187C.20

\N1 So now they have set him upo horse back,  
And says, O now so winsomly as thou dost ride,  
Just like a bride, wee beth thy feet  
Unto a side.

\SBALLADS Child 187C.21

\N1 Now they are away wee him as fast as they can heye,  
Till they are come to Cholar foord brae head;  
And they met an ald man,  
And says, Will the water ride?

\SBALLADS Child 187C.22

\N1 'I wat well no,' says the ald man,  
'For I have lived here this thirty years and three,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 187C.23

\N1 Up speaks the Laird\'s Watt and says-+---+--  
The greatest coward of the companie-+---+--

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 187C.24

\N1 Up speaks the Laird\'s Jack and says, Poor cowardly thief,  
They will never one die but him that\'s fee;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 187C.25

\N1 So they have tain the water by ane and two,  
Till they have got safe swumd through.

\SBALLADS Child 187C.26

\N1 Be they wan safe a\' through,  
There were twenty men pursueing them from New Castle town.

\SBALLADS Child 187C.27

\N1 Up speaks the land-sergeant and says,  
If you be gone with the rog, cast me my irons.

\SBALLADS Child 187C.28

\N1 `I wat weel no,' says the Laird\'s Jack,  
`For I will keep them to shew my good grey mere;

. . . . .  
For I am sure she has bought them dear.'

\SBALLADS Child 187C.29

\N1 `Good sooth,' says the Laird\'s Jack,  
`The worst perel is now past.'

\SBALLADS Child 187C.30

\N1 So now they have set him upo hoseback,  
And away as fast as they could hye,  
Till they brought him into Liddisdale,  
And now they have set him down at his own f+ireside.

\SBALLADS Child 187C.31

\N1 And says, now John,  
The day was come that thou was to die,  
But thou is full as weel sitting at thy own f+ireside.

. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 187C.32

\N1 And now they are falln to drink,  
And they drank a whole week one day after another,  
And if they be not given over,  
They are all drinking on yet.

\LBALLADS Child 187D.1

\N1 LIDDISDAILE has ridden a raid,  
But they had better ha staid at hame;  
For Michael o Wingf+ield he is slain,  
And Jock o the Side they hae taen.

\SBALLADS Child 187D.2

\N1 Dinah\'s down the water gane,  
Wi a\' her coats untill her knes,

. . . . .  
To Mangerton came she.

\SBALLADS Child 187D.3

\N1 . . . . .  
How now? how now? What\'s your will wi me?

. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 187D.4

\N1 To the New Castle h[e] is gane.

\SBALLADS Child 187D.5

\N1 They have cuttin their yad\'s tailles,  
They\'ve cut them a little abune the hough,  
And they nevir gave oer s. . . . d running  
Till they came to Hathery Haugh.

\SBALLADS Child 187D.6

\N1 And when they came to Chollerton ford  
Tyne was mair running like a sea.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 187D.7

\N1 And when they came to Swinburne wood,  
Quickly they ha fellen a tree;  
Twenty snags on either side,  
And on the top it had lang three.

\SBALLADS Child 187D.8

\N1 `My mare is young, she wul na swim,'

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 187D.9

\N1 . . . . .

`Now Mudge the Miller, f+ie on thee!  
Tak thou mine, and I\'ll tak thine,  
And the deel hang down thy yad and thee.'

\LBALLADS Child 188A.1

\N1 LATE in an evening forth as I went,  
\'Twas on the dawning of the day;  
I heard two brothers make their moan,  
I listend well what they did say.

\SBALLADS Child 188A.2

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .  
We were three born brethren,  
There<s] one of us condemnd to die.

\SBALLADS Child 188A.3

\N1 Then up bespake Jock the laird:  
`If I had but a hundre men,  
A hundred o th best i Christenty,  
I wad go on to fair Dumfries, I wad loose my brother and set him free.'

\SBALLADS Child 188A.4

\N1 So up bespak then Dicky Ha,  
He was the wisest o the three:  
`A hundre men we\'ll never get,  
Neither for gold nor fee,  
But some of them will us betray;  
They\'l neither f+ight for gold nor fee.

\SBALLADS Child 188A.5

\N1 `Had I but ten well-wight men,  
Ten o the best i Christenty,  
I w\ia\rd gae on to fair Dumfries,  
I w\ia\rd loose my bro\ithe\rr and set him free.

\SBALLADS Child 188A.6

\N1 `Jocky Ha, our cousin, \'s be the f+irst man'  
(For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he);  
`An ever we come till a pinch,  
He\'ll be as good as ony three.'

\SBALLADS Child 188A.7

\N1 They mounted ten well-wight men,  
Ten o the best i Christenty;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 188A.8

\N1 There was horsing and horsing of haste,  
And cracking o whips out oer the lee,  
Till they came to fair Barngliss,  
And they ca\'d the smith right quietly.

\SBALLADS Child 188A.9

\N1 He has shod them a\' their horse,  
He\'s shod them siccer and honestly,  
And he as turnd the Cawkers backwards oer,  
Where foremost they were wont to be.

\SBALLADS Child 188A.10

\N1 And there was horsing, horsing of haste,  
And cracking of whips out oer the lee,

Until they came to the Bonshaw wood,  
 Where they held their council privately.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.11  
 \N1 Some says, We'll gang the Annan road,  
 It is the better road, s'iaird they;  
 Up bespak then Dicky Ha,  
 The wisest of that company.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.12  
 \N1 `Annan road\'s a publick road,  
 It\'s no the road that makes for me;  
 But we will through at Hoddam ford,  
 It is the better road,' said he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.13  
 \N1 And there was horsing, horsing o haste,  
 And cracking of whips out oer the lea,  
 Until they came to fair Dumfries,  
 And it was newly strucken three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.14  
 \N1 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,  
 For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he:  
 `I have a mare, they ca her Meg,  
 She is the best i Christenty;  
 An ever we come till a pinch,  
 She'll bring awa both thee and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.15  
 \N1 `But f+ive we'll leave to had our horse,  
 And f+ive will watch, guard for to be;  
 Who is the man,' said Dicky then,  
 `To the prison-door will go with me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.16  
 \N1 Up bespak then Jocky Ha,  
 For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he:  
 `I am the man,' said Jocky than,  
 `To the prison-door I'll go with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.17  
 \N1 They are up the jail-stair,  
 They stepped it right soberly,  
 Until they came to the jail-door;  
 They ca\'d the prisoner quietly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.18  
 \N1 `O sleeps thou, wakest thou, Archie, my billy?  
 O sleeps thou, wakes thou, dear billy?'  
 `Sometimes I sleep, sometimes I wake;  
 But who\'s that knows my name so well?' [said he.]  
 `I am thy brother Dicky,' he says;  
 `This night I\'m come to borrow thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.19  
 \N1 But up bespake the prisoner then,  
 And O but he spake woefully!  
 `Today had been a justice-court,  
 . . .  
 And a\' Liddesdale were here the night,  
 The morn\'s the day at I\'se to die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.20  
 \N1 `What is thy crime, Archie, my billy?  
 What is the crime they lay to thee?'  
 `I brake a spear i the warden\'s breast,  
 For saving my master\'s land,' said he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.21  
 \N1 `If that be a\' the crime they lay to thee, Archie, my billy,



If that be the crime they lay to thee,  
Work thou within, and me without,  
And thro good strength I\'ll borrow thee.'

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.22

\\N1 `I cannot work, billy,' he says,  
`I cannot work, billy, with thee,  
For f+fifteen stone of Spanish iron  
Lyes fast to me with lock and key.'

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.23

\\N1 When Dicky he heard that,  
`Away, thou crabby chiel!' cried he;  
He\'s taen the door aye with his foot,  
And fast he followd it with his knee.  
Till a\' the bolts the door hung on,  
O th\' prison-f+loor he made them f+lee.

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.24

\\N1 `Thou\'s welcome, welcome, Archy, my billy,  
Thou\'s aye right dear welcome to me;  
There shall be straiks this day,' he said,  
`This day or thou be taen from me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.25

\\N1 He\'s got the prisoner on o his back,  
He\'s gotten him irons and aw,

. . . .

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.26

\\N1 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,  
`Let some o th\' prisoner lean on me;'  
`The diel o there,' quo Dicky than,  
`He\'s no the wightdom of a f+lea.'

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.27

\\N1 They are on o that gray mare,  
And they are on o her aw three,  
And they linked the irons about her neck,  
And galloped the street right wantonly.

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.28

\\N1 `To horse, to horse,' then, a+ell,' he says,  
`Horse ye with all the might ye may,  
For the jailor he will waken next;  
And the prisoners had a\' wan away.'

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.29

\\N1 There was horsing, horsing of haste,  
And cracking o whips out oer the lea,  
Until they came to the Bonshaw Shield;  
There they held their council privately.

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.30

\\N1 Some says, `We\'ll gang the Annan road;  
It is the better road,' said they;  
But up bespak than Dicky Ha,  
The wisest of that company:

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.31

\\N1 `Annan road\'s a publick road,  
It\'s not the road that makes for me;  
But we will through at Annan Holme,  
It is the better road,' said he;

`An we were in at Wamfrey Gate,  
The Johnstones they will a\' help me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 188A.32

\\N1 But Dicky lookd oer his left shoulder,  
I wait a wiley look gave he;

He spied the lieutenant coming,  
 An a hundre men of his company.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.33  
 \N1 `So horse ye, horse ye, lads!' he said,  
 `O horse ye, sure and siccerly!  
 For yonder is the lieuten\ian\rt,  
 With a hundred men of his company.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.34  
 \N1 There was horsing, horsing of haste,  
 And cracking o whips out oer the lea.  
 Until they came to Annan Holme,  
 And it was running like a sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.35  
 \N1 But up bespake the lieutenant,  
 Until a bonny lad said he,  
 `Who is the man,' said the lieuten\ian\rt,  
 `Rides foremost of yon company?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.36  
 \N1 Then up bespake the bonny lad,  
 Until the lieuten\ian\rt said he,  
 `Some men do ca him Dicky Ha,  
 Rides foremost of yon company.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.37  
 \N1 `O haste ye, haste ye!' said the lieuten\ian\rt,  
 `Pursue with a\' the might ye may!  
 For the man had needs to be well saint  
 That comes thro the hands o Dicky Ha.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.38  
 \N1 But up bespak Jock the laird,  
 `This has been a dearsome night to me;  
 I\`ve a colt of four years old,  
 I wait he wannelld like the wind;  
 If ever he come to the deep,  
 He will plump down, leave me behind.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.39  
 \N1 `Wae light o thee and thy horse baith, Jock,  
 And even so thy horse and thee!  
 Take thou mine, and I\`ll take thine,  
 Foul fa the worst horse i th\` company!  
 I\`ll cast the prisoner me behind;  
 There\`ll no man die but him that\`s fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.40  
 \N1 There they\`ve a\` taen the f+lood,  
 And they have taen it hastily;  
 Dicky was the hindmost took the f+lood,  
 And foremost on the land stood he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.41  
 \N1 Dicky\`s turnd his horse about,  
 And he has turnd it hastily:  
 `Come through, come thro, my lieuten\ian\rt,  
 Come thro this day, and drink wi me,  
 And thy dinner\`s be dressd in Annan Holme,  
 It sall not cost thee one penny.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.42  
 \N1 `I think some witch has bore the, Dicky,  
 Or some devil in hell been thy daddy;  
 I w\ioun\rd not swum that wan water double-horsed,  
 For a\` the gold in Christenty.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.43  
 \N1 `But throw me thro my irons, Dicky,

I wait they cost me full dear;  
 `O devil be there,' quo Jocky Hall,  
 `They\'l be good shoon to my gray mare.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.44  
 \N1 O up bespoke then Jock the laird,  
 `This has been a dearsome night to me;  
 For yesternight the Cawf+ield was my ain,  
 Landsman again I never sall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188A.45  
 \N1 `Now wae light o thee and thy lands baith, Jock,  
 And even so baith the land and thee!  
 For gear will come and gear will gang,  
 But three brothers again we never were to be.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 188B.1  
 \N1 AS I was walking mine alane,  
 It was by the dawning o the day,  
 I heard twa brothers make their maine,  
 And I listned well what they did say.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.2  
 \N1 The eldest to the youngest said,  
 `O dear brother, how can this be!  
 There was three brethren of us born,  
 And one of us is condemnd to die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.3  
 \N1 `O chuse ye out a hundred men,  
 A hundred men in Christ<e>ndie,  
 And we\'ll away to Dumfries town,  
 And set our billie Archie free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.4  
 \N1 `A hundred men you cannot get,  
 Nor yet sixteen in Christendie;  
 For some of them will us betray,  
 And other some will work for fee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.5  
 \N1 `But chuse ye out eleven men,  
 And we ourselves thirteen will be,  
 And we\'ill away to Dumfries town,  
 And borrow bony billie Archie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.6  
 \N1 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
 And there was marching upon the lee,  
 Untill they came to the Murraywhat,  
 And they lighted a\' right speedylie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.7  
 \N1 `A smith, a smith,!' Dickie he crys,  
 `A smith, a smith, right speedily,  
 To turn back the cakkers of our horses feet!  
 For it is forward we woud be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.8  
 \N1 There was a horsing, horsing in haste,  
 There was marching on the lee,  
 Untill they came to Dumfries port,  
 And there they lighted right manfulie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.9  
 \N1 `There<\'s] six of us will hold the horse,  
 And other f+ive watchmen will be;  
 But who is the man among you a\  
 Will go to the Tolbooth door wi me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188B.10  
 O up then spake Jokie Hall

(Fra the laigh of Tiviotdale was he),  
`If it should cost my life this very night,  
I\`ll ga to the Tollbooth door wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.11  
\N1 `O sleepest thou, wakest thow, Archie laddie?  
O sleepest thou, wakest thow, dear billie?'  
`I sleep but soft, I waken oft,  
For the morn\`s the day that I man die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.12  
\N1 `Be o good cheer now, Archie lad,  
Be o good cheer now, dear billie;  
Work thow within and I without,  
And the morn thou\`s dine at Caf+ield wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.13  
\N1 `O work, O work, Archie?' he cries,  
`O work, O work? ther\`s na working for me;  
For ther\`s f+fifteen stane o Spanish iron,  
And it lys fow sair on my body.'  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.14  
\N1 O Jokie Hall stept to the door,  
And he bended it back upon his knee,  
And he made the bolts that the door hang on  
Jump to the wa right wantonlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.15  
\N1 He took the prisoner on his back,  
And down the Tollbooth stairs came he;  
Out then spak Dickie and said,  
Let some o the weight fa on me;  
`O shame a ma!' co Jokie Ha,  
`For he\`s no the weight of a poor f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.16  
\N1 The gray mare stands at the door,  
And I wat neer a foot stirt she,  
Till they laid the links out oer her neck,  
And her girth was the gold-twist to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.17  
\N1 And they came down thro Dumfries town,  
And O but they came bonily!  
Until they came to Lochmaben port,  
And they leugh a\` the night manfulie.  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.18  
\N1 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching on the lee,  
Untill they came to the Murraywhat,  
And they lihgted a\` right speedilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.19  
\N1 `A smith, a smith!' Dickie he cries,  
`A smith, a smith, right speedilie,  
To f+ile off the shakles fra my dear brother!  
For it is forward we wad be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.20  
\N1 They had not f+iltt a shakle of iron,  
A shakle of iron but barely three,  
Till out then spake young Simon brave,  
`Ye do na see what I do see.  
\SBALLADS Child 188B.21  
\N1 `Lo yonder comes Liewtenant Gordon,  
And a hundred men in his company:'  
`O wo is me!' then Archie cries,  
`For I\`m the prisoner, and I must die.'

\SBALLADS Child 188B.22

\N1 O there was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching upon the lee,  
Untill they came to Annan side,  
And it was flowing like the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 188B.23

\N1 `I have a colt, and he\'s four years old,  
And he can amble like the wind,  
But when he comes to the belly deep,  
He lays himself down on the ground.'

\SBALLADS Child 188B.24

\N1 `But I have a mare, and they call her Meg,  
And she\'s the best in Christendie;  
Set ye the prisoner me behind;  
Ther\'ll na man die but he that\'s fae!'

\SBALLADS Child 188B.25

\N1 Now they did swim that wan water,  
And O but they swam bonilie!  
Untill they came to the other side,  
And they wrang their cloathes right drunk<i>lie.

\SBALLADS Child 188B.26

\N1 `Come through, come through, Lieutenant Gordon!  
Come through, and drink some wine wi me!  
For ther\'s a ale-house neer hard by,  
And it shall not cost thee one penny.'

\SBALLADS Child 188B.27

\N1 `Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,  
`For I wat they cost me right dear;'  
`O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,  
`For they\'ll be good shoon to my gray mare.'

\SBALLADS Child 188B.28

\N1 `Surely thy minnie has been some witch,  
Or thy dad some warlock has been;  
Else thow had never attempted such,  
Or to the bottom thow had gone.

\SBALLADS Child 188B.29

\N1 `Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,  
`For I wot they cost me dear enough;'  
`O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,  
`They\'ll be good shakles to my plough.'

\SBALLADS Child 188B.30

\N1 `Come through, come through, Liewtenant Gordon!  
Come throw, and drink some wine wi me!  
For yesterday I was your prisoner,  
But now the night I am set free.'

\LBALLADS Child 188C.1

\N1 AS I walked on a pleasant green-+---+  
`Twas on the first morning of May-+---+  
I heard twa brothers make their moan,  
And hearkend well what they did say.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.2

\N1 The first he gave a grievous sigh,  
And said, Alas, and wae is me!  
We hae a brother condemned to death,  
And the very morn must hanged be.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.3

\N1 Then out it speaks him Little Dick,  
I wat a gude fellow was he:  
`Had I three men unto mysell,  
Well borrowed shoud Bell Archie be.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.4

\N1 Out it speaks him Johnny Ha,  
A better fellow by far was he:  
'Ye shall hae six men and yoursell,  
And me to bear you companie.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.5

\N1 'Twa for keepers o the guard,  
See that to keep it sickerlie,  
And twa to come, and twa to gang,  
And twa to speak wi Bell Archie.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.6

\N1 'But we winna gang like men o weir,  
Nor yet will we like cavalliers;  
But we will gang like corn-buyers,  
And we'll put brechens on our mares.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.7

\N1 Then they are to the jail-house doors,  
And they hae tirlid at the pin:  
'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Bell Archie?  
Quickly rise, lat us come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.8

\N1 'I sleep not aft, I lie not soft;  
Wha's there that knocks and kens my name?'  
'It is your brothers Dick and John;  
Ye'll open the door, lat us come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.9

\N1 'Awa, awa, my brethren dear,  
And ye'll had far awa frae me;  
If ye be found at jail-house door,  
I fear like dogs they'll gar ye die.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.10

\N1 'Ohon, alas! my brother dear,  
Is this the hearkening ye gie to me?  
If ye'll work therein as we thereout,  
Well borrowd should your body be.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.11

\N1 'How can I work therein, therein,  
Or yet how can I work thereout,  
When f+ifty tons o Spanish iron  
Are my fair body round about?'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.12

\N1 He put his f+ingers to the lock,  
I wat he handled them sickerlie,  
And doors of deal, and bands of steel,  
He gart them all in f+linders f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.13

\N1 He's taen the prisoner in his arms,  
And he has kisssd him cheek and chin:  
'Now since we've met, my brother dear,  
There shall be dunts ere we twa twine.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.14

\N1 He's taen the prisoner on his back,  
And a\ his heavy irons tee,  
But and his marie in his hand,  
And straight to Annan gate went he.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.15

\N1 But when they came to Annan water,  
It was roaring like the sea:  
'O stay a little, Johnny Ha,  
Here we can neither fecht nor f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.16

\N1 `O a refreshment we maun hae,  
We are baith dry and hungry tee;  
We'll gang to Robert's at the mill,  
It stands upon yon lily lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.17

\N1 Up in the morning the jailor raise,  
As soon's 'twas light that he coud see;  
Wi a pint o wine and a mess sae f+ine,  
Into the prison-house went he.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.18

\N1 When he came to the prison-door,  
A dreary sight he had to see;  
The locks were shot, the doors were broke,  
And a' the prisoners won free.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.19

\N1 `Ye'll gae and waken Annan town,  
Raise up f+ive hundred men and three;  
And if these rascals may be found,  
I vow like dogs I'll gar them die.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.20

\N1 `O dinna ye hear proud Annan roar,  
Mair loud than ever roard the sea?  
We'll get the rascals on this side,  
Sure they can neither fecht nor f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.21

\N1 `Some gar ride, and some gar rin,  
Wi a' the haste that ye can make;  
We'll get them in some tavern-house,  
For Annan water they winna take.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.22

\N1 As Little Dick was looking round,  
All for to see what he could see,  
Saw the proud sheriff trip the plain,  
Five hundred men his companie.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.23

\N1 `O fare ye well, my bonny wife,  
Likewise farewell, my children three!  
Fare ye well, ye lands o Caf+ield!  
For you again I neer will see.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.24

\N1 `For well I kent, ere I came here,  
That Annan water woud ruin me;  
My horse is young, he'll nae lat ride,  
And in this water I maun die.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.25

\N1 Out it speaks him Johnny Ha,  
I wat a gude fellow was he:  
'O plague upo your cowardly face!  
The bluntest man I eer did see.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.26

\N1 `Gie me your horse, take ye my mare,  
The devil drown my mare and thee!  
Gie me the prisoner on behind,  
And nane will die but he that's fay.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.27

\N1 He quickly lap upo the horse,  
And strait the stirrups siccarlie,  
And jumpd upo the other side,  
Wi the prisoner and his irons tee.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.28

\N1 The sheriff then came to the bank,  
And heard its roaring like the sea;  
Says, How these men they hae got ower,  
It is a marvel unto me.

\SBALLADS Child 188C.29

\N1 `I wadna venture after them,  
For a\' the criminals that I see;  
Nevertheless now, Johnny Ha,  
Throw ower the fetters unto me.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.30

\N1 `Deil part you and the fetters,' he said,  
`As lang as my mare needs a shee;  
If she gang barefoot ere they be done,  
I wish an ill death mat ye die.'

\SBALLADS Child 188C.31

\N1 `Awa, awa, now Johnny Ha,  
Your talk to me seems very snell;  
Your mither\'s been some wild rank witch,  
And you yoursell an imp o hell.'

\LBALLADS Child 188D.1

\N1 `SEVEN years have I loved my love,  
And seven years my love\'s loved me,  
But now to-morrow is the day  
That billy Archie, my love, must die.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.2

\N1 O then out spoke him Little Dickie,  
And still the best fellow was he:  
`Had I but f+ive men and my self,  
Then we would borrow billy Archie.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.3

\N1 Out it spoke him Caff o Lin,  
And still the worst fellow was he:  
`You shall have f+ive men and yourself,  
And I will bear you companye.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.4

\N1 We will not go like to dragoons,  
Nor yet will we like grenadiers,  
But we will go like corn-dealers,  
And lay our brechams on our meares.

\SBALLADS Child 188D.5

\N1 `And twa of us will watch the road,  
And other twa will go between,  
And I will go to jail-house door,  
And hold the prisoner unthought lang.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.6

\N1 `Who is this at jail-house door,  
So well as they do know the gin?'  
`It\'s I myself,' [said] him Little Dickie,  
`And oh sae fain\'s I would be in!'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.7

\N1 `Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
Away let all your folly be!  
If the Lord Lieutenant come on you,  
Like unto dogs he\'ll cause you die.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.8

\N1 `Hold you, hold you, billy Archie,  
And now let all your folly be!  
Tho I die without, you\'ll not die within,  
For borrowed shall your body be.'



\SBALLADS Child 188D.9

\N1 `Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
Away, let all this folly be!  
An hundred pounds of Spanish irons  
Is all bound on my fair bodie.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.10

\N1 Wi plough-culter and gavellocks  
They made the jail-house door to f+lee;  
'And in God\'s name,' said Little Dickie,  
'Cast you the prisoner behind me!'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.11

\N1 They had not rode a great way off,  
Will all the haste that ever could be,  
Till they espied the Lord Lieutenant,  
With a hundred men in\'s companie.

\SBALLADS Child 188D.12

\N1 But when they came to wan water,  
It now was rumbling like the sea;  
Then were they got into a strait,  
As great a strait as well could be.

\SBALLADS Child 188D.13

\N1 Then out did speak him Caff o Lin,  
And aye the warst fellow was he:  
'Now God be with my wife and bairns!  
For fatherless my babes will be.

\SBALLADS Child 188D.14

\N1 `My horse is young, he cannot swim;  
The water\'s deep, and will not wade;  
My children must be fatherless,  
My wife a widow, whateer betide.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.15

O then cried out him Little Dickie,  
And still the best fellow was he:  
'Take you my mare, I\'ll take your horse,  
And Devil drown my mare and thee!'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.16

\N1 Now they have taken the wan water,  
Tho it was roaring like the sea,  
And whan they got to the other side,  
I wot they bragged right crouselie,

\SBALLADS Child 188D.17

\N1 `Come thro, come thro now, Lord Lieutenant!  
O do come thro, I pray of thee!  
There is an alehouse not far off,  
We\'ll dine you and your companie.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.18

\N1 `Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
O now let all your taunting be!  
There\'s not a man in the king\'s army  
That would have tried what\'s done by thee.

\SBALLADS Child 188D.19

\N1 `Cast back, cast back my fetters again!  
Cast back my fetters! I say to thee;  
And get you gane the way you came,  
I wish no prisoners like to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 188D.20

\N1 `I have a mare, she\'s called Meg,  
The best in all our low countrie;  
If she gang barefoot till they are done,  
An ill death may your lordship die!'

\LBALLADS Child 188E.1

\N1 . . . .

. . . .  
'We'll awa to bonnie Dundee,  
And set our brither Archie free.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 188E.2

\N1 They broke through locks, and they broke through bars,  
And they broke through everything that cam in their way,  
Until they cam to a big iron gate,  
And that\'s where brother Archie lay.

[Little John says]

\SBALLADS Child 188E.3

\N1 . . . .

`O brither Archie speak to me,

. . . .  
For we are come to set ye free.'

\SBALLADS Child 188E.4

\N1 . . . .

`Such a thing it canna be,  
For there\'s f+fifty pund o gude Spanish airn  
Atween my neckbane and my knee.'

\LBALLADS Child 188F.1

\N1 AS I walked out one morning in May,  
Just before the break of day,  
I heard two brothers a making their moan,  
And I listened a while to what they did say.  
I heard, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 188F.2

\N1 `We have a brother in prison,' said they,  
`Oh in prison lieth he!  
If we had but ten men just like ourselves,  
The prisoner we would soon set free.'

\SBALLADS Child 188F.3

\N1 `Oh, no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,  
`Oh no, no, no, that never can be!  
For forty men is full little enough  
And I for to ride in their companie.

\SBALLADS Child 188F.4

\N1 `Ten to hold the horses in,  
Ten to guard the city about,  
Ten for to stand at the prison-door,  
And ten to fetch poor Archer out.'

\SBALLADS Child 188F.5

\N1 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They rode till they came to a broad river\'s side,  
And there they alighted so manfullie.

\SBALLADS Child 188F.6

\N1 They mounted their horses, and so swam they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They swam till they came to the other side,  
And there they alighted so manfullie.

\SBALLADS Child 188F.7

\N1 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They rode till they came to that prison-door,  
And then they alighted so manfullie.

\SBALLADS Child 188F.8

\N1 . . . .

. . . .

`For I have forty men in my companie,  
 And I have come to set you free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.9  
 \N1 `Oh no, no, no!' poor Archer says he,  
 `Oh no, no, no, that never can be!  
 For I have forty pounds of good Spanish iron  
 Betwixt my ankle and my knee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.10  
 \N1 Bold Dickie broke lock, Bold Dickie broke key,  
 Bold Dickie broke everything that he could see;  
 He took poor Archer under one arm,  
 And carried him out so manfullie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.11  
 \N1 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
 Who but they so merrilie!  
 They rode till they came to that broad river\'s side,  
 And there they alighted so manfullie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.12  
 \N1 `Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' poor Archer says he,  
 `Take my love home to my wife and children three;  
 For my horse grows lame, he cannot swim,  
 And here I see that I must die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.13  
 \N1 They shifted their horses, and so swam they,  
 Who but they so merrilie!  
 They swam till they came to the other side,  
 And there they alighted so manfullie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.14  
 \N1 `Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' poor Archer says he,  
 `Look you yonder there and see;  
 For the high-sheriff he is a coming,  
 With an hundred men in his companie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.15  
 \N1 `Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff said he,  
 `You\'re the damndest rascal that ever I see!  
 Go bring me back the iron you\'ve stole,  
 And I will set the prisoner free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.16  
 \N1 `Oh no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,  
 `Oh no, no, no, that never can be!  
 For the iron \'twill do to shoe the horses,  
 The blacksmith rides in our companie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 188F.17  
 \N1 `Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff says he,  
 `You\'re the damndest rascal that ever I see!'  
 `I thank ye for nothing,' Bold Dickie says he,  
 `And you\'re a damned fool for following me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 189A.1  
 \N1 FOUL fa the breast f+irst treason bred in!  
 That Liddisdale may safely say,  
 For in it there was baith meat and drink,  
 And corn unto our geldings gay.  
 Fala la diddle, etc.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.2  
 \N1 We were stout-hearted men and true,  
 As England it did often say;  
 But now we may turn our backs and f+ly,  
 Since brave Noble is seld away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.3

\N1 Now Hobie he was an English man,  
And born into Bewcastle dale,  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banishd him to Liddisdale.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.4

\N1 At Kershope-foot the tryst was set,  
Kershope of the lily lee;  
And there was traitour Sim o the Mains,  
With him a private companie.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.5

\N1 Then Hobie has graithd his body weel,  
I wat it was wi baith good iron and steel;  
And he has pulld out his fringed grey,  
And there, brave Noble, he rade him weel.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.6

\N1 Then Hobie is down the water gane,  
Een as fast as he may drie;  
Tho they shoud a\' brusten and broken their hearts,  
Frae that tryst Noble he would not be.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.7

\N1 `Weel may ye be, my feiries f+ive!  
And aye, what is your wills wi me?'  
Then they cryd a\' wi ae consent,  
Thou \'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.8

\N1 Wilt thou with us in England ride?  
And thy safe-warrant we will be,  
If we get a horse worth a hyndred punds,  
Upon his back that thou shalt be.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.9

\N1 `I dare not with you into England ride,  
The land-sergeant has me at feid;  
I know not what evil may betide  
For Peter of Whitf+ield his brother\'s dead.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.10

\N1 `And Anton Shiel, he loves not me,  
For I gat twa drifts of his sheep;  
The great Earl of Whitf+ield loves me not,  
For nae gear frae me he eer coud keep.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.11

\N1 `But will ye stay till the day gae down,  
Until the night come oer the grund,  
And I\'ll be a guide worth ony twa  
That may in Liddisdale be fund.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.12

\N1 `Tho dark the night as pick and tar,  
I\'ll guide ye oer yon hills fu hie,  
And bring ye a\' in safety back,  
If you\'ll be true and follow me.'

\SBALLADS Child 189A.13

\N1 He\'s guided them oer moss and muir,  
Oer hill and houp, and mony ae down,  
Til they came to the Foulbogshiel,  
And there brave Noble he lighted down.

\SBALLADS Child 189A.14

\N1 Then word is gane to the land-sergeant,  
In Askirton where that he lay:  
`The deer that ye hae hunted lang  
Is seen into the Waste this day.'

\SBALLADS Child 189A.15

\N1 `Then Hobie Noble is that deer;  
 I wat he carries the style fu hie!  
 Aft has he beat your slough-hounds back,  
 And set yourselves at little ee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.16

\N1 `Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn,  
 See they shaft their arrows on the wa!  
 Warn Willeva and Spear Edom,  
 And see the morn they meet me a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.17

\N1 `Gar meet me on the Rodrie-haugh,  
 And see it be by break o day;  
 And we will on to Conscowthart Green,  
 For there, I think, w\'ll get our prey.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.18

\N1 Then Hobie Noble has dreamd a dream,  
 In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;  
 He thought his horse was neath him shot,  
 And he himself got hard away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.19

\N1 The cocks could crow, and the day could dawn,  
 And I wat so even down fell the rain;  
 If Hobie had no wakend at that time,  
 In the Foulbogshiel he had been tane or slain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.20

\N1 `Get up, get up, my feiries f+ive+---+-  
 For I wat here makes a fu ill day+---+-  
 And the warst clock of this companie  
 I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.21

\N1 Now Hobie thought the gates were clear,  
 But, ever alas! it was not sae;  
 They were beset wi cruel men and keen,  
 That away brave Noble could not gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.22

\N1 `Yet follow me, my feiries f+ive,  
 And see of me ye keep good ray,  
 And the worst clock of this companie  
 I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.23

\N1 There was heaps of men now Hobie before,  
 And other heaps was him behind,  
 That had he been as wight as Wallace was  
 Away brave Noble he could not win.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.24

\N1 Then Hobie he had but a laddies sword,  
 But he did more than a laddies deed;  
 In the midst of Conscowthart Green,  
 He brake it oer Jers a Wigham\'s head.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.25

\N1 Now they have tane brave Hobie Noble,  
 Wi his ain bowstring they band him sae;  
 And I wat his heart was neer sae sair  
 As when his ain f+ive band him on the brae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.26

\N1 They have tane him [on] for West Carlisle;  
 They askd him if he knew the way;  
 Whateer he thought, yet little he said;  
 He knew the way as well as they.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.27

\N1 They hae tane him up the Ricker-gate;  
 The wives they cast their windows wide,  
 And ilka wife to anither can say,  
 That\'s the man loosd Jock o the Side!  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.28

\N1 `Fy on ye, women! why ca ye me man?  
 For it\'s nae man that I\'m usd like;  
 I\'m but like a forfoughen hound,  
 Ha been f+ighting in a dirty syke.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.29

\N1 Then they hae tane him up thro Carlisle town,  
 And set him by the chimney-f+ire;  
 They gave brave Noble a wheat loaf to eat,  
 And that was little his desire.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.30

\N1 Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat  
 And after that a can o beer;  
 Then they cried a\', wi ae consent,  
 Eat, brave Noble, and make good cheer!  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.31

\N1 Confess my lord\'s horse, Hobie, they say,  
 And the morn in Carlisle thou\'s no die;  
 `How shall I confess them?' Hobie says,  
 `For I never saw them with mine eye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.32

Then Hobie has sworn a fu great aith,  
 By the day that he was gotten or born,  
 He never had onything o my lord\'s  
 That either eat him grass or corn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.33

\N1 `Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!  
 For I think again I\'ll neer thee see;  
 I wad betray nae lad alive,  
 For a\' the goud in Christentie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.34

\N1 `And fare thee well now, Liddisdale,  
 Baith the hie land and the law!  
 Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains!  
 For goud and gear he\'ll sell ye a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 189A.35

\N1 `I\'d rather be ca\'d Hobie Noble,  
 In Carlisle, where he suffers for his faut,  
 Before I were ca\'d traitor Mains,  
 That eats and drinks of meal and maut.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 190A.1

\N1 IT fell about the Martinmas tyde,  
 Whan our Border steeds get corn and hay,  
 The Captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,  
 And he\'s ower to Tividale to drive a prey.  
 \SBALLADS Child 190A.2

\N1 The f+irst ae guide that they met wi,  
 It was high up in Hardhaughswire;  
 The second guide that they met wi,  
 It was laigh down in Borthwick water.  
 \SBALLADS Child 190A.3

\N1 `What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'  
 `Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;  
 But gin ye\'ll gae to the Fair Dodhead,  
 Mony a cow\'s cauf I\'ll let thee see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 190A.4



\N1 `Alack a wae!' quo auld Jock Grieve,  
`Alack, my heart is sair for thee!  
For I was married on the elder sister,  
And you on the youngest of a\' the three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.17

\N1 Then he has taen out a bonny black,  
Was right weel fed wi corn and hay,  
And he\'s set Jamie Telfer on his back,  
To the Catslockhill to tak the fray.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.18

\N1 And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,  
He shouted loud and cried weel hie,  
Till out and spak him William\'s Wat,  
`O whae\'s this brings the fray to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.19

\N1 `It\'s I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
A harried man I think I be;  
The Captain o Bewcastle has driven my gear;  
For God\'s sake, rise and succour me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.20

\N1 `Alas for wae!' quo William\'s Wat,  
`Alack, for thee my heart is sair!  
I never cam bye the Fair Dodhead  
That ever I fand thy basket bare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.21

\N1 He\'s set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,  
Himsel upon a freckled gray,  
And they are on wi Jamie Telfer,  
To Branksome Ha to tak the fray.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.22

\N1 And when they cam to Branksome Ha,  
They shouted a\' baith loud and hie,  
Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,  
Said, Whae\'s this brings the fray to me?  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.23

\N1 `It\'s I, Jamie Telfer o the Fair Dodhead,  
And a harried man I think I be;  
There\'s nought left in the Fair Dodhead  
But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.24

\N1 `Alack for wae!' quo the gude auld lord,  
`And ever my heart is wae for thee!  
But fye, gar cry on Willie, my son,  
And see that he cum to me speedilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.25

\N1 `Gar warn the water, braid and wide!  
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!  
They that winna ride for Telfer\'s dye,  
Let them never look in the face o me!  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.26

\N1 `Warn Wat o Harden and his sons,  
Wi them will Borthwick water ride;  
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,  
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.27

\N1 `Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,  
And warn the Currors o the Lee;  
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,  
Warn doughty Willie o Gorrinberry.'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.28



\N1 The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,  
Sae starkly and sae steadilie,  
And aye the ower-word o the thrang  
Was, Rise for Branksome readilie!  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.29

\N1 The gear was driven the Frostylee up,  
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,  
Whan Willie has lookd his men before,  
And saw the kye right fast driving.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.30

\N1 `Whae drives thir kye,' can Willie say,  
`To make an outspeckle o me?'  
`It\'s I, the Captain o Bewcastle, Willie;  
I winna layne my name for thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.31

\N1 `O will ye let Tef+ler\'s kye gae back?  
Or will ye do aught for regard o me?  
Or, by the faith of my body,' quo Willie Scott,  
`I\'se ware my dame\'s cauf\'s skin on thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.32

\N1 `I winna let the kye gae back,  
Neither for thy love nor yet thy fear;  
But I will drive Jamie Telfer\'s kye  
In spite of every Scott that\'s here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.33

\N1 `Set on them, lads!' quo Willie than;  
`Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!  
For ere they win to the Ritterford,  
Mony a toom saddle there sall be!'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.34

\N1 Then till\'t they gaed, wi heart and hand;  
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;  
And mony a horse ran masterless,  
And mony a comely cheek was pale.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.35

\N1 But Willie was stricken ower the head,  
And through the knapsap the sword has gane;  
And Harden grat for very rage,  
Whan Willie on the grund lay slane.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.36

\N1 But he\'s taen aff his gude steel cap,  
And thrice he\'s waved it in the air;  
The Dinlay snaw was neer mair white  
Nor the lyart locks of Harden\'s hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.37

\N1 `Refenge! revenge!' auld Wat can cry;  
`Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!  
We\'ll neer see Tiviot side again,  
Or Willie\'s death revenged sall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.38

\N1 O mony a horse ran masterless,  
The splintered lances f+lew on hie;  
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,  
The Scotts had gotten the victory.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.39

\N1 John o Brigham there was slane,  
And John o Barlow, as I hear say,  
And thirty mae o the Captain\'s men  
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.  
\SBALLADS Child 190A.40

\N1 The Captain was run through the thick of the thigh,  
And broken was his right leg-bane;  
If he had lived this hundred years,  
He had never been loved by woman again.

\SBALLADS Child 190A.41

\N1 `Hae back the kye!' the Captain said;  
\R'\rdear kye, I trow, to some they be;  
For gin I suld live a hundred years  
There will neer fair lady smile on me.'

\SBALLADS Child 190A.42

\N1 Then word is gane to the Captain\'s bride,  
Even in the bower where that she lay,  
That her lord was prisoner in enemy\'s land,  
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

\SBALLADS Child 190A.43

\N1 `I wad lourd have had a winding-sheet,  
And helped to put it ower his head,  
Ere he had been disgraced by the border Scot,  
Whan he ower Liddel his men did lead!'

\SBALLADS Child 190A.44

\N1 There was a wild gallant amang us a\',  
His name was Watty wi the Wudspurs,  
Cried, On for his house in Stanegirthside,  
If ony man will ride with us!

\SBALLADS Child 190A.45

\N1 When they cam to the Stanegirthside,  
They dang wi trees and burst the door;  
They loosed out a\' the Captain\'s kye,  
And set them forth our lads before.

\SBALLADS Child 190A.46

\N1 There was an auld wyfe ayont the f+ire,  
A wee bit o the Captain\'s kin:  
`Whae dar loose out the Captain\'s kye,  
Or answer to him and his men?'

\SBALLADS Child 190A.47

\N1 `It\'s I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,  
I winna layne my name frae thee;  
And I will loose out the Captain\'s kye  
In scorn of a\' his men and he.'

\SBALLADS Child 190A.48

\N1 Whan they cam to the Fair Dodhead,  
they were a wellcum sight to see,  
For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,  
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

\SBALLADS Child 190A.49

\N1 And he has paid the rescue-shot,  
Baith wi gowd and white monie,  
And at the burial o Willie Scott  
I wat was mony a weeping ee.

\LBALLADS Child 191A.1

\N1 AS it befell upon one time,  
About mid-summer of the year,  
Every man was taxt of his crime,  
For stealing the good Lord Bishop\'s mare.

\SBALLADS Child 191A.2

\N1 The good Lord Screw he saddled a horse,  
And rid after this same scime;  
Before he did get over the moss,  
There was he aware of Sir Hugh of the Grime.

\SBALLADS Child 191A.3

\N1 `Turn, O turn, thou false traytor,  
Turn, and yield thyself unto me;  
Thou hast stolen the Lord Bishops mare,  
And now thou thinkest away to f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.4

\N1 `No, soft, Lord Screw, that may not be!  
Here is a broad sword by my side,  
And if that thou canst conquer me,  
The victory will soon be try\'d.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.5

\N1 `I ner was afraid of a traytor bold,  
Although thy name be Hugh in the Grime;  
I\'le make thee repent thy speeches foul,  
If day and life but give me time.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.6

\N1 `Then do thy worst, good Lord Screw,  
And deal your blows as fast as you can;  
It will be try\'d between me and you  
Which of us two shall be the best man.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.7

\N1 Thus as they dealt their blows so free,  
And both so bloody at that time,  
Over the moss ten yeomen they see,  
Come for to take Sir Hugh in the Grime.  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.8

\N1 Sir Hugh set his back against a tree,  
And then the men encompast him round;  
His mickle sword from his hand did f+lee,  
And then they brought Sir Hugh to the ground.  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.9

\N1 Sir Hugh of the Grime now taken is  
And brought back to Garlard town;  
[Then cry\'d] the good wives all in Garlard town,  
`Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou \'st ner gang down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.10

\N1 The good Lord Bishop is come to the town,  
And on the bench is set so high;  
And every man was taxt to his crime,  
At length he called Sir Hugh in the Grime.  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.11

\N1 `Here am I, thou false bishop,  
Thy humours all to fulf+ill;  
I do not think my fact so great  
But thou mayst put it intothy own will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.12

\N1 The quest of jury-men was calld,  
The best that was in Garlard town;  
Eleven of them spoke all in a breast,  
`Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou \'st ner gang down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.13

\N1 Then another questry-men was calld,  
The best that was in Rumary;  
Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,  
`Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou\'st now guilty.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.14

\N1 Then came down my good Lord Boles,  
Falling down upon his knee:  
`Five hundred peices of gold would I give,  
To grant Sir Hugh in the Grime to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.15

\N1 `Peace, peace, my good Lord Boles,  
And of your speeches set them by!  
If there be eleven Grimes all of a name,  
Then by my own honour they all should dye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.16  
\N1 Then came down my good Lady Ward,  
Falling low upon her knee:  
`Five hundred measures of gold I\`le give,  
To grant Sir Hugh of the Grime to em.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.17  
\N1 `Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward,  
None of your proffers shall him buy!  
For if there be twelve Grimes all of a name,  
By my own honour they all should dye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.18  
\N1 Sir Hugh of the Grime\'s condemnd to dye,  
And of his friends he had no lack;  
Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,  
His hands bound fast upon his back.  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.19  
\N1 Then he lookt over his left shoulder,  
To see whom he could see or spy;  
Then was he aware of his father dear,  
Came tearing his hair most pittifully.  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.20  
\N1 `Peace, peace, my father dear,  
And of your speeches set them by!  
Though they have bereavd me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of heaven so high.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.21  
\N1 He lookt over his right shoulder,  
To see whom he could see or spye;  
There was he aware of his mother dear,  
Came tearing her hair most pittifully.  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.22  
\N1 `Pray have me remembred to Peggy, my wife;  
As she and I walkt over the moor,  
She was the cause of [the loss of] my life,  
And with the old bishop she plaid the whore.  
\SBALLADS Child 191A.23  
\N1 `Here, Johnny Armstrong, take thou my sword,  
That is made of the mettle so f+ine,  
And when thou comst to the border-side,  
Remember the death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.'  
\LBALLADS Child 191B.1  
\N1 OUR lords are to the mountains gane,  
A hunting o the fallow deer,  
And they hae gripet Hughie Graham,  
For stealing o the bishop\'s mare.  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.2  
\N1 And they hae tied him hand and foot,  
And led him up thro Stirling town;  
The lads and lasses met him there,  
Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loun!  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.3  
\N1 `O lowse my right hand free,' he says,  
`And put my braid sword in the same,  
He\'s no in Stirling town this day  
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.4

\N1 Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,  
As he sat by the bishop\'s knee:  
`Five hundred white stots I\'ll gie you,  
If ye\'ll let Hughie Graham gae free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.5  
\N1 `O haud your tongue,' the bishop says,  
`And wi your pleading let me be!  
For tho ten Grahams were in his coat,  
Highie Graham this day shall die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.6  
\N1 Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,  
As she sat by the bishop\'s knee:  
`Five hundred white pence I\'ll gee you,  
If ye\'ll gie Hughie Graham to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.7  
\N1 `O haud your tongue now, lady fair,  
And wi your pleading let it be!  
Altho ten Grahams were in his coat,  
It\'s for my honour he maun die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.8  
\N1 They\'ve taen him to the gallows-knowe,  
He looked to the gallows-tree,  
Yet never colour left his cheek,  
Nor ever did he blink his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.9  
\N1 At length he looked round about,  
To see whatever he could spy,  
And there he saw his auld father,  
And he was weeping bitterly.  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.10  
\N1 `O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
And wi your weeping let it be!  
Thy weeping\'s sairer on my heart  
Than a\' that they can do to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.11  
\N1 `And ye may gie my brother John  
My sword that\'s bent in the middle clear,  
And let him come at twelve o\'clock,  
And see me pay the bishop\'s mare.  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.12  
\N1 `And ye may gie my brother James  
My sword that\'s bent in the middle brown,  
And bid him come at four o\'clock,  
And see his brother High cut down.  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.13  
\N1 `Remember me to Maggy my wife,  
The niest time ye gang oer the moor;  
Tell her, she staw the bishop\'s mare,  
Tell her, she was the bishop\'s whore.  
\SBALLADS Child 191B.14  
\N1 `And ye may tell my kith and kin  
I never did disgrace their blood,  
And when they meet the bishop\'s cloak,  
To mak it shorter by the hood.'  
\LBALLADS Child 191C.1  
\N1 GUDE Lord Scroope\'s to the hunting gane,  
He has ridden oer moss and muir,  
And he has grippet Hughie the Gra+eme,  
For stealing o the bishop\'s mare.  
\SBALLADS Child 191C.2

\N1 `Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!  
 Here hangs a broad sword by my side,  
 And if that thou canst conquer me,  
 The matter it may soon be tryed.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.3

\N1 `I neer was afraid of a traitor thief;  
 Although thy name be Hughie the Gra+eme,  
 I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,  
 If God but grant me life and time.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.4

\N1 `Then do your worst now, goo Lord Scroope,  
 And deal your blows as hard as you can;  
 It shall be tried, within an hour,  
 Which of us two is the better man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.5

\N1 But as they were dealing their blows so free,  
 And both so bloody ay the time,  
 Over the moss came ten yeomen so tall,  
 All for to take brave Hughie the Gra+eme.  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.6

\N1 Then they hae grippit Hughie the Gra+eme,  
 And brought him up through Carlisle town;  
 The lasses and lads stood on the walls,  
 Crying, Hughie the Gra+eme, thou\'se neer gae down!  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.7

\N1 Then they hae chosen a jury of men,  
 The best that were in Carlisle town,  
 And twelve of them cried out at once,  
 Hughie the Gra+eme, thou must gae down!  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.8

\N1 Then up bespak him gude Lord Hume,  
 As he sat by the judge\'s knee:  
 `Twenty white owsen, my gude lord,  
 If you\'ll grant Hughie the Gra+eme to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.9

\N1 `O no, O no, my gude Lord Hume,  
 Forsooth and sae it mauna be;  
 For were there but three Gra+emes of the name,  
 They suld be hanged a\' for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.10

\N1 \R\'\'rtwas up and spake the gude Lady Hume,  
 As she sat by the judge\'s knee:  
 `A peck of white pennies, my good lord judge,  
 If you\'ll grant Hughie the Gra+eme to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.11

\N1 `O no, O no, my gude Lady Hume,  
 Forsooth and so ti mustna be;  
 Were he but the one Gra+eme of the name,  
 He suld be hanged high for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.12

\N1 `If I be guilty,' said Hughie the Gra+eme,  
 `Of me my friends shall hae small talk;'  
 And he has loupd f+fifteen feet and three,  
 Though his hands they were tied behind his back.  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.13

\N1 He looked over his left shoulder,  
 And for to see what he might see;  
 There was he aware of his auld father,  
 Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 191C.14

\N1 `O hald your tongue, my father,' he says,  
`And see that ye dinna weep for me!  
For they may ravish me of my life,  
But they canna banish me fro heaven hie.  
\SBALLADS Child 191C.15  
\N1 `Fare ye weel, fair Maggie, my wife!  
The last time we came ower the muir  
\'Twas thou bereft me of my life,  
And wi the bishop thou playd the whore.  
\SBALLADS Child 191C.16  
\N1 `Here, Johnnie Armstrang, take thou my sword,  
That is made o the metal sae f+ine,  
And when thou comest to the English side  
Remember the death of Hughie the Gra+eme.'  
\LBALLADS Child 191D.1  
\N1 GOOD Lord John is a hunting gone,  
Over the hills and dales so far,  
For to take Sir Hugh in the Grime,  
For stealing of the bishop\'s mare.  
He derry derry down  
\SBALLADS Child 191D.2  
\N1 Hugh in the Grime was taken then  
And carried to Carlisle town;  
The merry women came out amain,  
Saying, The name of Grime shall never go down!  
\SBALLADS Child 191D.3  
\N1 O then a jury of women was brought,  
Of the best that could be found;  
Eleven of them spoke all at once,  
Saying, The name of Grime shall never go down!  
\SBALLADS Child 191D.4  
\N1 And then a jury of men was brought,  
More the pity for to be!  
Eleven of them spoke all at once,  
Saying, Hugh in the Grime, you are guilty.  
\SBALLADS Child 191D.5  
\N1 Hugh in the Grime was cast to be hangd,  
Many of his friends did for him lack;  
For f+ifteen foot in the prisin he did jump,  
With his hands tyed fast behind his back.  
\SBALLADS Child 191D.6  
\N1 Then bespoke our good Lady Ward,  
As she set on the bench so high:  
`A peck of white pennys I\'ll give to my lord,  
If he\'ll grant Hugh Grime to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 191D.7  
\N1 `And if it be not full enough,  
I\'ll stroke it up with my silver fan;  
And if it be not full enough,  
I\'ll heap it up with my own hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191D.8  
\N1 `Hold your tongue now, Lady Ward,  
And of your talkitive let it be!  
There is never a Grime came in this court  
That at thy bidding shall saved be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 191D.9  
\N1 Then bespoke our good Lady Moor,  
As she sat on the bench so high:  
`A yoke of fat oxen I\'ll give to my lord,  
If he\'ll grant Hugh Grime to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 191D.10

\N1 `Hold your tongue now, good Lady Moor,  
And of your talkitive let it be!  
There is never a Grime came to this court  
That at thy bidding shall saved be.'

\SBALLADS Child 191D.11

\N1 Sir Hugh in the Grime lookd out of the door,  
With his hand out of the bar;  
There he spy\'d his father dear,  
Tearing of his golden hair.

\SBALLADS Child 191D.12

\N1 `Hold your tongue, good father dear,  
And of your weeping let it be!  
For if they bereave me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of the heavens so high.'

\SBALLADS Child 191D.13

\N1 Sir Hugh in the Grime lookd out at the door,  
Oh, what a sorry heart had he!  
There [he] spy\'d his mother dear,  
Weeping and wailing `Oh, woe is me!'

\SBALLADS Child 191D.14

\N1 Hold your tongue now, mother dear,  
And of your weeping let it be!  
For if they bereave me of my life,  
They cannot bereave me of heaven\'s fee.

\SBALLADS Child 191D.15

\N1 `I\'ll leave my sword to Johnny Armstrong  
That is made of mettal so f+ine,  
That when he comes to the border-side  
He may think of Hugh in the Grime.'

\LBALLADS Child 191E.1

\N1 LORD HOME he is a hunting gane,  
Through the woods and valleys clear,  
And he has taen Sir Hugh the Gra+eme,  
For stealing o the bishop\'s mare.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.2

\N1 They hae taen Sir Hugh the Gra+eme,  
Led him down thro Strieveling town;  
Fifeteen o them cried a\' at ance,  
'Sir Hugh the Gra+eme he must go down!'

\SBALLADS Child 191E.3

\N1 They hae causd a court to sit,  
Mang a\' their best nobilitie;  
Fifeteen o them cried a\' at ance,  
Sir Hugh the Gra+eme he now must die!'

\SBALLADS Child 191E.4

\N1 Out is speaks the lady Black,  
And o her will she was right free:  
'A thousand pounds, my lord, I\'ll gie,  
If Hugh the Gra+eme set free to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 191E.5

\N1 `Hold your tongue, ye Lady Black,  
And ye\'ll let a\' your pleadings be!  
Though ye woud gie me thousands ten,  
It\'s for my honour he must die.'

\SBALLADS Child 191E.6

\N1 Then out it speaks her Lady Bruce,  
And o her will she was right free:  
'A hundred steeds, my lord, I\'ll gie,  
If ye\'ll gie Hugh the Gra+eme to me.'



\SBALLADS Child 191E.7

\N1 `O hold your tongue, ye Lady Bruce,  
And ye\'ll let a\' your pleadings be!  
Though a\' the Gra+emes were in this court,  
It\'s for my honour he must die.'

\SBALLADS Child 191E.8

\N1 He looked over his shoulder,  
It was to see what he coud see,  
And there he saw his auld father,  
Weeping and wailing bitterlie.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.9

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my old father,  
And ye\'ll let a\' your mourning be!  
Though they bereave me o my life,  
They canno had the heavens frae me.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.10

\N1 `Ye\'ll gie my brother John the sword  
That\'s pointed wi the metal clear,  
And bid him come at eight o\'clock,  
And see me pay the bishop\'s mare.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.11

\N1 `And, brother James, take here the sword  
That\'s pointed wi the metal brown;  
Come up the morn at eight o\'clock,  
And see your brother putten down.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.12

\N1 `And, brother Allan, take this sword  
That\'s pointed wi the metal f+ine;  
Come up the morn at eight o\'clock,  
And see the death o Hugh the Gra+eme.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.13

\N1 `Ye\'ll tell this news to Maggy my wife,  
Niest time ye gang to Strievling town,  
She is the cause I lose my life,  
She wi the bishop playd the loon.'

\SBALLADS Child 191E.14

\N1 Again he ower his shoulder lookd,  
It was to see what he could see,  
And there he saw his little son,  
Was screaming by his nourice knee.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.15

\N1 Then out it spake the little son,  
'Since \'tis the morn that he must die,  
If that I live to be a man,  
My father\'s death revengd shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 191E.16

\N1 `If I must die,' Sir Hugh replied,  
'My friends o me they will think lack;'  
He leapt a wa eighteen feet high,  
Wi his hands bound behind his back.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.17

\N1 Lord Home then raised ten armed men,  
And after him they did pursue;  
But he has trudged ower the plain  
As fast as ony bird that f+lew.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.18

\N1 He looked ower his left shoulder,  
It was to see what he coud see;  
His brother John was at his back,  
And a\' thee rest o his brothers three.

\SBALLADS Child 191E.19

\N1 Some they wound, and some they slew,  
They fought sae f+ierce and valiantly;  
They made his enemies for to yield,  
And sent Sir Hugh out ower the sea.

\LBALLADS Child 191F.1

\N1 `YE may tell to my wife Maggie,  
When that she comes to the fair,  
She was the cause of all my ruin,  
It was her that stole the bishop\'s mare.

\SBALLADS Child 191F.2

\N1 `Ye may tell to my wife Maggie,  
When that she comes to the town,  
She was the cause of all my ruin,  
It was her that stole the bishop\'s gown.'

\LBALLADS Child 191G.1

\N1 DUKES an lords a huntin gane,  
Over hills an vallies clear;  
There the\'ve bound him Hughie Grame,  
For stealin o the bishop\'s mare.

\LBALLADS Child 191[H.1]

\N1 Lairds and lords a hounting gane,  
Out-over hills and valleys clear,  
And there they met Hughie Grame,  
Was riding on the bishop\'s mare.

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.2]

\N1 And they have tied him hand and foot,  
And they have carried him to Stirling town;  
The lads and lasses there about  
Crys, Hughie Grame, you are a lown!

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.3]

\N1 `If I be a lown,' says he,  
`I am sure my friends has had bad luck;'  
We that he jumped f+fifteen foot,  
With his hands tied behind his back.

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.4]

\N1 Out and spoke Laidy Whiteford,  
As she sat by the bishop\'s knee;  
`Four-and-twenty milk-kie I\'ll give to thee,  
If Hughie Grame you will let free.'

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.5]

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my laidy Whiteford,  
And of your pleading now lay by;  
If f+fifty Grames were in his coat,  
Upon my honour he shall die.'

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.6]

\N1 Out and spoke Lord Whiteford,  
As he sat by the bishop\'s knee;  
`Four-and-twenty stots I\'ll give thee,  
If Hughie Grame you will let free.'

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.7]

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my lord Whiteford,  
And of your pleading now lay by;  
If twenty Grames were in his coat,  
Upon my honour he shall die.'

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.8]

\N1 `You may tell to Meg, my wife,  
The f+irst time she comes through the mu<ir],  
She was the causer of my death,  
For with the bishop [she] plaid the whore.

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.9]

\N1 `You may tell to Meg, my wife,  
The first time she comes through the town,  
She was the causer of my death,  
For with the bishop [she ] plaid the lown.'

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.10]

\N1 He looked oer his left shoulder,  
To see what he could spy or see,  
And there he spied his old father,  
Was weeping bitterly.

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.11]

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my dear father,  
And of your weeping now lay by;  
They may rub me of my sweet life,  
But not from me the heaveance high.

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.12]

\N1 `You may give my brother John  
The sword that\'s of the mettle clear,  
That he may come the morn at four o clock  
To see me pay the bishop\'s mare.

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.13]

\N1 `You may give my brother James  
The sword that\'s of the mettle brown;  
Tell him to come the morn at four o clock  
To see his brother Hugh cut down.'

\SBALLADS Child 191[H.14]

\N1 Up and spoke his oldest son,  
As he sat by his nurse\'s knee;  
'If ere I come to be a man,  
Revenged for my father<\'s] death I\'ll be.'

\LBALLADS Child 191[I.1]

\N1 Ye dukes and lords that hunt and go  
Out-over moors and mountains clear,  
And they have taen up poor Hughie Gra+eme,  
For stealing of the bishope\'s mare.

\SBALLADS Child 110[I.1b]

\N1 Fall all the day, fall all the daudy,  
Fall all the day, fall the daudy O.

\SBALLADS Child 191[I.2]

\N1 They hae tied him hand and foot,  
They hae led him thro the town;  
The lads and lassies they all met,  
Cried, Hughie Gra+eme, ye\'ve playd the loon!

\SBALLADS Child 191[I.3]

\N1 `O if that I had playd the loon,  
My friends of me they hae bad luck;'  
With that he jumped f+fifteen feet,  
Wi his hands tied fast behind his back.

\SBALLADS Child 191[I.4]

\N1 Up then spoke my lady Whiteford,  
As she sat by the bishope\'s knee;  
'Five hundred white pence I\'ll give thee,  
If you let Hughie Gra+eme go free.'

\SBALLADS Child 191[I.5]

\N1 `I\'ll hae nane of your hundred pense,  
And your presents you may lay by;  
For if Gra+eme was ten times in his coat,  
By my honour, Hugh shall die.'

\SBALLADS Child 191[I.6]

\N1 Up then spoke my lord Whiteford,

As he sat by the bishope\'s knee;  
 `Five score of good stotts I\'ll thee give,  
 If you\'ll sett Hughie Gra+eme but free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191[I.7]  
 \N1 `I\'ll have none of your hundred stotts,  
 And all your presents you may keep to yoursell;  
 `For if Gra+eme was ten times in his coat  
 Hugh shall die, and die he shall.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 191[I.8]  
 \N1 Then they hae tied him hand and foot,  
 And they hae led [him] to the gallows high;  
 The lads and lassies they all met,  
 Cried, Hughie Gra+eme, thou art to die!  
 \SBALLADS Child 191[I.9]  
 \N1 Now\'s he looked oer his left shoulder,  
 All for to see what he could spy,  
 And there he saw his father dear,  
 Stood weeping there most bitterlie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 191[I.10]  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue now, father,' he said,  
 `And of your weeping lai\'d now by;  
 For they can rob me of my life,  
 But they cannot rob me of the heavens high.  
 \SBALLADS Child 191[I.11]  
 \N1 `But you must give to my brother John  
 The sword that\'s bent in the middle clear,  
 And tell him to come at twelve o clock  
 And see me pay the bishope\'s mare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 191[I.12]  
 \N1 `And you may give to my brother James  
 The sword that\'s bent in the middle brown,  
 And tell him to come at four o clock  
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.  
 \SBALLADS Child 191[I.13]  
 \N1 `And you may tell to Meg, my wife,  
 The f+irst time she comes thro the town,  
 She was the occasion of my death  
 And wi the bishope playd the loon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 191[I.14]  
 \N1 `And you may tell to Meg, my wife,  
 The f+irst time she comes thro the fair,  
 She was the occasion of my death,  
 And from the bishope stole the mare.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 192A.1  
 \N1 HEARD ye eer of the silly blind harper,  
 That long livd in Lochmaben town,  
 How he wad gang to fair England,  
 To steal King Henry\'s Wanton Brown?  
 Sing, Faden dilly and faden dilly  
 Sing, Faden dilly and deedle dan  
 \SBALLADS Child 192A.2  
 \N1 But f+irst he gaed to his gude wife,  
 Wi a\' the speed that he coud thole;  
 `This wark,' quo he, 'will never work  
 Without a mare that has a foal.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 192A.3  
 \N1 Quo she, Thou has a gude gray mare,  
 That\'al rin oer hills baith law and hie;  
 Gae tak the gray mare in thy hand,  
 And leave the foal at hame wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.4

\N1 `And tak a halter in thy hose,  
And o thy purpose dinna fail;  
But wap it oer the Wanton\'s nose,  
And tie her to the gray mare\'s tail.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.5

\N1 `Syne ca her out at yon back geate,  
Oer moss and muir and ilka dale;  
For she\'ll neer let the Wanton bite  
Till she come hame to her ain foal.'

\SBALLADS Child 192A.6

\N1 So he is up to England gane,  
Even as fast as he can hie,  
Till he came to King Henry\'s geate;  
And wha was there but King Henry?

\SBALLADS Child 192A.7

\N1 `Come in,' quo he, 'Thou silly blind harper,  
And of thy harping let me hear;'  
`O, by my sooth,' quo the silly blind harper,  
`I\'d rather hae stabling for my mare.'

\SBALLADS Child 192A.8

\N1 The king he looks oer his left shoulder,  
And says unto his stable-groom,  
Gae tak the silly poor harper\'s mare,  
And tie her side my Wanton Brown.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.9

\N1 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
Till a\' the lords had f+itted the f+loor;  
They thought the music was sae sweet,  
And they forgot the stable-door.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.10

\N1 And ay he harpit, and ay he carpit,  
Till a\' the nobles were sound asleep;  
Than quietly he took aff his shoon,  
And saf+ly down the stair did creep.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.11

\N1 Syne to the stable-door he hies,  
Wi tread as light as light coud be,  
And when he opned and gaed in,  
There he fand thirty gude steeds and three.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.12

\N1 He took the halter frae his hose,  
And of his purpose did na fail;  
He slipt it oer the Wanton\'s nose,  
And tied it to his gray mare\'s tail.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.13

\N1 He ca\'d her out at yon back geate,  
Oer moss and muir and ilka dale,  
And she loot neer the Wanton bite,  
But held her still gaun at her tail.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.14

\N1 The gray mare was right swift o f+it,  
And did na fail to f+ind the way,  
For she was at Lochmaben geate  
Fu lang three hours ere \'twas day.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.15

\N1 When she came to the harper\'s door,  
There she gave mony a nicher and sneer;  
`Rise,' quo the wife, 'Thou lazy lass,  
Let in thy master and his mare.'

\SBALLADS Child 192A.16

\N1 Then up she rose, pat on her claes,  
And lookit out through the lock-hole;  
'O, by my sooth,' then quoth the lass,  
'Our mare has gotten a braw big foal!'

\SBALLADS Child 192A.17

\N1 'Come had thy peace, thou foolish lass,  
The moon\'s but glancing in thy eye;  
I\'ll wad my hail fee against a groat,  
It\'s bigger than eer our foal will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 192A.18

\N1 The neighbours too that heard the noise  
Cried to the wife to put hir in;  
'By my sooth,' then quo the wife,  
'She\'s better than ever he rade on.'

\SBALLADS Child 192A.19

\N1 But on the morn, at fair day light,  
When they had ended a\' thier chear,  
King Henry\'s Wanton Brown was stawn,  
And eke the poor old harper\'s mare.

\SBALLADS Child 192A.20

\N1 'Allace! allace!' says the silly blind harper,  
'Allace, allace, that I came here!  
In Scotland I\'ve tint a braw cowte-foal,  
In England they\'ve stawn my gude gray mare.'

\SBALLADS Child 192A.21

\N1 'Come had thy tongue, thou silly blind harper,  
And of thy allacing let me be;  
For thou shalt get a better mare,  
And weel paid shall thy cowte-foal be.'

\LBALLADS Child 192B.1

\N1 HARD ye tell of the silly blind harper?  
Long he lived in Lochmaben town;  
He\'s away to fair Carlisle,  
To steal King Henry\'s Wanton Brown.  
Sing, Fadle didle dodle didle  
Sing, Fadle didle fadle doo

\SBALLADS Child 192B.2

\N1 He has mounted his auld gray mare,  
And ridden oer both hills and mire,  
Till he came to fair Carlisle town,  
And askd for stabling to his mare.

\SBALLADS Child 192B.3

\N1 'Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,  
'Some of thy harping let us hear;'  
'By my sooth,' says the silly blind harper,  
'I would rather hae stabling to my mare.'

\SBALLADS Child 192B.4

\N1 The king looked oer his left shoulder  
And called to his stable-groom:  
'Gae stable up the harper\'s mare,  
And just beyond the Wanton Brown.'

\SBALLADS Child 192B.5

\N1 Ay he carped, and ay he harped,  
Till a\' the lords gaed thro the f+loor;  
But and the musick was sae sweet  
The groom forgot the key o the stable-door.

\SBALLADS Child 192B.6

\N1 Ay he harped, and ay he carped,  
Till a\' the lords fell fast asleep,

And, like a fause deceiver as he was,  
 He quickly down the stair did creep.  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.7  
 \N1 He pulld a colt-halter out o his hoe,  
 On purpose as I shall to you tell;  
 He sliped it oer the Wanton\'s nose,  
 And tyed it to his gray mare\'s tail.  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.8  
 \N1 `My blessing light upon my wife!  
 I think she be a daily f+lower;  
 She told me to ken my ain gray mare  
 When eer I felt her by the ewer.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.9  
 \N1 `Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,  
 Some of thy harping let us hear:'  
 `Oh and alas!' says the silly blind harper,  
 `Oh and alas that eer I came here!  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.10  
 \N1 `For in Scotland I lost a good brown foal,  
 And in England a good gray mare,  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.11  
 \N1 `Harp on, harp on, thou silly blind harper,  
 Some of thy harping let us hear,  
 And thy brown foal shall be well payed,  
 And thou\'s hae a far better gray mare.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.12  
 \N1 Ay he harped, and ay he carped,  
 And some of his harping he let them hear,  
 And his brown foal it was well payed,  
 And he got a better gray mare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.13  
 \N1 His mare\'s away to Lochmaben,  
 Wi mony a nicker and mony a sneer;  
 His wife cry\'s, Rise up, you lazy lass,  
 Let in your master and his mare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.14  
 \N1 The lazy lass was loth to rise;  
 She looked through a little hole;  
 `By my troth,' crys the lazy lass,  
 `Our mare has brought a bonie foal.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 192B.15  
 \N1 `Rise up, rise up, thou lazy lass,  
 And, een as the sun it shines sae clear,  
 I\'ll wager my life against a groat  
 The foal was better than ever the mare.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 192C.1  
 \N1 IT\R\`rS hae ye heard tell o the auld harper  
 That lang lived in Lochmaben town,  
 How he maun awa to England fair,  
 To steal King Henry\'s Wanton Brown?  
 Faw aiden diden an diden an diden  
 Faw aiden diden faw aiden dee  
 \SBALLADS Child 192C.2  
 \N1 Out then bespak his gude auld wife,  
 I wat she spak out very wiselie;  
 `Ye\'ll ride the mear to England fair,  
 But the foal ye\'ll leave at hame wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 192C.3

\N1 `Ye\'ll hide your halter in o your hose,  
And o your purpose ye\'ll no fail;  
Ye\'ll cast a hook on the Wanton\'s nose,  
And tie him to the gray mear\'s tail.

\SBALLADS Child 192C.4

\N1 `Ye\'ll lead them awa by a back yett,  
And hound them out at a wee hole;  
The mear she\'ll neer [let] the Wanton bait  
Till hame at Lochmaben town wi her foal.'

\SBALLADS Child 192C.5

\N1 Awa then rade the auld harper,  
I wat he rade right merrilie,  
Until he cam to England fair,  
Where wonned the gude King Henerie.

\SBALLADS Child 192C.6

\N1 `Light down, light down, ye auld harper,  
And some o your harping let me hear;  
`O williwa!' quo the auld harper,  
Will I get stabling for my mear?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 192C.7

\N1 And aye he harped and he carped,  
Till a\' the lordlings fell asleep;  
Syne bundled his f+iddles upon his back,  
And down the stairs fu fast did creep.

\SBALLADS Child 192C.8

\N1 He\'s taen the halter out o his hose,  
And o his purpose he didna fail;  
He\'s cast a hook on the Wanton\'s nose,  
And tied him to the gray mear\'s tale.

\SBALLADS Child 192C.9

\N1 He\'s led them awa by the back yett,  
And hounded them out at a wee hole;  
The mear she neer let the Wanton bait  
Till hame at Lochmaben town wi her foal.

\SBALLADS Child 192C.10

\N1 And when they cam to the house-end,  
Wi mony a nicker but an a neigh,  
They waukend the auld wife out o her sleep;  
She was a-dreaming she was fouie.

\SBALLADS Child 192C.11

\N1 `Rise up, rise up, my servant-lass,  
Let in your master and his mear;'  
`It\'s by my sooth,' the wee lassie goud say,  
`I\'m in a sleeping drowsy air.'

\SBALLADS Child 192C.12

\N1 Wi mony a graunt she turned her round,  
And keekit through at a wee hole;  
`It\'s by my sooth!' the wee lassie goud say,  
`Our mear has gotten a braw brown foal!'

\SBALLADS Child 192C.13

\N1 Lie still, lie still, ye lazy lass,  
It\'s but the moon shines in your ee;'  
`Na, by my sooth,' the lassie goud say,  
`And he\'s bigger than ony o his degree.'

\SBALLADS Child 192C.14

\N1 Then lightly rose the gude auld wife,  
I wat the f+irst up in a\' the town;  
She took the grit oats intil her lap  
And fodderd King Henry\'s Wanton Brown.



\SBALLADS Child 192C.15

\N1 King Henry\'s groom rase in the morn,  
And he was of a sorry cheer:  
`King Henry\'s Wanton Brown\'s awa,  
And sae is the silly auld harper\'s mear!'

\SBALLADS Child 192C.16

\N1 Up then rase the auld harper,  
And loudly he did curse and swear:  
`In Scotland they but steald my foal,  
In England ye hae steald my mear!'

\SBALLADS Child 192C.17

\N1 `It\'s haud your tongue,"] King Henry did say,  
`Ye\'ll hae nae cause to curse or swear;  
Here\'s thirty guineas for your foal,  
And three times thirty for your mear.'

\LBALLADS Child 192D.1

\N1 THERE was a poor silly harper-man,  
And he lived in Lochmaben toon,  
And he has waghered wi lairds and lords,  
And mony a guinea ag\iains\rt a croon.

Tum tid iddly  
Dodaly diddely  
Tidaly diddaly  
Dodaly dan

\SBALLADS Child 192D.2

\N1 And he has waghered wi lairds and lords,  
And mony a guinea ag\iains\rt a croon,  
That into England he w\ioul\rd go.  
And steal King Henerie\'s Wanton Broun.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.3

\N1 Out spak the silly poor harper\'s wife,  
And O but she spak wililie:  
`If into England you do go,  
Leave the wee-wee foal wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 192D.4

\N1 The harper he got on to ride,  
And O but he rode richt highlie!  
The very f+irst man that he did meet,  
They said it was King Henerie.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.5

\N1 `Licht doon, licht doon, ye silly poor harper,  
And o y\iou\rr harping let me hear;'  
`And by my sooth,' quoth the silly poor harper,  
`I\'d rather hae stabling for my mear.'

\SBALLADS Child 192D.6

\N1 O he lookit ower his left shoulder,  
And saw ane of the stable-grooms:  
`Go take the sillie poor harper\'s mear,  
And stable her by my Wanton Brown.'

\SBALLADS Child 192D.7

\N1 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
Till a\' the nobles fell on the f+loor,  
And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
Till they forgot the key of the stabel-door.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.8

\N1 And aye he harpit, and aye he carpit,  
Till a\' the nobles fell fast asleep;  
He has taen his harp upon his back,  
And doon the stair did softly creep.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.9

\N1 He has taen a halter frae his hose,  
And o his purpose did not fail;  
He coost a wap on Wanton\'s nose,  
And tyed her to his ain mear\'s tail.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.10

\N1 He ca\'d her through at the bye-yett,  
Through mony a syre and mony a hole;  
She never loot Wanton licht till she  
Was at Lochmaben, at her foal.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.11

\N1 And she came oer Lochmaben heights,  
Wi mony a nicker and mony a sneeze,  
And waukend the silly poor harper\'s wife,  
As she was a sleeping at her ease.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.12

\N1 `Rise up, rise up, ye servant-lass,  
Let in the maister and the mear;'  
`By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
`I think my maister be na here.'

\SBALLADS Child 192D.13

\N1 Up then rose the servant-lass,  
And lookit through a wee, wee hole;  
`By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
`Our mear has gotten a waly foal.'

\SBALLADS Child 192D.14

\N1 `Ye clatter, ye clatter, ye servant-lass,  
It is the moon shines in your ee;'  
`By my sooth,' quoth the servant-lass,  
`It\'s mair than ever her ain will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 192D.15

\N1 It\'s whan the stable-groom awoke,  
Put a\' the nobles in a fear;  
King Henerie\'s Wanton Brown was stown,  
And Oh! the silly poor harper\'s mear.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.16

\N1 Out then spak the silly poor harper,  
Says, Oh, this loos I douna thole!  
In England fair a guid grey mear,  
In fair Scotland a guid cout-foal.

\SBALLADS Child 192D.17

\N1 `Haud your tongue, ye sillie poor harper,  
And wi your carping let me be;  
Here\'s ten pounds for your auld gray mear,  
And a weel paid foal it\'sbe to thee!'

\SBALLADS Child 192D.18

\N1 And O the silly poor harper\'s wife,  
She\'s aye f+irst up in Lochmaben toun;  
She\'s stealing the corn and stealing the hay,  
And wappin it oer to Wanton Broun.

\LBALLADS Child 192E.1

\N1 THERE was a jolly harper-man,  
That harped aye frae toun to toun;  
A wager he made, with two knights he laid  
To steal King Henry\'s Wanton Brown.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.2

\N1 Sir Roger he wagered f+ive ploughs o land,  
Sir Charles wagered f+ive thousand pound,  
And John he\'s taen the deed in hand,  
To steal King Henry\'s Wanton Brown.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.3

\N1 He\'s taen his harp into his hand,  
And he gaed harping thro the toun,  
And as the king in his palace sat,  
His ear was touched wi the soun.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.4

\N1 `Come in, come in, ye harper-man,  
Some o your harping let me hear;'  
`Indeed, my liege, and by your grace,  
I\'d rather hae stabling to my mare.'

\SBALLADS Child 192E.5

\N1 `Ye\'ll gang to yon outer court,  
That stands a little below the toun;  
Ye\'ll f+ind a stable snug and neat,  
Where stands my stately Wanton Brown.'

\SBALLADS Child 192E.6

\N1 He\'s down him to the outer court,  
That stood a little below the toun;  
There found a stable snug and neat,  
For stately stood the Wanton Brown.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.7

\N1 Then he has f+ixd a good strong cord  
Unto his grey mare\'s bridle-rein,  
And tied it unto that steed\'s tail,  
Syne shut the stable-door behin.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.8

\N1 Then he harped on, and he carped on,  
Till all were fast asleep;  
Then down thro bower and ha he\'s gone,  
Even on his hands and feet.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.9

\N1 He\'s to yon stable snug and neat,  
That lay a little below the toun;  
For there he placed his ain grey mare,  
Alang wi Henry\'s Wanton Brown.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.10

\N1 `Ye\'ll do you down thro mire and moss,  
Thro mony bog and lairy hole;  
But never miss your Wanton slack;  
Ye\'ll gang to Mayblane, to your foal.'

\SBALLADS Child 192E.11

\N1 As soon\'s the door he had unshut,  
The mare gaed prancing frae the town,  
An at her bridle-rein was tied  
Henry\'s stately Wanton Brown.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.12

\N1 Then she did rin thro mire an moss,  
Thro mony bog an miery hole;  
But never missed her Wanton slack  
Till she reachd Mayblane, to her foal.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.13

\N1 When the king awaked from sleep  
He to the harper-man did say,  
O waken ye, waken ye, jolly John,  
We\'ve fairly slept till it is day.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.14

\N1 `Win up, win up, ye harper-man,  
Some mair o harping ye\'ll gie me:'  
He said, My liege, wi a\' my heart,  
But f+irst my gude grey mare maun see.

\SBALLADS Child 192E.15

\N1 Then forth he ran, and in he came,  
Dropping mony a feigned tear:  
`Some rogue<s] hae broke the outer court,  
An stown awa my gude grey mare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.16  
\N1 `Then by my sooth,' the king replied,  
`If there\'s been rogues into the toun,  
I fear, as well as your grey mare,  
Awa is my stately Wanton Brown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.17  
\N1 `My loss is great,' the harper said,  
`My loss is twice as great, I fear;  
In Scotland I lost a gude grey steed,  
An here I\'ve lost a gude grey mare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.18  
\N1 `Come on, come on, ye harper-man,  
Some o your music lat me hear;  
Well paid ye\'se be, John, for the same,  
An likewise for your gude grey mare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.19  
\N1 When that John his money received,  
Then he went harping frae the toun,  
But little did King Henry ken  
He\'d stown awa his Wanton Brown.  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.20  
\N1 The knights then lay ower castle-wa,  
An they beheld baith dale an down,  
An saw the jolly harper-man  
Come harping on to Striveling toun.  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.21  
\N1 Then, `By my sooth,' Sir Roger said,  
`Are ye returned back to toun?  
Idoubt my lad ye hae ill sped  
Of stealing o the Wanton Brown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.22  
\N1 `I hae been into fair England,  
An even into Lunan toun,  
An in King Henry\'s outer court,  
An stown awa the Wanton Brown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.23  
\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie,' Sir Charles he said,  
`An aye sae loud\'s I hear ye lie;  
Twall armed men, in armour bright,  
They guard the stable night and day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.24  
\N1 `But I did harp them all asleep,  
An managed my business cunninglie;  
If ye make light o what I say,  
Come to my stable an ye\'ll see.  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.25  
\N1 `My music pleasd the king sae well  
Mair o my harping he wishd to hear;  
An for the same he paid me well,  
And also for my gude grey mare.'  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.26  
\N1 Then he drew out a gude lang purse,  
Well stored wi gowd an white monie,  
An in a short time after this  
The Wanton Brown he lat them see.  
\SBALLADS Child 192E.27

\N1 Sir Roger produced his ploughs o land,  
Sir Charles produced his thousand pounds,  
Then back to Henry, the English king,  
Restored the stately Wanton Brown.

\LBALLADS Child 193A.1

\N1 THE Liddesdale Crosiers hae ridden a race,  
And they had far better staid at hame,  
For they have lost a gallant gay,  
Young Whinton Crosier it was his name.

\SBALLADS Child 193A.2

\N1 For Parcy Reed he has him taen,  
And he\'s delivered him to law,  
But auld Crosier has made answer  
That he\'ll gar the house of the Troughend fa.

\SBALLADS Child 193A.3

\N1 So as it happened on a day  
That Parcy Reed is a hunting gane,  
And the three false Halls of Girsonsfield  
They all along with him are gane.

\SBALLADS Child 193A.4

\N1 They hunted up and they hunted down,  
They hunted all Reedwater round,  
Till weariness has on him siezed;  
At the Batinghope he\'s fallen asleep.

\SBALLADS Child 193A.5

\N1 O some they stole his powder-horn,  
And some put water in his lang gun:

`O waken, waken, Parcy Reed!

For we do doubt thou sleeps too sound.

\SBALLADS Child 193A.6

\N1 `O waken, O waken, Parcy Reed!

For we do doubt thou sleeps too long;  
For yonder\'s the f+ive Crosiers coming,  
They\'re coming by the Hingin Stane.

\SBALLADS Child 193A.7

\N1 `If they be f+ive men, we are four,  
If ye will all stand true to me;

Now every one of you may take one,  
And two of them ye may leave to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 193A.8

\N1 `We will not stay, nor we dare not stay,  
O Parcy Reed, for to f+ight with thee;  
For thou wilt f+ind, O Parcy Reed,  
That they will slay both us and thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 193A.9

\N1 `O stay, O stay, O Tommy Hall,  
O stay, O man, and f+ight with me!  
If we see the Troughend again,  
My good black mare I will give thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 193A.10

\N1 `I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
O Parcy Reed, to f+ight for thee;  
For thou wilt f+ind, O Parcy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 193A.11

\N1 `O stay, O stay, O Johnnie Hall,  
O stay, O man, and f+ight for me!  
If I see the Troughend again,  
Five yoke of oxen I will give thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 193A.12

\N1 `I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
O Parcy Reed, for to f+ight with thee;  
For thou wilt f+ind, O Parcy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 193A.13

\N1 `O stay, O stay, O Willie Hall,  
O stay, O man, and f+ight for me!  
If we see the Troughend again,  
The half of my land I will give thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 193A.14

\N1 `I will not stay, nor I dare not stay,  
O Parcy Reed, for to f+ight with thee;  
For thou wilt f+ind, O Parcy Reed,  
That they will slay both me and thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 193A.15

\N1 `Now foul fa ye, ye traitors all,  
That ever ye should in England won!  
You have left me in a fair f+ield standin,  
And in my hand an uncharged gun.  
\SBALLADS Child 193A.16

\N1 `O fare thee well, my wedded wife!  
O fare you well, my children f+ive!  
And fare thee well, my daughter Jane,  
That I love best that\'s born alive!  
\SBALLADS Child 193A.17

\N1 `O fare thee well, my brother Tom!  
And fare you well his children f+ive!  
If you had been with me this day,  
I surely had been man alive.  
\SBALLADS Child 193A.18

\N1 `Farewell all friends! as for my foes,  
To distant lands may they be tane,  
And the three false Halls of Girsonsf+ield,  
They\'ll never be trusted nor trowed again.'  
\LBALLADS Child 193B.1

\N1 GOD send the land deliverance  
Frae every reaving, riding Scot;  
We\'ll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,  
We\'ll sune hae neither staig nor stot.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.2

\N1 The outlaws come fare Liddesdale,  
They herry Redesdale far and near;  
The rich man\'s gelding it maun gang,  
They canna pass the puir man\'s mear.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.3

\N1 Sure it were weel, had ilka thief  
Around his neck a halter strang;  
And curses heavy may they light  
On traitors vile oursels amang.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.4

\N1 Now Parcy Reed has Crosier taen,  
He has delivered him to the law;  
But Crosier says he\'ll do waur than that,  
He\'ll make the tower o Troughend fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.5

\N1 And Crosier says he will do waur,  
He will do waur if waur can be;  
He\'ll make the bairns a\' fatherless,  
And then, the land it may lie lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.6

\N1 `To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,  
`The morning sun is on the dew;  
The cauler breeze frae off the fells  
Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.7

\N1 `To the hunting, ho!' cried Parcy Reed,  
And to the hunting he has gane;  
And the three fause Ha\'s o Girsonsf+ield  
Alang wi him he has them taen.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.8

\N1 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
By heathery hill and birken shaw;  
They raised a buck on Rookan Edge,  
And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.9

\N1 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
They made the echoes ring amain;  
With music sweet o horn and hound,  
They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.10

\N1 They hunted high, they hunted low,  
They hunted up, they hunted down,  
Until the day was past the prime,  
And it grew late in the afternoon.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.11

\N1 They hunted high in Batinghope,  
When as the sun was sinking low;  
Says Parcy then, Ca off the dogs,  
We\'ll bait our steeds and homeward go.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.12

\N1 They lighted high in Batinghope,  
Atween the brown and benty ground;  
They had but rested a little while  
Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.13

\N1 There\'s nane may lean on a rotten staff,  
But him that risks to get a fa;  
There\'s nane may in a traitor trust,  
And traitors black were every Ha.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.14

\N1 They\'ve stown the bridle off his steed,  
And they\'ve put water in his lang gun;  
Theya\'ve f+ixed his sword within the sheath  
That out again it winna come.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.15

\N1 `Awaken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,  
Or by your enemies be taen;  
For yonder are the f+ive Crosiers  
A-coming owre the Hingin-stane.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.16

\N1 `If they be f+ive, and we be four,  
Sae that ye stand alang wi me,  
Then every man ye will take one,  
And only leave but two to me:  
We will them meet as brave men ought,  
And make them either f+ight or f+lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.17

\N1 `We mayna stand, we canna stand,  
We daurna stand alang wi thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,

And they wad kill baith thee and we.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.18

\N1 `O turn thee, turn thee, Johnie Ha,  
O turn thee, man, and f+ight wi me;  
When ye come to Troughend again,  
My gude black naig I will gie thee;  
He cost full twenty pound o gowd,  
Atween my brother John and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.19

\N1 `I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and f+ight wi thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.20

\N1 `O turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha,  
O turn thee, man, and f+ight wi me;  
When ye come to Troughend again,  
A yoke o owsen I\'ll gie thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.21

\N1 `I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and f+ight wi thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.22

\N1 `O turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha,  
O turn now, man, and f+ight wi me;  
If ever we come to Troughend again,  
My daughter Jean I\'ll gie to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.23

\N1 `I mayna turn, I canna turn,  
I daurna turn and f+ight wi thee;  
The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,  
And they wad kill baith thee and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.24

\N1 `O shame upon ye, traitors a`!  
I wish your hames ye may never see;  
Ye\'ve stown the bridle off my naig,  
And I can neither f+ight nor f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.25

\N1 `Ye\'ve stown the bridle off my naig,  
And ye\'ve put water i my lnag gun;  
Ye\'ve f+ixed my sword within the sheath  
That out again it winna come.'

\SBALLADS Child 193B.26

\N1 He had but time to cross himsel,  
A prayer he hadna time to say,  
Till round him came the Crosiers keen,  
All riding graithed and in array.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.27

\N1 `Weel met, weel met, now, Parcy Reed,  
Thou art the very man we sought;  
Owre lang hae we been in your debt,  
Now will we pay you as we ought.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.28

\N1 `We\'ll pay thee at the nearest tree,  
Where we shall hang thee like a hound;'  
Brave Parcy raisd his fankit sword,  
And felld the foremost to the ground.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.29

\N1 Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed,



Alake, he was an unarmed man;  
Four weapons pierced him all at once,  
As they assailed him there and than.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.30  
\N1 They fell upon him all at once,  
They mangled him most cruellie;  
The slightest wound might caused his deid,  
And they hae gien him thirty-three;  
They hacket off his hands and feet,  
And left him lying on the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.31  
\N1 `Now, Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt,  
Ye canna weel dispute the tale,'  
The Crosiers said, and off they rade;  
They rade the airt o Liddesdale.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.32  
\N1 It was the hour o gloaming gray,  
When herds come in frae fauld and pen;  
A herd he saw a huntsman lie,  
Says he, Can this be Laird Troughen?  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.33  
\N1 `There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
And some will ca me Laird Troughen;  
It's little matter what they ca me,  
My faes hae made me ill to ken.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.34  
\N1 `There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
And speak my praise in tower and town;  
It's little matter what they do now,  
My life-blood rudds the heather brown.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.35  
\N1 `There's some will ca me Parcy Reed,  
And a' my virtues say and sing;  
I would much rather have just now  
A draught o water frae the spring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.36  
\N1 The herd f+lung aff his clouted shoon  
And to the nearest fountain ran;  
He made his bonnet serve a cup,  
And wan the blessing o the dying man.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.37  
\N1 `Now, honest herd, ye maun do mair,  
Ye maun do mair, as I you tell;  
Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,  
And bear likewise my last farewell.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.38  
\N1 `A farewell to my wedded wife,  
A farewell to my brother John,  
Wha sits into the Troughend tower  
Wi heart as black as any stone.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.39  
\N1 `A farewell to my daughter Jean,  
A farewell to my young sons f+ive;  
Had they been at their father's hand,  
I had this night been man alive.  
\SBALLADS Child 193B.40  
\N1 `A farewell to my followers a',  
And a' my neighbours gude at need;  
Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's  
Betrayed the life o Parcy Reed.

\SBALLADS Child 193B.41

\N1 `The laird o Clennel bears my bow,  
The laird o Brandon bears my brand;  
Whenever they ride i the Border-side,  
They\`ll mind the fate o the laird Troughend.'

\LBALLADS Child 193[B2.1]

\N1 O Parcy Reed has Crozer taen,  
And has deliverd him to the law;  
But Crozer says he\`ll do warse than that,  
For he\`ll gar the tower of the Troughend fa.

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.2]

\N1 And Crozer says he will do warse,  
He will do warse, if warse can be;  
For he\`ll make the bairns a\` fatherless,  
And then the land it may lie lea.

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.3]

\N1 O Parcy Reed has ridden a raid,  
But he had better have staid at hame;  
For the three fause Ha\`s of Girsenf+ield  
Along with him he has them taen.

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.4]

\N1 He\`s hunted up, and he\`s hunted down,  
He\`s hunted a\` the water of Reed,  
Till wearydness has on him taen,  
I the Baitinghope he\`s faen asleep.

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.5]

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

And the fause, fause Ha\`s o Girsenf+ield,  
They\`ll never be trowed nor trusted again.

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.6]

\N1 They\`ve taen frae him his powther-bag,  
And they\`ve put water i his lang gun;  
They\`ve put the sword into the sheathe  
That out again it\`ll never come.

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.7]

\N1 `Awaken ye, awaken ye, Parcy Reed,  
For I do fear ye\`ve slept owre lang;  
For yonder are the f+ive Crozers,  
A coming owre by the hinging-stane.'

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.8]

\N1 `If they be f+ive and we be four,  
If that ye will stand true to me,  
If every man ye will take one,  
Ye surely will leave two to me.

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.9]

\N1 `O turn, O turn, O Johny Ha,  
O turn now, man, and f+ight wi me;  
If ever ye come to Troughend again,  
A good black nag I will gie to thee;  
He cost me twenty pounds o gowd  
Atween my brother John and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.10]

\N1 `I winna turn, I canna turn;  
I darena turn and f+ight wi thee;  
For they will f+ind out Parcy Reed,  
And then they\`ll kill baith thee and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 193[B2.11]

\N1 `O turn, O turn now, Willie Ha,  
O turn, O man, and f+ight wi me,

And if ever ye come to the Troughend again  
 A yoke of owsen I will gie thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.12]  
 \N1 `I winna turn, I canna turn;  
 I darena turn and f+ight wi thee;  
 For they will f+ind out Parcy Reed,  
 And they will kill baith thee and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.13]  
 \N1 `O turn, O turn, O Thommy Ha,  
 O turn now, man, and f+ight wi me;  
 If ever ye come to the Troughend again,  
 My daughter Jean I\'ll gie to thee.;  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.14]  
 \N1 `I winna turn, I darena turn;  
 I winna turn and f+ight with thee;  
 For they will f+ind out Parcy Reed,  
 And then they\'ll kill baith thee and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.15]  
 \N1 `O woe be to ye, traitors a\'!  
 I wish England ye may never win;  
 Ye\'ve left me in the f+ield to stand,  
 And in my hand an uncharged gun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.16]  
 \N1 `Ye\'ve taen frae me my powther-bag,  
 And ye\'ve put water i my lang gun;  
 Ye\'ve put the sword into the sheath  
 That out again it\'ll never come.  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.17]  
 \N1 `O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
 And fare ye weel, my brother John!  
 That sits into the Troughend ha  
 With heart as black as any stone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.18]  
 \N1 `O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
 And fare ye weel now, my sons f+ive!  
 For hae ye been wi me this day  
 I surely had been man alive.  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.19]  
 \N1 `O fare ye weel, my married wife!  
 And fare ye weel now, my sons f+ive!  
 And fare ye weel, my daughter Jean!  
 I loved ye best ye were born alive.  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.20]  
 \N1 `O some do ca me Parcy Reed,  
 And some do ca me Laird Troughend,  
 But it\'s nae matter what they ca me,  
 My faes have made me ill to ken.  
 \SBALLADS Child 193[B2.21]  
 \N1 `The laird o Clennel wears my bow,  
 The laird o Brandon wears my brand;  
 Whae ever rides i the Border side  
 Will mind the liard o the Troughend.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 194A.1  
 \N1 DOWN by yon garden green  
 Sae merrily as she gaes;  
 She has twa weel-made feet,  
 And she trips upon her taes.  
 \SBALLADS Child 194A.2  
 \N1 She has twa weel-made feet,  
 Far better is her hand;

She\'s as jimp in the middle  
As ony willow-wand.

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.3

\\N1 `Gif ye will do my bidding,  
At my bidding for to be,  
It\'s I will make you lady  
Of a\' the lands you see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.4

\\N1 He spak a word in jest;  
Her answer wasna good;  
He threw a plate at her face,  
Made it a\' gush out o blood.

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.5

\\N1 She wasna frae her chamber  
A step but barely three,  
When up and at her richt hand  
There stood Man\'s Enemy.

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.6

\\N1 `Gif ye will do my bidding,  
At my bidding for to be,  
I\'ll learn you a wile  
Avenged for to be.'

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.7

\\N1 The Foul Thief knotted the tether,  
She lifted his head on hie,  
The nourice drew the knot  
That gard lord Waristoun die.

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.8

\\N1 Then word is gane to Leith,  
Also to Edinburgh town,  
That the lady had killd the laird,  
The laird o Waristoun.

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.9

\\N1 `Tak aff, tak aff my hood,  
But lat my petticoat be;  
Put my mantle oer my head,  
For the f+ire I downa see.

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.10

\\N1 `Now, a\' ye gentle maids,  
Tak warning now by me,  
And never marry ane  
But wha pleases your ee.

\\SBALLADS Child 194A.11

\\N1 `For he married me for love,  
But I married him for fee;  
And sae brak out the feud  
That gard my dearie die.'

\\LBALLADS Child 194B.1

\\N1 IT was at dinner as they sat,  
And whan they drank the wine,  
How happy war the laird and lady  
Of bonnie Wariston!

\\SBALLADS Child 194B.2

\\N1 The lady spak but ae word,  
The matter to conclude;  
The laird strak her on the mouth,  
Till she spat out o blude.

\\SBALLADS Child 194B.3

\N1 She did not know the way  
Her mind to satisfy,  
Till evil cam in to [her] head  
All by the Enemy.

\SBALLADS Child 194B.4

\N1 `At evening when ye sit,  
And whan ye drink the wine,  
See that ye f+ill the glass weill up  
To the laird o Wariston.'

\SBALLADS Child 194B.5

\N1 So at table whan they sat,  
And whan they drank the wine,  
She made the glass aft gae round  
To the laird o Wariston.

\SBALLADS Child 194B.6

\N1 The nurice she knet the knot,  
And O she knet it sicker!  
The lady did gie it a twig,  
Till it began to wicker.

\SBALLADS Child 194B.7

\N1 But word\'s gane doun to Leith,  
And up to Embro toun,  
That the lady she has slain the laird,  
The laird o Waristoun.

\SBALLADS Child 194B.8

\N1 Word has gane to her father, the grit Dunipace,  
And an angry man was he;  
Cries, Gar mak a barrel o pikes,  
And row her down some lea!

\SBALLADS Child 194B.9

\N1 She said, Wae be to ye, Wariston,  
I wish ye may sink for sin!  
For I have been your wife  
These nine years, running ten;  
And I never loved ye sae well  
As now whan ye\'re lying slain.

\SBALLADS Child 194B.10

\N1 `But tak aff this gowd brocade,  
And let my petticoat stay,  
And tie a handkerchief round my face,  
That the people may not see.'

\LBALLADS Child 194C.1

\N1 `MY mother was an ill woman,  
In f+fifteen years she marrid me;  
I hadna wit to guide a man,  
Alas! ill counsel guided me.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.2

\N1 `O Warriston, O Warriston,  
I wish that ye may sink for sin!  
I was but bare f+fifteen years auld,  
Whan f+irst I enterd your yates within.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.3

\N1 `I hadna been a month married,  
Till my gude lord went to the sea;  
I bare a bairn ere he came hame,  
And set it on the nourice knee.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.4

\N1 `But it fell ance upon a day,  
That my gude lord returnd from sea;  
Then I did dress in the best array,

As blythe as ony bird on tree.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.5

\N1 `I took my young son in my arms,  
Likewise my nourice me forebye,  
And I went down to yon shore-side,  
My gude lord\'s vessel I might spy.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.6

\N1 `My lord he stood upon the deck,  
I wyte he haild me courteouslie:  
Ye are thrice welcome, my lady gay,  
Whae\'s aught that bairn on your knee?'

\SBALLADS Child 194C.7

\N1 She turnd her right and round about,  
Says, `Why take ye sic dreads o me?  
Alas! I was too young married,  
To love another man but thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 194C.8

\N1 `Now hold your tongue, my lady gay,  
Nae mair falsehoods ye\'ll tell to me;  
This bonny bairn is not mine,  
You\'ve loved another while I was on sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 194C.9

\N1 In discontent then hame she went,  
And aye the tear did blin her ee;  
Says, Of this wretch I\'ll be revenged  
For these harsh words he\'s said to me.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.10

\N1 She\'s counselld wi her father\'s steward  
What way she coud revenged be;  
Bad was the counsel then he gave,  
It was to gar her gude lord dee.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.11

\N1 The nourice took the deed in hand,  
I wat she was well paid her fee;  
She kiest the knot, and the loop she ran,  
Which soon did gar this young lord dee.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.12

\N1 His brtother lay in a room hard by,  
Alas! that night he slept too soun;  
But then he wakend wi a cry,  
`I fear my brother\'s putten down.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.13

\N1 `O get me coal and candle light,  
And get me some gude companie;'  
But before the light was brought,  
Warriston he was gart dee.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.14

\N1 They\'ve taen the lady and fause nourice,  
In prison strong they hae them boun;  
The nourice she was hard o heart,  
But the bonny lady fell in swoon.

\SBALLADS Child 194C.15

\N1 In it came her brother dear,  
And aye a sorry man was he:  
`I woud gie a\' the lands I heir,  
O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 194C.16

\N1 `O borrow me, brother, borrow me?  
O borrowd shall I never be;  
For I gart kill my ain gude lord,

And life is nae pleasure to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.17  
 \N1 In it came her mother dear,  
 I wyte a sorry woman was she:  
 `I woud gie my white monie and gowd,  
 O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.18  
 \N1 `Borrow me, mother, borrow me?  
 O borrowd shall I never be;  
 For I gart kill my ain gude lord,  
 And life\'s now nae pleasure to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.19  
 \N1 Then in ti came her father dear,  
 I wyte a sorry man was he;  
 Says, `Ohon, alas! my bonny Jean,  
 If I had you at hame wi me!  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.20  
 \N1 Seven daughters I hae left at hame,  
 As fair women as fair can be;  
 But I woud gie them ane by ane,  
 O bonny Jean, to borrow thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.21  
 \N1 `O borrow me, father, borrow me?  
 O borrowd shall I never be;  
 I that is worthy o the death,  
 It is but right that I shoud dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.22  
 \N1 Then out is speaks the king himsell,  
 And aye as he steps in the f+leer;  
 Says, `I grant you your life, lady,  
 Because you are of tender year.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.23  
 \N1 `A boon, a boon, my liege the king,  
 The boon I ask, ye\'ll grant to me;'  
 `Ask on, ask on, my bonny Jean,  
 Whateer ye ask it\'s granted be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.24  
 \N1 `Cause take me out at night, at night,  
 Lat not the sun upon me shine,  
 And take me to yon heading-hill,  
 Strike aff this dowie head o mine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.25  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll take me out at night, at night,  
 When there are nane to gaze and see,  
 And hae me to yon heading-hill,  
 And ye\'ll gar head me speedilie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.26  
 \N1 They\'ve taen her out at nine at night,  
 Loot not the sun upon her shine,  
 And had her to yon heading-hill,  
 And headed her baith neat and f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.27  
 \N1 Then out it speaks the king himsell,  
 I wyte a sorry man was he:  
 `I\'ve travelld east, I\'ve travelld west,  
 And sailed far beyond the sea,  
 But I never saw a woman\'s face  
 I was sae sorry to see dee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 194C.28  
 \N1 `But Warriston was sair to blame,

For slighting o his lady so;  
 He had the wyte o his ain death,  
 And bonny lady\'s overthrow.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 195A.1  
 \N1 `GOOD lord of the land, will you stay thane  
 About my faither\'s house,  
 And walk into these gardines green,  
 In my arms I\'ll the embraice.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.2  
 \N1 `Ten thousand times I\'ll kiss thy face;  
 Make sport, and let\'s be mery:'  
 `I thank you, lady, fore your kindness;  
 Trust me, I may not stay with the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.3  
 \N1 `For I have kil\'d the laird Johnston;  
 I vallow not the feed;  
 My wiked heart did still incline;  
 He was my faither\'s dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.4  
 \N1 `Both night and day I did proced,  
 And a\' on him revaingd to be;  
 But now have I gotten what I long sowght,  
 Trust me, I may not stay with the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.5  
 \N1 `Adue, Dumfriese, that proper place!  
 Fair well, Carlaurike faire!  
 Adue the castle of the Trive,  
 And all my buldings there!  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.6  
 \N1 `Adue, Lochmaben gaits so faire,  
 And the Langhm shank, where birks bobs bony!  
 Adue, my leady and only joy!  
 Trust me, I may not stay with the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.7  
 \N1 `Adue, fair Eskdale, up and doun,  
 Wher my poor frends do duell!  
 The bangisters will beat them doun,  
 And will them sore compell.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.8  
 \N1 `I\'ll reveinge the cause mysell,  
 Again when I come over the sea;  
 Adue, my leady and only joy!  
 Fore, trust me, I may not stay with the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.9  
 \N1 `Adue, Dumlanark! fals was ay,  
 And Closburn! in a band;  
 The laird of the Lag from my faither f+led  
 When the Jhohnstones struek of his hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.10  
 \N1 `They wer three brethren in a band;  
 I pray they may never be merry;  
 Adue, my leady and only joy!  
 Trust me, I may not stay with the.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.11  
 \N1 `Adue, madam my mother dear,  
 But and my sister<s] two!  
 Fair well, Robin in the Orchet!  
 Fore the my heart is wo.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.12  
 \N1 `Adue, the lillie, and fair well, rose,



And the primros, spreads fair and bony!  
 Adué, my leady and only joy!  
 Fore, trust me, I may not stay with the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.13  
 \N1 He took out a good gold ring,  
 Where at hang sygnets three:  
 `Take thou that, my own kind thing,  
 And ay have mind of me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.14  
 \N1 `Do not mary another lord  
 Agan or I come over the sea;  
 Adué, my leady and only joy!  
 For, trust me, I may not stay with the.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.15  
 \N1 The wind was fair, and the ship was clare,  
 And the good lord went away;  
 The most part of his frends was there,  
 Giving him a fair convoy.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195A.16  
 \N1 They drank the wine, they did not spare,  
 Presentting in that good lord\'s sight;  
 Now he is over the f+loods so gray;  
 Lord Maxwell has te\'n his last good-night.  
 \LBALLADS Child 195B.1  
 \N1 `ADIEW, madam my mother dear,  
 But and my sisters tow!  
 Adiew, fair Robert of Oarchyardtoan!  
 For thee my heart is woe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.2  
 \N1 `Adiew, the lilly and the rose,  
 The primrose, sweet to see!  
 Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
 For I manna stay with thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.3  
 \N1 `Tho I have killed the laird Johnston,  
 What care I for his feed?  
 My noble mind dis still incline;  
 He was my father\'s dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.4  
 \N1 `Both night and day I laboured oft  
 Of him revenged to be,  
 And now I\'ve got what I long sought;  
 But I manna stay with thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.5  
 \N1 `Adiew, Drumlanrig! false was ay,  
 And Cloesburn! in a band,  
 Where the laird of Lagg fra my father f+led  
 When the Johnston struck off his hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.6  
 \N1 `They were three brethren in a band;  
 Joy may they never see!  
 But now I\'ve got what I long sought,  
 And I maunna stay with thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.7  
 \N1 `Adiew, Dumfries, my proper place,  
 But and Carlaverock fair,  
 Adiew, the castle of the Thrieve,  
 And all my buildings there!  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.8  
 \N1 `Adiew, Lochmaben\'s gates so fair,

The Langholm shank, where birks they be!  
 Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
 And, trust me, I maunna stay with thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.9  
 \N1 `Adiew, fair Eskdale, up and down,  
 Where my poor friends do dwell!  
 The bangisters will ding them down,  
 And will them sore compel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.10  
 \N1 `But I\'ll revenge that feed mysell  
 When I come ou\'r the sea;  
 Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
 For I maunna stay with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.11  
 \N1 `Lord of the land, will you go then  
 Unto my father\'s place,  
 And walk into their gardens green,  
 And I will you embrace.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.12  
 \N1 `Ten thousand times I\'ll kiss your face,  
 And sport, and make you merry;'  
 `I thank thee, my lady, for thy kindness,  
 But, trust me, I maunna stay with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.13  
 \N1 Then he took off a great gold ring,  
 Where at hang signets three:  
 `Hae, take thee that, my ain dear thing,  
 And still hae mind of me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.14  
 \N1 `But if thow marry another lord  
 Ere I come ou\'r the sea+---+  
 Adiew, my lady and only joy!  
 For I maunna stay with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.15  
 \N1 The wind was fair, the ship was close,  
 That good lord went away,  
 And most part of his friends were there,  
 To give him a fair convay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 195B.16  
 \N1 They drank thair wine, they did not spare,  
 Even in the good lord\'s sight;  
 Now he is oer the f+loods so gray,  
 And Lord Maxwell has taen his goodnight.  
 \LBALLADS Child 196A.1  
 \N1 THE eighteenth of October,  
 A dismal tale to hear  
 How good Lord John and Rothiemay  
 Was both burnt in the f+ire.  
 \SBALLADS Child 196A.2  
 \N1 When steeds was saddled and well bridled,  
 And ready for to ride,  
 Then out it came her false Fren draught,  
 Inviting them to bide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 196A.3  
 \N1 Said, `Stay this night untill we sup,  
 The morn untill we dine;  
 \R\'\'rtwill be a token of good greement  
 \R\'\'rtwixt your good lord and mine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 196A.4  
 \N1 `We\'ll turn again,' said good Lord John;

`But no,' said Rothiemay,  
`My steed\'s trapand, my bridle\'s broken,  
I fear the day I\'m fey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.5  
\N1 When mass was sung, and bells was rung,  
And all men bound for bed,  
Then good Lord John and Rothiemay  
In one chamber was laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.6  
\N1 They had not long cast off their cloaths,  
And were but now asleep,  
When the weary smoke began to rise,  
Likewise the scorching heat.  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.7  
\N1 `O waken, waken, Rothiemay!  
O waken, brother dear!  
And turn you to our Saviour;  
There is strong treason here.'  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.8  
\N1 When they were dressed in their cloaths,  
And ready for to boun,  
The doors and windows was all secur\'d,  
The roof-tree burning down.  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.9  
\N1 He did him to the wire-window,  
As fast as we could gang;  
Says, Wae to the hands put in the stancheons!  
For out we\'ll never win.  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.10  
\N1 When he stood at the wire-window,  
Most doleful to be seen,  
He did espy her Lady Frendraught,  
Who stood upon the green.  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.11  
\N1 Cried, Mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!  
Will ye not sink with sin?  
For f+irst your husband killed my father,  
And now you burn his son.  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.12  
\N1 O then out spoke her Lady Frendraught,  
And loudly did she cry;  
`It were grteat pity for good Lord John,  
But none for Rothiemay;  
But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well,  
Ye cannot get away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.13  
\N1 While he stood in this dreadful plight,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
There called out his servant Gordon,  
As he had frantic been:  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.14  
\N1 `O loup, O loup, my dear master!  
O loup and come to me!  
I\'ll catch you in my arms two,  
One foot I will not f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 196A.15  
\N1 `O loup, O loup, my dear master!  
O loup and come away!  
I\'ll catch you in my arms two,  
But Rothiemay may lie.'

\SBALLADS Child 196A.16

\N1 `The f+ish shall never swim in the f+llood,  
Nor corn grow through the clay,  
Nor the f+iercest f+ire that ever was kindled  
Twin me and Rothiemay.

\SBALLADS Child 196A.17

\N1 `But I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot win to thee;  
My head\'s fast in the wire-window,  
My feet burning from me.

\SBALLADS Child 196A.18

\N1 `My eyes are seething in my head,  
My f+lesh roasting also,  
My bowels are boiling with my blood;  
Is not that a woeful woe?

\SBALLADS Child 196A.19

\N1 `Take here the rings from my white f+ingers,  
That are so long and small,  
And give them to my lady fair,  
Where she sits in her hall.

\SBALLADS Child 196A.20

\N1 `So I cannot loup, I cannot come,  
I cannot loup to thee;  
My earthly part is all consumed,  
My spirit but speaks to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 196A.21

\N1 Wringing her hands, tearing her hair,  
His lady she was seen,  
And thus addressed his servant Gordon,  
Where he stood on the green.

\SBALLADS Child 196A.22

\N1 `O wae be to you, George Gordon!  
An ill death may you die!  
So safe and sound as you stnad there,  
And my lord bereaved from me.'

\SBALLADS Child 196A.23

\N1 `I bad him loup, I bad him come,  
I bad him loup to me;  
I\'d catch him in my arms two,  
A foot I should not f+lee. &c.

\SBALLADS Child 196A.24

\N1 `He threw me the rings from his white f+ingers,  
Which were so long and small,  
To give to you, his lady fair,  
Where you sat in your hall.' &c.

\SBALLADS Child 196A.25

\N1 Sophia Hay, Sophia Hay,  
O bonny Sophia was her name,  
Her waiting maid put on her cloaths,  
But I wot she tore them off again.

\SBALLADS Child 196A.26

\N1 And aft she cried, Ohon! alas! alas!  
A sair heart\'s ill to win;  
I wan a sair heart when I married him,  
And the day it\'s well returnd again.

\LBALLADS Child 196B.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `YE\R\'rLL stay this night wi me, Lord John,  
Ye\'ll stay this night wi me,  
For there is appearence of good greement

Betwixt Frendraught and thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 196B.2

\N1 `How can I bide, or how shall I bide,  
Or how can I bide wi thee,  
Sin my lady is in the lands of Air,  
And I long till I her see?'

\SBALLADS Child 196B.3

\N1 `Oh stay this night wi me, Lord John,  
Oh stay this night wi me,  
And bonny [\s] be the morning-gift  
That I will to you gie.

\SBALLADS Child 196B.4

\N1 `I\ll gie you a Strathboggie lands,  
And the laigh lands o Strathray,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 196B.5

\N1 `Ye\ll saty this night wi me, Lord John,  
Ye\ll stay this night wi me,  
And I\ll lay you in a bed of down,  
And Rothiemay you wi.'

\SBALLADS Child 196B.6

\N1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
And a\ men bun to bed,  
Gude Lord John and Rothiemay  
In one chamber were laid.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 196B.7

\N1 Out hes he taen his little psalm-buik,  
And verses sang he three,  
And aye at every verse\s end,  
'God end our misery!'

\SBALLADS Child 196B.8

\N1 The doors were shut, the keys were thrown  
Into a vault of stone,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 196B.9

\N1 He is dune him to the weir-window,  
The stauncheons were oer strong;  
There he saw him Lord George Gordon  
Come haisling to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 196B.10

\N1 `What news, what news now, George Gordon?  
Whats news hae you to me?

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 196B.11

\N1 He\s dune him to the weir-window,  
The stauncheons were oer strang;  
And there he saw the Lady Frendraught,  
Was walking on the green.

\SBALLADS Child 196B.12

\N1 `Open yer doors now, Lady Frendraught,  
Ye\ll open yer doors to me;  
And bonny\s be the mornin-gift  
That I shall to you gie.

\SBALLADS Child 196B.13

\N1 `I\ll gie you a\ Straboggie lands,  
And the laigh lands o Strathbrae,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 196B.14  
\N1 `Now there\'s the rings frae my f+ingers,  
And the broach frae my breast-bone;  
Ye\'ll gae that to my gude ladye

. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 196B.15  
\N1 `How can I loup, or how shall I loup?  
How can I loup to thee?  
When the blood is boiling in my body,  
And my feet burnin frae me?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 196B.16  
\N1 `If I was swift as any swallow,  
And then had wings to f+ly,  
I could f+ly on to fause Frendraught  
And cry vengeance till I die.'

\LBALLADS Child 196C.1  
\N1 IT was in October the woe began-+---+  
It lasts for now and aye,-+---+  
The burning o the bonny house o fause Frendraught,  
Lord John and Rothiemay.

\SBALLADS Child 196C.2  
\N1 When they were in their saddles set,  
And ready to ride away,  
The lady sat down on her bare knees,  
Beseeching them to stay.

\SBALLADS Child 196C.3  
\N1 `Ye\'s hae a f+irlot o the gude red gowd,  
Well straiket wi a wan;  
And if that winna please you well,  
I\'ll heap it wi my han.'

\SBALLADS Child 196C.4  
\N1 Then out it spake the gude Lord John,  
And said to Rothiemay,  
'It is a waman that we\'re come o,  
And a woman we\'ll obey.'

\SBALLADS Child 196C.5  
\N1 When a\' man was well drunken,  
And a\' man bound for bed,  
The doors were lockd, the windows shut,  
And the keys were casten by.

\SBALLADS Child 196C.6  
\N1 When a\' man was well drunken,  
And a\' man bound for sleep,  
The dowy reek began to rise,  
And the joists began to crack.

\SBALLADS Child 196C.7  
\N1 He\'s deen him to the wire-window,  
And ruefu strack and dang;  
But they would neither bow nor brack,  
The staunchions were so strang.

\SBALLADS Child 196C.8  
\N1 He\'s deen him back and back again,  
And back to Rothiemay;  
Says, Waken, waken, brother dear!  
Waken, Rothiemay!

\SBALLADS Child 196C.9

\N1 `Come let us praise the Lord our God,  
The fiftieth psalm and three;  
For the reek and smoke are us about,  
And there\'s fause treason tee.  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.10  
\N1 `O mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!  
As ye walk on the green:  
`The keys are in the deep draw-well,  
The doors were lockt the streen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.11  
\N1 `O woe be to you, Lady Frendraught!  
And ill death may you die!  
For think na ye this a sad torment  
Your own f+lesh for to burn?'  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.12  
\N1 George Chalmers was a bonny boy;  
He leapt the stanks so deep,  
And he is on to Rothiemay,  
His master for to help.  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.13  
\N1 Colin Irving was a bonny boy,  
And leapt the stanks so deep:  
`Come down, come down, my master dear!  
In my arms I\'ll thee kep.'  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.14  
\N1 `Come down? come down? how can I come?  
How can I come to thee?  
My f+lesh is burning me about,  
And yet my spirit speaks to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.15  
\N1 He\'s taen a purse o the gude red gowd,  
And threw it oer the wa:  
`It\'s ye\'ll deal that among the poor,  
Bid them pray for our souls a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.16  
\N1 He\'s taen the rings off his f+ingers,  
And threw them oer the wa;  
Says, Ye\'ll gie that to my lady dear,  
From me she\'ll na get more.  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.17  
\N1 `Bid her make her bed well to the length,  
But no more to the breadth,  
For the day will never dawn  
That I\'ll sleep by her side.'  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.18  
\N1 Ladie Rothiemay came on the morn,  
She kneeled it roun and roun:  
`Restore your lodgers, fause Frendraught,  
That ye burnd here the streen.  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.19  
\N1 `O were I like yon trutle-dove,  
Had I wings for to f+lie,  
I\'d f+ly about fause Frendraught  
Crying vengeance till I die.  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.20  
\N1 `Frendraught fause, all thro the ha\'s,  
Both back and every side;  
For ye\'ve betrayd the gay Gordons,  
And lands wherein they ride.  
\SBALLADS Child 196C.21

\N1 `Frendraught fause, all thro the ha\'s;  
 I wish you\'d sink for sin;  
 For f+irst you killd my own good lord,  
 And now you\'ve burnd my son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 196C.22  
 \N1 `I caredna sae muckle for my good lord  
 I saw him in battle slain,  
 But a\' is for my own son dear,  
 The heir o a\' my lan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 196C.23  
 \N1 `I caredna sae muckle for my good lord  
 I saw him laid in clay,  
 But a\' is for my own son dear,  
 The heir o Rothiemay.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 196D.1  
 \N1 THE reek it rose, and the f+lame it f+lew,  
 And oh! the f+ire augmented high,  
 Until it came to Lord John\'s chamber-window,  
 And to the bed where Lord John lay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 196D.2  
 \N1 `O help me, help me, Lady Frennet!  
 I never ettled harm to thee;  
 And if my father slew thy lord,  
 Forget the deed and rescue me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 196D.3  
 \N1 He looked east, he looked west,  
 To see if any help was nigh;  
 At length his little page he saw,  
 Who to his lord aloud did cry:  
 \SBALLADS Child 196D.4  
 \N1 `Loup doun, loup doun, my master dear!  
 What though the window\'s dreigh and hie?  
 I\'ll catch you in my arms twa,  
 And never a foot from you I\'ll f+lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 196D.5  
 \N1 `How can I loup, you little page?  
 How can I leave this window hie?  
 Do you not see the blazing low,  
 And my twa legs burnt to my knee?'  
 \LBALLADS Child 196E.1  
 \N1 NOW wake, now wake you, Rothiemay!  
 I dread you sleep oer soun;  
 The bed is burnin us about  
 And the curtain\'s faain down.  
 \LBALLADS Child 197A.1  
 \N1 `AWAY with you, away with you, James de Grant!  
 And, Douglas, ye\'ll be slain;  
 For Baddindalloch\'s at your gates,  
 With many brave Highland men.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 197A.2  
 \N1 `Baddindalloch has no feud at me,  
 And I have none at him;  
 Cast up my gates baith broad and wide,  
 Let Baddindalloch in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 197A.3  
 \N1 `James de Grant has made a vaunt,  
 And leaped the castle-wa;  
 But, if he comes this way again,  
 He\'ll no win sae well awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 197A.4



\N1 `Take him, take him, brave Gordons,  
O take him, f+ine fellows a\`!  
If he wins but ae mile to the Highland hills,  
He\`ll defy you Gordons a\`.`  
\LBALLADS Child 198A.1  
\N1 UPON the eighteenth day of June,  
A dreary day to see,  
The southern lords did pitch their camp  
Just at the bridge of Dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.2  
\N1 Bonny John Seton of Pitmeddin,  
A bold baron was he,  
He made his testament ere he went out,  
The wiser man was he.  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.3  
\N1 He left his land to his young son,  
His lady her dowry,  
A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,  
Yet on the nurse\'s knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.4  
\N1 Then out came his lady fair,  
A tear into her ee;  
Says, Stay at home, my own good lord,  
O stay at home with me!  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.5  
\N1 He looked over his left shoulder,  
Cried, Souldiers, follow me!  
O then she looked in his face,  
An angry woman was she:  
`God send me back my steed again,  
But neer let me see thee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.6  
\N1 His name was Major Middleton  
That manned the bridge of Dee,  
His name was Colonel Henderson  
That let the cannons f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.7  
\N1 His name was Major Middleton  
That manned the bridge of Dee,  
And his name was Colonel Henderson  
That dung Pitmeddin in three.  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.8  
\N1 Some rode on the black and grey,  
And some rode on the brown,  
But the bonny John Seton  
Lay gasping on the ground.  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.9  
\N1 Then bye there comes a false Forbes,  
Was riding from Driminere;  
Says, Here there lies a proud Seton;  
This day they ride the rear.  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.10  
\N1 Cragievar said to his men,  
`You may play on your shield;  
For the proudest Seton in all the lan  
This day lies on the f+ield.'  
\SBALLADS Child 198A.11  
\N1 `O spoil him! spoil him!' cried Cragievar,  
`Him spoiled let me see;  
For on my word,' said Cragievar,

`He had no good will at me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 198A.12  
 \N1 They took from him his armour clear,  
 His sword, likewise his shield;  
 Yea, they have left him naked there,  
 Upon the open f+ield.  
 \SBALLADS Child 198A.13  
 \N1 The Highland men, they\'re clever men  
 At handling sword and shield,  
 But yet they are too naked men  
 To stay in battle f+ield.  
 \SBALLADS Child 198A.14  
 \N1 The Highland men are clever men  
 At handling sword or gun,  
 But yet they are too naked men  
 To bear the cannon\'s rung.  
 \SBALLADS Child 198A.15  
 \N1 For a cannon\'s roar in a summer night  
 Is like thunder in the air;  
 There\'s not a man in Highland dress  
 Can face the cannon\'s f+ire.  
 \LBALLADS Child 198B.1  
 \N1 IT fell about the month of June,  
 On Tuesday, timouslie,  
 The northern lords hae pitchd their camps  
 Beyond the brig o Dee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 198B.2  
 \N1 They ca\'ed him Major Middleton  
 That mand the brig o Dee;  
 They ca\'ed him Colonel Henderson  
 That gard the cannons f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 198B.3  
 \N1 Bonny John Seton o Pitmedden,  
 A brave baron was he;  
 He made his tesment ere he gaed,  
 And the wiser man was he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 198B.4  
 \N1 He left his lands unto his heir,  
 His ladie her dowrie;  
 Ten thousand crowns to Lady Jane,  
 Sat on the nourice knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 198B.5  
 \N1 Then out it speaks his lady gay,  
 `O stay my lord wi me;  
 For word is come, the cause is won  
 Beyond the brig o Dee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 198B.6  
 \N1 He turned him right and round about  
 And a light laugh hae he;  
 Says, I wouldna for my lands sae broad  
 I stayed this night wi thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 198B.7  
 \N1 He\'s taen his sword then by his side,  
 His buckler by his knee,  
 And laid his leg in oer his horse,  
 Said, Sodgers, follow me!  
 \SBALLADS Child 198B.8  
 \N1 So he rade on, and further on,  
 Till to the third mile corse;  
 The Covenanters\' cannon balls

Dang him aff o his horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.9  
\N1 Up then rides him Cragievar,  
Said, Wha\'s this lying here?  
It surely is the Lord o Aboyne,  
For Huntly was not here.  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.10  
\N1 Then out is speaks a fause Forbes,  
Lived up in Druminner;  
`My lord, this is a proud Seton,  
The rest will ride the thinner.'  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.11  
\N1 `Spulyie him, spulyie him,' said Craigievar,  
`O spulyie him, presentlie;  
For I could lay my lugs in pawn  
He had nae gude will at me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.12  
\N1 They\'ve taen the shoes frae aff his feet,  
The garters frae his knee,  
Likewise the gloves upon his hands;  
They\'ve left him not a f+lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.13  
\N1 His f+ingers they were sae sair swelld  
The rings would not come aff;  
They cutted the grips out o his ears,  
Took out the gowd signots.  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.14  
\N1 Then they rade on, and further on,  
Till they came to the Crabestane,  
And Craigievar, he had a mind  
To burn a\' Aberdeen.  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.15  
\N1 Out is speaks the gallnt Montrose,  
Grace on his fair body!  
`We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
We\'ll even laet it be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.16  
\N1 Then out it speaks the gallant Montrose,  
`Your purpose I will break;  
We winna burn the bonny burgh,  
We\'ll nevvver build its make.  
\SBALLADS Child 198B.17  
\N1 `I see the women and their children  
Climbing the craigs sae hie;  
We\'ll sleep this night in the bonny burgh,  
And even lat it be.'  
\LBALLADS Child 199A.1  
\N1 IT fell on a day, and a bonny simmer day,  
When green grew aits and barley,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyll and Airlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.2  
\N1 Argyll has raised a hunder men,  
An hunder harnessd rarely,  
And he\'s awa by the back of Dunkell,  
To plunder the castle of Airlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.3  
\N1 Lady Ogilvie looks oer her bower-window.  
And oh, but she looks weary!  
And there she spy\'d the great Argyll,

Come to plunder the bonny house of Airlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.4  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my Lady Ogilvie,  
Come down, and kiss me fairly:'  
`O I winna kiss the fause Argyll,  
If he should na leave a standing stane in Airlie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.5  
\N1 He hath taken her by the left shoulder,  
Says, Dame where lies thy dowry?  
`O it\'s east and west yon wan water side,  
And it\'s down by the banks of the Airlie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.6  
\N1 They hae sought it up, they hae sought it down,  
They hae sought it maist severely,  
Till they fand it in the fair plumb-tree  
That shines on the bowling-green of Airlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.7  
\N1 He hath taken her by the middle sae small,  
And O but she grat sairly!  
And laid her down by the bonny burn-side,  
Till they plundered the castle of Airlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.8  
\N1 `Gif my gude lord war here this night,  
As he is with King Charlie,  
Neither you, nor ony ither Scottish lord,  
Durst avow to the plundering of Airlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.9  
\N1 `Gif my gude lord war now at hame,  
As he is with his king,  
There durst nae a Campbell in a\' Argyll  
Set f+it on Airlie green.  
\SBALLADS Child 199A.10  
\N1 `Ten bonny sons I have born unto him,  
The eleventh neer saw his daddy;  
But though I had an hundred mair,  
I\'d gie them a\' to King Charlie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 199B.1  
\N1 IT fell on a day, a clear summer day,  
When the corn grew green and bonny,  
That there was a combat did fall out  
\'Tween Argyle and the bonny house of Airly.  
\SBALLADS Child 199B.2  
\N1 Argyle he did raise f+ive hundred men,  
Five hundred men, so many,  
And he did place them by Dunkeld,  
Bade them shoot at the bonny house of Airly.  
\SBALLADS Child 199B.3  
\N1 The lady looked over her own castle-wa,  
And oh, but she looked weary!  
And there she espied the gleyed Argyle,  
Come to plunder the bonny house of Airly.  
\SBALLADS Child 199B.4  
\N1 `Come down the stair now, Madam Ogilvie,  
And let me kiss thee kindly;  
Or I vow and I swear, by the sword that I wear,  
That I winna leave a standing stone at Airly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199B.5  
\N1 `O how can I come down the stair,  
And how can I kiss thee kindly,  
Since you vow and you swear, by the sword that you wear,

That you winna leave a standing stone on Airly?'  
\SBALLADS Child 199B.6  
\N1 `Come down the stair then, Madam Ogilvie,  
And let me see thy dowry;'  
`O `t'is east and it is west, and `t'is down by yon burn-side,  
And it stands at the planting sae bonny.  
\SBALLADS Child 199B.7  
\N1 `But if my brave lord had been at hame this day,  
As he is wi Prince Charlie,  
There durst na a Campbell in all Scotland  
Set a foot on the bowling-green of Airly  
\SBALLADS Child 199B.8  
\N1 `O I hae born him seven, seven sons,  
And an eighth neer saw his daddy,  
And tho I were to bear him as many more,  
They should a\' carry arms for Prince Charlie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 199C.1  
\N1 IT fell on a day, on a bonny summer day,  
When the corn grew green and yellow,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyle and Airley.  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.2  
\N1 The great Argyle raised f+ive hundred men,  
Five hundred men and many,  
And he has led them down by the bonny Dunkeld,  
Bade them shoot at the bonny house of Airley.  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.3  
\N1 The lady was looking oer her castle-wa,  
And O but she looked weary!  
And there she spied the great Argyle,  
Came to plunder the bonny house of Airley.  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.4  
\N1 `Come down stairs now, Madam,' he says,  
`Now come down and kiss me fairly;'  
`I\'ll neither come down nor kiss you,' she says,  
`Tho you should na leave a standing stane in Airley.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.5  
\N1 `I ask but one favour of you, Argyle,  
And I hope you\'ll grant me fairly  
To tak me to some doak dowey glen,  
That I may na see the plundering of Airley.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.6  
\N1 He has taen her by the left shoulder,  
And O but she looked weary!  
And he has led her down to the top of the town,  
Bade her look at the plundering of Airley.  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.7  
\N1 `Fire on, f+ire on, my merry men all,  
And see that ye f+ire clearly;  
For I vow and I swear by the broad sword I wear  
That I winna leave a standing stane in Airley.  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.8  
\N1 `You may tell it to your lord,' he says,  
`You may tell it to Lord Airley,  
That one kiss o his gay lady  
Wad hae sav\'d all the plundering of Airley.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.9  
\N1 `If the great Sir John had been but at hame,  
As he is this night wi Prince Charlie,  
Neither Argyle nor no Scottish lord

Durst hae plundered the bonny house of Airley.  
\SBALLADS Child 199C.10  
\N1 `Seven, seven sons hae I born unto him,  
And the eight neer saw his dady,  
And altho I were to have a hundred more,  
The should a\' draw their sword for Prince Charlie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 199D.1  
\N1 O GLEYPD Argyll has written to Montrose  
To see gin the f+iields they were fairly,  
And to see whether he sh\ioul\rd stay at hame,  
\R\'\'ror come to plunder bonnie Airly.  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.2  
\N1 Then great Montrose has written to Argyll  
And that the f+iields they were fairly,  
And not to keep his men at hame,  
But to come and plunder bonnie Airly.  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.3  
\N1 The lady was looking oer her castle-wa,  
She was carrying her courage sae rarely,  
And there she spied him gleyd Arguill,  
Was coming for to plunder bonnie Airly.  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.4  
\N1 `Wae be to ye, gleyd Argyll!  
And are ye there sae rarely?  
Ye might hae kept your men at hame,  
And not come to plunder bonnie Airly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.5  
\N1 `And wae be to ye, Lady Ogilvie!  
And are ye there sae rarely?  
Gin ye had bowed when f+irst I bade,  
I never wad hae plunderd bonnie Airly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.6  
\N1 `But gin my guid lord had been at hame,  
As he is wi Prince Charlie,  
There durst not a rebel on a\' Scotch ground  
Set a foot on the bonnie green of Airly.  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.7  
\N1 `But ye\'ll tak me by the milk-white hand,  
And ye\'ll lift me up sae rarely,  
And ye\'ll throw me outoure my [ain] castle-wa,  
Let me neuer see the plundering of Airly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.8  
\N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And he\'s lifted her up sae rarely,  
And he\'s thrown her outoure her ain castle-wa,  
And she neuer saw the plundering of Airly.  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.9  
\N1 Now gleyd Argyll he has gane hame,  
Awa frae the plundering of Airly,  
And there he has met him Captain Ogilvie,  
Coming over the mountains sae rarely.  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.10  
\N1 `O wae be to ye, gleyd Argyll!  
And are you there sae rarely?  
Ye might hae kept your men at hame,  
And no gane to plunder bonnie Airly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 199D.11  
\N1 `O wae be to ye, Captain Ogilvie!  
And are you there sae rarely?  
Gin ye wad hae bowed when f+irst I bade,

I neer wad hae plunderd bonnie Airly.'

\SBALLADS Child 199D.12

\N1 `But gin I had my lady gay,  
 bot and my sister Mary,  
 One f+ig I wad na gie for ye a\',  
 Nor yet for the plundering of Airly.'

\LBALLADS Child 200A.1

\N1 THE gypsies came to our good lord\'s gate,  
 And wow but they sang sweetly!  
 They sang sae sweet and sae very compleat  
 That down came the fair lady.

\SBALLADS Child 200A.2

\N1 And she came tripping down the stair,  
 And a\' her maids before her;  
 As soon as they saw her well-far\'d face,  
 They coost the glamer oer her.

\SBALLADS Child 200A.3

\N1 `Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,  
 And bring to me a plaidie;  
 For if kith and kin and a\' had sworn,  
 I\'ll follow the gypsie laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 200A.4

\N1 `Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,  
 And my good lord beside me;  
 This night I\'ll ly in a tenant\'s barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.'

\SBALLADS Child 200A.5

\N1 `Come to your bed,' says Johny Faa,  
 `Oh come to your bed, my deary;  
 For I vow and I swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 200A.6

\N1 `I\'ll go to bed to my Johny Faa,  
 I\'ll go to bed to my deary;  
 For I vow and I swear, by what past yestreen,  
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

\SBALLADS Child 200A.7

\N1 `I\'ll mak a hap to my Johnny Faa,  
 And I\'ll mak a hap to my deary;  
 And he\'s get a\' the coat gaes round,  
 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

\SBALLADS Child 200A.8

\N1 And when our lord came hame at een,  
 And speir\'d for his fair lady,  
 The tane she cry\'d, and the other reply\'d,  
 `She\'s away with the gypsie laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 200A.9

\N1 `Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,  
 Gae saddle and make him ready;  
 Before that I either eat or sleep,  
 I\'ll gae seek my fair lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 200A.10

\N1 And we were f+fifteen well-made men,  
 Altho we were nae bonny;  
 And we were a\' put down for ane,  
 A fair young wanton lady.

\LBALLADS Child 200B.1

\N1 The gypsies they came to my lord Cassilis\' yett,  
 And O but they sang bonnie!  
 They sang sae sweet and sae complete

That down came our fair ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.2

\N1 She came tripping down the stairs,  
And all her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weel-far\'d face,  
They coost their glamourie owre her.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.3

\N1 She gave to them the good wheat bread,  
And they gave her the ginger;  
But she gave them a far better thing,  
The gold ring off her f+inger.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.4

\N1 `Will ye go with me, my hinny and my heart?  
Will ye go with me, my dearie?  
And I will swear, by the staff of my spear,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 200B.5

\N1 `Sae take from me my silk mantel,  
And bring to me a plaidie,  
For I will travel the world owre  
Along with the gypsie laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.6

\N1 `I could sail the seas with my Jockie Faa,  
I could sail the seas with my dearie;  
I could sail the seas with my Jockie Faa,  
And with pleasure could drown with my dearie.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.7

\N1 They wandred high, they wandred low,  
They wandred late and early,  
Untill they came to an old tenant\'s-barn,  
And by this time she was weary.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.8

\N1 `Last night I lay in a weel-made bed,  
And my noble lord beside me,  
And now I must ly in an old tenant\'s-barn,  
And the black crew glowring owre me.'

\SBALLADS Child 200B.9

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my hinny and my heart,  
O hold your tongue, my dearie,  
For I will swear, by the moon and the stars,  
That thy lord shall nae mair come near thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 200B.10

\N1 They wandred high, they wandred low,  
They wandred late and early,  
Untill they came to that wan water,  
And by this time she was wearie.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.11

\N1 `Aften have I rode that wan water,  
And my lord Cassilis beside me,  
And now I must set in my white feet and wade,  
And carry the gypsie laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 200B.12

\N1 By and by came home this noble lord,  
And asking for his ladie,  
The one did cry, the other did reply,  
`She is gone with the gypsie laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 200B.13

\N1 `Go saddle to me the black,' he says,  
`The brown rides never so speedie,  
And I will neither eat nor drink



Till I bring home my ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 200B.14

\N1 He wandred high, he wandred low,  
 He wandred late and early,  
 Untill he came to that wan water,  
 And there he spied his ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.15

\N1 `O wilt thou go home, my hinny and my heart,  
 O wilt thou go home, my dearie?  
 And I\'ll close thee in a close room,  
 Where no man shall come near thee."]

\SBALLADS Child 200B.16

\N1 `I will not go home, my hinny and my heart,  
 I will not go home, my dearie;  
 If I have brewn good beer, I will drink of the same,  
 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

\SBALLADS Child 200B.17

\N1 `But I will swear, by the moon and the stars,  
 And the sun that shines so clearly,  
 That I am as free of the gypsie gang  
 As the hour my mother did bear me.'

\SBALLADS Child 200B.18

\N1 They were f+ifteen valiant men,  
 Black, but very bonny,  
 And they lost all their lives for one,  
 The Earl of Cassillis\' ladie.

\LBALLADS Child 200C.1

\N1 THERE cam singers to Earl Cassillis\' gates,  
 And oh, but they sang bonnie!  
 They sang sae sweet and sae complete,  
 Till down cam the earl\'s lady.

\SBALLADS Child 200C.2

\N1 She cam tripping down the stair,  
 And all her maids before her;  
 As soon as they saw her weel-faurd face,  
 They coost their glamourye owre her.

\SBALLADS Child 200C.3

\N1 They gave her o the gude sweetmeats,  
 The nutmeg and the ginger,  
 And she gied them a far better thing,  
 Ten gold rings aff her f+inger.

\SBALLADS Child 200C.4

\N1 `Tak from me my silken cloak,  
 And bring me down my plaidie;  
 For it is gude eneuch,' she said,  
 `To follow a Gipsy Davy.

\SBALLADS Child 200C.5

\N1 `Yestreen I rode this water deep,  
 And my gude lord beside me;  
 But this nicht I maun set in my pretty f+it and wade,  
 A when blackguards wading wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 200C.6

\N1 `Yestreen I lay in a f+ine feather-bed,  
 And my gude lord beyond me;  
 But this nicht I maun lye in some cauld tenant\'s-barn,  
 A when blackguards waiting on me.'

\SBALLADS Child 200C.7

\N1 `Come to thy bed, my bonny Jeanie Faw,  
 Come to thy bed, my dearie,  
 For I do swear, by the top o my spear,

Thy gude lord\ 'll nae mair come near thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200C.8  
 \N1 When her good lord cam hame at nicht,  
 It was asking for his fair ladye;  
 One spak slow, and another whisperd out,  
 `She\ 's awa wi Gipsej Davy!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200C.9  
 \N1 `Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
 `Come saddle and mak him readie!  
 For I\ 'll neither sleep, eat, nor drink  
 Till I f+ind out my lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200C.10  
 \N1 They socht her up, they socht her doun,  
 They socht her thro nations many,  
 Till at length they found her out in Abbey dale,  
 Drinking wi Gipsej Davy.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200C.11  
 \N1 `Rise, oh rise, my bonnie Jeanie Faw,  
 Oh rise, and do not tarry!  
 Is this the thing ye promised to me  
 When at f+irst I did thee marry?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200C.12  
 \N1 They drank her cloak, so did they her gown,  
 They drank her stockings and her shoon,  
 And they drank the coat that was nigh to her smock,  
 And they pawned her pearled apron.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200C.13  
 \N1 They were sixteen clever men,  
 Suppose they were na bonny;  
 They are a\ ' to be hangd on ae tree,  
 For the stealing o Earl Cassilis\ ' lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200C.14  
 \N1 `We are sixteen clever men,  
 One woman was a\ ' our mother;  
 We are a\ ' to be hanged on ae day,  
 For the stealing of a wanton lady.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 200D.1  
 \N1 THERE came Gyptians to Corse Field yeats,  
 Black, tho they warna bonny;  
 They danced so neat and they danced so f+ine,  
 Till down came the bonny lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200D.2  
 \N1 She came trippin down the satir,  
 And her nine maidens afore her;  
 But up and starts him Johny Fa,  
 And he cast the glamour oer her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200D.3  
 \N1 `Ye\ 'll take frae me this gay mantle,  
 And ye\ 'll gie to me a plaidie;  
 For I shall follow Johny Fa,  
 Lat weel or woe betide me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200D.4  
 \N1 They\ 've taen frae her her f+ine mantle,  
 And they\ 've gaen to her a plaidie,  
 And she\ 's awa wi Johny Fa,  
 Whatever may betide her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200D.5  
 \N1 When they came to a wan water,  
 I wite it wasna bonny,

. . . . .

. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.6  
\N1 `Yestreen I wade this wan water,  
And my good lord was wi me;  
The night I man cast aff my shoes and wide,  
And the black bands widen wi me.  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.7  
\N1 `Yestreen I lay in a well made bed,  
And my good lord lay wi me;  
The night I maun ly in a tenant\'s barn,  
And the black bands lyin wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.8  
\N1 `Come to yer bed,' says Johnie Fa,  
`Come to yer bed, my dearie,  
And I shall swer, by the coat that I wear,  
That my hand it shall never go near thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.9  
\N1 `I will never come to yer bed,  
I will never be yer dearie;  
For I think I hear his horse\'s foot  
That was once called my dearie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.10  
\N1 `Come to yer bed,' says Johny Fa,  
`Come to yer bed, my dearie,  
And I shall swear, by the coat that I wear,  
That my hand it shall never go oer thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.11  
\N1 `I will niver come to yer bed,  
I will niver be yer dearie;  
For I think I hear his bridle ring  
That was once called my dearie.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.12  
\N1 When that good lord came hame at night,  
He called for his lady;  
The one maid said, and the other replied,  
`She\'s aff wi the Gyptian laddy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.13  
\N1 `Ye\'ll saddle to me the good black steed,  
Tho the brown it was never so bonny;  
Before that ever I eat or drink,  
I shall have back my lady.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 200D.14  
\N1 `Yestreen we were f+ifteen good armed men;  
Tho black, we werena bonny;  
The night we a\' ly slain for one,  
It\'s the Laird o Corse Field\'s lady.'  
\LBALLADS Child 200E.1  
\N1 THE gypsies they came to Lord Cassle\'s yet,  
And O but they sang ready!  
They sang sae sweet and sae complete  
That down came the lord\'s fair lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.2  
\N1 O she came tripping down the stair,  
Wi a\' her maids afore her,  
And as soon as they saw her weelfared face  
They cuist their glaumry owre her.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.3  
\N1 She gaed to them the gude white bread,

And they gaed to her the ginger,  
Then she gaed to them a far brawer thing,  
The gowd rings af her f+inger.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.4  
\N1 Quo she to her maids, There\'s my gay mantle,  
And bring to me my plaidy,  
And tell my lord whan he comes hame  
I\'m awa wi a gypsie laddie.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.5  
\N1 For her lord he had to the hounting gane,  
Awa in the wild green wuddie,  
And Jockie Faw, the gypsie king,  
Saw him there wi his cheeks sae ruddy.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.6  
\N1 On they mounted, and af they rade,  
Ilk gypsie had a cuddy,  
And whan through the stincher they did prance  
They made the water muddy.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.7  
\N1 Quo she, Aft times this water I hae rade,  
Wi many a laord and lady,  
But never afore did I it wade  
To folow a gypsie laddie.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.8  
\N1 `Aft hae I lain in a saft feather-bed,  
Wi my gude lord aside me,  
But now I maun sleep in an auld reeky kilt,  
Along wi a gypsie laddie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.9  
\N1 Sae whan that the yirl he came hame,  
His servants a\' stood ready;  
Some took his horse, and some drew his boots,  
But gane was his fair lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.10  
\N1 And whan he came ben to the parlour-door,  
He asked for his fair lady,  
But dome denied, and ithers some replied,  
'She\'s awa wi a gypsie laddie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.11  
\N1 `Then saddle,' quoth he, 'My gude black naig,  
For the brown is never sae speedy;  
As I will neither eat nor drink  
Till I see my fair lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.12  
\N1 `I met wi a cheel as I rade hame,  
And thae queer stories said he;  
Sir, I saw this day a fairy queen  
Fu pack wi a gypsie laddie.  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.13  
\N1 `I hae been east, and I hae been west,  
And in the lang town o Kircadie,  
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw  
Was following a gypsie laddie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.14  
\N1 Sae his lordship has rade owre hills and dales,  
And owre mony a wild hie mountain,  
Until that he heard his ain lady say,  
'Now my lord will be hame frae the hounting.'  
\SBALLADS Child 200E.15  
\N1 `Than will you come hame, my hinnie and my love?'

Quoth he to his charming dearie,  
 `And I\'ll keep ye aye in a braw close room,  
 Where the gypsies will never can steer ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200E.16  
 \N1 Said she, `I can swear by the sun and the stars,  
 And the moon whilk shines sae clearie,  
 That I am as chaste for the gypsie Jockie Faw  
 As the day my minnie did bear me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200E.17  
 \N1 `Gif ye wad swear by the sun,' said he,  
 `And the moon, till ye wad deave me,  
 Ay and tho ye wad take a far bigger aith,  
 My dear, I wadna believe ye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200E.18  
 \N1 `I\'ll tak ye hame, and the gypsies I\'ll hang,  
 Ay, I\'ll make them girn in a wuddie,  
 And afterwards I\'ll burn Jockie Faw,  
 Wha fashed himself wi my fair lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200E.19  
 \N1 Quoth the gypsies, We\'re f+fifteen weel-made men,  
 Tho the maist o us be ill bred ay,  
 Yet it wad be a pity we should a\' hang for ane,  
 Wha fashed himself wi your fair lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200E.20  
 \N1 Quoth the lady, My lord, forgive them a\'  
 For they nae ill eer did ye,  
 And gie ten guineas to the chief, Jockie Faw,  
 For he is a worthy laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200E.21  
 \N1 The lord he hearkened to his fair dame,  
 And O the gypsies war glad ay!  
 They danced round and round their merry Jockie Faw,  
 And roosed the gypsie laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200E.22  
 \N1 Sae the lord rade hame wi his charming spouse,  
 Owre the hills and the haughs sae whunnie,  
 And the gypsies slade down by yon bonny burnside,  
 To beek themsells there sae sunnie.  
 \LBALLADS Child 200F.1  
 \N1 THE gypsies came to the Earl o Cassilis\' gate,  
 And O but they sang bonnie!  
 They sang sae sweet and sae complete  
 That down cam our fair ladie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.2  
 \N1 And she cam tripping down the stair,  
 Wi her twa maids before her;  
 As soon as they saw her weel-far\'d face,  
 They coost their glamer oer her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.3  
 \N1 `O come wi me,' says Johnnie Faw,  
 `O come wi me, my dearie,  
 For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
 Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.4  
 \N1 `Here, tak frae me this gay mantile,  
 And gie to me a plaidie;  
 Tho kith and kin and a\' had sworn,  
 I\'ll follow the gypsie laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.5  
 \N1 `Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,

And my gude lord beside me;  
 This night I'll lie in a tenant's barn,  
 Whatever shall betide me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.6  
 \N1 `Last night I lay in a weel-made bed,  
 Wi silken hangings round me;  
 But now I'll lie in a farmer's barn,  
 Wi the gypsies all around me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.7  
 \N1 `The f+irst ale-house that we come at,  
 We'll hae a pot o brandie;  
 The next ale-house that we came at,  
 We'll drink to gypsie Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.8  
 \N1 Now when our lord cam home at een,  
 He speir'd for his fair lady;  
 The ane she cried, [the] tither replied,  
 `She's awa wi the gypsie laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.9  
 \N1 `Gae saddle me the gude black steed;  
 The bay was neer sae bonnie;  
 For I will neither eat nor sleep  
 Till I be wi my lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.10  
 \N1 Then he rode east, and he rode west,  
 And he rode near Strabogie,  
 And there he found his ain dear wife,  
 Drinking wi gypsie Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.11  
 \N1 `And what made you leave your houses and land?  
 Or what made you leave your money?  
 Or what made you leave your ain wedded lord,  
 To follow the gypsie laddie?  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.12  
 \N1 `Then come thee hame, my ain dear wife,  
 Then come thee hame, my hinnie,  
 And I do swear, by the hilt of my sword,  
 The gypsies nae mair shall come near thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200F.13  
 \N1 Then we were seven weel-made men,  
 But lack! we were nae bonnie,  
 And we were a' put down for ane,  
 For the Earl o Cassilis' ladie.  
 \LBALLADS Child 200G.1  
 \N1 THERE was seven gypsies all in a gang,  
 They were brisk and bonny; O  
 They rode till they came to the Earl of Casstle's house,  
 And there they sang most sweetly. O  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.2  
 \N1 The Earl of Castle's lady came down,  
 With the waiting-maid beside her;  
 As soon as her fair face they saw,  
 They called their grandmother over.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.3  
 \N1 They gave to her a nutmeg brown,  
 And a race of the best ginger;  
 She gave to them a far better thing,  
 `'Twas the ring from off her f+inger.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.4  
 \N1 She pulld off her high-heeld shoes,

They was made of Spanish leather;  
 She put on her highland brogues,  
 To follow the gypsey loddy.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.5  
 \N1 At night when my good lord came home,  
 Enquiring for his lady,  
 The waiting-maid made this reply,  
 `She\'s following the gypsey loddy.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.6  
 \N1 `Come saddle me my milk-white steed,  
 Come saddle it so bonny,  
 As I may go seek my own wedded wife,  
 That\'s following the gypsey loddy.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.7  
 \N1 `Have you been east? have you been west?  
 Or have you been brisk and bonny?  
 Or have you seen a gay lady,  
 A following the gypsey loddy?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.8  
 \N1 He rode all that summer\'s night,  
 And part of the next morning;  
 At length he spy\'d his own wedded wife,  
 She was cold, wet, and weary.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.9  
 \N1 `Why did you leave your houses and land?  
 Or why did you leave your money?  
 Or why did you leave your good wedded lord,  
 To follow the gypsey loddy?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.10  
 \N1 `O what care I for houses and land?  
 Or what care I for money?  
 So as I have brewd, so will I return;  
 So fare you well, my honey!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200G.11  
 \N1 There was seven gypsies in a gang,  
 And they was brisk and bonny,  
 And they\'re to be hanged all on a row,  
 For the Earl of Castle\'s lady.  
 \LBALLADS Child 200H.1  
 \N1 THERE came a gang o gipsies by,  
 And they was singing so merry, O  
 Till they gained the heart o my lady gay,  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 200H.2  
 \N1 As soon as the lord he did come in,  
 Enquired for his lady, O  
 And some o the sarvants did-a reply,  
 `Her\'s away wi the gipsy laddie.' O  
 \SBALLADS Child 200H.3  
 \N1 `O saddle me the bay, and saddle me the grey,  
 Till I go and sarch for my lady;'  
 And some o the sarvants did-a reply,  
 `Her\'s away wi the gipsy laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200H.4  
 \N1 And he rode on, and he rode off,  
 Till he came to the gipsies\' tentie,  
 And there he saw his lady gay,  
 By the side o the gipsy laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200H.5  
 \N1 `Didn\'t I leave you houses and land?

And didn\'t I leave you money?  
Didn\'t I leave you three pretty babes  
As ever was in yonder green island?  
\SBALLADS Child 200H.6  
\N1 `What care I for houses and land?  
And what care I for money?  
What do I care for three pretty babes?

. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 200H.7  
\N1 `The tother night you was on a feather bed,  
Now you\'re on a straw one,'

. . . . .  
\LBALLADS Child 200I.1  
\N1 THERE come seven gypsies on a day,  
Oh, but they sang bonny! O  
And they sang so sweet, and they sang so clear,  
Down cam the earl\'s ladie. O  
\SBALLADS Child 200I.2  
\N1 They gave to her the nutmeg,  
And they gave to her the ginger;  
But she gave to them a far better thing,  
The seven gold rings off her f+ingers.

\SBALLADS Child 200I.3  
\N1 When the earl he did come home,  
Enquiring for his ladie,  
One of the servants made this reply,  
'She\'s awa with the gypsie lad<d>ie.'

\SBALLADS Child 200I.4  
\N1 `Come saddle for me the brown,' he said,  
'For the black was neer so speedy,  
And I will travel night and day  
Till I f+ind out my ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 200I.5  
\N1 `Will you come home, my dear?' he said,  
'Oh will you come home, my honey?  
And, by the point of my broad sword,  
A hand I\'ll neer lay on you.'

\SBALLADS Child 200I.6  
\N1 `Last night I lay on a good feather-bed,  
And my own wedded lord beside me,  
And tonight I\'ll lie in the ash-corner,  
With the gypsies all around me.

\SBALLADS Child 200I.7  
\N1 `They took off my high-heeled shoes,  
That were made of Spanish leather,  
And I have put on coarse Lowland brogues,  
To trip it oer the heather.'

\SBALLADS Child 200I.8  
\N1 `The Earl of Cashan is lying sick;  
Not one hair I\'m sorry;  
I\'d rather have a kiss from his fair lady\'s lips  
Than all his gold and his money.'

\LBALLADS Child 200J.1  
\N1 THERE was a gip came oer the land,  
He sung so sweet and gaily;  
He sung with glee, neath the wild wood tree,  
He charmed the great lord\'s lady.  
Ring a ding a ding go ding go da,  
Ring a ding a ding go da dy,



Ring a ding a ding go ding go da,  
 She\'s gone with the gipsey Davy.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200J.2  
 \N1 The lord he came home late that night;  
 Enquiring for his lady,  
 `She\'s gone, she\'s gone,' said his old servantman,  
 `She\'s gone with the gipsey Davy.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200J.3  
 \N1 `Go saddle me my best black mare;  
 The grey is neer so speedy;  
 For I\'ll ride all night, and I\'ll ride all day,  
 Till I overtake my lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200J.4  
 \N1 Riding by the river-side,  
 The grass was wet and dewy;  
 Seated with her gipsey lad,  
 It\'s there he spied his lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200J.5  
 \N1 `Would you forsake your house and home?  
 Would you forsake your baby?  
 Would you forsake your own true love,  
 And go with the gipsey Davy?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200J.6  
 \N1 `Yes, I\'ll forsake my house and home,  
 Yes, I\'ll forsake my baby;  
 What care I for my true love?  
 I love the gipsey Davy.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200J.7  
 \N1 The great lord he rode home that night,  
 He took good care of his baby,  
 And ere six months had passed away  
 He married another lady.  
 \LBALLADS Child 200K.1  
 \SBALLADS Child 200K.1  
 \N1 `GO bring me down my high-heeled shoes,  
 Made of the Spanish leather,  
 And I\'ll take off my low-heeled shoes,  
 And away we\'ll go together.'  
 Lumpy dumpy linky dinky day  
 Lumpy dumpy linky dinky daddy  
 \SBALLADS Child 200K.2  
 \N1 They brought her down her high-heeled shoes,  
 Made of the Spanish leather,  
 And she took off her low-heeled shoes,  
 And away they went together.  
 \SBALLADS Child 200K.3  
 \N1 And when Lord Garrick he got there,  
 Inquiring for his lady,  
 Then up steps his best friend:  
 `She\'s gone with a gipsy laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200K.4  
 \N1 `Go saddle me my bonny brown,  
 For the grey is not so speedy,  
 And away we\'ll go to the Misty Mount,  
 And overtake my lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 200K.5  
 \N1 They saddled him his bonny brown,  
 For the grey was not so speedy,  
 And away they went to the Misty Mount,  
 And overtook his lady.

\SBALLADS Child 200K.6

\N1 And when Lord Garrick he got there,  
\'Twas in the morning early,  
And there he found his lady fair,  
And she was wet and weary.

\SBALLADS Child 200K.7

\N1 `And it\'s fare you well, my dearest dear,  
And it\'s fare you well for ever,  
And if you don\'t go with me now,  
Don\'t let me see you never.'

\LBALLADS Child 200[L.1]

\N1 A band of gypsies, all in a road,  
All so black and brawny, oh  
Away come a lady all dressed in silk,  
To follow the roving gypsies. oh

\SBALLADS Child 200[L.1r]

\N1 The gypsies, oh!

The gypsies, oh!

To follow the roving gypsies, oh!

\SBALLADS Child 200[L.2]

\N1 Her husband came home at ten o\'clock of night,

An asked for his lady fair;  
The servant informed him very soon  
She had gone with the roving gypsies.

\SBALLADS Child 200[L.3]

\N1 `Saddle to me my bonny gray mare,

Saddle to me my pony;

I will go where the green grass grow,  
To find out the roving gypsies.

\SBALLADS Child 200[L.4]

\N1 `Last night she slept in a fair feather-bed,

And blankets by bonins;  
Tonight she sleeps in a cold shed-barn,  
Through following the roving gypsies.

\SBALLADS Child 200[L.5]

\N1 `Why did you leave your houses and your lands?

Why did you leave your babies?

Why did you leave your decent married man,

To follow the roving gypsies?'

\SBALLADS Child 200[L.6]

\N1 `What cares I for my houses and my lands?

What cares I for my babies?

What cares I for my decent married man?

I will go with the roving gypsies.'

\LBALLADS Child 201A.1

\N1 O BESSIE BELL and Mary Gray,

They war twa bonnie lasses;

They bigget a bower on yon burn-brae,

And theekit it oer wi rashes.

\SBALLADS Child 201A.2

\N1 They theekit it oer wi rashes green,

They theekit it oer wi heather;

But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,

And slew them baith thegither.

\SBALLADS Child 201A.3

\N1 They thought to lye in Methven kirk-yard,

Amang their noble kin;

But they maun lye in Stronach haugh,

To biek forenent the sin.

\SBALLADS Child 201A.4

\N1 And Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They war twa bonnie lasses;  
They biggit a bower on yon burn-brae,  
And theekit it oer wi rashes.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.1  
\N1 ON Philiphaugh a fray began,  
At Hairheadwood it ended;  
The Scots outoer the Graemes they ran,  
Sae merrily they bended.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.2  
\N1 Sir David frae the Border came,  
Wi heart an hand came he;  
Wi him three thousand bonny Scots,  
To bear him company.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.3  
\N1 Wi him three thousand valiant men,  
A noble sight to see!  
A cloud o mist them weel conceald,  
As close as eer might be.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.4  
\N1 When they came to the Shaw burn,  
Said he, Sae weel we frame,  
I think it is convenient  
That we should sing a psalm.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.5  
\N1 When they came to the Lingly burn,  
As daylight did appear,  
They spy\'d an aged father,  
And he did draw them near.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.6  
\N1 `Come hither, aged father,'  
Sir David he did cry,  
`And tell me where Montrose lies,  
With al his great army.'  
\BALLADS Child 202A.7  
\N1 `But first you must come tell to me,  
If friends or foes you be;  
I fear you are Montrose\'s men,  
Come frae the north country.'  
\BALLADS Child 202A.8  
\N1 `No, we are nane o Montrose\'s men,  
Nor eer intend to be;  
I am Sir David Lesly,  
That\'s speaking unto thee.'  
\BALLADS Child 202A.9  
\N1 "[If you\'re Sir David Lesly,  
As I think weel ye be,  
I am sorry ye hae brought so few  
Into your company.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.10  
\N1 `There\'s fifteen thousand armed men  
Encamped on yon lee;  
Ye\'ll never be a bite to them,  
For aught that I can see.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.11  
\N1 `But halve your men in equal parts,  
Your purpose to fulfill;  
Let ae half keep the water-side,  
The rest gae round the hill.  
\BALLADS Child 202A.12

\N1 `Your nether party f+ire must,  
Then beat a f+lying drum;  
And then they\'ll think the day\'s their ain,  
And frae the trench they\'ll come.  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.13  
\N1 `Then, those that are behind them maun  
Gie shot, baith grit and sma;  
And so, between your armies twa,  
Ye may make them to fa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.14  
\N1 `O were ye ever a soldier?'  
Sir David Lesly said;  
`O yes; I was at Solway Flow,  
Where we were all betrayd.  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.15  
\N1 `Again I was at curst Dunbar,  
And was a prisner taen,  
And many weary night and day  
In prison I hae lien.'  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.16  
\N1 `If ye will lead these men aright,  
Rewarded shal ye be;  
But, if that ye a traitor prove,  
I\'ll hang thee on a tree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.17  
\N1 `Sir, I will not a traitor prove;  
Montrose has plunderd me;  
I\'ll do my best to banish him  
Away frae this country.'  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.18  
\N1 He halvd his men in equal parts,  
His purpose to fulf+ill;  
The one part kept the water-side,  
The other gaed round the hill.  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.19  
\N1 The nether party f+ired brisk,  
Then turnd and seemd to rin;  
And then they a\' came frae the trench,  
And cry\'d The day\'s our ain!  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.20  
\N1 The rest then ran into the trench,  
And loosd their cannons a\':  
And thus, between his armies twa,  
He made them fast to fa.  
\SBALLADS Child 202A.21  
\N1 Now let us a\' for Lesly pray  
And his brave company,  
For they hae vanquishd great Montrose,  
Our cruel enemy.  
\LBALLADS Child 203A.1  
\N1 Inverey cam doun Deeside, whistlin and playin,  
He was at brave Braikley\'s yett ere it was dawin.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.2  
\N1 He rappit fu loudly and wi a great roar,  
Cried, Cum doun, cum doun, Braikley, and open the door.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.3  
\N1 `Are ye sleeping, Baronne, or are ye wakin?  
Ther\'s sharpe swords at your yett, will gar your blood spin.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.4  
\N1 `Open the yett, Braikley, and lat us within,

Till we on the green turf gar your bluid rin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.5  
\N1 Out spak the brave baronne, owre the castell-wa:  
'Are ye cum to spulyie and plunder mi ha?  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.6  
\N1 `But gin ye be gentlemen, licht and cum in:  
Gin ye drink o my wine, ye\'ll nae gar my bluid spin.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.7  
\N1 `Gin ye be hir\'d widifus, ye may gang by,  
Ye may gang to the lawlands and steal their fat ky.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.8  
\N1 `Ther spulyie like rievvers o wyld kettrin clan,  
Who plunder unsparing baith houses and lan.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.9  
\N1 `Gin ye be gentlemen, licht an cum [in],  
Ther\'s meat an drink i my ha for every man.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.10  
\N1 `Gin ye bir\'d widifus, ye may gang by,  
Gang doun to the lawlands, and steal horse and ky.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.11  
\N1 Up spak his ladie, at his bak where she lay,  
'Get up, get up, Braikley, and be not afraid;  
The\'r but young hir\'d widifus wi belted plaids.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.12  
\N1 `Cum kiss me, mi Peggy, I\'le nae langer stay,  
For I will go out and meet Inverey.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.13  
\N1 `But haud your tongue, Peggy, and mak nae sic din,  
For yon same hir\'d widifus will prove themselves men.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.14  
\N1 She called on her marys, they cam to her hand;  
Cries, Bring me your rocks, lassies, we will them command.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.15  
\N1 `Get up, get up, Braikley, and turn bak your ky,  
Or me an mi women will them defy.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.16  
\N1 `Cum forth then, mi maidens, and show them some play;  
We\'ll f+icht them, and shortly the cowards will f+ly.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.17  
\N1 `Gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane,  
He woud nae ly i his bed and see his ky taen.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.18  
\N1 `Ther\'s four-and-twenty milk-whit calv5s, twll o them ky,  
In the woods o Glentanner, it\'s ther thei a\' ly.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.19  
\N1 `Ther\'s goat i the Etnach, and sheep o the brae,  
An a\' will be plunderd by young Inverey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.20  
\N1 `Now haud your tongue, Peggy, and gie me a gun,  
Ye\'ll see me gae furth, but I\'ll never cum in.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.21  
\N1 `Call mi brother William, mi unkl also,  
Mi cousin James Gordon; we\'ll mount and we\'ll go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.22  
\N1 When Braikley was ready and stood i the closs,  
He was the bravest baronne that eer mounted horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.23  
\N1 Whan all wer assembld o the castell green,  
No man like brave Braikley was ther to be seen  
\SBALLADS Child 203A.24

\N1 . . . . .  
 `Turn bak, brother William, ye are a bridegroom;  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.25  
 \N1 `Wi bonnie Jean Gordon, the maid o the mill;  
 O sichin and sobbin she\'ll soon get her f+ill.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.26  
 \N1 `I\'m no coward, brother, \'tis kend I\'m a man;  
 I\'ll f+icht i your quarral as lang\'s I can stand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.27  
 \N1 `I\'ll f+icht, my dear brother, wi heart and gude will,  
 And so will young Harry that lives at the mill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.28  
 \N1 `But turn, mi dear brother, and nae langer stay:  
 What\'ll cum o your ladie, gin Braikley thei slay?  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.29  
 \N1 `What\'ll cum o your ladie and bonnie young son?  
 O what\'ll cum o them when Braikley is gone?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.30  
 \N1 `I never will turn: do you think I will f+ly?  
 But here I will f+icht, and here I will die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.31  
 \N1 `Strik dogs,' crys Inverey, a+end f+icht till ye\'re slayn,  
 For we are four hundered, ye are but four men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.32  
 \N1 `Strik, strik, ye proud boaster, your honour is gone,  
 Your lands we will plunder, your castell we\'ll burn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.33  
 \N1 At the head o the Etnach the battel began,  
 At Little Auchoilzie thei killd the f+irst man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.34  
 \N1 First thei killd ane, and soon they killd twa,  
 Thei killd gallant Braikley, the f+lour o them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.35  
 \N1 Thei killd William Gordon, and James o the Knox,  
 And brave Alexander, the f+lour o Glenmuick.  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.36  
 \N1 What sichin and moaning was heard i the glen,  
 For the Baronne o Braikley, who basely was slayn!  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.37  
 \N1 `Cam ye bi the castell, and was ye in there?  
 Saw ye pretty Peggy tearing her hair?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.38  
 \N1 `Yes, I cam by Braikley, and I gaed in there,  
 And there [saw] his ladie braiding her hair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.39  
 \N1 `She was rantin, and dancin, and singin for joy,  
 And vowin that nicht she woud feest Inverey.  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.40  
 \N1 `She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcomd him in,  
 Was kind to the man that had slayn her baronne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.41  
 \N1 Up spake the son on the nourice\'s knee,  
 `Gin I live to be a man, revenged I\'ll be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 203A.42  
 \N1 Ther\'s dool i the kitchin, and mirth i the ha,  
 The Baronne o Braikley is dead and awa.  
 \LBALLADS Child 203B.1  
 \N1 `Baron of Brackley, are ye in there?  
 The\'re sharp swords at yer yetts, winna ye spear.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 203B.2

\N1 If they be gentlemen, lat them cum in;  
But if they be reavers, we'll gar them be taen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.3  
\N1 It is na gentlemen, nor yet pretty lads,  
But a curn hir'd widdifus, wears belted plaids.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.4  
\N1 She called on her women and bade them come in:  
'Tack a' yer rocks, lasses, and we'll them coman.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.5  
\N1 'We'll fecht them, we'll slight them, we'll do what we can,  
And I vow we will shoot them altho we shod bang.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.6  
\N1 'Rise up, John,' she said, a+end turn in yer kye,  
For they'll hae them to the Hielands, and you they'll def+ie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.7  
\N1 'Had your still, Catharine, and still yer young son,  
For ye'll get me out, but I'll never cum in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.8  
\N1 'If I had a man, as I hae na nane,  
He wudna lye in his bed and see his kye tane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.9  
\N1 'Ye'll cum kiss me, my Peggy, and bring me my gun,  
For I'm gaing out, but I'll never cum in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.10  
\N1 There was twenty wi Invery, twenty and ten;  
There was nane wi the baron but his brother and him.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.11  
\N1 At the head of Reneeten the battle began;  
Ere they wan Auchoilzie, they killed mony a man.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.12  
\N1 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knock,  
The mullertd's four sons up at Glenmuick.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.13  
\N1 They killed Harry Gordon and Harry of the Knock,  
And they made the brave baron like kail to a pot.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.14  
\N1 First they killed ane, and then they killed twa,  
Then they killed the brave baron, the f+lower o them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.15  
\N1 Then up came Craigievar, and a party wi him[  
If he had come an hour sooner, Brackley had not been slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.16  
\N1 'Came ye by Brackley? and was ye in there?  
Or say ye his lady, was making great care?'  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.17  
\N1 'I came by Brackley, and I was in there,  
But I saw his lady no making great care.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.18  
\N1 'For she eat wi them, drank wi them, welcomed them in;  
She drank to the villain that killed her guid man.  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.19  
\N1 'Woe to ye, Kate Fraser! sorry may yer heart be,  
To see yer brave baron's blood cum to yer knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203B.20  
\N1 There is dule in the kitchen, and mirth i the ha,  
But the Baron o B<r>ackley is dead and awa.  
\LBALLADS Child 203C.1  
\N1 O Inverey came down Dee side, whistling and playing;  
He's landed at Braikly's yates at the day dawing.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.2

\N1 Says, Baron of Braikly, are ye within?  
There\'s sharp swords at the yate will gar your blood spin.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.3  
\N1 The lady raise up, to the window she went;  
She heard her kye lowing oer hill and oer bent.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.4  
\N1 `O rise up, John,' she says, 'Turn back your kye;  
They\'re oer the hills rinning, they\'re skipping away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.5  
\N1 `Come to your bed, Peggie, and let the kye rin,  
For were I to gang out, I would never get in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.6  
\N1 Then she\'s cry\'d on her women, they quickly came ben:  
'Take up your rocks, lassies, and f'ight a\' like men.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.7  
\N1 `Though I\'m but a woman, to head you I\'ll try,  
Nor let these vile Highland-men steal a\' our kye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.8  
\N1 Then up gat the baron, and cry\'d for his graith;  
Says, Lady, I\'ll gang, tho to leave you I\'m laith.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.9  
\N1 `Come, kiss me, my Peggie, nor think I\'m to blame;  
For I may well gang out, but I\'ll never win in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.10  
\N1 When the Baron of Braikly rade through the close,  
A gallanter baron neer mounted a horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.11  
\N1 Tho there came wi Inverey thirty and three,  
There was nane wi bonny Braikly but his brother and he.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.12  
\N1 Twa gallanter Gordons did never sword draw;  
But against four and thirty, wae\'s me, what was twa?  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.13  
\N1 Wi swords and wi daggers they did him surround,  
And they\'ve pierc\'d bonny Braikly wi mony a wound.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.14  
\N1 Frae the head of the Dee to the banks of the Spey,  
The Gordons may mourn him, and bann Inverey.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.15  
\N1 `O came ye by Braikly, and was ye in there?  
Or saw ye his Peggy dear riving her hair?'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.16  
\N1 `O I came by Braikly, and I was in there,  
But I saw not his Peggy dear riving her hair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.17  
\N1 `O fye on ye, lady! how could ye do sae?  
You opend your yate to the faus Inverey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.18  
\N1 She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcomd him in;  
She welcomd the villain that slew her baron.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.19  
\N1 She kept him till morning, syne bad him be gane,  
And showd him the road that he woud na be tane.  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.20  
\N1 `Thro Birss and Aboyne,' she says, 'lyin in a tour,  
Oer the hills of Glentanor you\'ll skip in an hour.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203C.21  
\N1 There is grief in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha,  
But the Baron of Braikly is dead and awa.  
\LBALLADS Child 203D.1



\N1 `Baron o Breachell, are ye within?  
The sharp souerd is at yer gate, Breachell, we\'ll gar yer blood spin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.2  
\N1 `Thei\'r at yer gate, Breachel, the\'r neither men nor lads,  
But f+ifty heard widifas, wi belted plaids.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.3  
\N1 `O if I had a man,' she says, a+es it looks I had nane,  
He widna sit in the house and see my kye tane.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.4  
\N1 `But lasses tak down yer rocks, and we will defend  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.5  
\N1 `O kiss me, dear Peggy, and gee me down my gun,  
I may well ga out, but I\'ll never come in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.6  
\N1 Out spak his brither, says, Gee me yer hand;  
I\'ll f+ight in yer cause sae lang as I may stand.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.7  
\N1 Whan the Baron o Breachell came to the closs,  
A braver baron neir red upon horse.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.8  
\N1 . . . . .  
I think the silly heard widifas are grown f+ighten men.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.9  
\N1 First they killed ane, and syen they killed twa,  
And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.10  
\N1 They killed Sandy Gordon, Sandy Gordon o the Knock,  
The miller and his three sons, that lived at Glenmuick.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.11  
\N1 First they killed ane, and seyn they killed twa,  
And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.12  
\N1 Up came Crigevar and a\' his f+ighten men:  
'Had I come an hour soonur, he sudna been slain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.13  
\N1 For f+irst they killed ane, and seyn they killed twa,  
And the Baron o Breachell is dead and awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.14  
\N1 `O came ye by Breachell, lads? was ye in their?  
Saw ye Peggy Dann riving her hair?'  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.15  
\N1 `We cam by Breachell, lads, we was in there,  
And saw Eggie Dann cairling her hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.16  
\N1 `She eat wi them, drank wi them, bad them come in  
To her house an bours that had slain her baron.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.17  
\N1 `Come in, gentlemen, eat and drink wi me;  
Tho ye ha slain my baron, I ha na a wite at ye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.18  
\N1 `O was [ye] at Glenmuik, lads? was ye in their?  
Saw ye Cathrin Gordon rivin her hair?'  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.19  
\N1 `We was at Glenmuik, lads, we was in there,  
We saw Cathrin Gordon rivin her hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.20  
\N1 `Wi the tear in her eye, seven bairns at her foot,  
The eighth on her knee . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 203D.21

\N1 The killed Peter Gordon, Peter Gordon of the Knock,  
The miller and his three sons, that lived at Glenmuik.

\SBALLADS Child 203D.22

\N1 First they killed ane, and syn they killed twa,  
And the Baron of Breachell is dead and awa.

\LBALLADS Child 204A.1

\N1 I WAS a lady of high renown  
As lived in the north countrie;  
I was a lady of high renown  
Whan Earl Douglas loved me.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.2

\N1 Whan we came through Glasgow toun,  
We war a comely sight to see;  
My gude lord in velvet green,  
And I mysel in cramasie.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.3

\N1 Whan we cam to Douglas toun,  
We war a f+ine sight to behold;  
My gude lord in cramasie,  
And I myself in shining gold.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.4

\N1 Whan that my auld son was born,  
And set upon the nurse\'s knee,  
I was as happy a woman as eer was born,  
And my gude lord he loved me.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.5

\N1 But oh, an my young son was born,  
And set upon the nurse\'s knee,  
And I mysel war dead and gane,  
For a maid again I\'ll never be!

\SBALLADS Child 204A.6

\N1 There cam a man into this house,  
And Jamie Lockhart was his name,  
And it was told to my gude lord  
That I was in the bed wi him.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.7

\N1 There cam anither to this house,  
And a bad friend he was to me;  
He put Jamie\'s shoon below my bed-stock,  
And bade my gude lord come and see.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.8

\N1 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,  
And ae an ill death may ye dee!  
For ye was the f+irst and the foremost man  
That parted my gude lord and me.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.9

\N1 Whan my gude lord cam in my room,  
This grit falsehood for to see,  
He turnd about, and, wi a gloom,  
He straucht did tak farewell o me.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.10

\N1 `O fare thee well, my once lovely maid!  
O fare thee well, once dear to me!  
O fare thee well, my once lovely maid!  
For wi me again ye sall never be.'

\SBALLADS Child 204A.11

\N1 `Sit doun, sit doun, Jamie Douglas,  
Sit thee doun and dine wi me,  
And Ill set thee on a chair of gold,  
And a silver towel on thy knee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204A.12

\N1 `Whan cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
And mussels they bud on a tree,  
Whan frost and snaw turns f+ire to burn,  
Then I\`ll sit down and dine wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204A.13

\N1 O wae be unto thee, Blackwood,  
And ae an ill death may ye dee!  
Ye war the f+irst and the foremost man  
That parted my gude lord and me.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.14

\N1 Whan my father he heard word  
That my gude lord had forsaken me,  
He sent f+ifty o his brisk dragoons  
To fesh me hame to my ain countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.15

\N1 That morning before I did go,  
My bonny palace for to leave,  
I went into my gude lord\'s room,  
But alas! he wad na speak to me.

\SBALLADS Child 204A.16

\N1 `Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!  
Fare thee well, my ever dear to me!  
Fare thee well, Jamie Douglas!  
Be kind to the three babes I\`ve born to thee.'

\LBALLADS Child 204B.1

\N1 WALY, waly up the bank!  
And waly, waly down the brae!  
And waly, waly to yon burn-side,  
Where me and my love wunt to gae!

\SBALLADS Child 204B.2

\N1 As I lay sick, and very sick,  
And sick was I, and like to die,  
And Blacklaywood put in my love\'s ears  
That he staid in bower too lang wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 204B.3

\N1 As I lay sick, and very sick,  
And sick was I, and like to die,  
And walking into my garden green,  
I heard my good lord lichtlie me.

\SBALLADS Child 204B.4

\N1 Now woe betide ye, Blacklaywood!  
I\`m sure an ill death you must die;  
Ye\`ll part me and my ain good lord,  
And his face again I\`ll never see.

\SBALLADS Child 204B.5

\N1 `Come down stairs now, Jamie Douglas,  
Come down stairs and drink wine wi me;  
I\`ll set thee into a chair of gold,  
And not one farthing shall it cost thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204B.6

\N1 `When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
And muscles grow on every tree,  
When frost and snaw turn f+iery baas,  
I\`ll come down the stair and drink wine wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204B.7

\N1 `What\'s needs me value you, Jamie Douglas,  
More than you do value me?  
The Earl of Mar is my father,  
The Duke of York is my brother gay.

\SBALLADS Child 204B.8

\N1 `But when my father gets word o this,  
I trow a sorry man he\'ll be;  
He\'ll send four score o his soldiers brave  
To tak me hame to mine ain countrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 204B.9

\N1 As I lay owre my castell-wa,  
I beheld my father comin for me,  
Wi trumpets sounding on every side;  
But they werena music at a\' for me.

\SBALLADS Child 204B.10

\N1 `And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
And fare ye weel, my own good lord!  
For my face again ye shall never see.

\SBALLADS Child 204B.11

\N1 `And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
And fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
But my youngest son shall gae wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 204B.12

\N1 `What ails ye at yer youngest son,  
Sits smilin at the nurse\'s knee?  
I\'m sure he never knew any harm,  
Except it was from his nurse or thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204B.13

\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .

And when I was into my coaches set,  
He made his trumpets a\' to soun.

\SBALLADS Child 204B.14

\N1 I\'ve heard it said, and it\'s oft times seen,  
The hawk that f+lies far frae her nest;  
And a\' the world shall plainly see  
It\'s Jamie Douglas that I love best.

\SBALLADS Child 204B.15

\N1 Ive heard it said, and [it\'s] oft times seen,  
The hawk that f+lies from tree to tree;  
And a\' the world shall plainly see  
It\'s for Jamie Douglas I maun die.

\LBALLADS Child 204C.1

\N1 O WALLY, wally up yon bank!  
And wally down yon brae!  
And wally, wally up yon burn-side,  
Where me and my lord wont to gae!

\SBALLADS Child 204C.2

\N1 I leand me on yon saugh sae sweet,  
I leand me on yon saugh sae sour,  
And my gude lord has forsaken me,  
And he swears he\'ll never loe me more.

\SBALLADS Child 204C.3

\N1 There came a young man to this town,  
And Jamie Lockhart was his name;  
Fause Blackwood lilted in my lord\'s ear  
That I was in the bed wi him.

\SBALLADS Child 204C.4

\N1 `Come up, come up, Jamie Douglas,  
Come up, come up and dine wi me,  
And I\'ll set thee in a chair of gold,  
And use you kindly on my knee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204C.5

\N1 `When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
And mussels hing on every tree,  
When frost and snow turn f+ire-brands,  
Then I\'ll come up and dine wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204C.6

\N1 When my father and mother they got word  
That my good lord had forsaken me,  
They sent fourscore of soldiers brave  
To bring me hame to my ain countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 204C.7

\N1 That day that I was forc\'d to go,  
My pretty palace for to leave,  
I went to the chamber were my lord lay,  
But alas! he wad na speak to me.

\SBALLADS Child 204C.8

\N1 `O fare ye weel, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
I hope your father will prove mair kind  
To you than he has been to me.

\SBALLADS Child 204C.9

\N1 `You take every one to be like yoursel,  
You take every one that comes unto thee;  
But I could swear by the heavens high  
That I never knew anither man but thee.

\SBALLADS Child 204C.10

\N1 `O foul fa ye, fause Blackwood,  
And an ill death now may ye die!  
For ye was the f+irst occasioner  
Of parting my gude lord and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 204C.11

\N1 Whan we gaed in by Edinburgh town,  
My father and mither they met me,  
Wi trumpets sounding on every side;  
But alas! they could ne cherish me.

\SBALLADS Child 204C.12

\N1 `Hold your tongue, daughter,' my father said,  
`And with your weeping let me be;  
And we\'ll get out a bill of divorce,  
And I\'ll get a far better lord to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204C.13

\N1 `O hold your tongue, father,' she says,  
`And with your talking let me be;  
I wad na gie a kiss a my ain lord\'s lips  
For a\' the men in the west country.'

\SBALLADS Child 204C.14

\N1 Oh an I had my baby born,  
And set upon the nurse\'s knee,  
And I myself were dead and gone!  
For a maid again I will never be.

\LBALLADS Child 204D.1

\N1 I FELL sick, and very, very sick,  
Sick I was, and like to dee;  
A friend o mine cam frae the west,  
A friend o mine came me to see,  
And the black told it to my gude lord  
He was oure lang in the chamber wi me.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 204D.2

\N1 `Come doun the stair, Jamie Douglas,

Come doun and drink wine wi me;  
I\'ll set ye on a chair of gold,  
And not ae farthing will it cost thee.'

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.3

\\N1 `Whan cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
And f+ishes f+lee frae tree to tree,  
Whan frost and snaw turn f+ire-beams,  
I\'ll come doun and drink wine wi thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.4

\\N1 `What ails ye at your young son James,  
That sits upo the nurse\'s knee?  
I\'m sure he never did ye no harm,  
If it war na for the nurse or me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.5

\\N1 `What care I for you, Jamie Douglas?  
Not a small pin I value thee;  
For my father he is the Earl of York,  
And of that my mither\'s the gay ladie;  
They will send fourscore of his soldiers bold  
For to tak me hame to my ain countrie.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.6

\\N1 Whan I was set in my coach and six,  
Taking fareweel o my babies three,  
`I beg your father\'s grace to be kind,  
For your face again I\'ll never see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.7

\\N1 As I was walking up London streets,  
My father was coming to meet me,  
Wi trumpets sounding on every side;  
But that was na music at a\' for me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.8

\\N1 `Hold your tongue, my dochter dear,  
And of your weeping let abee;  
A bill of divorcement I\'ll send to him,  
A far better match I\'ll get for thee.'

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.9

\\N1 `Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And with your folly let abee;  
There\'ll never man sleep in my twa arms,  
Sin my gude lord has forsaken me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.10

\\N1 As I was sitting at my bouer-window,  
What a blythe sicht did I see!  
I saw four score of his soldiers bold,  
And I wisd that they were coming for me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.11

\\N1 Out bespeaks the foremost man,  
And what a weel-spoken man was he!  
`If the Marquis o Douglas\'s lady be within,  
You\'ll bid her come doun and speak to me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.12

\\N1 It\'s out bespak my auld father then,  
I wat an angry man was he;  
`Ye may gang back the road ye cam,  
For her face again ye\'ll never see.'

\\SBALLADS Child 204D.13

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And with your folly let abee;  
For I\'ll ga back, and I\'ll ne\'er return;  
Do ye think I love you as weel as he?'

\SBALLADS Child 204D.14

\N1 As I cam in by the Orange gate,  
What a blythe sicht did I see!  
I saw Jamie Douglas coming me to meet,  
And at his foot was his babies three.

\SBALLADS Child 204D.15

\N1 `Ga fetch, ga fetch a bottle of wine,  
That I may drink to my gay ladie;'  
She took the cup into her hand,  
But her bonnie heart it broke in three.

\LBALLADS Child 204E.1

\N1 I LAY sick, and very sick,  
And I was bad, and like to dee;

. . . .

A friend o mine cam to visit me,  
And Blackwood wisperd in my lord\'s ear  
That he was oure lang in chamber wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 204E.2

\N1 `O what need I dress up my head,  
Nor what need I caim doun my hair,  
Whan my gude lord has forsaken me,  
And says he will na love me mair!

\SBALLADS Child 204E.3

\N1 `But oh, an my young babe was born,  
And set upon some nourice knee,  
And I mysel war dead and gane!  
For a maid again I\'ll never be.'

\SBALLADS Child 204E.4

\N1 `Na mair o this, my dochter dear,  
And of your mourning let abee;  
For a bill of divorce I\'ll gar write for him,  
A mair better lord I\'ll get for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204E.5

\N1 `Na mair o this, my father dear,  
And of your folly let abee;  
For I wad ne gie ae look o my lord\'s face  
For aw the lords in the haill cuntree.

\SBALLADS Child 204E.6

\N1 `But I\'ll cast aff my robes o red,  
And I\'ll put on my robes o blue,  
And I will travel to some other land,  
To see gin my love will on me rue.

\SBALLADS Child 204E.7

\N1 `There shall na wash come on my face,  
There shall na kaim come on my hair;  
There shall neither coal nor candle-licht  
Be seen intil my bouer na mair.

\SBALLADS Child 204E.8

\N1 `O wae be to thee, Blackwood,  
And an ill death may ye dee!  
Foe ye\'ve been the haill occasion  
Of parting my lord and me.'

\LBALLADS Child 204F.1

\N1 WALY, waly up yon bank!  
And waly, waly up yon brae!  
And waly, waly by yon river-side,

Where me and my love were wont to gae!

\SBALLADS Child 204F.2

\N1 My mither tauld me when I was young  
That young men\'s love was ill to trow;  
But to her I would give nae ear,  
And alas! my ain wand dings me now.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.3

\N1 `But gin I had wist or I had kisst  
That young man\'s love was sae ill to win,  
I would hae lockt my heart wi a key o gowd,  
And pinnd it wi a sillar pin.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.4

\N1 When lairds and lords cam to this toun,  
And gentlemen o a high degree,  
I took my auld son in my arms,  
And went to my chamber pleasantly.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.5

\N1 But when gentlemen come thro this toun,  
And gentlemen o a high degree,  
I must sit alane in the dark,  
And the babie on the nurse\'s knee.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.6

\N1 I had a nurse, and she was fair,  
She was a dearly nurse to me;  
She took my gay lord frae my side,  
And used him in her company.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.7

\N1 Awa! awa, thou false Blackwood!  
Ay and an ill death may thou die!  
Thou wast the f+irst occasioner  
Of parting my gay lord and me.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.8

\N1 When I was sick, and very sick,  
Sick I was, and like to die,  
I drew me near to my stair-head,  
And I heard my own lord lichtly me.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.9

\N1 `Come doun, come doun, thou Earl of March,  
Come doun, come doun and dine with me;  
I\'ll set thee on a chair of gowd,  
And treat thee kindly on my knee!'

\SBALLADS Child 204F.10

\N1 `When cockle-shells grow sillar bells,  
And mussells grow on everytree,  
When frost and snaw turns f+iery ba\'s,  
Then I\'ll come doun and dine with thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204F.11

\N1 When my father and mother got word  
That my gay lord had forsaken me,  
They sent three score of soldiers bold  
To bring me to my own countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.12

\N1 When I in my coach was set,  
My tenants all was with me tane;  
They set them doun upon their knees,  
And they begd me to come back again.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.13

\N1 Fare ye weel, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my babies three!  
I wish your father may be kind



To these three faces that I do see.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.14

\N1 When we cam in by Edinbro toun,  
My father and mother they met me;  
The cymbals sounded on every side,  
But alace! the gave no comfort to me.

\SBALLADS Child 204F.15

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping let abee,  
And I'll give him a bill of divorce,  
And I'll get as good a lord to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204F.16

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your scoff+ing let me bee;  
I would rather hae a kiss of my own lord\'s mouth  
As all the lords in the north countrie.'

\LBALLADS Child 204G.1

\N1 O WALY, waly up the bank!  
And waly, waly down the brae!  
And waly by yon river side,  
Where me and my lord was wont to gae!

\SBALLADS Child 204G.2

\N1 An I had wit what I wit now,  
Before I came over the river Tay,  
I would hae staid at Lord Torchard\'s yetts,  
And I micht hae been his own lady gay.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.3

\N1 When I lay sick, and was very sick,  
A friend of mine came me to see;  
When our Blacklywood told it in my lord\'s ears  
That he staid too long in chamber with me.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.4

\N1 Woe be to thee, thou Blacklywood!  
I wish an ill death may thou die;  
For thou\'s been the f+irst and occasion last  
That put strife between my good lord and me.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.5

\N1 When my father he heard of this,  
His heart was like for to break in three;  
He sent fourscore of his soldiers brave  
For to take me home to mine own countree.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.6

\N1 In the morning when I arose,  
My bonnie palace for to see,  
I came unto my lord\'s room-door,  
But he would not speak one word to me.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.7

\N1 `Come down the stair, my lord Jamie Douglas,  
Come down and speak one word with me;  
I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
And the never a penny it will cost thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204G.8

\N1 `When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
And grass grows over the highest tree,  
When frost and snaw turns f+iery bombs,  
Then will I come down and drink wine with thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204G.9

\N1 O what need I care for Jamie Douglas  
More than he needs to care for me?  
For the Pord of Murray\'s my father dear,

And the Dike of York\'s daughter my mother be.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.10

\N1 Thou thocht that I was just like thyself,  
And took every one that I did see;  
But I can swear by the heavens above  
That I never knew a man but thee.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.11

\N1 But fare thee well, my lord Jamie Douglas!  
And fare you weel, my sma childer three!  
God grant your father grace to be kind  
Till I see you all in my own countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.12

\N1 Quickly, quickly then rose he up,  
And quickly, quickly came he down;  
When I was in my coaches set,  
He made his trumpets all to sound.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.13

\N1 As we came in by Edinburgh town,  
My loving father came to meet me,  
With trumpets sounding on every side;  
But it was not comfort at all to me.

\SBALLADS Child 204G.14

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping pray let abee;  
A bill of divorcement I\'ll to him send,  
And a better lord I will chose for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204G.15

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your f+lattery pray let abee;  
I\'ll never lye in another man\'s arms,  
Since my Jamie Douglas has forsaken me.'

\SBALLADS Child 204G.16

\N1 It\'s often said in a foreign land  
That the hawk she f+lies far from her nest;  
It\'s often said, and it\'s very true,  
He\'s far from me this day that I luve best.

\LBALLADS Child 204H.1

\N1 O WALY, waly up the bank!  
And waly, waly doun the brae!  
And waly, waly by yon burn-side,  
Whare me and my luve was wont to gae!

\SBALLADS Child 204H.2

\N1 If I had kent what I ken now,  
I wud neer hae crossed the waters o Tay;  
For an I had staid at Argyle\'s yetts,  
I might hae been his lady gay.

\SBALLADS Child 204H.3

\N1 When I lay sick, and very sick,  
And very sick, just like to die,  
A gentleman, a friend of mine own,  
A gentleman came me to see;  
But Blackliewoods sounded in my luve\'s ears  
He was too long in chamer with me.

\SBALLADS Child 204H.4

\N1 O woe be to thee, Blackliewoods,  
But an an ill death may you die!  
Thou\'s been the f+irst and occasion last  
That eer put ill twixt my luve and me.

\SBALLADS Child 204H.5

\N1 `Come down the stairs now, Jamie Douglas,

Come down the stairs and drink wine wi me;  
I'll set thee in a chair of gold,  
And it's not one penny it will cost thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204H.6

\N1 `When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
And gowd grows oer yon lily lea,  
When frost and snaw grows f+iery bombs,  
I will come down and drink wine wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204H.7

\N1 `What ails you at our youngest son,  
That sirs upon the nurse's knee?

I'm sure he's never done any harm  
And it's not to his ain nurse and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 204H.8

\N1 My loving father got word of this,  
But and an angry man was he;  
He sent three score of his soldiers brave  
To take me to my own countrie.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 204H.9

\N1 `O fare ye weel now, Jamie Douglas!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
God grant your father may prove kind  
Till I see you in my own countrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 204H.10

\N1 When she was set into her coach

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 204H.11

\N1 `Cheer up your heart, my loving daughter,  
Cheer up your heart, let your weeping bee!  
A bill of divorce I will write to him,  
And a far better lord I'll provide for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204H.12

\N1 It's very true, and it's often said,  
The hawk she's f+lownd and she's left her nest;  
But a' the world may plainly see  
They're far awa that I luve best.

\LBALLADS Child 204I.1

\N1 `O WALY, waly up yon bank!  
And waly, waly down yon brae!  
And waly, waly by yon burn-bank,  
Where me and my lord wont to gae!

\SBALLADS Child 204I.2

\N1 `A gentleman of good account,  
A friend of mine, came to visit me,  
And Blackly whispered in my lord's ears  
He was too long in chamber with me.

\SBALLADS Child 204I.3

\N1 `When my father came to hear 't,  
I wot an angry man was he;  
He sent f+iive score of his soldiers bright  
To take me safe to my own countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 204I.4

\N1 `Up in the mornin when I arose,  
My bonnie palace for to lea,  
And when I came to my lord's door,  
The neer a word he would speak to me.

\SBALLADS Child 204I.5

\N1 `Come down, come down, O Jamie Douglas,  
And drink the Orange wine with me;  
I\'ll set thee in a chair of gold,  
That neer a penny it cost thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.6

\N1 `When sea and sand turns foreign land,  
And mussels grow on every tree,  
When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
I\'ll drink the Orange wine with thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.7

\N1 `Wae be to you, Blackly,' she said,  
`Aye and an ill death may you die!  
You are the f+irst, and I hope the last,  
That eer made my lord lichtly me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.8

\N1 `Fare ye weel then, Jamie Douglas!  
I value you as little as you do me;  
The Earl of Mar is my father dear,  
And I soon will see my own countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.9

\N1 `Ye thought that I was like yoursell,  
And loving each ane I did see;  
But here I swear, by the day I die,  
I never loved a man but thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.10

\N1 `Fare ye weel, my servants all!  
And you, my bonny children three!  
God grant your father grace to be kind  
Till I see you safe in my own countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.11

\N1 `As I came into Edinburgh toune,  
With trumpets sounding my father met me;  
But no mirth nor musick sounds in my ear,  
Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.12

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping let abee;  
I\'ll send a bill of divorce to the Earl of March,  
And get a better lord for thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.13

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your folly let abee;  
No other lord shall lye in my arms,  
Since the Earl of March has forsaken me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.14

\N1 `An I had known what I know now,  
I\'d never crossed the water o Tay,  
But stayed still at Atholl\'s gates;  
He would have made me his lady gay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.15

\N1 When she came to her father\'s lands,  
The tenants a\' came her to see;  
Never a word she could speak to them,  
But the buttons off her clothes did f+lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204I.16

\N1 `The linnet is a bonnie bird,  
And aften f+lees far frae its nest;  
So all the warld may plainly see  
They\'re far awa that I luve best.'  
\LBALLADS Child 204J.1

\N1 O WALY, waly up yon bank!  
And waly, waly doun yon brae!  
And waly, waly by yon burn-side,  
Where me and my luve used to gae!  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.2  
\N1 Oh Johnie, Johnie, but love is bonnie  
A little while, when it is new;  
But when love grows aulder, it grows mair caulder,  
And it fades awa like the mornin dew.  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.3  
\N1 I leaned my back against an aik,  
I thocht it was a trusty tree;  
But f+irst [it] bowed, and syne it brak,  
And sae did my fause luve to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.4  
\N1 Once I lay sick, and very sick,  
And a friend of mine cam to visit me,  
But the small bird whispered in my love\'s ears  
That he was ower lang in the room wi me.  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.5  
\N1 `It\'s come down stairs, my Jamie Douglas,  
Come down stairs, luve, and dine wi me;  
I\'ll set you on a chair of gold,  
And court ye kindly on my knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.6  
\N1 `When cockle-shells grow silver bells,  
And gold it grows on every tree,  
When frost and snaw turns f+iery balls,  
Then, love, I\'ll come down and dine wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.7  
\N1 If I had known what I know now,  
That love it was sae ill to win,  
I should neer hae wet my cheffy cheek  
For onie man or woman\'s son.  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.8  
\N1 When my father he cam to know  
That my f+irst luve had sae slighted me,  
He sent four score of his soldiers bright  
To guard me home to my own countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.9  
\N1 Slowly, slowly rose I up,  
And slowly, slowly I came down,  
And when he saw me sit in my coach,  
He made his drums and trumpets sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.10  
\N1 It\'s fare ye weel, my pretty palace!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
And I hope your father will get mair grace,  
And love you better that he\'s done to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.11  
\N1 When we came near to bonnie Edinburgh toun,  
My father cam for to meet me;  
He made his drums and trumpets sound,  
But they were no comfort at all to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.12  
\N1 `It\'s hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your weeping pray let be;  
For a bill of divorcement I\'ll send to him,  
And a better husband I\'ll you supply.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204J.13

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your folly pray now let be;  
For there\'s neer a lord shall enter my bower,  
Since my f+irst love has so slighted me.'

\LBALLADS Child 204K.1

\N1 O WALY, waly up the bank!  
And waly, waly doun the brae!  
And waly by yon river-side,  
Where me and my love were wont to gae!

\SBALLADS Child 204K.2

\N1 A gentleman, a friend of mine,  
Came to the toun me for to see,

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 204K.3

\N1 `Come doun the stair, Jamie Douglas,  
Come doun the stair and drink wine wi me;  
For a chair of gold I will set thee in,  
And not one farthing it will cost thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204K.4

\N1 `When cockle-shells grow siller bells,  
And mussels grow on ilka tree,  
When frost and snaw turns out f+ire-bombs,  
Then I\'ll come doun and drink wine wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204K.5

\N1 But when her father heard of this,  
O but an angry man was he!  
And he sent four score of his ain regiment  
To bring her hame to her ain countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 204K.6

\N1 O when she was set in her coach and six,  
And the saut tear was in her ee,  
Saying, Fare you well, my bonnie palace!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!

\SBALLADS Child 204K.7

\N1 O when I came into Edinburgh toun,  
My loving father for to see,  
The trumpets were sounding on every side,  
But they were not music at all for me.

\SBALLADS Child 204K.8

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
And of your folly I pray let be;  
For a bill of divorcement I\'ll send him,  
And a better lord I\'ll provide for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 204K.9

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And of your folly I pray let be;  
For if I had stayed in fair Orange Green,  
I might have been his gay ladye.'

\LBALLADS Child 204L.1

\N1 WHEN I fell sick, an very sick,  
An very sick, just like to die,  
A gentleman of good account  
He came on purpose to visit me;  
But his blackie whispered in my lord\'s ear  
He was owre lang in the room wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 204L.2

\N1 `Gae, little page, an tell your lord,  
Gin he will come and dine wi me  
I\'ll set him on a chair of gold

And serve him on my bended knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.3  
\N1 The little page gaed up the stair:  
`Lord Douglas, dine wi your ladie;  
She\`ll set ye on a chair of gold,  
And serve you on her bended knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.4  
\N1 `When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
When wine drieps red frae ilka tree,  
When frost and snaw will warm us a\`',  
Then I\`ll cum down an dine wi thee."]  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.5  
\N1 But whan my father gat word o this,  
O what an angry man was he!  
He sent fourscore o his archers bauld  
To bring me safe to his countrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.6  
\N1 When I rose up then in the morn,  
My goodly palace for to lea,  
I knocked at my lord\`s chamber-door,  
But neer a word wad he speak to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.7  
\N1 But slowly, slowly, rose he up,  
And slowly, slowly, cam he down,  
And when he saw me set on my horse,  
He caused his drums and trumpets soun.  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.8  
\N1 `Now fare ye weel, my goodly palace!  
And fare ye weel, my children three!  
God grant your father grace to love you  
Far more than ever he loved me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.9  
\N1 He thocht that I was like himsel,  
That had a woman in every hall;  
But I could swear, by the heavens clear,  
I never loved man but himsel.  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.10  
\N1 As on to Embro town we cam,  
My guid father he welcomed me;  
He caused his minstrels meet to sound,  
It was nae music at a\`' to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.11  
\N1 `Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,  
Leave off your weeping, let it be;  
For Jamie\`s divorcement I\`ll send over;  
Far better lord I\`ll provide for thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.12  
\N1 `Now haud your tongue, my father dear,  
And of such talking let me be;  
For never a man shall come to my arms,  
Since my lord has sae slighted me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.13  
\N1 O an I had neer crossed the Tweed,  
Nor yet been owre the river Dee,  
I might hae staid at Lord Orgul\`s gate,  
Where I wad hae been a gay ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.14  
\N1 The ladies they will cum to town,  
And they will cum and visit me;  
But I\`ll set me down now in the dark,

For ochanie! who'll comfort me?  
\SBALLADS Child 204L.15  
\N1 An wae betide ye, black Fastness,  
Ay, and an ill deid may ye die!  
Ye was the f+irst and foremost man  
Wha parted my true lord and me.  
\LBALLADS Child 204M.1  
\N1 EARL DOUGLAS, than wham never knight  
Had valour moe ne courtesie,  
Yet he's now blamet be a' the land  
For lightlying o his gay lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 204M.2  
\N1 `Go, little page, and tell your lord,  
Gin he will cum and dine wi me,  
I'll set him on a seat of gold,  
I'll serve him on my bended knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204M.3  
\N1 The little page gaed up the stair:  
`Lord Douglas, dine wi your lady;  
She'll set ye on a seat of gold,  
And serve ye on her bended knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204M.4  
\N1 `When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
When mussels grow on ilka tree,  
When frost and snow sall warm us a',  
Then I sall dyne wi my ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 204M.5  
\N1 `Now wae betide ye, black Fastness,  
Ay and an ill dead met ye die!  
Ye was the f+irst and foremost man  
Wha parted my true lord and me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 204N.1  
\N1 SHE looked out at her father's window,  
To take a view of the countrie;  
Who did she see but Jamie Douglas,  
And along with him her children three!  
\SBALLADS Child 204N.2  
\N1 There came a soldier to the gate,  
And he did knock right hastilie:  
`If Lady Douglas be within,  
Bid her come down and speak to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 204N.3  
\N1 `O come away, my lady fair,  
Come away now along with me,  
For I have hanged fause Blackwood,  
At the very place where he told the lie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 204O.1  
\N1 `O COME down stairs, Jamie Douglas,  
O come down stairs and speak to me,  
And I'll set thee in a f+ine chair of gowd,  
And I'll kindly daut thee upon my knee.  
\LBALLADS Child 205A.1  
\N1 YOU\R\'rL marvel when I tell ye o  
Our noble Burly and his train,  
When last he marchd up through the land,  
Wi sax-and-twenty westland men.  
\SBALLADS Child 205A.2  
\N1 Than they I neer o braver heard,  
For they had a' baith wit and skill;  
They proved right well, as I heard tell,



As they cam up oer Loudoun Hill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.3  
 \N1 Weel prosper a\' the gospel-lads  
 That are into the west countrie  
 Ay wicked Claverse to demean,  
 And ay an ill dead may he die!  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.4  
 \N1 For he\'s drawn up i battle rank,  
 An that baith soon an hastilie;  
 But they wha live till simmer come,  
 Some bludie days for this will see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.5  
 \N1 But up spak cruel Claverse then,  
 Wi hastie wit an wicked skill,  
 `Gae f+ire on yon westlan men;  
 I think it is my sovrein\'s will.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.6  
 \N1 But up bespake his cornet then,  
 `It\'s be wi nae consent o me;  
 I ken I\'ll neer come back again,  
 An mony mae as weel as me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.7  
 \N1 `There is not ane of a\' yon men  
 But wha is worthy other three;  
 There is na ane amang them a\  
 That in his cause will stap to die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.8  
 \N1 `An as for Burly, him I knaw;  
 He\'s a man of honour, birth, an fame;  
 Gie him a sword into his hand,  
 He\'ll f+ight thysel an other ten.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.9  
 \N1 But up spake wicked Claverse then+----+  
 I wat his heart it raise fu hie+----+  
 And he has cry\'d, that a\' might hear,  
 `Man, ye hae sair deceived me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.10  
 \N1 `I never kend the like afore,  
 Na, never since I came frae hame,  
 That you sae cowardly here suld prove,  
 An yet come of a noble Gra+eme.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.11  
 \N1 But up bespake his cornet then,  
 `Since that it is your honour\'s will,  
 Mysel shall be the foremost man  
 That shall gie f+ire on Loudoun Hill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.12  
 \N1 `Your command I\'ll lead them on,  
 But yet wi nae consent o me;  
 For weel I ken I\'ll neer return,  
 And mony mae as weel as me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.13  
 \N1 Then up he drew in battle rank+----+  
 I wat he had a bonny train+----+  
 But the f+irst time that bullets f+lew  
 Ay he lost twenty o his men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 205A.14  
 \N1 Then back he came the way he gaed,  
 I wat right soon an suddenly;  
 He gave command amang his men,

And sent them back, and bade them f+lee.

\SBALLADS Child 205A.15

\N1 Then up came Burly, bauld an stout,  
Wi \'s little train o westland men,  
Wha mair than either aince or twice  
In Edinburgh conf+ind had been.

\SBALLADS Child 205A.16

\N1 They hae been up to London sent,  
An yet they\'re a\' come safely down;  
Sax troop o horsemen they hae beat,  
And chased them into Glasgow town.

\LBALLADS Child 206A.1

\N1 `O BILLIE, billie, bonny billie,  
Will ye go to the wood wi me?  
We\'ll ca our horse hame masterless,  
An gar them trow slain men are we.'

\SBALLADS Child 206A.2

\N1 `O no, O no!' says Earlstoun,  
'For that\'s the thing that maunna be;  
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,  
Where I maun either gae or die.'

\SBALLADS Child 206A.3

\N1 So Earlstoun rose in the morning,  
An mounted by the break o day,  
An he has joind our Scottish lads,  
As they were marching out the way.

\SBALLADS Child 206A.4

\N1 `Now, farewell, father! and farewell, mother!  
An fare ye weel, my sisters three!  
An fare ye well, my Earlstoun!  
For thee again I\'ll never see.'

\SBALLADS Child 206A.5

\N1 So they\'re awa to Bothwell Hill,  
An waly, they rode bonnily!  
When the Duke o Monmouth saw them comin,  
He went to view their company.

\SBALLADS Child 206A.6

\N1 `Ye\'re welcome, lads,' then Monmouth said,  
Ye\'re welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;  
And sae are you, brave Earlstoun,  
The foremost o your company.

\SBALLADS Child 206A.7

\N1 `But yield your weapons ane an a\',  
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;  
For, gin ye\'ll yield your weapons up,  
Ye\'se a\' gae hame to your country.'

\SBALLADS Child 206A.8

\N1 Out then spak a Lennox lad,  
And waly, but he spoke bonnily!  
'I winna yield my weapons up,  
To you nor nae man that I see.'

\SBALLADS Child 206A.9

\N1 Then he set up the f+lag o red,  
A\' set about wi bonny blue:  
'Since ye\'ll no cease, and be at peace,  
See that ye stand by ither true.'

\SBALLADS Child 206A.10

\N1 They stelld their cannons on the height,  
And showrd their shot down in the how,  
An beat our Scots lads even down;

Thick they lay slain on every know.

\SBALLADS Child 206A.11

\N1 As eer you saw the rain down fa,  
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,  
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,  
An they lay slain on every know.

\SBALLADS Child 206A.12

\N1 `O hold your hand,' the Monmouth cry\`d,  
`Gie quarters to yon men for me;'  
But wicked Claverhouse swore an oath  
His cornet\`s death revengd sud be.

\SBALLADS Child 206A.13

\N1 `O hold your hand,' Monmouth cry\`d,  
`If ony thing you\`ll do for me;  
Hold up your hand, you cursed Gra+eme,  
Else a rebel to our king ye\`ll be.'

\SBALLADS Child 206A.14

\N1 Then wicked Claverhouse turnd about-+---+--  
I wot an angry man was he-+---+--  
And he has lifted up his hat,  
And cry\`d, God bless his Majesty!

\SBALLADS Child 206A.15

\N1 Than he\`s awa to London town,  
Ay een as fast as he can dree;  
Fause witnesses he has wi him taen,  
An taen Monmouth\`s head frae his body.

\SBALLADS Child 206A.16

\N1 Alang the brae beyond the brig,  
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;  
But lang we\`ll mind, and sair we\`ll rue,  
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

\LBALLADS Child 207A.1

\N1 GOOD people, give attention, a story you shall hear,  
It is of the king and my lord Delamere;  
The quarrel it arose in the Parliament House,  
Concdrning some taxations going to be put in force.  
Ri toora loora la.

\SBALLADS Child 207A.2

\N1 Says my lord Delamere to his Majesty soon,  
`If it please you, my liege, of you I\`ll soon beg a boon.'  
`Then what is your boon? let me it understand.'  
`It\`s to have all the poor men you have in your land.

\SBALLADS Child 207A.3

\N1 `And I\`ll take them to Cheshire, and there I will sow  
Both hempseed and f+laxseed, and [hang] them all in a row.  
Why, they\`d better be hanged, and stopped soon their breath,  
If it please you, my liege, than to starve them to death.'

\SBALLADS Child 207A.4

\N1 Then up starts a French lord, as we do hear,  
Saying, `Thou art a proud Jack,' to my lord Delamere;  
`Thou oughtest to be stabbed'-+---+--then he turnd him about-+---+--  
`For affronting the king in the Parliament House.'

\SBALLADS Child 207A.5

\N1 Then up starts his grace, the Duke of Devonshire,  
Saying, I\`ll f+ight in defence of my lord Delamere.  
Then a stage was erected, to battle they went,  
To kill or to be killed was our noble duke\`s intent.

\SBALLADS Child 207A.6

\N1 The very f+irst push, as we do understand,  
The duke\`s sword he bended it back into his hand.

He waited a while, but nothing he spoke,  
Till on the king\'s armour his rapier he broke.  
\SBALLADS Child 207A.7  
\N1 An English lord, who by that stage did stand,  
Threw Devonshire another, and he got it in his hand:  
`Play low for your life, brave Devonshire,' said he,  
`Play low for your life, or a dead man you will be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 207A.8  
\N1 Devonshire dropped on his knee, and gave him his death-wound;  
O then that French lord fell dead upon the ground.  
The king called his guards, and he unto them did say,  
`Bring Devonshire down, and take the dead man away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 207A.9  
\N1 `No, if it please you, my liege, no! I\'ve slain him like a man;  
I\'m resolved to see what clothing he\'s got on.  
Oh, f+ie upon your treachery, your treachery!' said he,  
`Oh, king, \'twas your intention to have took my life away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 207A.10  
\N1 `For he fought in your armour, whilst I have fought in bare;  
The same thou shalt win, king, before thou does it wear.'  
Then they all turned back to the Parliament House,  
And the nobles made obesiance with their hands to their mouths.  
\SBALLADS Child 207A.11  
\N1 `God bless all the nobles we have in our land,  
And send the Church of England may f+lourish still and stand;  
For I\'ve injured no king, no kingdom, nor no crown,  
But I wish that every honest man might enjoy his own.'  
\LBALLADS Child 207B.1  
\N1 GOOD people give attention to a story you shall hear:  
Between the king and my lord Delamere,  
A quarrel arose in the Parliament House,  
Concerning the taxes to be put in force.  
With my fal de ral de ra.  
\SBALLADS Child 207B.2  
\N1 I wonder, I wonder that James, our good king,  
So many hard taxes upon the poor should bring;  
So many hard taxes, as I have heard them say,  
Makes many a good farmer to break and run away.  
\SBALLADS Child 207B.3  
\N1 Such a rout has been in the parliament, as I hear,  
Betwixt a Dutch lord and my lord Delamere.  
He said to the king, as he sat on the throne,  
`If it please you, my liege, to grant me a boon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 207B.4  
\N1 `O what is thy boon? Come. let me understand.'  
`Tis to give me all the poor you have in the land;  
I\'ll take them down to Cheshire, and there I will sow  
Both hemp-seed and f+lax-seed, and hang them in a row.  
\SBALLADS Child 207B.5  
\N1 `It\'s better, my liege, they should die a shorter death  
Than for your Majesty to starve them on earth.'  
With that up starts a Dutch lord, as we hear,  
And he says, `Thou proud Jack,' to my lord Delamere,  
\SBALLADS Child 207B.6  
\N1 `Thou ought to be stabbed,' and he turned him about,  
`For affronting the king in the Parliament House.'  
Then up got a brave duke, the Duke of Devonshire,  
Who said, I will f+ight for my lord Delamere.  
\SBALLADS Child 207B.7  
\N1 `He is under age, as I\'ll make it appear,

So I'll stand in defence of my lord Delamere.'  
A stage then was built, and to battle they went,  
To kill or be killed it was their intent.

\SBALLADS Child 207B.8

\N1 The very first blow, as we understand,  
Devonshire's rapier went back to his hand;  
Then he mused awhile, but not a word spoke,  
When against the king's armour his rapier he broke.

\SBALLADS Child 207B.9

\N1 O then he stept backward, and backward stept he,  
And then stept forward my lord Willoughby;  
He gave him a rapier, and thus he did say;  
Play low, Devonshire, there's treachery, I see.

\SBALLADS Child 207B.10

\N1 He knelt on his knee, and he gave him the wound,  
With that the Dutch lord fell dead on the ground:  
The king calld his soldiers, and thus he did say:  
Call Devonshire down, take the dead man away.

\SBALLADS Child 207B.11

\N1 He answered, My liege, I've killed him like a man,  
And it is my intent to see what clothing he's got on.  
O treachery! O treachery! as I well may say,  
It was your intent, O king, to take my life away.

\SBALLADS Child 207B.12

\N1 `He fought in your armour, while I fought him bare,  
And thou, king, shalt win it before thou dost it wear;  
I neither do curse king, parliament, or throne,  
But I wish every honest man may enjoy his own.

\SBALLADS Child 207B.13

\N1 `The rich men do flourish with silver and gold,  
While poor men are starving with hunger and cold;  
And if they hold on as they have begun,  
They'll make little England pay dear for a king.'

\LBALLADS Child 207C.1

\N1 O THE Duchess of Devonshire was standing hard by;  
Upon her dear husband she cast her lovely eye:  
`Oh, fie upon treachery! there's been treachery I say,  
It was your full intent to have taen my duke's life away.'

\SBALLADS Child 207C.2

\N1 Then away to the parliament these votes all went again,  
And there they acted like just and honest men.  
I neither curse my king, nor kingdom, crown or throne,  
But I wish every honest man to enjoy but what is his own.

\LBALLADS Child 207D.1

\N1 IN the Parliament House a great rout has been there,  
Betwixt our good king and the lord Delaware:  
Says Lord Delaware to his Majesty full soon,  
`Will it please you, my liege, to grant me a boon?'

\SBALLADS Child 207D.2

\N1 `What's your boon?' says the king, 'Now let me understand.'  
`It's, give me all the poor men we've starving in this land,  
And without delay I'll hie me to Lincolnshire,  
To sow hemp-seed and flax-seed, and hang them all there.'

\SBALLADS Child 207D.3

\N1 `For with hempen cord it's better to stop each poor man's breath  
Than with famine you should see your subjects starve to death.'  
Up starts a Dutch lord, who to Delaware did say,  
Thou deservest to be stabbd! then he turnd himself away.

\SBALLADS Child 207D.4

\N1 `Thou deservest to be stabbd, and the dogs have thine ears,

For insulting our king, in this parliament of peers.'  
Up sprang a Welsh lord, the brave Duke of Devonshire:  
'In young Delaware's defence, I'll fight this Dutch lord, my sire.

\SBALLADS Child 207D.5

\N1 'For he is in the right, and I'll make it so appear;  
Him I dare to single combat, for insulting Delaware.'

A stage was soon erected, and to combat they went;  
For to kill or to be killed, it was either's full intent.

\SBALLADS Child 207D.6

\N1 But the very first flourish, when the heralds gave command,  
The sword of brave Devonshire bent backward on his hand.

In suspense he paused a while, scanned his foe before he strake,  
Then against the king's armour his bent sword he brake.

\SBALLADS Child 207D.7

\N1 Then he sprang from the stage to a soldier in the ring,  
Saying, Lend your sword, that to an end this tragedy we bring.  
Though he's fighting me in armour, while I am fighting bare,  
Even more than this I'd venture for young Lord Delaware.

\SBALLADS Child 207D.8

\N1 Leaping back on the stage, sword to buckler now resounds,  
Till he left the Dutch lord a bleeding in his wounds.

This seeing, cries the king to his guards without delay,  
Call Devonshire down! take the dead man away!

\SBALLADS Child 207D.9

\N1 'No,' says brave Devonshire, 'I've fought him as a man;  
Since he's dead, I will keep the trophies I have won.

For he fought me in your armour, while I fought him bare,  
And the same you must win back, my liege, if ever you them wear.

\SBALLADS Child 207D.10

\N1 'God bless the Church of England! may it prosper on each hand,  
And also every poor man now starving in this land.

And while I pray success may crown our king upon his throne,  
I'll wish every poor man may long enjoy his own.'

\LBALLADS Child 208A.1

\N1 OUR king has wrote a lang letter,  
And sealed it owre with gold;

He sent to my lord Dunwaters,  
To read it if he could.

\SBALLADS Child 208A.2

\N1 He has not sent it with a boy, with a boy,  
Nor with anie Scotch lord;

But he's sent it with the noblest knight  
Eer Scotland could afford.

\SBALLADS Child 208A.3

\N1 The very first line that my lord did read,  
He gave a smirking smile;

Before he had the half o't read,  
The tears from his eyes did fall.

\SBALLADS Child 208A.4

\N1 'Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
'Come saddle to me with speed;

For I must away to fair London town,  
For me was neer more need.'

\SBALLADS Child 208A.5

\N1 Out and spoke his lady gay,  
In child-bed where she lay:

'I would have you make your will, my lord Dunwaters,  
Before you go away.'

\SBALLADS Child 208A.6

\N1 'I leave to you, my eldest son,

My houses and my land;  
 I leave to you, my second son,  
 Ten thousand pounds in hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208A.7  
 \N1 `I leave to you, my lady gay-+---+  
 You are my wedded wife-+---+  
 I leave to you, the third of my estate;  
 That\'ll keep you in a lady\'s life.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208A.8  
 \N1 They had not rode a mile but one,  
 Till his horse fell owre a stane:  
 `It\'s warning gude eneuch,' my lord Dunwaters said,  
 `Alive I\'ll neer come hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208A.9  
 \N1 When they came into fair London town,  
 Into the courtiers\' hall,  
 The lords and knights in fair London town  
 Did him a traitor call.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208A.10  
 \N1 `A traitor! a traitor!' says my lord,  
 `A traitor! how can that be,  
 An it was na for the keeping of f+ive thousand men  
 To f+ight for King Jamie?  
 \SBALLADS Child 208A.11  
 \N1 `O all you lords and knights in fair London town,  
 Come out and see me die;  
 O all you lords and knights into fair London town,  
 Be kind to my ladie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208A.12  
 \N1 `There\'s f+ifty pounds in my richt pocket,  
 Divide it to the poor;  
 There\'s other f+ifty pounds in my left pocket,  
 Divide it from door to door.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 208B.1  
 \N1 THE king he wrote a love-letter,  
 And he sealed it up with gold,  
 And he sent it to Lord Derwentwater,  
 For to read it if he could.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208B.2  
 \N1 The f+irst two lines that he did read,  
 They made him for to smile;  
 But the next two lines he looked upon  
 Made the tears from his eyes to fall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208B.3  
 \N1 `Oh,' then cried out his lady fair,  
 As she in child-bed lay,  
 `Make your will, make your will, Lord Derwentwater,  
 Before that you go away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208B.4  
 \N1 `Then here\'s for thee, my lady fair,  
 . . . . .  
 A thousand pounds of beaten gold,  
 To lead you a lady\'s life.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208B.5  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . his milk-white steed,  
 The ring dropt from his little f+inger,  
 And his nose it began to bleed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208B.6  
 \N1 He rode, and he rode, and he rode along,

Till he came to Westminster Hall,  
Where all the lords of England\'s court  
A traitor did him call.  
\SBALLADS Child 208B.7  
\N1 `Oh, why am I a traitor?' said he;  
`Indeed, I am no such thing;  
I have fought the battles valiantly  
Of James, our noble king.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208B.8  
\N1 O then stood up an old gray-headed man,  
With a pole-axe in his hand:  
`'Tis your head, 'tis your head, Lord Derwentwater,  
'Tis your head that I demand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208B.9  
\N1 . . . .  
His eyes with weeping sore,  
He laid his head upon the block,  
And words spake never more.  
\LBALLADS Child 208C.1  
\N1 THE king has written a broad letter,  
And seald it up with gold,  
And sent it to the lord of Derwentwater,  
To read it if he would.  
\SBALLADS Child 208C.2  
\N1 He sent it with no boy, no boy,  
Nor yet with eer a slave,  
But he sent it with as good a knight  
As eer a king could have.  
\SBALLADS Child 208C.3  
\N1 When he read the three f+irst lines,  
He then began to smile;  
And when he read the three next lines  
The tears began to sile.  
\LBALLADS Child 208D.1  
\N1 THE king has written a braid letter,  
And seald it up wi gowd,  
And sent it to Lord Derntwater,  
To read it if he coud.  
\SBALLADS Child 208D.2  
\N1 The f+irst lines o\'t that he read,  
A blythe, blythe man was he;  
But ere he had it half read through,  
The tear blinded his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 208D.3  
\N1 `Go saddle to me my milk-white horse,  
Go saddle it with speed;  
For I maun ride to Lun<n>on town,  
To answer for my head.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208D.4  
\N1 `Your will, your will, my lord Derntwater,  
Your will before ye go;  
For you will leave three dochters fair,  
And a wife to wail and woe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208D.5  
\N1 `My will, my will, my lady Derntwater?  
Ye are my wedded wife;  
Be kind, be kind to my dochters dear,  
If I should lose my life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208D.6  
\N1 He set his ae f+it on the grund,



The tither on the steed;  
 The ring upon his f+inger burst,  
 And his nose began to bleed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208D.7  
 \N1 He rode till he cam to Lunnon town,  
 To a place they ca Whiteha;  
 And a\' the lords o merry England  
 A traitor him gan ca.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208D.8  
 \N1 `A traitor! a traitor! O what means this?  
 A traitor! what mean ye?'  
 `It\'s a\' for the keeping o f+ive hundred men  
 To fecht for bonny Jamie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208D.9  
 \N1 Then up started a gray-headed man,  
 Wi a braid axe in his hand:  
 `Your life, your life, my lord Derntwater,  
 Your life\'s at my command.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208D.10  
 \N1 `My life, my life, ye old gray-headed man,  
 My life I\'ll freely gie;  
 But before ye tak my life awa  
 Let me speak twa words or three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208D.11  
 \N1 `I\'ve f+fifty pounds in ae pocket,  
 Go deal it frae door to door;  
 I\'ve f+fifty f+ive i the other pocket,  
 Go gie it to the poor.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208D.12  
 \N1 `The velvet coat that I hae on,  
 Ye may take it for your fee;  
 And a\' ye lords o merry Scotland  
 Be kind to my ladie!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 208E.1  
 \N1 THE king wrote a letter to my lord Derwentwater,  
 And he sealed it with gold;  
 He sent it to my Lord Derwentwater,  
 To read it if he could.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.2  
 \N1 He sent it by no boy,  
 He sent it by no slave,  
 But he sent it by as true a knight  
 As heart could wish or have.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.3  
 \N1 The very f+irst line that he looked upon  
 Made him for to laugh and to smile;  
 The very next line that he looked upon,  
 The tears from his eyes did fall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.4  
 \N1 He called to his stable-boy  
 To saddle his bonny grey steed,  
 `That I unto loving London  
 May ride away with speed.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.5  
 \N1 `His wife heard him say so,  
 In childbed as she lay;  
 Says she, `My lord Derwentwater,  
 Make thy will before thou goest away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.6  
 \N1 `It\'s to my little son I give

My houses and my land,  
 And to my little daughter  
 Ten thousand pounds in hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.7  
 \N1 `And unto thee, my lady gay,  
 Who is my wedded wife,  
 The third part of my estate thou shalt have,  
 To maintain thee through thy life.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.8  
 \N1 He set his foot in the level stirrup,  
 And mounted his bonny grey steed;  
 The gold rings from his f+ingers did break,  
 And his nose began for to bleed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.9  
 \N1 He had not ridden past a mile or two,  
 When his horse stumbled over a stone;  
 `These are tokens enough,' said my lord Derwentwater,  
 `That I shall never return.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.10  
 \N1 He rode and he rode till he came to merry London,  
 And near to that famous hall;  
 The lords and knights of merry London,  
 They did him a traitor call.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.11  
 \N1 `A traitor! a traitor! a traitor!' he cried,  
 `A traitor! how can that be,  
 Unless it\'s for keeping f+ive hundred men  
 For to f+ight for King Jamie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.12  
 \N1 It\'s up yon steps there stands a good old man,  
 With a broad axe in his hand;  
 Says he, `Now, my lord Derwentwater,  
 Thy life\'s at my command.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.13  
 \N1 `My life, my life, thou good old man,  
 My life I\'ll give to thee,  
 And the green coat of velvet on my back  
 Thou mayst take it for thy fee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.14  
 \N1 `There\'s f+ifty pounds and f+ive in my right pocket,  
 Give that unto the poor;  
 There\'s twenty pounds and f+ive in my left pocket,  
 Deal that from door to door.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208E.15  
 \N1 Then he laid his head on the fatal block,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 208F.1  
 \N1 THE king has written a broad letter,  
 And seald it with his hand,  
 And sent it on to Lord Arnwaters,  
 To read and understand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208F.2  
 \N1 Now he has sent it by no boy,  
 No boy, nor yet a slave,  
 But one of England\'s fairest knights,  
 The one that he would have.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208F.3  
 \N1 When f+irst he on the letter lookd,  
 Then he began to smile;  
 But ere he read it to an end,

The tears did trickling fall.  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.4  
\N1 He calld upon his saddle-groom  
To saddle his milk-white steed,  
'For I unto London must go,  
For me there is much need.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.5  
\N1 Out then speaks his gay lady,  
In child-bed where she lay:  
'Make your will, make your will, my knight,  
For fear ye rue the day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.6  
\N1 'I'll leave unto my eldest son  
My houses and my lands;  
I'll leave unto my youngest son  
Full forty thousand pounds.  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.7  
\N1 'I'll leave unto my gay lady,  
And to my loving wife,  
The second part of my estate,  
To maintain a lady's life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.8  
\N1 He kissd her on the pillow soft,  
In child-bed where she lay,  
And bade farewell, neer to return,  
Unto his lady gay.  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.9  
\N1 He put his foot in the stirup,  
His nose began to bleed;  
The ring from 's f+inger burst in two  
When he mounted on his steed.  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.10  
\N1 He had not rode a mile or two  
Till his horse stumbled down;  
'A token good,' said Lord Arnwaters,  
'I'll never reach London town.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.11  
\N1 But when into Westminster Hall,  
Amongst the nobles all,  
'A traitor, a traitor, Lord Arnwaters,  
A traitor,' they did him call.  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.12  
\N1 'A traitor? a traitor how call ye me?  
And a traitor how can I be  
For keeping seven thousand valiant men  
To f+ight for brave Jamie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.13  
\N1 Up then came a brave old man,  
With a broad ax in his hand:  
'Your life, your life, Lord Arnwaters,  
Your life's at my command.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.14  
\N1 'My life, my life, my brave old man,  
My life I'll give to thee,  
And the coat of green that's on my back  
You shall have for your fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 208F.15  
\N1 'There's f+ifty pounds in one pocket,  
Pray deal't among the poor;  
There's f+ifty and four in the other pocket,

Pray deal\'t from door to door.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208F.16  
 \N1 `There\'s one thing more I have to say,  
 This day before I die;  
 To beg the lords and nobles all  
 To be kind to my lady.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 208G.1  
 \N1 THE king has wrote a long letter,  
 And sealed it with his han,  
 And he has sent it to my lord Dunwaters,  
 To read it if he can.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208G.2  
 \N1 The very f+irst line he lookit upon,  
 It made him to lauch and to smile;  
 The very next line he lookit upon,  
 The tear from his eye did fall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208G.3  
 \N1 `As for you, my auldest son,  
 My houses and my land;  
 And as for you, my youngest son,  
 Ten thousand pound in hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208G.4  
 \N1 `As for you, my gay lady,  
 You being my wedded wife,  
 The third of my estate I will leave to you,  
 For to keep you in a lady\'s life.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 208H.1  
 \N1 THE king he wrote a letter,  
 And seale+:d it with gold,  
 And sent it to Lor Derwentwater,  
 To read it if he could.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208H.2  
 \N1 The f+irst three lines he looked upon,  
 They made him to smile;  
 And the next three lines he looked upon  
 Made tears fall from his eyes.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208H.3  
 \N1 O then bespoke his gay lady,  
 As she on a sick-bed lay:  
 `Make your will, my lord,  
 Before you go away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208H.4  
 \N1 `O there is for my eldest son  
 My houses and my land,  
 And there is for my youngest son  
 Ten thousand pounds in hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208H.5  
 \N1 `There is for you, my gay lady,  
 My true and lawful wife,  
 The third part of my whole estate,  
 To maintain you a lady\'s life.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208H.6  
 \N1 Then he called to his stable-groom  
 To bring him his gray steed;  
 For he must to London go,  
 The king had sent indeed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 208H.7  
 \N1 When he put his foot in the stirrup,  
 To mount his grey steed,

His gold ring from his f+inger burst,  
And his nose began to bleed.  
\SBALLADS Child 208H.8  
\N1 He had not gone but half a mile  
When it began to rain;  
'Now this is a token,' his lordship said,  
'That I shall not return again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208H.9  
\N1 When he unto London came,  
A mob did at him rise,  
And they calle+:d him a traitor,  
Made the tears fall from his eyes.  
\SBALLADS Child 208H.10  
\N1 'A traitor, a traitor!' his lordship said,  
. . . . .  
Is it for keeping eight score men  
To f+ight for pretty Jimmee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 208H.11  
\N1 O then bespoke a grave man,  
With a broad axe in his hand:  
'Hold your tongue, Lord Derwentwater,  
Your life lies at my command.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208H.12  
\N1 'My life, my life,' his lordship said,  
'My life I will give to thee,  
And the black velvet coat upon my back,  
Take it for thy fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208H.13  
\N1 Then he laid his head upon the block,  
He did such courage show,  
And asked the executioner  
To cut it off at one blow.  
\LBALLADS Child 208I.1  
\N1 KING GEORGE he did a letter write,  
And sealed it up with gold,  
And sent it to Lord Derwentwater,  
To read it if he could.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.2  
\N1 He sent his letter by no post,  
He sent it by no page,  
But sent it by a gallant knight  
As eer did combat wage.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.3  
\N1 The f+irst line that my lord lookd on  
Struck him with strong surprise;  
The second, more alarming still,  
Made tears fall from his eyes.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.4  
\N1 He called up his stable-groom,  
Saying, Saddle me well my steed,  
For I must up to London go,  
Of me there seems great need.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.5  
\N1 His lady, hearing what he said,  
As she in child-bed lay,  
Cry\'d, My dear lord, pray make your will  
Before you go away.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.6  
\N1 'I\'ll leave to thee, my eldest son,  
My houses and my land;

I'll leave to thee, my younger son,  
Ten thousand pounds in hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.7  
\N1 `I'll leave to thee, my lady gay,  
My lawful married wife,  
A third part of my whole estate,  
To keep thee a lady's life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.8  
\N1 He knelt him down by her bed-side,  
And kissed her lips so sweet;  
The words that passd, alas! presaged  
They never more should meet.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.9  
\N1 Again he calld his stable-groom,  
Saying, Bring me out my steed,  
For I must up to London go,  
With instant haste and speed.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.10  
\N1 He took the reins into his hand,  
Which shook with fear and dread;  
The rings from off his fingers dropt,  
His nose gushd out and bled.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.11  
\N1 He had but ridden miles two or three  
When stumbling fell his steed;  
'Ill omens these,' Derwentwater said,  
'That I for James must bleed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.12  
\N1 As he rode up Westminster street,  
In sight of the White Hall,  
The lords and ladies of London town  
A traitor they did him call.  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.13  
\N1 `A traitor!' Lord Derwentwater said,  
'A traitor how can I be,  
Unless for keeping five hundred men  
Fighting for King Jemmy?'  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.14  
\N1 Then started forth a grave old man,  
With a broad-mouthd axe in hand:  
'Thy head, thy head, Lord Derwentwater,  
Thy head's at my command.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.15  
\N1 `My head, my head, thou grave old man,  
My head I will give thee;  
Here's a coat of velvet on my back  
Will surely pay thy fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.16  
\N1 `But give me leave,' Derwentwater said,  
'To speak words two or three;  
Ye lords and ladies of London town,  
Be kind to my lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.17  
\N1 `Here's a purse of fifty sterling pounds,  
Pray give it to the poor;  
Here's one of forty-five beside  
You may dole from door to door.'  
\SBALLADS Child 208I.18  
\N1 He laid his head upon the block,  
The axe was sharp and strong,

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\LBALLADS Child 208[J.1]
\N1 The king has written a brod letter,
An sealled it our with gould,
An sent it to Lord Darnwater,
To read it if he could.
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.2]
\N1 Whan Lord Darnwater saa the letter,
A light laughter lough he;
Bat or he read it to an end
The tear blinded his eye,
An sighan said him good Lord Darnwater,
I am near the day to dei.
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.3]
\N1 Out spak his lady,
In child-bed wher she lay;
`My d<ea>r Lord Darnweter, what is to becom of me,
An my young famely?'
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.4]
\N1 `I will leave my young famely
As well as I cane;
For I will leave to my lady
The third part of my land,
An I will live to my e<l>dest son,
The tua part of my land.
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.5]
\N1 `An I will live to my eldest daught<er]
Five thousand pound of gold,
An I will live to my second daughter
Three thousand pound of gold.
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.6]
\N1 `Ye saddel to me my littel gray horse,
That I had wont to ried;
. . . . .
. . . . .
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.7]
\N1 The f+irst stape Lord Darnwater staped,
He stumbled on a ston;
Said Lord Darnwater,
I feer I ill never come home.
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.8]
\N1 When he came to fair London city,
An near unt<o] the toun,
`A trater! a trater!' said they,
`A trator wee see!'
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.9]
\N1 `A trater?' said good Lord Darnwater,
`A trator I nier could be,
Unless it was bringen three hundred men
To f+ight for young Jamie.'
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.10]
\N1 But when he came to Tour Hill
Befor him came a bold man,
. . . . .
With a broad aix in his hand.
\SBALLADS Child 208[J.11]
\N1 . . . . .
. . . . .
`Hear is f+ive ginies of gold an my green velvet coat,

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For to be your fee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208[J.12]  
 \N1 `Ye nobels all,  
 Come hear to see me die,  
 An ye peopell of fair Sco<t>land,  
 Be kind to my family.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 208[J.13]  
 \N1 Lord Darnuater was dumed to die, to die,  
 Good Lord Darnwater was dumed to die.  
 \LBALLADS Child 209A.1  
 \N1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
 And nobles there was many,  
 And they hae killd Sir Charlie Hay,  
 And they laid the wyte on Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.2  
 \N1 O he has written a lang letter,  
 He sent it to his lady:  
 `Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town,  
 To see what word\'s o Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.3  
 \N1 When f+irst she lookd the letter on,  
 She was baith red and rosy;  
 But she had na read a word but twa  
 Till she wallowt like a lily.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.4  
 \N1 `Gar get to me my gude grey steed,  
 My menyie a\' gae wi me,  
 For I shall neither eat nor drink  
 Till Enbrugh town shall see me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.5  
 \N1 And she has mountit her gude grey steed,  
 Her menyie a\' gaed wi her,  
 And she did neither eat nor drink  
 Till Enbrugh town did see her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.6  
 \N1 And f+irst appeared the fatal block,  
 And syne the aix to head him,  
 And Geordie cumin down the stair,  
 And bands o airn upon him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.7  
 \N1 But tho he was chaind in fetters strang,  
 O airn and steel sae heavy,  
 There was na ane in a\' the court  
 Sae bra a man as Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.8  
 \N1 O she\'s down on her bended knee,  
 I wat she\'s pale and weary:  
 `O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
 And gie me back my dearie!  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.9  
 \N1 `I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,  
 The seventh neer saw his daddie;  
 O pardon, pardon, noble king,  
 Pity a waefu lady!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.10  
 \N1 `Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,'  
 Our king reply\'d fu lordly:  
 `O noble king, tak a\' that\'s mine,  
 But gie me back my Geordie!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209A.11



\N1 The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,  
And they were stark and steady,  
And ay the word amang them a\  
Was, Gordons, keep you ready!

\SBALLADS Child 209A.12

\N1 An aged lord at the king\'s right hand  
Says, Noble king, but hear me;  
Gar her tell down f+ive thousand pound,  
And gie her back her dearie.

\SBALLADS Child 209A.13

\N1 Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,  
Some gae her dollars many,  
And she\'s telld down f+ive thousand pound,  
And she\'s gotten again her dearie.

\SBALLADS Child 209A.14

\N1 She blinkit blythe in her Geordie\'s face,  
Says, Dear I\'ve bought thee, Geordie;  
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green  
Or I had tint my laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 209A.15

\N1 He claspit her by the middle sma,  
And he kist her lips sae rosy:  
`The fairest f+lower o woman-kind  
Is my sweet, bonie lady!'

\LBALLADS Child 209B.1

\N1 `THERE was a battle i the north  
Amang our nobles many,  
And they have killed Sir Charles Hay,  
And they\'ve taen thrae me my Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209B.2

\N1 `O where\'ll I gett a wi bit boy,  
A bonnie boy that\'s ready,  
That will gae in to my biggin  
With a letter to my ladie?'

\SBALLADS Child 209B.3

\N1 Then up and startit a wi bit boy,  
An a bonnie boy was ready:  
`It\'s I\'ll gae in to your biggin  
Wi a letter to your ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209B.4

\N1 When the day was fair an the way was clear,  
An the wi bit boy was ready,  
An he\'s gane in to his biggin,  
Wi a letter to his ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 209B.5

\N1 When she lookd the letter on,  
She was no a wearit ladie;  
But when she lookit the other side,  
She mourned for her Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209B.6

\N1 `Gar sadle to me the black,' she says,  
`For the brown rade neer sey bonnie,  
An I\'ll gae down to Enbro town,  
An see my true-love Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209B.7

\N1 When she cam to the water-side,  
The cobles war na ready;  
She\'s turnd her horse\'s head about,  
An in by the Queen\'s Ferry.

\SBALLADS Child 209B.8

\N1 When she cam to the West Port,  
There war poor folks many;  
She dealt crowns an the ducatdowns,  
And bade them pray for Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.9  
\N1 When she cam to the Parliament Closs,  
There amang our nobles many,  
Cravats an caps war standing there,  
But low, low lay her Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.10  
\N1 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stairs,  
Amang our nobles manie,  
The napkin\'s tyed oer Geordie\'s face,  
And the gallows makin ready.  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.11  
\N1 `O wad ye hae his lands or rents?  
Or wad ye hae his monie?  
Take a\', a\' frae him but his sark alone,  
Lesve me my true-love Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.12  
\N1 The captain pu\'d her on his knee,  
An ca\'d her heart an honey:  
`An ye wad wait se\'en years for me,  
Ye wad never jump for Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.13  
\N1 `O hold your tongue, you foolish man,  
Your speech it\'s a\' but folly;  
For an ye wad wait till the day ye die,  
I wad neer take John for Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.14  
\N1 `Twas up and spak the Lord Corstarph,  
The ill gae wi his body!  
`O Geordie\'s neck it war on a block,  
Gif I had his fair ladie!'  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.15  
\N1 `O haud yer tongue, ye foolish man,  
Yer speech is a\' but folly;  
For if Geordie\'s neck war on a block,  
Ye soud neer enjoy his ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.16  
\N1 `It\'s I hae se\'en weel gawn mills,  
I wait they a\' gang daily;  
I\'ll gie them a\' an amang ye a\  
For the sparin o my Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.17  
\N1 `I hae ele\'en bairns i the wast,  
I wait the\'re a\' to Geordie;  
I\'d see then a\' streakit afore mine eyes  
Afore I lose my Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.18  
\N1 `I hae ele\'en bairns i the wast,  
The twalt bears up my body;  
The youngest\'s on his nurse\'s knee,  
An he never saw his dadie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.19  
\N1 `I hae se\'en uncles in the north,  
They gang baith proud an lordly;  
I\'d see them a\' tread down afore my eyes  
Afore I lose my Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209B.20

\N1 Then out an spak an English lord,  
 The ill gae wi his bodie!  
 `It\'s I gard hang Sir Francie Grey,  
 An I\'ll soon gar hang your Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.21  
 \N1 It\'s out an spak than a Scottish lord,  
 May the weel gae wi his body!  
 `It\'s I\'ll cast of my coat an fecht  
 Afore ye lose your Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.22  
 \N1 It\'s out then spak an English lord,  
 May the ill gae wi his bodie!  
 `Before the morn at ten o\'clock,  
 I\'s hae the head o Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.23  
 \N1 Out then spak the Scottish lord,  
 May the weel gae wi his body!  
 `I\'ll f+ight i bluid up to the knees  
 Afore ye lose your Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.24  
 \N1 But out an spak the royal king,  
 May the weel gae wi his body!  
 `There\'s be bluidie heads amang us a\  
 Afore ye lose your Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.25  
 \N1 `Twas up than spak the royal queen,  
 `May the weel gae wi his body!  
 Tell down, tell down f+ive hunder pound,  
 An ye\'s get wi you yer Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.26  
 \N1 Some gae her gold, some gae her crowns,  
 Some gae her ducats many,  
 An she\'s telld down f+ive hundred pound,  
 An she\'s taen away her Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.27  
 \N1 An ay she praisd the powers above,  
 An a\' the royal family,  
 An ay she blessed the royal queen,  
 For sparin o her Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.28  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 Nae bird sang sweeter in the bush  
 Than she did wi her Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.29  
 \N1 `It\'s wo be to my Lord Costorph,  
 It\'s wo be to him daily!  
 For if Geordie\'s neck had been on the block  
 He had neer enjoyd his ladie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209B.30  
 \N1 `Gar print me ballants weel,' she said,  
 `Gar print me ballants many,  
 Gar print me ballants weel,' she said,  
 `That I am a worthy ladie.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 209C.1  
 \N1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
 Among the nobles many;  
 The Laird of Geight he\'s killd a man,  
 And there\'s nane to die but Geordie.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 209C.2

\N1 `What news? what news, my bonny boy?  
What news hae ye frae Geordie?'  
`He bids ye sew his linen shirts,  
For he\'s sure he\'ll no need many.'

\SBALLADS Child 209C.3

\N1 `Go saddle the black, go saddle the brown,  
Go saddle to me the bonny;  
For I will neither eat nor drink  
Until I see my Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209C.4

\N1 They\'ve saddled the black, they\'ve saddled the brown,  
They\'ve saddled her the bonny,  
And she is away to Edinborough town,  
Straight away to see her Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209C.5

\N1 When she came to the sea-side,  
The boats they were nae ready;  
She turned her horse\'s head about,  
And swimd at the Queen\'s Ferry.

\SBALLADS Child 209C.6

\N1 And when she came to the prison-door,  
There poor folks they stood many;  
She dealt the red guineas them among,  
And bade them pray weel for Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209C.7

\N1 And when she came into the hall,  
Amang the nobles many,  
The napkin\'s tied on Geordie\'s face,  
And the head\'s to gae frae Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209C.8

\N1 `I have born ten bonny sons,  
And the eleventh neer sa his dadie,  
And I will bear them all oer again  
For the life o bonny Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209C.9

\N1 `I have born the Laird of Gight,  
And the Laird of bonny Pernonnie;  
And I will gie them all to thee  
For the life of my bonny Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209C.10

\N1 Up then spoke [a kind-hearted man],  
Wha said, He\'s done good to many;  
If ye\'ll tell down ten hundred crowns  
Away ye shall hae yer Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209C.11

\N1 Some telld shillings, and some telld crowns,  
But she telld the red guineas many,  
Till they\'ve telld down ten hundred crowns,  
And away she\'s got her Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209C.12

\N1 [It\'s up then spoke an Irish lord,  
And O but he spoke bauldly!]  
`I wish his head had been on the block,  
That I might hae got his fair lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 209C.13

\N1 She turned about . . .  
And O but she spoke boldly!  
`A pox upon your nasty face!  
Will ye eer be compared to my Geordie?'

\SBALLADS Child 209C.14

\N1 She set him on a milk-white steed,  
Herself upon another;  
The thrush on the briar neer sang so clear  
As she sang behind her Geordie.

\LBALLADS Child 209D.1

\N1 THERE was a battle i the north  
Among the nobles many,  
The Laird of Gigh he\'s killd a man,  
The brother of his lady.

\SBALLADS Child 209D.2

\N1 `Where will I get a man or boy,  
That will win both goud and money,  
That will run into the north,  
And fetch to me my lady?'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.3

\N1 Up then spake a bonny boy,  
He was both blythe and merry;  
`O I will run into the north,  
And fetch to you your lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.4

\N1 `You may tell her to sew me a gude side shirt,  
She\'ll no need to sew me mony;  
Tell her to bring me a gude side shirt,  
It will be the last of any.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.5

\N1 He has written a broad letter,  
And he\'s seald it sad and sorry;  
He\'s gaen it to that bonny boy,  
To take to his fair lady.

\SBALLADS Child 209D.6

\N1 Away the bonny boy he\'s gaen,  
He was both blythe and merrie;  
He\'s to that fair lady gane,  
And taen her word frae Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209D.7

\N1 When she looked the letter on,  
She was both sad and sorrie:  
`O I\'ll away to fair Edinburgh town  
Myself and see my Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209D.8

\N1 `Gar saddle to me the black,' she says,  
`The brown was neer sae bonny;  
And I\'ll straight to Edinburgh  
Myself and see my Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.9

\N1 When she came to that wan water,  
The boats was not yet ready;  
She wheeld her horse\'s head around,  
And swimd at the Queen\'s Ferry.

\SBALLADS Child 209D.10

\N1 When she came to the Parliament Close,  
Among the poor folks many,  
She dealt the crowns with duckatoons,  
And bade them pray for Geordy.

\SBALLADS Child 209D.11

\N1 When she came to the Parliament House,  
Among the nobles many,  
The rest sat all wi hat on head,  
But hat in hand sat Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209D.12

\N1 Up bespake an English lord,  
And he spake blythe and merrie;  
'Was Geordie\'s head upon the block,  
I am sure I would have his lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.13

\N1 Up bespake that lady fair,  
And O but she was sorrie!  
'If Geordie\'s head were on the block,  
There\'s never a man gain his lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.14

\N1 'I have land into the north,  
And I have white rigs many,  
And I could gie them a\' to you  
To save the life of Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.15

\N1 'I have seven children in the north,  
And they seem very bonnie,  
And I could bear them a\' over again  
For to win the life o Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.16

\N1 Up bespake the gude Argyle;  
He has befriended many;  
'If ye\'ll tell down ten hundred crowns,  
Ye\'s win the life o Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.17

\N1 Some gaed her shillings, some her crowns,  
And some gaed her guineas many,  
And she\'s telld down ten hundred crowns,  
And she\'s wone the life o Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209D.18

\N1 When she came down through Edinborough,  
And Geordie in her hand, O,  
'Where will I get a writer\'s [house],  
A writer\'s house so ready,  
That I may write into the north  
I have wone the life o Geordie'?

\LBALLADS Child 209E.1

\N1 THERE was a battle in the north,  
And rebels there were many,  
And they were a\' brought before the king,  
And taken was my geordie.  
My Geordie O, O my Geordie O,  
O the love I bear to Geordie!  
For the very ground I walk upon  
Bears witness I love Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209E.2

\N1 As she went up the tolbooth-stair,  
The cripples there stood many,  
And she dealt the red gold them among,  
For to pray for her love Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209E.3

\N1 And when she came unto the hall  
The nobles there stood many,  
And every one stood hat on head,  
But hat in hand stood Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209E.4

\N1 O up bespoke a baron bold,  
And O but he spoke bonnie!  
'Such lovers true shall not parted be,'

And she\'s got her true-love Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209E.5  
 \N1 When she was mounted on her high horse,  
 And on behind her Geordie,  
 Nae bird on the brier eer sang sae clear  
 As the young knight and his lady.  
 O my Geordie O, O my Geordie O,  
 O the love I bear to Geordie!  
 The very stars in the firmament  
 Bear tokens I love Geordie.  
 \LBALLADS Child 209F.1  
 \N1 `GEORDIE Lukely is my name,  
 And many a one doth ken me; O  
 Many an ill deed I hae done,  
 But now death will owrecome me. O  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.2  
 \N1 `I neither murdered nor yet have I slain,  
 I never murdered any;  
 But I stole fyfteen o the king\'s bay horse,  
 And I sold them in Bohemia.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.3  
 \N1 `Where would I get a pretty little boy,  
 That would fain win gold and money,  
 That would carry this letter to Stirling town,  
 And give it to my lady?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.4  
 \N1 `Here am I, a pretty little boy,  
 That wud fain win gold and money;  
 I\'ll carry your letter to Stirling town,  
 And give it to your lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.5  
 \N1 As he came in by Stirling town  
 He was baith weat and weary;  
 The cloth was spread, and supper set,  
 And the ladies dancing merry.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.6  
 \N1 When she read the first of it,  
 She was baith glad and cheery;  
 But before she had the half o\'t read,  
 She was baith sad and sorry.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.7  
 \N1 `Come saddle to me the bonnie dapple gray,  
 Come saddle to me the wee poney;  
 For I\'ll awa to the king mysell,  
 And plead for my ain love Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.8  
 \N1 She gaed up the Cannogate,  
 Amang the pair folk monie;  
 She made the handfus o red gold fly,  
 And bade them pray for Geordie,  
 And aye she wrang her lily-white hands,  
 Saying, I am a wearyd lady!  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.9  
 \N1 Up and spoke the king himsell,  
 And oh, but he spok bonnie!  
 `It\'s ye may see by her countenance  
 That she is Geordie\'s lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209F.10  
 \N1 Up and spoke a bold bluidy wretch,  
 And oh, but he spoke boldly!

`Tho [thou] should pay ten thousand pounds,  
Thou\'ll never get thy own love Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209F.11  
\N1 `For I had but ae brother to mysell,  
I loved him best of any;  
They cutted his head from his fair bodie,  
And so will they thy love Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209F.12  
\N1 Up and spoke the king again,  
And oh, but he spak bonnie!  
`If thou\'ll pay me f+ive thousand pound,  
I\'ll gie thee hame thy love Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209F.13  
\N1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
She freely paid the money,  
And she\'s awa to the Gallows Wynd,  
To get her nain love Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209F.14  
\N1 As she came up the Gallows Wynd,  
The people was standing many;  
The psalms was sung, and the bells was rung,  
And silks and cords hung bonnie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209F.15  
\N1 The napkin was tyed on Geordie\'s face,  
And the hangman was just readie:  
`Hold your hand, you bluidy wretch!  
O hold it from my Geordie!  
For I\'ve got a remit from the king,  
That I\'ll get my ain love Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209F.16  
\N1 When he heard his lady\'s voice,  
He was baith blythe and merry:  
`There\'s many ladies in this place,  
Have not I a worthy ladie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 209F.17  
\N1 She mounted him on the bonnie dapple grey,  
Herself on the wee poney,  
And she rode home on his right hand,  
All for the pride o Geordie.  
\LBALLADS Child 209G.1  
\N1 THE weather it is clear, and the wind blows fair,  
And yonder a boy rins bonnie,  
And he is awa to the gates of Hye,  
With a letter to my dear ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209G.2  
\N1 The f+irst line that she lookit on,  
She was baith red and rosy;  
She droppit down, and she dropt in a swoon,  
Crys, Och and alace for Geordie!  
\SBALLADS Child 209G.3  
\N1 `Gar saddle to me the black, black horse;  
The brown is twice as bonnie;  
But I will neither eat nor drink  
Till I relieve my Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209G.4  
\N1 When she cam to the canny Cannygate,  
Amang the puir folk many,  
She made the dollars f+lee amang them a',  
And she bade them plead for Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209G.5



\N1 When she came to the tolbooth-gate,  
 Among the nobles many,  
 She made the red gold f+lee among them a\',  
 And she bade them plead for Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209G.6  
 \N1 Out and spoke the king himsell,  
 `Wha\'s aught this weary lady?'  
 Out and spoke a pretty little page,  
 `She\'s the Earl o Cassilis lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209G.7  
 \N1 `Has he killed? or has he slain?  
 Or has he ravishd any?'  
 `He stole three geldings out o yon park,  
 And sold them to Balleny.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209G.8  
 \N1 `Pleading is idle,' said the king,  
 `Pleading is idle with any;  
 But pay you down f+ive hundred pund,  
 And tak you hame your Geordie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209G.9  
 \N1 Some gave marks, and som gave crowns,  
 Some gave dollars many;  
 She\'s paid down the f+ive hundred pund,  
 And she\'s relieved her Geordie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209G.10  
 \N1 The lady smiled in Geordie\'s face:  
 `Geordie, I have bocht thee;  
 But down in yon green there had been bluidy brees  
 Or I had parted wi thee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 209H.1  
 \N1 `WILL ye go to the Hielans, my bonny lad?  
 Will ye go to the Hielans, Geordie?  
 Though ye tak the high road and I tak the low,  
 I will be in the Hielans afore ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209H.2  
 \N1 He hadna been in the high Hielans  
 A month but barely twa, O,  
 Till he was laid in Prison strong,  
 For hunting the king\'s deer and rae, O.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209H.3  
 \N1 `O where will I get a bonny, bonny boy,  
 That will run my errand cannie,  
 And gae quickly on to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
 Wi a letter to my lady?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209H.4  
 \N1 `O here am I, a bonny, bonny boy,  
 That will run your errand cannie,  
 And will gae on to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
 Wi a letter to your lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209H.5  
 \N1 When she did get this broad letter,  
 A licht, licht laugh gae she, O;  
 But before she read it to an end  
 The saut tear was in her ee, O.  
 \SBALLADS Child 209H.6  
 \N1 `O has he robbd? or has he stown?  
 Or has he kille+:d ony?  
 Or what is the ill that he has done,  
 That he\'s gaun to be hangd sae shortly?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 209H.7

\N1 `He hasna robbd, ha hasna stown,  
He hasna kille+:d ony;  
But he has hunted the king\'s deer and rae,  
And he willl be hange+:d shortly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.8  
\N1 `Come saddle to me the bonny brown steed,  
For the black never rade sae bonny,  
And I will gae on to Edinboro town  
To borrow the life o my Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.9  
\N1 The f+irst water-side that she cam to,  
The boatman wasna ready;  
She gae anither skipper half-a-crown,  
To boat her oer the ferry.  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.10  
\N1 When she cam on to Edinboro town,  
The poor stood thick and mony;  
She dealt them money roun and roun,  
Bade them pray for the life o her Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.11  
\N1 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
She saw there nobles mony,  
And ilka noble stood hat on head,  
But hat in hand stood Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.12  
\N1 Then out it spak an English lord,  
And vow, but he spake bonny!  
`If ye pay down ten thousand crouns,  
Ye\'ll get the life o your Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.13  
\N1 Some gae her marks, some gae her crouns,  
Some gae her guineas rarely,  
Till she paid down ten thousand crouns,  
And she got the life o her Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.14  
\N1 Then out it spak an Irish lord,  
O wae befa his body!  
`It\'s a pity the knicht didna lose his head,  
That I micht hae gotten his lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.15  
\N1 But out it spak the lady hersel,  
And vow, but she spak bonny!  
`The pock-marks are on your Irish face,  
You could not compare wi my Geordie!'  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.16  
\N1 When she was in the saddle set,  
And on ahint her Geordie,  
The bird on the bush neer sang sae sweet,  
As she sung to her love Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.17  
\N1 `First I was mistress o bonny Auchindown,  
And I was lady o a\' Carnie,  
But now I have come to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
The wife o my true-love Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209H.18  
\N1 If I were in the high Hielans,  
I would hear the white kye lowing;  
But I\'d rather be on the bonny banks o Spey,  
To see the f+ish-boaties rowing.'  
\LBALLADS Child 209I.1

\N1 `I choosed my love at the bonny yates of Gight,  
Where the birks an the f+lowers spring bony,  
But pleasures I had never one,  
But crosses very mony.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.2

\N1 `First I was mistress of Pitfan  
And madam of Kinraigie,  
And now my name is bonny Lady Anne,  
And I am Gight\'s own lady.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.3

\N1 `He does not use me as his wife,  
Nor cherish me as his lady,  
But day by day he saddles the grey,  
And rides off to Bignet\'s lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 209I.4

\N1 Bignet he got word of this,  
That Gight lay wi his lady;  
He swore a vow, and kept it true,  
To be revengd on \'s body.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.5

\N1 `Where will I get a bonny boy  
Will run my errand shortly,  
That woud run on to the bonny yates o Gight  
Wi a letter to my lady?'

\SBALLADS Child 209I.6

\N1 Gight has written a broad letter,  
And seald it soon and ready,  
And sent it on to Gight\'s own yates,  
For to acquaint his lady.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.7

\N1 The f+irst of it she looked on,  
O dear! she smiled bonny;  
But as she read it till an end  
The tears were thick an mony.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.8

\N1 `Come saddle to me the black,' she says,  
`Come saddle him soon and shortly,  
Ere I ride down to Edinburgh town,  
Wi a lang side sark to Geordy.'

\SBALLADS Child 209I.9

\N1 When she came to the boat of Leith,  
I wad she did na tarry;  
She gave the boatman a guinea o gold  
To boat her oer the ferry.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.10

\N1 As she gaed oer the pier of Leith,  
Among the peerls many,  
She dealt the crowns and dukedoons,  
Bade them a\' pray for Geordy.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.11

\N1 As she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
Among the nobles many,  
Every one sat hat on head,  
But hat in hand stood Geordy.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.12

\N1 `Has he brunt? or has he slain?  
Or has he robbe+:d any?  
Or has he done any other crime,  
That gars you head my Geordy?'

\SBALLADS Child 209I.13

\N1 `He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,  
He hasna robbed any;  
But he has done another crime,  
For which he will pay dearly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.14  
\N1 In it comes First Lord Judge,  
Says, George, I\'m sorry for you;  
You must prepare yourself for death,  
For there\'ll be nae mercy for you.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.15  
\N1 In it comes his Second Lord Judge,  
Says, George I\'m sorry for you;  
You must prepare yourself for death,  
For there\'ll be nae mercy for you.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.16  
\N1 Out it speaks Gight\'s lady herself,  
And vow, but she spake wordy!  
`Is there not a lord among you all  
Can plead a word for Geordy?'  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.17  
\N1 Out it speaks the first Lord Judge:  
`What lady\'s that amang you  
That speaks to us so boldly here,  
And bids us plead for Geordy?'  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.18  
\N1 Out then spake a friend, her own,  
And says, It\'s Gight\'s own lady,  
Who is come to plead her own lord\'s cause,  
To which she\'s true and steady.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.19  
\N1 The queen, looking oer her shott-window,  
Says, Ann, I\'m soory for you;  
If ye\'ll tell down ten thousand crowns,  
Ye shall get home your Geordy.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.20  
\N1 She\'s taen the hat out of his hand,  
And dear! it set her bonny;  
She\'s beggd the red gold them among,  
And a\' to borrow Geordy.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.21  
\N1 She turnd her right and round about  
Among the nobles many;  
Some gave her dollars, some her crowns,  
And some gave guineas many.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.22  
\N1 She spread her mantle on the floor,  
O dear! she spread it bonny,  
And she told down that noble sum;  
Says, Put on your hat, my Geordy.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.23  
\N1 But out it speaks him gleid Argyle,  
Says, Woe be to your body!  
I wish that Gight had lost his head,  
I should enjoyd his lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.24  
\N1 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
A proud look and a saucy;  
Says, Woe be to you, gleid Argyle!  
Ye\'ll neer be like my Geordy.  
\SBALLADS Child 209I.25

\N1 `You\'ll hae me to some writer\'s house,  
And that baith seen and shortly,  
That I may write down Gight\'s lament,  
And how I borrowed Geordy.'

\SBALLADS Child 209I.26

\N1 When she was in her saddle set,  
And aye behind her Geordy,  
Birds neer sang blyther in the bush  
Than she behind her Geordy.

\SBALLADS Child 209I.27

\N1 `O bonny George, but I love thee well,  
And O sae dear as I love thee!  
The sun and moon and firmament above  
Bear witness how I love thee!'

\SBALLADS Child 209I.28

\N1 `O bonny Ann, but I love thee well,  
And O but sae dear as I love thee!  
The birds in the air, that fly together pair and pair,  
Bear witness, Ann, that I love thee!'

\LBALLADS Child 209J.1

\N1 `FIRST I was lady o Black Riggs,  
And then into Kinraigie;  
Now I am the Lady o Gight,  
And my love he\'s ca\'d Geordie.

\SBALLADS Child 209J.2

\N1 `I was the mistress o Pitfan,  
And madam o Kinraigie;  
But now my name is Lady Anne,  
And I am Gight\'s own lady.

\SBALLADS Child 209J.3

\N1 `We courted in the woods o Gight,  
Where birks and flowrs spring bonny;  
But pleasures I had never one,  
But sorrows thick and mony.

\SBALLADS Child 209J.4

\N1 `He never ownd me as his wife,  
Nor honourd me as his lady,  
But day by day he saddles the grey,  
And rides to Bignet\'s lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 209J.5

\N1 When Bignet he got word of that,  
That Gight lay wi his lady,  
He\'s casten him in prison strong,  
To ly till lords were ready.

\SBALLADS Child 209J.6

\N1 `Where will I get a little wee boy,  
That is baith true and steady,  
That will run on to bonny Gight,  
And bring to me my lady?'

\SBALLADS Child 209J.7

\N1 `O here am I, a little wee boy,  
That is baith true and steady,  
That will run to the yates of Gight,  
And bring to you your lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 209J.8

\N1 `Ye\'ll bid her saddle the grey, the grey,  
The brown rode neer so smartly;  
Ye\'ll bid her come to Edinbro town,  
A\' for the life of Geordie.'

\SBALLADS Child 209J.9

\N1 The night was fair, the moon was clear,  
And he rode by Bevany,  
And stopped at the yates o Gight,  
Where leaves were thick and mony.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.10  
\N1 The lady lookd oer castle-wa,  
And dear, but she was sorry!  
'Here comes a page frae Edinbro town;  
A\' is nae well wi Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.11  
\N1 'What news, what news, my little boy?  
Come tell me soon and shortly;'  
'Bad news, bad news, my lady,' he said,  
'They\'re going to hang your Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.12  
\N1 'Ye\'ll saddle to me the grey, the grey,  
The brown rade neer so smartly;  
And I\'ll awa to Edinbro town,  
Borrow the life o Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.13  
\N1 When she came near to Edinbro town,  
I wyte she didna tarry,  
But she has mounted her grey steed,  
And ridden the Queen\'s Ferry.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.14  
\N1 When she came to the boat of Leith,  
I wat she didna tarry;  
She gae the boatman a guinea o gowd  
To boat her ower the ferry.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.15  
\N1 When she came to the pier o Leith,  
The poor they were sae many;  
She dealt the gowd right liberallie,  
And bade them pray for Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.16  
\N1 When she gaed up the tolbooth-stair,  
The nobles there were many:  
And ilka ane stood hat on head,  
But hat in hand stood Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.17  
\N1 She gae a blink out-ower them a',  
And three blinks to her Geordie;  
But when she saw his een fast bound,  
A swoon fell in this lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.18  
\N1 'Whom has he robbd? What has he stole?  
Or has he killed ony?  
Or what\'s the crime that he has done,  
His foes they are sae mony?'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.19  
\N1 'He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,  
He hasna robbed ony;  
But he has done another crime,  
For which he will pay dearly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.20  
\N1 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
O wae be to his body!  
'The day we hangd young Charles Hay,  
The morn we\'ll head your Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.21

\N1 Then out it speaks the king himsell,  
Vow, but he spake bonny!  
'Come here, young Gight, confess your sins,  
Let\'s hear if they be mony.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.22  
\N1 'Come here, young Gight, confess your sins,  
See ye be true and steady;  
And if your sins they be but sma,  
Then ye\'se win wi your lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.23  
\N1 'Nane have I robbd, nought have I stown,  
Nor have I killed ony;  
But ane of the king\'s best brave steeds,  
I sold him in Bevany.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.24  
\N1 Then out it speaks the king again,  
Dear, but he spake bonny!  
'That crime\'s nae great; for your lady\'s sake,  
Put on your hat now, Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.25  
\N1 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
O wae be to his body!  
'There\'s guilt appears in Gight\'s ain face,  
Ye\'ll cross-examine Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.26  
\N1 'Now since it all I must confess,  
My crimes\' baith great and mony:  
A woman abused, f+ive orphan babes,  
I killd them for their money.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.27  
\N1 Out it speaks the king again,  
And dear, but he was sorry!  
'Your confession brings confusion,  
Take aff your hat now, Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.28  
\N1 Then out it speaks the lady hersell,  
Vow, but she was sorry!  
'Now all my life I\'ll wear the black,  
Mourn for the death o Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.29  
\N1 Lord Huntly then he did speak out,  
O fair mot fa his body!  
'I there will f+ight doublet alane  
Or ony thing ails Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.30  
\N1 Then out it speaks the king again,  
Vow, but he spake bonny!  
'If ye\'ll tell down ten thousand crowns,  
Ye\'ll buy the life o Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.31  
\N1 She spread her mantle on the ground,  
Dear, but she spread it bonny!  
Some gae her crowns, some ducadoons,  
And some gae dollars mony:  
Then she tauld down ten thousand crowns,  
'Put on your hat, my Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.32  
\N1 Then out it speaks Lord Montague,  
Wae be to his body!  
'I wisht that Gight wanted the head;

I might enjoyd his lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.33  
\N1 Out it speaks the lady hersell,  
'Ye need neer wish my body;  
O ill befa your wizzend snout!  
Woud ye compare wi Geordie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.34  
\N1 When she was in her saddle set,  
Riding the leys sae bonny,  
The fiddle and fleet playd neer sae sweet  
As she behind her Geordie.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.35  
\N1 'O Geordie, Geordie, I love you well,  
Nae jealousie coud move me;  
The birds in air, that fly in pairs,  
Can witness how I love you.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.36  
\N1 'Ye'll call for one, the best o clerks,  
Ye'll call him soon amd shortly,  
As he may write what I indite,  
A' this I've done for Geordie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.37  
\N1 He turned him right and round about,  
And high, high looked Geordie:  
'A f+inger o Bignet's lady's hand  
Is worth a' your fair body.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.38  
\N1 'My lands may a' be masterless,  
My babes may want their mother;  
But I've made a vow, will keep it true,  
I'll be bound to no other.'  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.39  
\N1 These words they causd a great dispute,  
And proud and fierce grew Geordie;  
A sharp dagger he pulled out,  
And pierced the heart o 's lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.40  
\N1 The lady's dead, and Gight he's f+led,  
And left his lands behind him;  
Altho they searched south and north,  
There were nane there coud f+ind him.  
\SBALLADS Child 209J.41  
\N1 Now a' that lived into Black Riggs,  
And likewise in Kinraigie,  
For seven years were clad in black,  
To mourn for Gight's own lady.  
\LBALLADS Child 209K.1  
\N1 'I HAVE eleven babes into the north,  
And the twelfth is in my body,0  
And the youngest o them's in the nurse's arms,  
He neer yet saw his daddy.' 0  
\SBALLADS Child 209K.2  
\N1 Some gied her ducks, some gied her drakes,  
And some gied her crowns monie,  
And she's paid him down f+ive thousand pound,  
And she's gotten hame her Geordie.  
\LBALLADS Child 209L.1  
\N1 AND soon she came to the water broad,  
Nor boat nor barge was ready;  
She turned her horse's head to the f+llood,



And swam through at Queensferry.

\SBALLADS Child 209L.2

\N1 But when she to the presence came,  
'Mang earls high and lordlie,  
There hat on head sat every man,  
While hat in hand stood Geordie.

\LBALLADS Child 209M.1

\N1 WHEN he came out at the tolbooth-stair,  
He was baith red and rosy;  
But gin he cam to the gallows-f+it,  
He was wallourt like the lily.

\LBALLADS Child 209N.1

\N1 I HAVE nine children in the west,  
The tenth ane\'s in my bodie;  
The eldest o them she never knew a man,  
And she knows not wha\'s her daddy.

\LBALLADS Child 210A.1

\N1 O it\'s up in the Highlands,  
and along the sweet Tay,  
Did bonie James Campbell  
ride monie a day.

\SBALLADS Child 210A.2

\N1 Saddled and bridled,  
and bonie rode he;  
Hame came horse, hame came sadle,  
but neer hame cam he.

\SBALLADS Child 210A.3

\N1 And doun cam his sweet sisters,  
greeting sae sair,  
And down cam his bonie wife,  
tearing her hair.

\SBALLADS Child 210A.4

\N1 `My house is unbigged,  
my barn\'s unbeen,  
My corn\'s unshorn,  
my meadow grows green.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 210B.1

\N1 Saddled and bridled  
and booted rade he;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
but never cam he.

\SBALLADS Child 210B.2

\N1 Down cam his auld mither,  
greetin fu sair,  
And down cam his bonny wife,  
wringin her hair.

\SBALLADS Child 210B.3

\N1 Saddled and bridled  
and booted rade he;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
but never cam he.

\LBALLADS Child 210C.1

\N1 Hie upon Hielands,  
and laigh upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell  
rode out on a day.

\SBALLADS Child 210C.2

\N1 He saddled, he bridled,  
and gallant rode he,

And hame cam his guid horse,  
 but never cam he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 210C.3  
 \N1 Out cam his mother dear,  
 greeting fu sair,  
 And out cam his bonnie bryde,  
 riving her hair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 210C.4  
 \N1 `The meadow lies green,  
 the corn is unshorn,  
 But bonnie George Campbell  
 will never return.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 210C.5  
 \N1 Saddled and bridled  
 and booted rode he,  
 A plume in his helmet,  
 a sword at his knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 210C.6  
 \N1 But toom cam his saddle,  
 all bloody to see,  
 Oh, hame cam his guid horse,  
 but never cam he!  
 \LBALLADS Child 210D.1  
 \N1 High upon Highlands,  
 and low upon Tay,  
 Bonnie George Campbell  
 rode out on a day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 210D.2  
 \N1 `My meadow lies green,  
 and my corn is unshorn,  
 My barn is to build,  
 and my babe is unborn.  
 \LBALLADS Child 211A.1  
 \N1 OLD Grahame [he] is to Carlisle gone,  
 Where Sir Rob\iert\r Bewick there met he;  
 In arms to the wine they are gone,  
 And drank till they were both merry.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.2  
 \N1 Old Grahame he took up the cup,  
 And said, `Brother Bewick, here\'s to thee;  
 And here\'s to our two sons at home,  
 For they live best in our country.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.3  
 \N1 `Nay, were thy son as good as mine,  
 And of some books he could but read,  
 With sword and buckler by his side,  
 To see how he could save his head,  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.4  
 \N1 `They might have been calld two bold brethren  
 Where ever they did go or ride;  
 They might [have] been calld two bold brethren,  
 They might have crackd the Border-side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.5  
 \N1 `Thy son is bad, and is but a lad,  
 And bully to my son cannot be;  
 For my son Bewick can both write and read,  
 Amd sure I am that cannot he.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.6  
 \N1 `I put him to school, but he would not learn,  
 I bought him books, but he would not read;

But my blessing he\'s never have  
 Till I see how his hand can save his head.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.7  
 \N1 Old Grahame called for an account,  
 And he askd what was for to pay;  
 There he paid a crown, so it went round,  
 Which was all for good wine and hay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.8  
 \N1 Old Grahame is into the stable gone,  
 Where stood thirty good steeds and three;  
 He\'s taken his own steed by the head,  
 And home rode he right wantonly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.9  
 \N1 When he came home, there did he espy,  
 A loving sight to spy or see,  
 There did he espy his own three sons,  
 Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.10  
 \N1 There did he espy his own three sons,  
 Young Christy Grahame, the foremost was he:  
 `Where have you been all day, father,  
 That no counsel you would take by me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.11  
 \N1 `Nay, I have been in Carlisle town,  
 Where Sir Robert Bewick there met me;  
 He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,  
 And a baff+led man by thou I be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.12  
 \N1 `He said thou was bad, and calld thee a lad,  
 And bully to his son cannot be;  
 For his son Bewick can both write and read,  
 And sure I am that cannot thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.13  
 \N1 `I put thee to school, but thou would not learn,  
 I bought thee books, but thou would not read;  
 But my blessing thou\'s never have  
 Till I see with Bewick thou can save thy head.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.14  
 \N1 `Oh, pray forbear, my father dear;  
 That ever such a thing should be!  
 Shall I venture my body in f+ield to f+ight  
 With a man that\'s faith and troth to me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.15  
 \N1 `What\'s that thou sayst, thou limmer loon?  
 Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?  
 If thou do not end this quarrel soon,  
 Here is my glove thou shalt f+ight me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.16  
 \N1 Christy stoopd low unto the ground,  
 Unto the ground, as you\'ll understand:  
 `O father, put on your glove again,  
 The wind hath blown it from your hand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.17  
 \N1 `What\'s that thou sayst, thou limmer loon?  
 Or how dare thou stand to speak to me?  
 If thou do not end this quarrel soon,  
 Here is my hand thou shalt f+ight me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.18  
 \N1 Christy Grahame is to his chamber gone,  
 And for to study, as well might be,

Whether to f+ight with his father dear,  
Or with his bully Bewick he.  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.19  
\N1 `If it be [my] fortune my bully to kill,  
As you shall boldly understand,  
In every town that I ride through,  
They\'ll say, There rides a brotherless man!  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.20  
\N1 `Nay, for to kill my bully dear,  
I think it will be a deadly sin;  
And for to kill my father dear,  
The blessing of heaven I neer shall win.  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.21  
\N1 `O give me your blessing, father,' he said,  
'And pray well for me to thrive;  
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
I swear I\'ll neer come home alive.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.22  
\N1 He put on his back a good plate-jack,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
With sword and buckler by his side;  
O gin he did not become them well!  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.23  
\N1 `O fare thee well, my father dear!  
And fare thee well, thou Carlisle town!  
If it be my fortune my bully to kill,  
I swear I\'ll neer eat bread again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.24  
\N1 Now we\'ll leave talking of Christy Grahame,  
And talk of him again belive;  
But we will talk of bonny Bewick,  
Where he was teaching his scholars f+ive.  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.25  
\N1 Now when he had learnd them well to fence,  
To handle their swords without any doubt,  
He\'s taken his own sword under his arm,  
And walkd his father\'s close about.  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.26  
\N1 He lookd between him and the sun,  
To see what farleys he could see;  
There he spy\'d a man with armour on,  
As he came riding over the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.27  
\N1 `I wonder much what man yon be  
That so boldly this way does come;  
I think it is my nighest friend,  
I think it is my bully Grahame.  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.28  
\N1 `O welcome, O welcome, bully Grahame!  
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!  
O man, thou art my dear, welcome!  
For I love thee best in Christendom.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.29  
\N1 `Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of thy bullyship let me be!  
The day is come I never thought on;  
Bully, I\'m come here to f+ight with thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.30  
\N1 `O no! not so, O bully Grahame!  
That eer such a word should spoken be!

I was thy master, thou was my scholar:  
So well as I have learne+d thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.31  
\N1 My father he was in Carlisle town,  
Where thy father Bewick there met he;  
He said I was bad, and he calld me a lad,  
And a baff+led man by thou I be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.32  
\N1 `Away, away, O bully Grahame.  
And of all that talk, man, let us be!  
We\'ll take three men of either side  
To see if we can our fathers agree.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.33  
\N1 `Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of thy bullyship let me be!  
But if thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch and f+ight with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.34  
\N1 `O no! not so, my bully Grahame!  
That eer such a word should spoken be!  
Shall I venture my body in f+ield to f+ight  
With a man that\'s faith and troth to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.35  
\N1 `Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
And of all that care, man, let us be!  
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch and f+ight with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.36  
\N1 `Now, if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,  
As God\'s will\'s, man, it all must be;  
But if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,  
'Tis home again I\'ll never gae.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.37  
\N1 `Thou art of my mind then, bully Bewick,  
And sworn-brethren will we be;  
If thou be a man, as I trow thou art,  
Come over this ditch and f+ight with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.38  
\N1 He f+lang his cloak from [off] his shoulders,  
His psalm-book out of his hand f+lang he,  
He clapd his hand upon the hedge,  
And oer lap he right wantonly.  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.39  
\N1 When Grahame did see his bully come,  
The salt tear stood long in his eye:  
`Now needs must I say that thou art a man,  
That dare venture thy body to f+ight with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.40  
\N1 `Now I have a harness on my back;  
I know that thou hath none on thine;  
But as little as thou hath on thy back,  
Sure as little shall there be on mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.41  
\N1 He f+lang his jack from off his back,  
His steel cap from his head f+lang he;  
He\'s taken his sword into his hand,  
He\'s tyed his horse unto a tree.  
\SBALLADS Child 211A.42  
\N1 Now they fell to it with two broa<d swords],  
For two long hours fought Bewick [and he];

Much sweat was to be seen on them both,  
 But never a drop of blood to see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.43  
 \N1 `Now Grahame gave Bewick an awkward stroke,  
 An awkward stroke surely struck he;  
 He struck him now under the left breast,  
 Then down to the ground as dead fell he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.44  
 \N1 `Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,  
 Arise, and speak three words to me!  
 Whether this be thy deadly wound,  
 Or God and good surgeons will mend thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.45  
 \N1 `O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,  
 And pray do get thee far from me!  
 Thy sword is sharp, it hath wounded my heart,  
 And so no further can I gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.46  
 \N1 `O horse, O horse, O bully Grahame,  
 And get thee far from me with speed!  
 And get thee out of this country quite!  
 That none may know who\'s done the deed.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.47  
 \N1 `O if this be true, my bully dear,  
 The words that thou dost tell to me,  
 The vow I made, and the vow I\'ll keep;  
 I swear I\'ll be the f+irst that die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.48  
 \N1 Then he stuck his sword in a moody-hill,  
 Where he lap thirty good foot and three;  
 First he bequeathed his soul to God,  
 And upon his own sword-point lap he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.49  
 \N1 Now Grahame he was the f+irst that died,  
 And then came Robin Bewick to see;  
 `Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
 `For I see thou\'s won the victory.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.50  
 \N1 `Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
 `For I see thou\'s won the victory:'  
 `[Father, co>uld ye not drunk your wine at home,  
 [And le>tten me and my brother be?  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.51  
 \N1 `Nay, dig a grave both low and wide,  
 And in it us two pray bury;  
 But bury my bully Grahame on the sun-side,  
 For I\'m sure he\'s won the victory.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.52  
 \N1 Now we\'ll leave talking of these two brethren,  
 In Carlisle town where they lie slain,  
 And talk of these two good old men,  
 Where they were making a pitiful moan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.53  
 \N1 With that bespoke now Robin Bewick:  
 `O man, was I not much to blame?  
 I have lost one of the liveliest lads  
 That ever was bred unto my name.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 211A.54  
 \N1 With that bespoke my good lord Grahame:  
 `O man, I have lost the better block;

I have lost my comfort and my joy,  
I have lost my key, I have lost my lock.

\SBALLADS Child 211A.55

\N1 `Had I gone through all Ladderdale,  
And forty horse had set on me,  
Had Christy Grahame been at my back,  
So well as he woud guarded me.'

\SBALLADS Child 211A.56

\N1 I have no more of my song to sing,  
But two or three words to you I\'ll name;  
But \'twill be talk\'d in Carlisle town  
That these two [old] men were all the blame.

\LBALLADS Child 212A.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `WHERE shall I gang, my ain true love?  
Where shall I gang to hide me?  
For weel ye ken i yere father\'s bowr  
It wad be death to f+ind me.'

\SBALLADS Child 212A.2

\N1 `O go you to yon tavern-house,  
An there count owre your lawin,  
An, if I be a woman true,  
I\'ll meet you in the dawin.'

\SBALLADS Child 212A.3

\N1 O he\'s gone to yon tavern-house,  
An ay he counted his lawin,  
An ay he drank to her guid health  
Was to meet him in the dawin.

\SBALLADS Child 212A.4

\N1 O he\'s gone to yon tavern-house,  
An counted owre his lawin,  
When in there cam three armed men,  
To meet him in the dawin.

\SBALLADS Child 212A.5

\N1 `O woe be unto woman\'s wit!  
It has beguiled many;  
She promised to come hersel,  
But she sent three men to slay me.'

\LBALLADS Child 212B.1

\N1 `YE are the Duke of Athol\'s nurse,  
And I\'m the new-come darling;  
I\'ll gie you my gay gold rings  
To get ae word of my leman.'

\SBALLADS Child 212B.2

\N1 `I am the Duke Athol\'s nurse,  
And ye\'re the new-come darling;  
Keep well your gay gold rings,  
Ye sall get twa words o your leman.'

\SBALLADS Child 212B.3

\N1 He leand oure his saddle-bow,  
It was not for to kiss her:  
`Anither woman has my heart,  
And I but come here to see ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 212B.4

\N1 `If anither woman has your heart,  
O dear, but I am sorry!  
Ye hie you down to yon ale house,  
And stay untill \'t be dawing,  
And if I be a woman true  
I\'ll meet you in the dawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212B.5

\N1 He did him down to yon ale-house,  
And drank untill \t was dawing;  
He drank the bonnie lassie\'s health  
That was to clear his lawing.

\SBALLADS Child 212B.6

\N1 He lookit out of a shot-window,  
To see if she was coming,  
And there he seed her seven brithers,  
So fast as they were running!

\SBALLADS Child 212B.7

\N1 He went up and down the house,  
Says, `Landlady, can you save me?  
For yonder comes her seven brithers,  
And they are coming to slay me.'

\SBALLADS Child 212B.8

\N1 So quick she minded her on a wile  
How she might protect him!  
She dressd him in a suit of woman\'s attire  
And set him to her baking.

\SBALLADS Child 212B.9

\N1 `Had you a quarterer here last night,  
Or staid he to the dawing?  
Shew us the room the squire lay in,  
We are come to clear his lawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212B.10

\N1 `I had a quarterer here last night,  
But he staid not to the dawing;  
He called for a pint, and paid as he went,  
You have nothing to do with his lawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212B.11

\N1 They searchd the house baith up and down,  
The curtains they spaird not to rive em,  
And twenty times they passd  
The squire at his baking.

\LBALLADS Child 212C.1

\N1 AS I went down by the Duke of Athole\'s gates,  
Where the bells of the court were ringing,  
And there I heard a fair maid say,  
O if I had but ae sight o my Johnie!

\SBALLADS Child 212C.2

\N1 `O here is your Johnie just by your side;  
What have ye to say to your Johnie?  
O here is my hand, but anither has my heart,  
So ye\'ll never get more o your Johnie.'

\SBALLADS Child 212C.3

\N1 `O ye may go down to yon ale-house,  
And there do sit till the dawing;  
And call for the wine that is very, very f+ine,  
And I\'ll come and clear up your lawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212C.4

\N1 So he\'s gane down to yon ale-house,  
And he has sat till the dawing;  
And he\'s calld for the wine that\'s very, very f+ine,  
But she neer cam to clear up his lawing.

\SBALLADS Child 212C.5

\N1 Lang or the dawing he oure the window looks,  
To see if his true-love was coming,  
And there he spied twelve weel armd boys,  
Coming over the plainstanes running.



\SBALLADS Child 212C.6

\N1 `O landlady, landlady, what shall I do?  
For my life it\'s not worth a farthing!  
`O young man,' said she, 'Tak counsel by me,  
And I will be your undertaking.

\SBALLADS Child 212C.7

\N1 `I will clothe you in my own body-clothes  
And I\'ll send you like a girl to the baking:  
And loudly, loudly they rapped at the door,  
And loudly, loudly they rappe+:d.

\SBALLADS Child 212C.8

\N1 `O had you any strangers here late last night?  
Or were they lang gane or the dawing?  
O had you any strangers here late last night?  
We are now come to clear up his lawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212C.9

\N1 `O I had a stranger here late last night,  
But he was lang gane or the dawing;  
He called for a pint, and he paid it as he went,  
And ye\'ve no more to do with his lawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212C.10

\N1 `O show me the room that your stranger lay in,  
If he was lang gane or the dawing:  
She showed them the room that her stranger lay in,  
But he was lang gane or the dawing.

\SBALLADS Child 212C.11

\N1 O they stabbed the feather-bed all round and round,  
And the curtains they neer stood to tear them;  
And they gade as they cam, and left a\' things undone,  
And left the young squire by his baking.

\LBALLADS Child 212D.1

\N1 AS I cam in by the Duke of Athole\'s gate,  
I heard a fair maid singing,  
Wi a bonny baby on her knee,  
And the bells o the court were ringing.

\SBALLADS Child 212D.2

\N1 `O it\'s I am the Duke of Athole\'s nurse,  
And the place does well become me;  
But I would gie a\' my half-year\'s fee  
Just for a sight o my Johnie.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 212D.3

\N1 `If ye\'ll gae down to yon ale-house,  
And stop till it be dawing,  
And ca for a pint o the very, very best,  
And I\'ll come and clear up your lawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212D.4

\N1 O he\'s gane down to yon ale-house,  
And stopt till it was dawing;  
He ca\'d for a pint o the very, very best,  
But she cam na to clear up his lawing.

\SBALLADS Child 212D.5

\N1 He looked out at the chamber-window,  
To see if she was coming;  
And there he spied ten armed men,  
Across the plain coming running.

\SBALLADS Child 212D.6

\N1 `O landlady, landlady, what shall I do?  
For my life is not worth a farthing;  
I paid you a guinea for my lodging last night,

But I fear I\ll never see sun shining.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 212D.7  
 \N1 `If ye will be advised by me,  
 I\ll be your undertaking;  
 I\ll dress you up in my ain body-clothes  
 And set you to the baking.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 212D.8  
 \N1 So loudly at the door they rapt,  
 So loudly are they calling,  
 `O had you a stranger here last night,  
 Or is he within your dwelling?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 212D.9  
 \N1 `O I had a stranger here last night,  
 But he was gane or dawing;  
 He ca\ld for a pint, and he paid it or he went,  
 And I hae nae mair to do wi his lawing.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 212D.10  
 \N1 They stabd the feather-beds round and round,  
 The curtains they spared na to tear them;  
 But they went as they came, and left a\ things undone,  
 And the young man busy baking.  
 \LBALLADS Child 212E.1  
 \N1 `I AM the Duke o Athole\'s nurse,  
 My part does well become me,  
 And I wad gie aw my half-year\'s fee  
 For ae sicht o my Johnie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 212E.2  
 \N1 `Keep weill, keep weill your half-year\'s fee,  
 For ye\ll soon get a sicht o your Johnie;  
 But anither woman has my heart,  
 And I\'m sorry for to leave ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 212E.3  
 \N1 \R\'rye\ll dow ye doun to yon changehouse,  
 And ye\ll drink till the day be dawin;  
 At ilka pint\'s end ye\ll drink my health out,  
 And I\ll come and pay for the lawin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 212E.4  
 \N1 Ay he ranted and he sang,  
 And drank till the day was dawin,  
 And ay he drank the bonnie lassy\'s health  
 That was coming to pay the lawin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 212E.5  
 \N1 He spared na the sack, tho it was dear,  
 The wine nor the sugar-candy,  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 212E.6  
 \N1 He\'s dune him to the shot-window,  
 To see an she was coming,  
 And there he spied twelve armed men,  
 That oure the plain cam rinning.  
 \SBALLADS Child 212E.7  
 \N1 He\'s dune him doun to the landlady,  
 To see gin she wad protect him;  
 She\'s buskit him up into women\'s claiths  
 And set him till a baking.  
 \SBALLADS Child 212E.8  
 \N1 Sae loudly as they rappit at the yett,  
 Sae loudly as they callit,  
 `Had ye onie strangers here last night,

That drank till the day was dawin?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 212F.1

\N1 AS I gaed in yon greenwood-side,  
I heard a fair maid singing;  
Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete  
That all the woods were ringing.

\SBALLADS Child 212F.2

\N1 `O I\`m the duke o Athole\`s nurse,  
My post is well becoming;  
But I woud gie a\` my half-year\`s fee  
For ae sight o my leman.'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.3

\N1 `Ye say, ye\`re the Duke o Athole\`s nurse,  
Your post is well becoming;  
Keep well, keep well your half-year\`s fee,  
Ye\`se hae twa sights o your leman.'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.4

\N1 He leand him ower his saddle-bow  
And cannilie kissd his dearie:  
`Ohon and alake! anither has my heart,  
And I darena mair come near thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.5

\N1 `Ohon and alake! if anither hae your heart,  
These words hae fairly undone me;  
But let us set a time, tryst to meet again,  
Then in gude friends you will twine me.

\SBALLADS Child 212F.6

\N1 `Ye will do you down to yon tavern-house  
And drink till the day be dawing,  
And, as sure as I ance had a love for you,  
I\`ll come there and clear your lawing.

\SBALLADS Child 212F.7

\N1 `Ye\`ll spare not the wine, altho it be f+ine,  
Nae Malago, tho it be rarely,  
But ye\`ll aye drink the bonnie lassie\`s health  
That\`s to clear your lawing fairly.'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.8

\N1 Then he\`s done him down to yon tavern-house  
And drank till day was dawing,  
And aye he drank the bonnie lassie\`s health  
That was coming to clear his lawing.

\SBALLADS Child 212F.9

\N1 And aye as he birked, and aye as he drank,  
The gude beer and the brandy,  
He spar\`d not the wine, altho it was f+ine,  
The sack nor the sugar candy.

\SBALLADS Child 212F.10

\N1 `It\`s a wonder to me,' the knight he did say,  
`My bonnie lassie\`s sae delaying;  
She promised, as sure as she loved me ance,  
She woud be here by the dawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.11

\N1 He\`s done him to a shott-window,  
A little before the dawing,  
And there he spied her nine brothers bauld,  
Were coming to betray him.

\SBALLADS Child 212F.12

\N1 `Where shall I rin? where shall I gang?  
Or where shall I gang hide me?

She that was to meet me in friendship this day  
 Has sent nine men to slay me!'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.13  
 \N1 He\'s gane to the landlady o the house,  
 Says, `O can you supply me?  
 For she that was to meet me in friendship this day  
 Has sent nine men to slay me.'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.14  
 \N1 She gae him a suit o her ain female claise  
 And set him to the baking;  
 The bird never sang mair sweet on the bush  
 Nor the knight sung at the baking.

\SBALLADS Child 212F.15  
 \N1 As they came in at the ha-door,  
 Sae loudly as they rappit!  
 And when they came upon the f+loor,  
 Sae loudly as they chappit!

\SBALLADS Child 212F.16  
 \N1 `O had ye a stranger here last night,  
 Who drank till the day was dawning?  
 Come show us the chamber where he lyes in,  
 We\'ll shortly clear his lawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.17  
 \N1 `I had nae stranger here last night  
 That drank till the day was dawning;  
 But ane that took a pint, and paid it ere he went,  
 And there\'s naething to clear o his lawing.'

\SBALLADS Child 212F.18  
 \N1 A lad among the rest, being o a merry mood,  
 To the young knight fell a-talking;  
 The wife took her foot and gae him a kick,  
 Says, Be busy, ye jilt, at your baking.

\SBALLADS Child 212F.19  
 \N1 They stabbed the house baith but and ben,  
 The curtains they spared nae riving,  
 And for a\' that they search and ca,  
 For a kiss o the knight they were striving.

\LBALLADS Child 213A.1  
 \N1 O HEARD ye of Sir James the Rose,  
 The young heir of Buleighen?  
 For he has killd a gallant squire,  
 An \'s friends are out to take him.

\SBALLADS Child 213A.2  
 \N1 Now he\'s gone to the house of Marr,  
 Where the nourrice was his leman;  
 To see his dear he did repair,  
 Thinking she would befriend him.

\SBALLADS Child 213A.3  
 \N1 `Where are you going, Sir James?' she says,  
 `Or where now are you riding?'  
 `O I am bound to a foreign land,  
 For now I\'m under hiding.

\SBALLADS Child 213A.4  
 \N1 `Where shall I go? Where shall I run?  
 Where shall I go to hide me?  
 For I have killd a gallant squire,  
 And they\'re seeking to slay me.'

\SBALLADS Child 213A.5  
 \N1 `O go ye down to yon ale-house,  
 And I\'ll pay there your lawing;

And, if I be a woman true,  
I'll meet you in the dawning.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.6  
\N1 `I'll not go down to yon ale-house,  
For you to pay my lawing;  
There's forty shillings for one supper,  
I'll stay in 't till the dawning.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.7  
\N1 He's turnd him right and round about  
And rowd him in his brechan,  
And he has gone to take a sleep,  
In the lowlands of Buleighen.  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.8  
\N1 He was not well gone out of sight,  
Nor was he past Milstrethen,  
Till four and twenty belted knights  
Came riding oer the Leathen.  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.9  
\N1 `O have you seen Sir James the Rose,  
The young heir of Buleighen?  
For he has killd a gallant squire,  
And we're sent out to take him.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.10  
\N1 `O I have seen Sir James,' she says,  
`For he past here on Monday;  
If the steed be swift that he rides on,  
He's past the gates of London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.11  
\N1 But as they were going away,  
Then she calld out behind them;  
`If you do seek Sir James,' she says,  
`I'll tell you where you'll f+ind him.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.12  
\N1 `You'll seek the bank above the mill,  
In the lowlands of Buleighen,  
And there you'll f+ind Sir James the Rose,  
Lying sleeping in his brechan.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.13  
\N1 `You must not wake him out of sleep,  
Nor yet must you affright him,  
Till you run a dart quite thro his heart,  
And thro the body pierce him.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.14  
\N1 They sought the bank above the mill,  
In the lowlands of Buleighan,  
And there they found Sir James the Rose,  
A sleeping in his brechan.  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.15  
\N1 Then out bespoke Sir John the Gra+eme,  
Who had the charge a keeping;  
`It's neer be said, dear gentlemen,  
We'll kill him when he's sleeping.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.16  
\N1 They seizd his broadsword and his targe,  
And closely him surrounded;  
But when he wak'd out of his sleep,  
His senses were confounded.  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.17  
\N1 `O pardon, pardon, gentlemen!  
Have mercy now upon me!'

`Such as you gave, such you shall have,  
And so we'll fall upon thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.18  
\N1 `Donald my man, wait me upon,  
And I'll give you my brechan,  
And, if you stay here till I die,  
You'll get my trews of tartan.  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.19  
\N1 `There is fifty pounds in my pocket,  
Besides my trews and brechan;  
You'll get my watch and diamond ring;  
And take me to Loch Largon.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.20  
\N1 Now they have taken out his heart  
And stuck it on a spear,  
Then took it to the House of Marr,  
And gave it to his dear.  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.21  
\N1 But when she saw his bleeding heart  
She was like one distracted;  
She smote her breast, and wrung her hands,  
Crying, `What now have I acted!  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.22  
\N1 `Sir James the Rose, now for thy sake  
O but my heart's a breaking!  
Curs't be the day I did thee betray,  
Thou brave knight of Buleighen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.23  
\N1 Then up she rose, and forth she goes,  
All in that fatal hour,  
And bodily was born away,  
And never was seen more.  
\SBALLADS Child 213A.24  
\N1 But where she went was never kend,  
And so, to end the matter,  
A traitor's end, you may depend,  
Can be expect'd no better.  
\LBALLADS Child 214A.1  
\N1 `I dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
I dreamed I was pouing the heather green  
Upon the braes of Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214A.2  
\N1 `O true-love mine, stay still and dine,  
As ye ha done before, O;'  
`O I'll be hame by hours nine,  
And frae the braes of Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214A.3  
\N1 I dreamed a dreary dream this night,  
That fills my heart wi sorrow;  
I dreamed my luve came headless hame,  
O frae the braes of Yarrow!  
\SBALLADS Child 214A.4  
\N1 `O true-love mine, stay still and dine,  
As ye ha done before, O;'  
`O I'll be hame by hours nine,  
And frae the braes of Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214A.5  
\N1 `O are ye going to hawke,' she says,  
`As ye ha done before, O?

Or are ye going to weild your brand,  
 Upon the braes of Yarrow?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.6  
 \N1 `O I am not going to hawke,' he says,  
 `As I have done before, O,  
 But for to meet your brother Jhon,  
 Upon the braes of Yarrow,  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.7  
 \N1 As he gade down yon dowy den,  
 Sorrow went him before, O;  
 Nine well-wight men lay waiting him,  
 Upon the braes of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.8  
 \N1 `I have your sister to my wife,  
 `Ye\' think me an unmeet marrow;  
 But yet one foot will I never f+lee  
 Now frae the braes of Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.9  
 \N1 `Than' four he killd and f+ive did wound,  
 That was an unmeet marrow!  
 `And he had weel nigh wan the day  
 Upon the braes of Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.10  
 \N1 `Bot' a cowardly 'loon' came him behind,  
 Our Lady lend him sorrow!  
 And wi a rappier pierced his heart,  
 And laid him low on Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.11  
 \N1 `Now Douglas' to his sister\'s gane,  
 Wi meikle dule and sorrow:  
 `Gae to your luve, sister,' he says,  
 `He\'s sleeping sound on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.12  
 \N1 As she went down yon dowy den,  
 Sorrow went her before, O;  
 She saw her true-love lying slain  
 Upon the braes of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.13  
 \N1 `She swoond thrice upon his breist  
 That was her dearest marrow;  
 Said, Ever alace and wae the day  
 Thou wentst frae me to Yarrow!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.14  
 \N1 She kist his mouth, she kaimed his hair,  
 As she had done before, O ;  
 She 'wiped' the blood that trickled doun  
 Upon the braes of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214A.15  
 \N1 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
 It hang baith side and yellow;  
 She tied it round 'Her' white hause-bane,  
 `And tint her life on Yarrow.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 214B.1  
 \N1 THREE lords sat drinking at the wine  
 I the bonny braes o Yarrow,  
 An there cam a dispute them between,  
 Who was the Flower o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214B.2  
 \N1 `I\'m wedded to your sister dear,  
 Ye coont nae me your marrow;

I stole her fae her father\'s back,  
An made her the Flower o Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.3  
\N1 `Will ye try hearts, or will ye try hans,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow?  
Or will ye try the weel airt sword,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow?'  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.4  
\N1 `I winna try hearts, I winna try hans,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow,  
But I will try the weel airt sword,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.5  
\N1 `Ye\'ll stay at home, my own good lord,  
Ye\'ll stay at home tomorrow;  
My brethren three they will slay thee,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.6  
\N1 `Bonnie, bonnie shines the sun,  
An early sings the sparrow;  
Before the clock it will strinke nine  
An I\'ll be home tomorrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.7  
\N1 She\'s kissed his mouth, an combed his hair,  
As she had done before, O;  
She\'s dressed him in his noble bow,  
An he\'s awa to Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.8  
\N1 As he gaed up yon high, high hill,  
An doon the dens o Yarrow,  
An there he spied ten weel airt men  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.9  
\N1 It\'s f+ive he wounded, an f+ive he slew,  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow;  
There cam a squire out o the bush,  
An pierced his body thorough.  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.10  
\N1 `I dreamed a dream now sin the streen,  
God keep us a\' fae sorrow!  
That my good lord was sleepin soun  
I the bonnie braes o Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.11  
\N1 `O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
An tak it not in sorrow;  
I\'ll wed you wi as good a lord  
As you\'ve lost this day in Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.12  
\N1 `O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
An wed your sons wi sorrow;  
For a fairer f+lower neer sprang in May nor June  
Nor I\'ve lost this day in Yarrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.13  
\N1 Fast did she gang, fast did she rin,  
Until she cam to Yarrow,  
An there she fan her own good lord,  
He was sleepin soun in Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214B.14  
\N1 She\'s taen three lachters o her hair,  
That hung doon her side sae bonny,



An she\'s tied roon his middle tight,  
An she\'s carried him hame frae Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214B.15

\N1 This lady being big wi child,  
She was fu a grief an sorrow;  
Her heart did break, and then she died,  
She did not live till morrow.

\LBALLADS Child 214C.1

\N1 THERE were three lords birling at the wine  
On the dowie downs o Yarrow;  
They made a compact them between  
They would go f+ight tomorrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214C.2

\N1 `Thou took our sister to be thy bride,  
And thou neer thocht her thy marrow;  
Thou stole her frae her daddie\'s back,  
When she was the rose o Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214C.3

\N1 `Yes, I took thy sister to be my bride,  
And I made her my marrow;  
I stealed her frae her daddie\'s back,  
And she\'s still the rose o Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214C.4

\N1 He is hame to his lady gane,  
As he had done before! O;  
Says, Madam. I must go and f+ight  
On the dowie downs o Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214C.5

\N1 `Stay at hame, my lord,' she said,  
`For that will cause much sorrow;  
For my brethren three they will slay thee,  
On the dowie downs o Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214C.6

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my lady fair,  
For what needs a\' this sorrow?  
For I\'ll be hame gin the clock strikes nine,  
From the dowie downs o Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214C.7

\N1 She wush his face, she kamed his hair,  
As she had dune before, O;  
She dressed him up in his armour clear,  
Sent him furth to f+ight on Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214C.8

\N1 `Come you here to hawk or hound,  
Or drink the wine that\'s so clear, O?  
Or come you here to eat in your words,  
That you\'re not the rose o Yarrow?'

\SBALLADS Child 214C.9

\N1 `I came not here to hawk or hound,  
Nor to drink the wine that\'s so clear, O;  
Nor I came not here to eat in my words,  
For I\'m still the rose o Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214C.10

\N1 Then they a\' begoud to f+ight,  
I wad they focht richt sore, O,  
Till a cowardly man came behind his back,  
And pierced his body thorough.

\SBALLADS Child 214C.11

\N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, it\'s my man John,  
As ye have done before, O,

And tell it to my gay lady  
 That I soundly sleep on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214C.12  
 \N1 His man John he has gane hame,  
 As he had dune before, O,  
 And told it to his gay lady,  
 That he soundly slept on Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214C.13  
 \N1 `I dreamd a dream now since the streen,  
 God keep us a\' frae sorrow!  
 That my lord and I was pu\'ing the heather green  
 From the dowie downs o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214C.14  
 \N1 Sometimes she rade, sometimes she gaed,  
 As she had dune before, O,  
 And aye between she fell in a soune,  
 Lang or she cam to Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214C.15  
 \N1 Her hair it was f+ive quarters lang,  
 \'Twas like the gold for yellow;  
 She twisted it round his milk-white hand,  
 And she\'s drawn him hame from Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214C.16  
 \N1 Out and spak her father dear,  
 Says, What needs a\' this sorrow?  
 For I\'ll get you a far better lord  
 Than ever died on Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214C.17  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue, father,' she said,  
 `For ye\'ve bred a\' my sorrow;  
 For that rose\'ll neer spring sae sweet in May  
 As that rose I lost on Yarrow.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 214D.1  
 \N1 THERE were three lords drinking of wine  
 On the bonny braes of Yarrow;  
 There fell a combat them between,  
 \iWha\r was the rose of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.2  
 \N1 Up then spak a noble lord,  
 And I wot it was bot sorrow:  
 `I have as fair a f+lower,' he said,  
 `As ever sprang on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.3  
 \N1 Then he went hame to his ain house,  
 For to sleep or the morrow,  
 But the f+irst sound the trumpet gae  
 Was, Mount and haste to Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.4  
 \N1 `Oh stay at hame,' his lady said,  
 `Oh stay untill the morrow,  
 And I will mount upon a steed,  
 And ride with you to Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.5  
 \N1 `Oh hawd your tongue, my dear,' said he,  
 `And talk not of the morrow;  
 This day I have to f+ight again,  
 In the dowy deans of Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.6  
 \N1 As he went up yon high, high hill,  
 Down the dowy deans of Yarrow,

There he spy\ 'd ten weel armd men,  
 There was nane o them his marrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.7  
 \N1 Five he wounded and f+ive he slew,  
 In the dowy deans of Yarrow,  
 But an English-man out of a bush  
 Shot at him a lang sharp arrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.8  
 \N1 `Ye may gang hame, my brethren three,  
 Ye may gang hame with sorrow,  
 And say this to my fair lady,  
 I am sleeping sound on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.9  
 \N1 `Sister, sister, I dreamt a dream-+---+  
 You read a dream to gude, O!  
 That I was puing the heather green  
 On the bonny braes of Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.10  
 \N1 `Sister, sister, I\ 'll read your dream,  
 But alas! it\ 's unto sorrow;  
 Your good lord is sleeping sound,  
 He is lying dead on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.11  
 \N1 She as pu\ 'd the ribbons of her head,  
 And I wot it was wi sorrow,  
 And she\ 's gane up yon high, high hill,  
 Down the dowy deans of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.12  
 \N1 Her hair it was f+ive quarters lang,  
 The colour of it was yellow;  
 She as ty\ 'd it round his middle jimp,  
 And she as carried him frae Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.13  
 \N1 `O hawd your tongue!' her father says,  
 `What needs a\ ' this grief and sorrow?  
 I\ 'll wed you on as fair a f+lower  
 As ever sprang on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.14  
 \N1 `No, hawd your tongue, my father dear,  
 I\ 'm fow of grief and sorrow;  
 For a fairer f+lower ne<v>er sprang  
 Than I\ 've lost this day on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214D.15  
 \N1 This lady being big wibairn,  
 And fow of grief and sorrow,  
 She as died within her father\ 's arms,  
 And she died lang or the morrow.  
 \LBALLADS Child 214E.1  
 \N1 LATE at een, drinkin the wine,  
 Or early in a mornin,  
 The set a combat them between,  
 To f+ight it in the dawnin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.2  
 \N1 `O stay at hame, my noble lord!  
 O stay at hame, my marrow!  
 My cruel brother will you betray,  
 On the dowy houms o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.3  
 \N1 `O fare ye weel, my lady gaye!  
 O fare ye weel, my Sarah!

For I maun gae, tho I neer return  
 Frae the dowy banks o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.4  
 \N1 She kisssd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,  
 As she had done before, O;  
 She belted on his noble brand,  
 An he\'s awa to Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.5  
 \N1 O he\'s gane up yon high, high hill-+---+  
 I wat he gaed wi sorrow-+---+  
 An in a den spied nine armd men,  
 I the dowy houms o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.6  
 \N1 `O ir ye come to drink the wine,  
 As ye hae doon before, O?  
 Or ir ye come to wield the brand,  
 On the bonny banks o Yarrow?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.7  
 \N1 `I im no come to drink the wine,  
 As I hae don before, O,  
 But I im come to wield the brand,  
 On the dowy houms o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.8  
 \N1 Four he hurt, an f+ive he slew,  
 On the dowy houms o Yarrow,  
 Till that stubborn knight came him behind,  
 An ran his body thorrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.9  
 \N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,  
 An tell your sister Sarah  
 To come an lift her noble lord,  
 Who\'s sleepin sound on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.10  
 \N1 `Yestreen I dreamd a dolefu dream;  
 I kend there wad be sorrow;  
 I dreamd I pu\'d the heather green,  
 On the dowy banks o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.11  
 \N1 She gaed up yon high, high hill-+---+  
 I wat she gaed wi sorrow-+---+  
 An in a den spy\'d nine dead men,  
 On the dowy houms o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.12  
 \N1 She kisssd his cheek, she kaimd his hair,  
 As oft she did before, O;  
 She drank the red blood frae him ran,  
 On the dowy houms o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.13  
 \N1 `O haud your tongue, my douchter dear,  
 For what needs a\' this sorrow?  
 I\'ll wed you on a better lord  
 Than him you lost on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.14  
 \N1 `O haud your tongue, my father dear,  
 An dinna grieve your Sarah;  
 A better lord was never born  
 Than him I lost on Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214E.15  
 \N1 `Tak hame your ousen, tak hame your kye,  
 For they hae bred our sorrow;

I wiss that they had a\' gane mad  
 Whan they cam f+irst to Yarrow.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 214F.1  
 \N1 LATE in the eenin, drinkin the wine,  
 Or early in the mornin,  
 The set a combat them between,  
 To f+ight it out i the dawnin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.2  
 \N1 She\'s kisser his lips, an she\'s caim'd his hair,  
 As shee did ay afore, O,  
 She\'s belted him in his noble brown,  
 Afore he gaed to Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.3  
 \N1 Then he\'s away oer yon high hill-+---+  
 A wait he\'s gane wi sorrow-+---+  
 An in a den he spied nine armd men,  
 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.4  
 \N1 `If I see ye a\'', ye\'r nine for ane,  
 But ane\'s [un>equal marrow;  
 Yet as lang \'s I\'m able wield my brand,  
 I\'ll f+ight an bear ye marrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.5  
 \N1 `There are twa swords into my sheath,  
 The\'re ane an equal marrow;  
 Now wale the best, I\'ll take the warst,  
 An, man for man, I\'ll try ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.6  
 \N1 He has slain a\' the nine men,  
 A ane an equal marrow,  
 But up there startit a stubborn lord,  
 That gard him sleep on Yarrow.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.7  
 \N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, my sister Anne,  
 An tell yer sister Sarah  
 That she may gang and seek her lord,  
 He\'s lyin sleepin on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.8  
 \N1 `I dreamd a dream now sin yestreen,  
 I thought it wad be sorrow;  
 I thought I was pouin the hether green  
 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.9  
 \N1 Then she\'s away oer yon high hill-+---+  
 I wat she\'s gane wi sorrow-+---+  
 And in a den she\'s spy\'d ten slain men,  
 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.10  
 \N1 `My love was a\' clad oer last night  
 Wi the f+inest o the tartan,  
 But now he\'s a\' clad oer wi red,  
 An he\'s red bluid to the garten.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.11  
 \N1 She\'s kisser his lips, she\'s caim'd his hair,  
 As she had done before, O;  
 She drank the red bluid that frae him ran,  
 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.12  
 \N1 `Tak hame your ousen, father, and yer kye,

For they\`ve bred muckle sorrow;  
 I wiss that they had a\` gaen mad  
 Afore they came to Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.13  
 \N1 `O haud yer tongue, my daughter dear,  
 For this breeds ay but sorrow;  
 I\`ll wed you to a better lord  
 Than him you lost on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.14  
 \N1 `O haud yer tongue, my father dear,  
 For ye but breed mair sorrow;  
 A better rose will never spring  
 Than him I\`ve lost on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214F.15  
 \N1 This lady being big wi child,  
 An fu o lamentation,  
 She died within her father\`s arms,  
 Amang this stubborn nation.  
 \LBALLADS Child 214G.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 SHE kissd his mouth and she combd his hair,  
 As she had done before, O,  
 She belted him in his noble broun,  
 Before he went to Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214G.2  
 \N1 O he\`s gone up yon high, [high] hill-+---+  
 I wat it was with sorrow-+---+  
 In a den he spied nine weal armd men,  
 On the bonny banks of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214G.3  
 \N1 `I see that you are nine for one,  
 Which are of an unequal marrow;  
 As lang \`s I\`m able to wield my bran,  
 I\`ll f+ight and be your marrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214G.4  
 \N1 O he has killed them a\` but one,  
 Which bred to him great sorrow;  
 For up and rose that stubborn lord,  
 Made him sleep sound in Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214G.5  
 \N1 `Rise up, rise up, my daughter Ann,  
 Go tell your sister Sarah  
 She may rise up go lift her lord;  
 He\`s sleeping sound in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214G.6  
 \N1 She\`s gone up yon high, high hill-+---+  
 I wat it was with sorrow-+---+  
 And in a den she spied nine slain men,  
 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214G.7  
 \N1 O she kissed his mouth, and she combd his hair,  
 As she had done before, O;  
 She drank the bleed that from him ran,  
 On the dowie banks o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214G.8  
 \N1 `Take hame your oxen, tak hame your kye,  
 They\`ve bred to me great sorrow;  
 I wish they had all now gone mad  
 First when they came to Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214G.9

\N1 `O hold your tongue now, daughter dear,  
These words to me \'s great sorrow;  
I\'ll wed you on a better lord  
Than you have lost on Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214G.10

\N1 `O hold your tongue now, father dear,  
These words to me \'s great sorrow;  
A brighter O shall there never spread  
Than I have lost in Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214G.11

\N1 This lady being big with child,  
And full of lamentation,  
She died unto her father\'s arms,  
Among the stubborn nation.

\LBALLADS Child 214H.1

\N1 \'TWAS late at evening drinking wine,  
And early in the morning,  
He set a combat them among,  
And he fought it in the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 214H.2

\N1 `I have two swords by my side,  
They cost me both gold and money;  
Take ye the best, I\'ll take the worst,  
Come man for man, I\'ll try ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 214H.3

\N1 He has foughten them all round,  
His equal man and marrow,  
While up bespake the stubborn lord,  
'He\'s made them sleep in Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214H.4

\N1 He says, Go home, my daughter Ann,  
And tell your sister Sarah  
To come and lift her stubborn lord;  
The lad\'s made him sleep in Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214H.5

\N1 As she gaed up yon high, high hill,  
I wot she gaed right sorrow,  
And in a den spied nine well armd men,  
In the dowie dens of Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214H.6

\N1 `My love was dressd in the f+inest robes,  
And of the f+inest tartan,  
And now he\'s a\' clad oer wi red,  
He\'s bloody to the gartan!'

\SBALLADS Child 214H.7

\N1 `O hold yer tongue, daughter!' he says,  
'That would breed but sorrow;  
Ye shall be wed to a f+iner lord  
Than the one you\'ve lost in Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214H.8

\N1 `Hold your tongue, father!' she says,  
'For that will breed but sorrow;  
A f+iner lord can neer be born  
Than the one I\'ve lost in Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214H.9

\N1 `Take hame yer ox, and take hame yer kye,  
You\'ve bred me muckle sorrow;  
I wish they\'d a\' gane mad that day,  
That day they came to Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214H.10  
\N1 This woman being big wi child,  
And full of lamentation,  
She died into her father\'s arms,  
Among that stubborn nation.

\LBALLADS Child 214I.1  
\N1 TEN lords sat drinking at the wine  
Intill a morning early;  
There fell a combat them among,  
It must be fought, nae parley.

\SBALLADS Child 214I.2  
\N1 `O stay at hame, my ain gude lord!  
O stay, my ain dear marrow!'  
`Sweetest min, I will be thine,  
An dine wi you tomorrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214I.3  
\N1 She kisssd his lips, an combed his hair,  
As she had done before O,  
Gied him a brand down by his side,  
An he is on to Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214I.4  
\N1 As he gaed oer yon dowey knowe,  
As he had dane before O,  
Nine armed men lay in a den,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214I.5  
\N1 `O came ye here to hunt or hawk,  
As ye had dane before O?  
Or came ye here to wiel your brand,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow?'

\SBALLADS Child 214I.6  
\N1 `I came nae here to hunt nor hawk,  
As I hae done before O;  
But I came here to wiel my brand,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow?'

\SBALLADS Child 214I.7  
\N1 Four he hurt, an f+ive he slew,  
Till down it fell himsell O;  
There stood a fause lord him behin,  
Who thrust his body thorrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214I.8  
\N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, my brother John,  
An tell your sister sorrow;  
Your mither woud come take up her son,  
Aff o the braes o Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214I.9  
\N1 As he gaed oer yon high, high hill,  
As he had dane before O,  
There he met his sister dear,  
Came rinnin fast to Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214I.10  
\N1 `I dreamd a dream last night,' she says,  
`I wish it binna sorrow;  
I dreamd I was puing the heather green  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214I.11  
\N1 `I\'ll read your dream, sister,' he says,  
`I\'ll read it into sorrow;  
Ye\'re bidden gae take up your luve,  
He\'s sleeping sound on Yarrow.'



\SBALLADS Child 214I.12

\N1 She\'s torn the ribbons frae her head+---+  
They were baith thick an narrow+---+  
She\'s kilted up her green claithing,  
An she\'s awa to Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214I.13

\N1 She\'s taen him in her arms twa,  
An gaen him kisses thorough,  
An wi her tears she bath\'d his wounds,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214I.14

\N1 Her father, looking oer the castle-wa,  
Beheld his daughter\'s sorrow;  
'O had your tongue, daughter,' he says,  
'An lat be a\' your sorrow!  
I\'ll wed you wi a better lord  
Than he that died on Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214I.15

\N1 'O had your tongue, father,' she says,  
'An lat be till tomorrow!  
A better lord there coudna be  
Than he that died on Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214I.16

\N1 She kissd his lips, an combd his hair,  
As she had done before O,  
An wi a crack her head did brack,  
Upo the braes o Yarrow.

\LBALLADS Child 214J.1

\N1 IN Thoro town there lives a maid,  
I am sure she has no marrow;  
For she has forsaken both lords and knights,  
And loved a servant-lad in Galla.

\SBALLADS Child 214J.2

\N1 Evening and morning her page he ran,  
Her page he ran wi sorrow,  
With letters bound, just frae the town,  
To the servant-lad in Galla.

\SBALLADS Child 214J.3

\N1 Her father he got word of that,  
And he\'s bred all her sorrow;  
He sent him forth to f+ight wi nine,  
In the dowie glens of Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214J.4

\N1 She washd his face, she combd his hair,  
She thought he had no marrow;  
Wi a thrusty rapier by his side,  
She sent him forth to Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214J.5

\N1 She\'s taen fareweel of him that day,  
As she had done before, O,  
And she\'s comd back to her bonny bower,  
But her love\'s away to Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214J.6

\N1 He wanderd up, he wandred down,  
His heart was full of sorrow;  
There he spied nine gentlemen,  
Watering their steeds in Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214J.7

\N1 'O come away, young man,' they said,  
'I\'m sure ye\'r no our marrow;

Ye\'r welcome here, young man,' they said,  
 `For the bonny lass o Thorro.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.8  
 \N1 `Nine against one, weel do ye ken,  
 That\'s no an equal marrow;  
 Yet for my love\'s sake I\'ll venture my life,  
 In the dowie glens of Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.9  
 \N1 Five was wounded, and four was slain,  
 Amongst them a\' he had no marrow;  
 He\'s mounted on his horse again,  
 Cries, I have won the bonny lass of Thorro!  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.10  
 \N1 Up then spake her father dear+---+  
 And he\'s bred all her sorrow+---+  
 And wi a broad sword ran him through,  
 In the dowie glens of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.11  
 \N1 `I have dreamd a dream, father,  
 I doubt I have dreamd for sorrow;  
 I dreamd I was pouing the heather green  
 Wi my true love in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.12  
 \N1 `O I will read your dream, daughter,  
 Although it be for your sorrow;  
 Go, and ye\'ll f+ind your love lying sound,  
 In a heather-bush in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.13  
 \N1 She\'s calld on her maidens then+---+  
 Her heart was full of sorrow+---+  
 And she\'s away wi her maidens twa,  
 To the dowie glens o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.14  
 \N1 She wandered up, she wandred down,  
 In the dowie glens of Yarrow,  
 And there she spied her lobe lying sound,  
 In a heather-bush in Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.15  
 \N1 She\'s washd hin in the clear well-strand,  
 She\'s dry\'d him wi the holland,  
 And aye she sighd, and said, Alass!  
 For my love I had him chosen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.16  
 \N1 His hair it was three quarters long,  
 Three quarters long and yellow;  
 And she\'s rapt it round her middle small,  
 And brought it home to Thorro.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.17  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue, my daughter dear,  
 And talk no more of sorrow;  
 I\'ll soon wed you on a better match  
 Than your servant-lad in Galla.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.18  
 \N1 `O you may wed a\' your seven sons,  
 I wish you may wed them in sorrow:  
 O you may wed a\' your seven sons,  
 For you\'ll neer wed the bonny lass of Thoro.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214J.19  
 \N1 This lady being big wi child,  
 And her heart was full wi sorrow,

She died between her father\'s arms,  
In the bonny house of Thorro.  
\LBALLADS Child 214K.1  
\N1 THERE lived a lady in the south,  
She thought she had not her marrow;  
And she was courted by nine gentlemen,  
In the dowie dens in Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.2  
\N1 All their offers they proved in vain,  
She thought that they were not her marrow;  
She has forsaken a\' the nine,  
Loved a servant-lad on Galla.  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.3  
\N1 \R \rup bespoke her father dear,  
Who bred them a\' this sorrow;  
You must go far, far to f+ight the nine,  
In the dowie den in Yarrow, '  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.4  
\N1 She washd his face, she combd his hair,  
Her heart being full of sorrow,  
With a rusted rapier down by his side,  
To f+ight his foes in Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.5  
\N1 He\'s ridden east, he\'s ridden west,  
He\'s ridden into Yarrow,  
And there he espied all the nine,  
Watering their steeds in Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.6  
\N1 `Ye\'r welcome, welcome, young man, ' they said,  
`But I think ye are not our marrow; '  
`But I\'ll f+ight ye all out, one by one,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow. '  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.7  
\N1 Four he has wounded, f+ive he has slain,  
He left then a\' sound in Yarrow;  
He turned him round with rejoyfull looks,  
Says, I wone the lady of Thoro.  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.8  
\N1 Up then spoke her father dear,  
Who bred them a\' this sorrow;  
He\'s taen out a broadsword and run him through,  
In the dowie dens o Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.9  
\N1 `I dreamed a dream last night, ' she says,  
`I fear it is for sorrow;  
I dreand I was pulling the heather green  
With my true love in Yarrow. '  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.10  
\N1 `I\'ll read your dream now, daughter dear,  
I fear it is for sorrow;  
You will f+ind your true-love lying sound,  
In a heather bush in Yarrow. '  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.11  
\N1 She\'s ridden east, she\'s ridden west,  
She\'s ridden into Yarrow;  
There she found her true lover sound,  
In a heather bush in Yarrow.  
\SBALLADS Child 214K.12  
\N1 His hair it was f+ive quarters lang,  
It was baith lang and yellow;

She\'s tied it to her horse\'s mane,  
 She\'s trailed him home from Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214K.13  
 \N1 `O woe be to you, father dear!  
 You\'ve bred me all this sorrow;  
 So she died between her father\'s arms,  
 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.  
 \LBALLADS Child 214L.1  
 \N1 AT Dryhope lived a lady fair,  
 The fairest f+lower in Yarrow,  
 And she refused nine noble men  
 For a servan lad in Gala.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.2  
 \N1 Her father said that he should f+ight  
 The nine lords all to-morrow,  
 And he that should the victor be  
 Would get the Rose of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.3  
 \N1 Quoth he, You\'re nine, an I\'m but ane,  
 And in that there\'s no much marrow;  
 Yet I shall fecht ye, man for man,  
 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.4  
 \N1 She kissed his lips, and combed his hair,  
 As oft she\'d done before, O,  
 An set him on her milk-white steed,  
 Which bore him on to Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.5  
 \N1 When he got oer yon high, high hill,  
 An down the dens o Yarrow,  
 There did he see the nine lords all,  
 But there was not one his marrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.6  
 \N1 `Now here ye\'re nine, an I\'m but ane,  
 But yet I am not sorrow;  
 For here I\'ll fecht ye, man for man,  
 For my true love in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.7  
 \N1 Then he wheeld round, and fought so f+ierce  
 Till the seventh fell in Yarrow,  
 When her brother sprang from a bush behind,  
 And ran his body thorough.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.8  
 \N1 He never spoke more words than these,  
 An they were words o sorrow;  
 `Ye may tell my true love, if ye please,  
 That I\'m sleepin sound in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.9  
 \N1 They\'ve taen the young man by the heels  
 And trailed him like a harrow,  
 And then they f+lung the comely youth  
 In a whirlpool o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.10  
 \N1 The lady said, I dreamed yestreen-+---+  
 I fear it bodes some sorrow-+---+  
 That I was pu\'in the heather green  
 On the scroggy braes o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.11  
 \N1 Her brother said, I\'ll read your dream,  
 But it should cause nae sorrow;

Ye may go seek your lover hame,  
 For he\'s sleepin sound in Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.12  
 \N1 Then she rode oer yon gloomy height,  
 An her heart was fu o sorrow,  
 But only saw the clud o night,  
 Or heard the roar o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.13  
 \N1 But she wandered east, so did she wast,  
 And searched the forest thorough,  
 Until she spied her ain true love,  
 Lyin deeply drowned in Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.14  
 \N1 His hair it was f+ive quarters lang,  
 Its colour was the yellow;  
 She twined it round her lily hand,  
 And drew him out o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.15  
 \N1 She kissed his lips, and combed his head,  
 As oft she\'d done before, O;  
 She laid hin oer her milk-white steed,  
 An bore him home from Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.16  
 \N1 She washed his wounds in yon well-strand,  
 And dried him wi the hollan,  
 And aye she sighed, and said, Alas!  
 For my love I had him chosen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.17  
 \N1 `Go hold your tongue,' her father said,  
 `There\'s little cause for sorrow;  
 I\'ll wed ye on a better lad  
 Than ye hae lost in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.18  
 \N1 `Haud your ain tongue, my faither dear,  
 I canna help my sorrow;  
 A fairer f+lower neer sprang in May  
 Than I hae lost in Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.19  
 \N1 `I meant to make my bed fu wide,  
 But you may make it narrow;  
 For now I\'ve nane to be my guide  
 But a deid man drowned in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214L.20  
 \N1 An aye she screighed, and cried Alas!  
 Till her heart did break wi sorrow,  
 An sank into her faither\'s arms,  
 Mang the dowie dens o Yarrow.  
 \LBALLADS Child 214M.1  
 \N1 O AY he sat, and ay he drank,  
 An ay he counted the laying,  
 An ay he drank to the lass\'es health  
 Was to meet him in the dawning.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.2  
 \N1 Up he gaes on yon high, high hill,  
 An a wat he geas wi sorrow,  
 An in a den he spy\'d nine well armd men,  
 On the dowie banks of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.3  
 \N1 `Oh woe be to young women\'s wit!  
 For the\'ve bred to me meikle sorrow;

She promis'd for to meet me here,  
 An she\'s sent nine men to slay me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.4  
 \N1 `But there is two swords in my scabba<rd],  
 They cost me gold and money;  
 Tak ye the best, and I\'ll tak the wa<rst],  
 An come man for man, I\'ll not f+ly yo<u].'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.5  
 \N1 Ay he stood, an ay he fought,  
 Till it was near the dawning,  
 Then up an rose her brother James,  
 An has slain him in the dawning.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.6  
 \N1 `O the last night I dream'd a dream,  
 God keep us a\' frae sorrow!  
 I dream'd I was powing the heather green  
 In the dowie banks of Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.7  
 \N1 Up she gaes on yon high, high hill,  
 An a wat she gaes with sorrow,  
 An in a den she spy\'d nine slain men,  
 In the dowie banks of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.8  
 \N1 `O the last time I saw my love  
 He was a\' clad oer in tartan;  
 But now he\'s a\' clad oer in red,  
 An he\'s a\' blood to the gartin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.9  
 \N1 She kist his mouth, an she\'s comb'd his hair,  
 As she had done before, O,  
 She drank the blood that from him ran,  
 In the dowie banks of Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.10  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue now, daughter,' he says,  
 `An breed to me no more sorrow;  
 For I\'ll wed you on a better match  
 Than you have lost on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214M.11  
 \N1 `Hold your tongue now, father,' she says,  
 `An breed to me no more sorrow;  
 For a better rose will never spring  
 Than I have lost on Yarrow.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 214N.1  
 \N1 THE cock did crawl, and the day did daw,  
 And the moon shone fair and clearly;  
 Sir James gade out o his castle-yett,  
 To meet fair Anne, his dearie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214N.2  
 \N1 `O come down, come down, my true-love Anne,  
 And speak but ae word to me!  
 But ae kiss o your bonny mouth  
 Wad yield much comfort to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214N.3  
 \N1 `O how can I come down?' she says,  
 `Or how can I win to thee?  
 When there is nane that I can trust  
 Wad safe convey me to thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214N.4  
 \N1 `But gang doun, gang doun, to yon hostess\' house,  
 And there take on yere lawing,

And, as I\'m a woman kind and true,  
I\'ll meet you at the dawning.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.5  
\N1 Then he gade thro the good green-wood,  
And oer the moor sae eerie,  
And lang he stayd, and sair he sighd,  
But he never mair saw his dearie.  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.6  
\N1 And ay he sat, and lang he drank,  
And ay he counted his lawing,  
Till f+fifteen men did him surround,  
To slay him or the dawning.  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.7  
\N1 `O she promisd ance to meet me this night,  
But I f+ind she deceived me;  
She promisd ance to meet me this night,  
And she\'s sent f+fifteen to slay me!  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.8  
\N1 `There are twa swords in my scabard,  
They cost me gowd and money;  
Take ye the best, and gie me the warst,  
And man for man I\'ll try ye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.9  
\N1 Then they fought on, and on they fought,  
Till maist o them were fallen,  
When her brother John cam him behind,  
And slew him at the dawning.  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.10  
\N1 Then he\'s away to his sister Anne,  
To the chamber where\'s she\'s lying:  
`Come doun, come doun, my sister Anne,  
And take up your true-love Jamie!  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.11  
\N1 `Come doun, come doun now, sister Anne!  
For he\'s sleeping in yon logie;  
Sound, sound he sleeps, nae mair to wake,  
And nae mair need ye be vogie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.12  
\N1 `I dreamd a drearie dream yestreen,  
Gin it be true, it will prove my sorrow;  
I dreamd my luive had lost his life,  
Within the yetts o Gowrie.  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.13  
\N1 `O wae betide ye, lassies o Gowrie  
For ye hae sleepit soundly;  
Gin ye had keepit your yetts shut,  
Ye might hae sav\'d the life o my Jamie.  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.14  
\N1 `Yestreen my luive had a suit o claise  
Were o the f+inest tartan;  
But lang or ere the day did daw  
They war a\' red bluid to the garten.  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.15  
\N1 `Yestreen my luive had a suit o claise  
Were o the apple reamin;  
But lang or ere the day did daw  
The red bluid had them streamin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 214N.16  
\N1 In yon fair ha, where the winds did blaw,  
When the moon shone fair and clearly,

She\'s thrawn her green skirt oer her head,  
And ay she cried out mercy.

\\BALLADS Child 2140.1

\\N1 `I DREAMD a dreary dream last night,  
God keep us a\' frae sorrow!  
I dreamd I pu\'d the birk sae green  
Wi my true love on Yarrow.'

\\SBALLADS Child 2140.2

\\N1 `I\'ll read your dream, my sister dear,  
I\'ll tell you a\' your sorrow;  
You pu\'d the birk wi your true luve,  
He\'s killd, he\'s killd on Yarrow!'

\\SBALLADS Child 2140.3

\\N1 `O gentle wind, that blaweth south  
To where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!

\\SBALLADS Child 2140.4

\\N1 `But oer yon glen run armed men,  
Have wrought me dule and sorrow;  
They\'ve slain, they\'ve slain the comliest swain,  
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

\\LBALLADS Child 214P.1

\\N1 `GET up, get up now, sister Ann,  
I fear we\'ve wrought you sorrow;  
Get up, ye\'ll f+ind your true love slain,  
Among the banks of Yarrow.'

\\SBALLADS Child 214P.2

\\N1 `I made my love a suit of clothes,  
I clad him all in tartan,  
But ere the morning sun arose,  
He was a\' bluid to the gartan.'

\\LBALLADS Child 214[Q.1]

\\N1 There lived a lady in the West,  
I neer could f+ind her marrow;  
She was courted by nine gentlemen,  
And a ploughboy-lad in Yarrow.

\\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.2]

\\N1 These nine sat drinking at the wine,  
Sat drinking wine in Yarrow;  
They made a vow among themselves  
To f+ight for her in Yarrow.

\\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.3]

\\N1 She washed his face, she kaimed his hair,  
As oft she\'d done before, O,  
She made him like a knight sae bright,  
To f+ight for her in Yarrow.

\\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.4]

\\N1 As he walked up yon high, high hill,  
And down by the holmes of Yarrow,  
There he saw nine arme+:d men,  
Come to f+ight with him in Yarrow.

\\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.5]

\\N1 `There\'s nine of you, there\'s one of me,  
It\'s an unequal marrow;  
But I\'ll f+ight you all one by one,  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

\\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.6]

\\N1 Three he slew, and three they f+lew,  
And three he wounded sorely,



Till her brother John he came in beyond,  
And pierced his heart most foully.  
\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.7]  
\N1 `Go home, go home, thou false young man,  
And tell thy sister Sarah  
That her true-love John lies dead and gone  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.8]  
\N1 `O father dear, I dreamed a dream,  
I\'m afraid it will bring sorrow;  
I dreamed I was pulling the heather-bell  
In the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.9]  
\N1 `O daughter dear, I read your dream,  
I doubt it will prove sorrow;  
For your true-love John lies dead and gone  
On the dowie dens of Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.10]  
\N1 As she walked up yon high, high hill,  
And down by the holmes of Yarrow,  
There she saw her true-love John,  
Lying pale and dead on Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.11]  
\N1 Her hair it being three quarters long--  
The colour it was yellow--+-  
She wrapped it round his middle sma,  
And carried him hame to Yarrow.

\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.12]  
\N1 `O father dear, you\'ve seven sons,  
You may wed them a\' tomorrow,  
But a fairer f+lower I never saw  
Than the lad I loved in Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214[Q.13]  
\N1 The fair maid being great with child,  
It f+illed her heart with sorrow;  
She died within her lover\'s arms,  
Between that day and morrow.

\LBALLADS Child 214[R.1]  
\N1 There were three lords drinking at the wine  
In the Leader Haughs of Yarrow:  
`Shall we go play at cards and dice,  
As we have done before, O?  
Or shall we go play at the single sword,  
In the Leader Haughs of Yarrow?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 214[R.2]  
\N1 Three he wounded, and f+ive he slew,  
As he had [done] before, O,  
But an English lord lap from a bush,  
And he proved all the sorrow;  
He had a spear three quarters long,  
And her thrust his body thorough.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 214[R.3]  
\N1 `I dreamed . . . .  
I wis it prove nae sorrow!  
I dreamed I was puing the apples green  
In the dowie howms o Yarrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 214[R.4]  
\N1 `O sister, sister, I\'ll read your dream,

And I'll read it in sorrow;  
 Ye may gae bring hame your ain true-love,  
 For he's sleepin sound in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[R.5]  
 \N1 She sought him east, she sought him west,  
 She sought him all the forest thorough;  
 She found him asleep at the middle yett,  
 In the dowie howms o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[R.6]  
 \N1 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
 And the colour of it was yellow;  
 She's bound it round his middle waist,  
 And borne him hame from Yarrow.  
 \LBALLADS Child 214[S.1]  
 \N1 There lived a lady in the South,  
 Ye would scarcely find her marrow;  
 She was courted by nine gentlemen  
 An a ploughman-lad frae Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.2]  
 \N1 Ae nicht the nine sat drinkin wine  
 To the lass wha had nae marrow,  
 When the ploughman swore, tho they were a score  
 He wad fecht them a' in Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.3]  
 \N1 It's he's gane ower yon high, high hill,  
 And doon yon glen sae narrow,  
 An there he saw nine armed men,  
 To fecht wi him in Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.4]  
 \N1 `There's nine o you an I'm but ane,  
 An that's an unequal marrow,  
 But wi this gude blade and powerfu arm  
 I'll lay you low on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.5]  
 \N1 It's three he slew, and three withdrew,  
 And three lay dead on Yarrow,  
 But in behind cam her brother John,  
 An pierced his body thorough.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.6]  
 \N1 `Gae hame, gae hame, you fause young man,  
 An tell your sister sorrow,  
 That her true-love John lies dead and gone  
 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.7]  
 \N1 `O father dear, I've dreamed a dream,  
 I'm feared it will prove sorrow;  
 I dreamed I was puin the heather-bells sweet  
 On the bonny braes o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.8]  
 \N1 `O daughter dear, your dream is read,  
 I'm feared it will prove sorrow;  
 Your true-love John lies dead and gone  
 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.9]  
 \N1 It's she's gane ower yon high, high hill,  
 An doon yon glen sae narrow,  
 An there she saw her true-love John  
 Lyin cauld an dead on Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.10]  
 \N1 She washed his face an combed his hair,

Wi muckle grief an sorrow,  
 pshe rowed him i the plaid she wore,  
 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.11]  
 \N1 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
 The colour being yellow;  
 She tied it round his middle sma,  
 An carried him hame frae Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.12]  
 \N1 `O daughter dear, I pray forbear,  
 I'll wed you to another marrow;  
 I'll wed you to some fitter match  
 Than the lad that died on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.13]  
 \N1 `O father dear, you hae seven sons,  
 Should you wed them a' to-morrow,  
 A fairer flower never grew in June  
 Than the lad that died on Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 214[S.14]  
 \N1 This lady, being six months with child  
 To the ploughman lad of Yarrow,  
 She fell into her father's arms  
 An died wi grief on Yarrow.  
 \LBALLADS Child 215A.1  
 \N1 `WILLY\R'\rS rare, and Willy's fair,  
 And Willy's wondrous bony,  
 And Willy heght to marry me,  
 Gin eer he marryd ony.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215A.2  
 \N1 `Yestreen I made my bed fu brade,  
 The night I'll make it narrow,  
 For a' the live-long winter's night  
 I lie twin'd of my marrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215A.3  
 \N1 `O came you by yon water-side?  
 Pu'd you the rose or lilly?  
 Or came you by yon meadow green?  
 Or saw you my sweet Willy?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215A.4  
 \N1 She sought him east, she sought him west,  
 She sought him brade and narrow;  
 Sine, in the clifing of a craig,  
 She found him drownd in Yarrow.  
 \LBALLADS Child 215B.1  
 \N1 SHE sought him east, she sought him west,  
 She sought him braid and narrow,  
 Till in the clintin of a craig  
 She found him drownd in Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215B.2  
 \N1 She's taen three links of her yellow hair,  
 That hung down lang and yellow,  
 And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,  
 An drawn him out of Yarrow.  
 \LBALLADS Child 215C.1  
 \N1 `WILLIE\R'\rS fair, an Willie's rare,  
 An Willie's wondrous bonny,  
 An Willie's promised to marry me,  
 If eer he marry ony.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215C.2  
 \N1 `O sister dear, I've dreamed a dream,

I\`m afraid it\`s unco sorrow;  
 I dreamed I was pu\`in the heather green,  
 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215C.3  
 \N1 `O sister dear, I\`ll read your dream,  
 I\`m afraid it will be sorrow;  
 Ye\`ll get a letter ere it\`s een  
 Your lover\`s drowned in Yarrow.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215C.4  
 \N1 She socht him up, she socht him doun,  
 In mickle dule an sorrow;  
 She found him neath a buss o brume,  
 In the dowie dens o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215C.5  
 \N1 Her hair it was three quarters lang,  
 Its colour it was yallow;  
 She tied it to his middle sma,  
 An pu\`ed him oot o Yarrow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215C.6  
 \N1 `My bed it was made wide yestreen,  
 The night it sall be narrow;  
 There\`s neer a man lie by my side  
 Since Willie\`s drowned in Yarrow.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 215D.1  
 \N1 `WILLIE\R\`\rS fair, and Willie\`s rare,  
 An he is wondrous bonnie,  
 An Willie has promist to marry me,  
 Gin ever he marry ony.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215D.2  
 \N1 `Ye\`s get Jammie, or ye\`s [get] Johnnie,  
 Or ye\`s get bonny Peter;  
 Ye\`s get the wale o a\` my sons,  
 But leave me Willie the writer.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215D.3  
 \N1 `I winna hae Jamie, I winna hae Johnnie,  
 I winna hae bonny Peter;  
 I winna hae ony o a\` your sons,  
 An I get na Willie the writer.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215D.4  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 There was threescore and ten brisk young men  
 Was boun to briddal-stool wi him:  
 \SBALLADS Child 215D.5  
 \N1 `Ride on, ride on, my merry men a\`,  
 I forgot something behind me;  
 I forgat my mither\`s blessing,  
 To hae to bride-stool wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215D.6  
 \N1 `God\`s blessin an mine gae wi ye,Willie,  
 God\`s blessing an mine gae wi ye;  
 For ye\`re nae ane hour but bare nineteen,  
 Fan ye\`re gauin to meet your Meggie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215D.7  
 \N1 They rode on, and farther on,  
 Till they came to the water o Gamrie,  
 An they a\` wan safe through,  
 Unless it was sweet Willie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215D.8  
 \N1 The f+irst ae step that Willie\`s horse steppit,

He steppit to the bridle;  
The next ae step that Willie\'s horse steppit,  
Toom grew Willie\'s saddle.  
\SBALLADS Child 215D.9  
\N1 They rod on, an farther on,  
Till they came to the kirk of Gamrie.

. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 215D.10  
\N1 Out spak the bonny bride,

. . . .  
`Whar is the man that\'s to gie me his han  
This day at the kirk of Gamrie?'

\SBALLADS Child 215D.11  
\N1 Out spak his brother John,  
An O bat he was sorrie!

`It fears me much, my bonny bride,  
He sleeps oure soun in Gamerie.'

\SBALLADS Child 215D.12  
\N1 The ribbons that were on her hair+---+  
An they were thick and monny+---+  
She rive them a\'', let them down fa,  
An is on [to] the water o Gamerie.

\SBALLADS Child 215D.13  
\N1 She sought it up, she sought it down,  
She sought it braid and narrow;  
An in the deepest pot o Gamerie,  
There she got sweet Willie.

\SBALLADS Child 215D.14  
\N1 She has kissd his comely mouth,  
As she had done before [O]:  
`Baith our mithers sall be alike sorry,  
For we\'s baith sleep in Gamery.'

\LBALLADS Child 215E.1  
\N1 `O WILLIE is fair, and Willie is rare,  
And Willie is wondrous bonny,  
And willie says he\'ll marry me,  
Gin ever he marry ony.'

\SBALLADS Child 215E.2  
\N1 `O ye\'se get James or ye\'se get George,  
Or ye\'se get bonny Johnnie;  
Ye\'se get the f+lower o a\' my sons,  
Gin ye\'ll forsake my Willie.'

\SBALLADS Child 215E.3  
\N1 `O what care I for James or George,  
Or yet for bonny Peter?  
I dinna value their love a leek,  
An I getna Willie the writer.

\SBALLADS Child 215E.4  
\N1 `O Willie has a bonny hand,  
And dear but it is bonny!'  
`He has nae mair for a\' his land;  
What woud ye do wi Willie?'

\SBALLADS Child 215E.5  
\N1 `O Willie has a bonny face,  
And dear but it is bonny!'  
`But Willie has nae other grace;  
What woud ye do wi Willie?'

\SBALLADS Child 215E.6  
\N1 `Willie\'s fair, and Willie\'s rare,

And Willie\'s wondrous bonny;  
There\'s nane wi him that can compare,  
I love him best of ony.'  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.7  
\N1 On Wednesday, that fatal day,  
The people were convening;  
Besides all this, threescore and ten,  
To gang to the bride-steel wi him.  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.8  
\N1 `Ride on, ride on, my merry men a`,  
I\'ve forgot something behind me;  
I\'ve forgot to get my mother\'s blessing,  
To gae to the bride-steel wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.9  
\N1 `Your Peggy she\'s but bare f+fifteen,  
And ye are scarcely twenty;  
The water o Gamery is wide and braid;  
My heavy curse gang wi thee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.10  
\N1 Then they rode on, and further on,  
Till they came on to Gamery;  
The wind was loud, the stream was proud,  
And wi the stream gaed Willie.  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.11  
\N1 Then they rode on, and further on,  
Till they came to the kirk o Gamery;  
And every one on high horse sat,  
But Willie\'s horse rade toomly.  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.12  
\N1 When they were settled at that place,  
The people fell a mourning,  
And a council held amo them a`,  
But sair, sair wept Kinmundy.  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.13  
\N1 Then out it speaks the bride hersell,  
Says, What means a` this mourning?  
Where is the man amo them a`  
That shoud gie me fair wedding?  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.14  
\N1 Then out it speaks his brother John,  
Says, Meg, I\'ll tell you plainly;  
The stream was strong, the clerk rade wrong,  
And Willie\'s drownd in Gamery.  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.15  
\N1 She put her hand up to her head,  
Where were the ribbons many;  
She rave them a`, let them down fa`,  
And straightway ran to Gamery.  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.16  
\N1 She sought it up, she sought it down,  
Till she was wet and weary;  
And in the middle part o it,  
There she got her deary.  
\SBALLADS Child 215E.17  
\N1 Then she stroakd back his yellow hair,  
And kissd his mou sae comely:  
`My mother\'s heart\'s be as wae as thine!  
We\'se baith asleep in the water o Gamery.'  
\LBALLADS Child 215F.1  
\N1 WHAN Willie was in his saddle set,

And all his merry men wi him,  
 `Stay still, stay still, my merry men all,  
 I\`ve forgot something behind me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.2  
 \N1 `Gie me God\'s blessing an yours, mither,  
 To hae me on to Gamery;  
 Gie me God\'s blessing an yours, mither,  
 To gae to the bride-stool wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.3  
 \N1 `I\'ll gie ye God\'s blessing an mine, Willie,  
 To hae you on to Gamery;  
 Ye\'s hae God\'s blessing an mine, Willie,  
 To gae to the bride-stool wi you.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.4  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `But Gamery it is wide and deep,  
 An ye\'ll never see your wedding;'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.5  
 \N1 Some rede back, an some rede fore,  
 An some rede on to Gamery;  
 The bonniest knight\'s saddle among them all  
 Aught me this day for wedding?  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.6  
 \N1 Out it spake the bride hersell,  
 Says, What makes all this riding?  
 Where is the knight amongst you all  
 Aught me this day for wedding?  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.7  
 \N1 Out it spake the bridegroom\'s brother,  
 Says, Margaret, I\'ll tell you plainly;  
 The knight ye should hae been wedded on  
 Is drownd in the Water o Gamery.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.8  
 \N1 She\'s torn the ribbons aff her head+---+  
 They were baith thick and mony+---+  
 She kilted up her green claithing,  
 And she has passed the Gamery.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.9  
 \N1 She\'s plunged in, so did she down,  
 That was baith black an jumly,  
 And in the middle o that water  
 She found her ain sweet Willie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215F.10  
 \N1 She\'s taen him in her arms twa  
 And gied him kisses many:  
 `My mother\'s be as wae as thine!  
 We\'ll baith lie in the Water o Gamery.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 215G.1  
 \N1 `O STAY at hame, my ain son Willie,  
 And let your bride tak Johnie!  
 O stay at hame, my ain son Willie!  
 For my blessing gaes not wi thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215G.2  
 \N1 `I canna stay, nor I winna stay,  
 And let my bride tak Johnie;  
 I canna stay, nor I winna stay,  
 Though your blessing gaes na wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215G.3  
 \N1 `I have a steed in my stable

That cost me monie a pennie,  
And on that steed I winna dread  
To ride the water o Genrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 215G.4

\N1 The f+irsten step that Willie stept,  
He steppit to the bellie;  
The wind blew loud, the stream ran proud,  
And awa wi it gaed Willie.

\SBALLADS Child 215G.5

\N1 And when the bride gaed to the kirk,  
Into the kirk o Ganrie,  
She cuist her ee among them a\',  
But she sawna her love Willie.

\SBALLADS Child 215G.6

\N1 Out and spak her auld brither,  
Saying, Peggie, I will tell thee;  
The man ye should been married till  
Lyes in the water o Genrie.

\SBALLADS Child 215G.7

\N1 She tore the ribbons aff her head,  
That were baith rich and manie,  
And she has kiltit up her coat,  
And ran to the water o Ganrie.

\SBALLADS Child 215G.8

\N1 She\'s sought him up, sae did she doun,  
Thro a\' the water o Ganrie;  
In the deepest weil in a\' the burn,  
Oh, there she fand her Willie!

\SBALLADS Child 215G.9

\N1 She has taen him in her arms twa,  
Sae fondly as she kisst him!  
Said, `My mither sall be as wae as thine,'  
And she\'s lain doun aside him.

\LBALLADS Child 215H.1

\N1 THEY were saddled a\', they were bridled a\',  
Bridegroom and a\' was ready;  
`Stop,' says he, 'My nobles a\',  
For I\'ve left something behind me.

\SBALLADS Child 215H.2

\N1 `It is your blessing, mother dear,  
To bound [to] the bride-styl with me:'  
`God\'s blessing now, my son,' says she,  
`And mine and a\' gang wi ye!

\SBALLADS Child 215H.3

\N1 `For ye are scarce nineteen years of age  
When ye met in wi bonny Maggie,  
And I\'m sure, my dear, she\'ll welcome you  
This day in the kirk o Gemrie.'

\SBALLADS Child 215H.4

\N1 It\'s they have ridden up, it\'s they have ridden down,  
And joy was in their gallant company;  
It\'s they have ridden up, and they have ridden down,  
Till they came to the water o Gemrie.

\SBALLADS Child 215H.5

\N1 When they came to the water, it was f+loded;  
In the middle Sweet William he fell;  
The spray brook over his horse\'s mane,  
And the wind sang his funeral knell.

\SBALLADS Child 215H.6

\N1 `O much is the pity! O much is the pity!'



Cried that joyful company;  
 `O much is the pity! O much is the pity!'  
 But alas! now are woeful and wae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.7  
 \N1 Hame and hame came his stead,  
 And ran to its ain stable;  
 They\`ve gien it corn and hay to eat,  
 As much as it was able.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.8  
 \N1 His mother she was a waefu woman,  
 As dung as woman could be;  
 `My son,' says she, 'is either hurt or slain,  
 Or drowned in the waters of Gemrie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.9  
 \N1 It\`s up and spak her daughter Ann:  
 `What needs be a\` this mourning?  
 He\`s lighted at yon bonny kirk-style,  
 And his steed has run away from him.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.10  
 \N1 `O had yer tongue, my daughter Ann,  
 Nor scold na me about mourning;  
 Hadna my son there men enew  
 To hae taken his steed from him?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.11  
 \N1 They\`ve ridden up, they\`ve ridden down,  
 Till they came to the kirk o Gemrie;  
 There they saw his winsome bride,  
 Alone at the kirk-style standing.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.12  
 \N1 `Where away is the man,' says she,  
 `That promised me fair wedding?  
 This day he vovd to meet me here,  
 But O he\`s lang o coming!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.13  
 \N1 Up and spak his brother John,  
 Says, `Meg, I\`ll tell ye plainly;  
 The stream was strang, and we rade wrang,  
 And he\`s drownd in the water o Gemrie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.14  
 \N1 She\`s torn the ribons frae her hair,  
 That were baith thick and many;  
 She\`s torn them a\`, lettin them fa\`,  
 And she\`s away to the waters o Gemrie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.15  
 \N1 She<\`s] sought him up, she\`s sought him down,  
 Until that she\`s gotten his body,  
 And she\`s laid it on the green, green grass,  
 And f+lung her mantle oer him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.16  
 \N1 `O Willie was red, but O now he\`s white!  
 And Willie was wondrous bonny,  
 And Willie said he\`d marry me,  
 Gin ere he married oney.  
 \SBALLADS Child 215H.17  
 \N1 `He was red, he was white, he was my delight,  
 And aye, aye I thought him bonny;  
 But now since Willie has dy\`d for me,  
 I will sleep wi him in the same grave at Gemrie.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 216A.1  
 \N1 `YE gie corn unto my horse,

An meat unto my man,  
 For I will gae to my true-love\'s gates  
 This night, gin that I can.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.2  
 \N1 `O stay at hame this ae night, Willie,  
 This ae bare night wi me;  
 The best bed in a\' my house  
 Sall be well made to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.3  
 \N1 `I carena for your beds, mither,  
 I carena ae pin,  
 For I\'ll gae to my love\'s gates  
 This night, gin I can win.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.4  
 \N1 `O stay, my son Willie, this night,  
 This ae night wi me;  
 The best hen in a\' my roost  
 Sall be well made ready for thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.5  
 \N1 `I carena for your hens, mither,  
 I carena ae pin;  
 I sall gae to my love\'s gates  
 This night, gin I can win.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.6  
 \N1 `Gin ye winna stay, my son Willie,  
 This ae bare night wi me,  
 Gin Clyde\'s water be deep and fu o f+lood,  
 My malisen drown ye!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.7  
 \N1 He rode up yon high hill,  
 An down yon dowie glen;  
 The roaring of Clyde\'s water  
 Wad hae f+leyt ten thousand men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.8  
 \N1 `O spare me, Clyde\'s water,  
 O spare me as I gae!  
 Mak me your wrack as I come back,  
 But spare me as I gae!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.9  
 \N1 He rade in, and farther in,  
 Till he came to the chin;  
 And he rade in, and farther in,  
 Till he came to dry lan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.10  
 \N1 An whan he came to his love\'s gates,  
 He tirlid at the pin:  
 `Open your gates, Meggie,  
 Open your gates to me,  
 For my beets are fu o Clyde\'s water,  
 And the rain rains oure my chin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.11  
 \N1 `I hae nae lovers therout,' she says,  
 `I hae nae love within;  
 My true-love is in my arms twa,  
 An nane will I lat in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216A.12  
 \N1 `Open your gates, Meggie, this ae night,  
 Open your gates to me;  
 For Clyde\'s water is fu o f+lood,  
 An my mither\'s malison \'ll drown me.'

\SBALLADS Child 216A.13

\N1 `Ane o my chamers is fu o corn,' she says,  
`An ane is fu o hay;  
Anither is fu o Gentlemen,  
An they winna move till day.'

\SBALLADS Child 216A.14

\N1 Out waked her May Meggie,  
Out o her drousy dream:  
`I dreamed a dream sin the yestreen,  
God read a\' dreams to guid!  
That my true-love Willie  
Was staring at my bed-feet.'

\SBALLADS Child 216A.15

\N1 `Now lay ye still, my ae dochter,  
An keep my back fra the call,  
For it\'s na the space of hafe an hour  
Sen he gad fra yer hall.'

\SBALLADS Child 216A.16

\N1 `An hey, Willie, an hoa, Willie,  
Winne ye turn agen?'  
But ay the louder that she crayed  
He rod agenst the wind.

\SBALLADS Child 216A.17

\N1 He rod up yon high hill,  
An doun yon douey den;  
The roring that was in Clid<e>\'s water  
Wad ha f+layed ten thousand men.

\SBALLADS Child 216A.18

\N1 He road in, an farder in,  
Till he came to the chine;  
An he road in, an farder in,  
Bat neuer mare was seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 216A.19

\N1 Ther was na mare seen of that guid lord  
Bat his hat frae his head;  
Ther was na mare seen of that lady  
Bat her comb an her sneed.

\SBALLADS Child 216A.20

\N1 Ther waders went up an doun  
Eadying Claid\'s water  
Hav don us wrang

\LBALLADS Child 216B.1

\N1 `GIE corn to my horse, mither,  
Gie meat unto my man,  
For I maun gang to Margaret\'s bower  
Before the nicht comes on.'

\SBALLADS Child 216B.2

\N1 `O stay at hame now, my son Willie,  
The wind blows cald and sour;  
The nicht will be baith mirk and late  
Before ye reach her bower.'

\SBALLADS Child 216B.3

\N1 `O the nicht were ever sae dark,  
Or the wind blew never sae cald,  
I will be In my Margaret\'s bower  
Before twa hours be tald.'

\SBALLADS Child 216B.4

\N1 `O gin ye gang to May Margaret,  
Without the leave of me,

Clyde\'s water\'s wide and deep enough,  
My malison drown thee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.5  
\N1 He mounted on his coal-black steed,  
And fast he rade awa,  
But ere he came to Clyde\'s water  
Fu loud the wind did blaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.6  
\N1 As he rode oer yon hich, hich hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
There was a roar in Clyde\'s water  
Wad feard a hunder men.  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.7  
\N1 His heart was warm, his pride was up;  
Sweet Willie kentna fear;  
But yet his mither\'s malison  
Ay sounded in his ear.  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.8  
\N1 O he has swam through Clyde\'s water,  
Tho it was wide and deep,  
And he came to May Margaret\'s door,  
When a\' were fast asleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.9  
\N1 O he\'s gane round and round about,  
And tirlid at the pin;  
But doors were steekd, and windows barrd,  
And nane wad let him in.  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.10  
\N1 `O open the door to me, Margaret!  
O open amd lat me in!  
For my boots are full o Clyde\'s water  
And frozen to the brim.'  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.11  
\N1 `I darena open the door to you,  
Nor darena lat you in,  
For my mither she is fast asleep,  
And I darena mak nae din.'  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.12  
\N1 `O gin ye winna open the door,  
Nor yet be kind to me,  
Now tell me o some out-chamber  
Where I this nicht may be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.13  
\N1 `Ye canna win in this nicht, Willie,  
Nor here ye canna be;  
For I\'ve nae chambers out nor in,  
Nae ane but barely three.  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.14  
\N1 `The tane o them is fu o corn,  
The tither is fu o hay;  
The tither is fu o merry young men;  
They winna remove till day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.15  
\N1 `O fare ye weel, then, May Margaret,  
Sin better manna be;  
I\'ve win my mither\'s malison,  
Coming this nicht to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 216B.16  
\N1 He\'s mounted on his coal-black steed,  
O but his heart was wae!

But, ere he came to Clyde\'s water,  
 \'Twas half up oer the brae.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 216B.17  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . . .  
 . . he plunged in,  
 But never raise again.  
 \LBALLADS Child 216C.1  
 \N1 WILLIE stands in his stable-door,  
 And clapping at his steed,  
 And looking oer his white f+ingers  
 His nose began to bleed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.2  
 \N1 `Gie corn to my horse, mother,  
 And meat to my young man,  
 And I\'ll awa to Maggie\'s bower;  
 I\'ll win ere she lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.3  
 \N1 `O bide this night wi me, Willie,  
 O bide this night wi me;  
 The best an cock o a\' the reest  
 At your supper shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.4  
 \N1 `A\' your cocks, and a\' your reests,  
 I value not a prin,  
 For I\'ll awa to Meggie\'s bower;  
 I\'ll win ere she lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.5  
 \N1 `Stay this night wi me, Willie,  
 O stay this night wi me;  
 The best an sheep in a\' the f+lock  
 At your supper shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.6  
 \N1 `A\' your sheep, and a\' your f+locks,  
 I value not a prin,  
 For I\'ll awa\' to Meggie\'s bower;  
 I\'ll win ere she lie down.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.7  
 \N1 `O an ye gang to Meggie\'s bower,  
 Sae sair against my will,  
 The deepest pot in Clyde\'s water,  
 My malison ye\'s feel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.8  
 \N1 `The guid steed that I ride upon  
 Cost me thrice thretty pound;  
 And I\'ll put trust in his swift feet  
 To hae me safe to land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.9  
 \N1 As he rade ower yon high, high hill,  
 And down yon dowie den,  
 The noise that was in Clyde\'s water  
 Woud feard f+ive huner men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.10  
 \N1 `O roaring Clyde, ye roar ower loud,  
 Your streams seem wondrous strang;  
 Make me your wreck as I come back,  
 But spare me as I gang!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.11  
 \N1 Then he is on to Maggie\'s bower,

And tirl'd at the pin;  
 `O sleep ye, wake ye, Meggie,' he said,  
 `Ye'll open, lat me come in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.12  
 \N1 `O wha is this at my bower-door,  
 That calls me by my name?'  
 `It is your f+irst love, sweet Willie,  
 This night newly come hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.13  
 \N1 `I hae few lovers thereout, thereout,  
 As few hae I therein;  
 The best an love that ever I had  
 Was here jusr late yestreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.14  
 \N1 `The warstan stable in a\' your stables,  
 For my puir steed to stand!  
 The warstan bower in a\' your bowers,  
 For me to lie therin!  
 My boots are fu o Clyde\'s water,  
 I\'m shivering at the chin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.15  
 \N1 `My barns are fu o corn, Willie,  
 My stables are fu o hay;  
 My bowers are fu o gentlemen,  
 They\'ll nae remove till day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.16  
 \N1 `O fare ye well, my fause Meggie,  
 O farewell, and adieu!  
 I\'ve gotten my mither\'s malison  
 This night coming to you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.17  
 \N1 As he rode ower yon high, high hill,  
 And down yon dowie den,  
 The rushing that was in Clyde\'s water  
 Took Willie\'s cane frae him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.18  
 \N1 He leand him ower his saddle-bow,  
 To catch his cane again;  
 The rushing that was in Clyde\'s water  
 Took Willie\'s hat frae him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.19  
 \N1 He leand him ower his saddle-bow,  
 To catch his hat thro force;  
 The rushing that was in Clyde\'s water  
 Took Willie frae his horse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.20  
 \N1 His brither stood upo the bank,  
 Says, Fye, man, will ye drown?  
 Ye\'ll turn ye to your high horse head  
 And learn how to sowm.  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.21  
 \N1 `How can I turn to my horse head  
 And learn how to sowm?  
 I\'ve gotten my mither\'s malison,  
 It\'s here that I maun drown.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 216C.22  
 \N1 The very hour this young man sank  
 Into the pot sae deep,  
 Up it wakend his love Meggie  
 Out o her drowsy sleep.

\SBALLADS Child 216C.23

\N1 `Come here, come here, my mither dear,  
And read this dreary dream;  
I dreamd my love was at our gates,  
And nane wad let him in.'

\SBALLADS Child 216C.24

\N1 `Lye still, lye still now, my Meggie,  
Lye still and tak your rest;  
Sin your true-love was at your yates,  
It\'s but twa quarters past.'

\SBALLADS Child 216C.25

\N1 Nimbly, nimbly raise she up,  
And nimbly pat she on,  
And the higher that the lady cried,  
The louder blew the win.

\SBALLADS Child 216C.26

\N1 The f+irst an step that she steppd in,  
She stepped to the queet;  
'Ohon, alas!' said that lady,  
'This water\'s wondrous deep.'

\SBALLADS Child 216C.27

\N1 The next an step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the knee;  
Says she, 'I coud wide farther in,  
If I my love coud see.'

\SBALLADS Child 216C.28

\N1 The next an step that she wade in,  
She wadit to the chin;  
The deepest pot in Clyde\'s water  
She got sweet Willie in.

\SBALLADS Child 216C.29

\N1 `You\'ve had a cruel mither, Willie,  
And I have had anither;  
But we shall sleep in Clyde\'s water  
Like sister an like brither.'

\LBALLADS Child 217A.1

\N1 THERE was a troop of merry gentlemen  
Was riding atween twa knows,  
And they heard the voice of a bonny lass,  
In a bught milking her ews.

\SBALLADS Child 217A.2

\N1 There\'s ane o them lighted frae off his steed,  
And has ty\'d him to a tree,  
And he\'s gane away to yon ew-bught,  
To hear what it might be.

\SBALLADS Child 217A.3

\N1 `O pity me, fair maid,' he said,  
'Take pity upon me;  
O pity me, and my milk-white steed  
That\'s trembling at yon tree.'

\SBALLADS Child 217A.4

\N1 `As for your steed, he shall not want  
The best of corn and hay;  
But as to you yoursel, kind sir,  
I\'ve naething for to say.'

\SBALLADS Child 217A.5

\N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the green gown-sleeve,  
And he as led her into the ew-bught,  
Of her friends he speerd nae leave.

\SBALLADS Child 217A.6

\N1 He as put his hand in his pocket,  
And given her guineas three:  
'If I dinna come back in half a year,  
Then luke nae mair for me.

\SBALLADS Child 217A.7

\N1 `Now show to me the king\'s hie street,  
Now show to me the way;  
Now show to me the king\'s hie street,  
And the fair water of Tay.'

\SBALLADS Child 217A.8

\N1 She showd to him the king\'s hie street,  
She showd to him the way;  
She showd him the way that he was to go,  
By the fair water of Tay.

\SBALLADS Child 217A.9

\N1 When she came home, her father said,  
'Come, tell to me right plain;  
I doubt you\'ve met some in the way,  
You have not been your lain.'

\SBALLADS Child 217A.10

\N1 `The night it is baith mist and mirk,  
You may gan out and see;  
The night is mirk and misty too,  
There\'s nae body been wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 217A.11

\N1 `There was a tod came to your f+lock,  
The like I neer did see;  
When he spake, he lifted his hat,  
He had a bonny twinkling eee.'

\SBALLADS Child 217A.12

\N1 When f+fifteen weeks were past and gane,  
Full f+fifteen weeks and three,  
Then she began to think it lang  
For the man wi the twinkling eee.

\SBALLADS Child 217A.13

\N1 It fell out on a certain day,  
When she cawd out her father\'s ky,  
There was a troop of gentlemen  
Came merrily riding by.

\SBALLADS Child 217A.14

\N1 `Weel may ye sigh and sob,' says ane,  
'Weel may you sigh and see;  
Weel may you sigh, and say, fair maid,  
Wha\'s gotten this bairn wi thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 217A.15

\N1 She turned her sel then quickly about,  
And thinking meikle shame,  
'O no, kind sir, it is na sae,  
For it has a dad at hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 217A.16

\N1 `O hawd your tongue, my bonny lass,  
Sae loud as I hear you lee!  
For dinna you mind that summer night  
I was in the bught wi thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 217A.17

\N1 He lighted off his milk-white steed,  
And set this fair maid on;  
'Now caw out your ky, good father,' he said,  
'She\'ll neer caw them out again.'



\SBALLADS Child 217A.18

\N1 `I am the laird of Knottingham,  
I\`ve f+ifty plows and three;  
I\`ve gotten now the bonniest lass  
That is in the hale country.'

\LBALLADS Child 217B.1

\N1 IT was on an evning sae soft and sae clear  
A bonny lass was milking the kye,  
And by came a troupe of gentlemen,  
And rode the bonny lassie by.

\SBALLADS Child 217B.2

\N1 Then one of them said unto her,  
`Bonny lass, prythee shew me the way:'  
`O if I do sae, it may breed me wae,  
For langer I dare nae stay.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 217B.3

\N1 But dark and misty was the night  
Before the bonny lass came hame:  
`Now where hae you been, my ae doughter?  
I am sure you was nae your lane.'

\SBALLADS Child 217B.4

\N1 `O father, a tod has come oer your lamb,  
A gentleman of high degree,  
And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,  
And bonny, bonny blinkit his ee.'

\SBALLADS Child 217B.5

\N1 Or eer six months were past and gane,  
Six months but and other three,  
The lassie begud for to fret and to frown,  
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

\SBALLADS Child 217B.6

\N1 `O wae be to my father\`s shepherd,  
An ill death may he die!  
He bigged the bughts sae far frae hame,  
And trysted a gentleman to me!'

\SBALLADS Child 217B.7

\N1 It fell upon another fair evening  
The bonny lassie was milking her ky,  
And by came the troop of Gentlemen,  
And rode the bonny lassie by.

\SBALLADS Child 217B.8

\N1 Then one of them stopt, and said to her,  
`Whae\`s aught that baby ye are wi?'  
That lassie began for to blush, and think,  
To a father as good as ye.

\SBALLADS Child 217B.9

\N1 `O had your tongue, my bonny may,  
Sae loud I hear you lie!  
O dinnae you mind the misty night  
I was in the bught with thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 217B.10

\N1 Now he\`s come aff his milk-white steed,  
And he has taen her hame:  
`Now let your father bring hame the ky,  
You neer mair shall ca them agen.

\SBALLADS Child 217B.11

\N1 `I am a lord of castles and towers,  
With f+ifty ploughs of land and three,  
And I have gotten the bonniest lass

That is in this countrie.'

\LBALLADS Child 217C.1

\N1 IT was on a day whan a lovely may  
Was cawing out her father\'s kye,  
And she spied a troop o\' gentlemen,  
As they war passing bye.

\SBALLADS Child 217C.2

\N1 `O show me the way, my pretty maid,  
O show me the way,' said he;  
`My steed has just now rode wrong,  
And the way I canna see.'

\SBALLADS Child 217C.3

\N1 `O haud you on the same way,' she said,  
`O haud ye on\'t again,  
For, if ye haud on the king\'s hieway,  
Rank rievvers will do ye na harm.'

\SBALLADS Child 217C.4

\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the gerss-green sleeve,  
And he has taiglet wi the fair may,  
And of her he askd na leave.

\SBALLADS Child 217C.5

\N1 Whan ance he got her gudwill,  
Of her he craved na mair,  
But he poud out a ribbon frae his pouch,  
And snooded up the may\'s hair.

\SBALLADS Child 217C.6

\N1 He put his hand into his pouch,  
And gave her guineas three:  
`If I come na back in twenty weeks,  
Ye need na look mair for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 217C.7

\N1 But whan the may did gang hame,  
Her father did her blame;  
`Whare hae ye been now, dame?' he said  
`For ye\'ve na been your lane.'

\SBALLADS Child 217C.8

\N1 `The nicht is misty and mirk, father,  
Ye may come to the door and see;  
The nicht is misty and mirk, father,  
And there\'s na body wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 217C.9

\N1 `But there cam o tod to your flock, father,  
The like o him I never saw;  
Or he had tane the lambie that he had,  
I wad rather he had tane them aw.

\SBALLADS Child 217C.10

\N1 `But he seemd to be a gentleman,  
Or a man of some pious degree;  
For whanever he spak, he lifted up his hat,  
And he had [a] bonnie twinkling ee.'

\SBALLADS Child 217C.11

\N1 Whan twenty weeks were come and gane,  
Twenty weeks and three,  
The lassie began to grow thick in the waist,  
And thought lang for his twinkling ee.

\SBALLADS Child 217C.12

\N1 It fell upon a day whan bonnie may  
Was cawing out the kye,  
She spied the same troop o gentlemen,

As they war passing bye.

\SBALLADS Child 217C.13

\N1 `O well may you save, my pretty may,  
Weill may you save and see!  
Weill may ye save, my lovely may!  
Go ye wi child to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 217C.14

\N1 But the may she turnd her back to him,  
She begoud to think meikle shame;  
'Na, na, na, na, kind sir,' she said,  
'I\`ve a gudeman o my ain.'

\SBALLADS Child 217C.15

\N1 `Sae loud as I hear ye lie, fair may,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
Dinna ye mind o yon misty nicht  
Whan I was in the bucht wi thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 217C.16

\N1 He lichted aff his hie, hie horse,  
And he set the bonnie may on:  
'Now caw out your kye, gud father,  
Ye maun caw them out your lone.

\SBALLADS Child 217C.17

\N1 `For lang will ye caw them out,  
And weary will ye be,  
Or ye get your dochter again

. . .

\SBALLADS Child 217C.18

\N1 He was the laird o Ochiltree,  
Of therty ploughs and three,  
And he has stown awa the loveliest may  
In aw the south cuntree.

\LBALLADS Child 217D.1

\N1 O BONNIE May is to the yowe-buchts gane,  
For to milk her daddie\'s yowes,  
And ay she sang, and her voice it rang  
Out-ower the tap o the knows, knowes,  
Out-owr the tap o the knowes.

\SBALLADS Child 217D.2

\N1 Ther cam a troop gentilmen,  
As they were rydand by,  
And ane o them he lichtit doun,  
For to see May milkand her kye.

\SBALLADS Child 217D.3

\N1 `Milk on, milk on, my bonnie lass,  
Milk on, milk on,' said he,  
'For out o the buchts I winna gang  
Till ye shaw me owr the lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 217D.4

\N1 `Ryde on, ryde on, ye rank rydars,  
Your steeds are stout and strang,  
For out o the yowe-buchts I winna gae,  
For fear that ye do me some wrang.'

\SBALLADS Child 217D.5

\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the green gown-sleive,  
And thare he took the will o her,  
Bot o her he askit nae leive.

\SBALLADS Child 217D.6

\N1 But whan he gat his will o her  
He loot her up again,

And a\' this bonny maid said or did  
Was, Kind sir, tell me your name.  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.7  
\N1 He pou\'t out a sillar kame,  
Sayand, Kame your yellow hair;  
And, gin I be na back in three quarters o a year,  
It\'s o me ye\'ll see nae mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.8  
\N1 He pu\'t out a silken purse  
And he gied her guineas thrie,  
Saying, Gin I may na be back in three quarters o a year,  
It will pay the nourice fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.9  
\N1 He put his fut into the stirrup  
And rade after his men,  
And a\' that his men said or did  
Was, Kind maister, ye\'ve taiglit lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.10  
\N1 `I hae rade east, I hae rade wast,  
And I hae rade ovr the knowes,  
But the bonniest lassie that I ever saw  
Was in the yowe-buchts, milkand her yowes.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.11  
\N1 She put the pail upon her heid,  
And she\'s gane merrilie hame,  
And a\' that her faither said or did  
Was, Kind dochter, ye\'ve taiglit lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.12  
\N1 `Oh, wae be to your men, faither,  
And an ill deth may they die!  
For they cawit a\' the yowes out-owre the knowes,  
And they left naebody wi me.  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.13  
\N1 `There cam a tod unto the bucht,  
The like I never saw,  
And afore that he took the ane that he took,  
I wad leifar he had tane ither twa.  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.14  
\N1 `There cam a tod unto the bucht,  
The like I never did see,  
And, ay as he spak, he liftit his hat,  
And he had a bonnie twinkland ee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.15  
\N1 It was on a day, and it was a f+ine simmer day,  
She was cawing out her faither\'s kye,  
There cam a troupe o gentilmen,  
And they rade ways the lass near by.  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.16  
\N1 `Wha has dune to you this ill, my dear?  
Wha has dune to you this wrang?'  
And she had na a word to say for hersell  
But, `Kind sir, I hae a man o my ain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.17  
\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie, bonnie May,' he says,  
`Aloud I hear ye lie!  
For dinna ye mind yon bonnie simmer nicht  
Whan ye war in the yowe-buchts wi me?  
\SBALLADS Child 217D.18  
\N1 `Licht down, licht down, my foremaist man,  
Licht down and let her on,

For monie a time she cawit her faither\'s kye,  
 But she\'ll neir caw them again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217D.19  
 \N1 `For I am the laird o Ochiltree Wawis,  
 I hae threttie pleuchs and thrie,  
 And I hae tane awa the bonniest lass  
 That is in a\' the north countrie.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 217E.1  
 \N1 THERE was a may, and a bonnie may,  
 In the bught, milking the ewes,  
 And by came a troop of gentlemen,  
 And they rode by and by.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.2  
 \N1 `O I\'ll give thee my milk-white steed,  
 It cost me three hundred pound,  
 If ye\'ll go to yon sheep-bught,  
 And bring yon fair maid doun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.3  
 \N1 `Your steed ye canna want, master,  
 But pay to ane a fee;  
 Fifty pound of good red gold,  
 To be paid doun to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.4  
 \N1 `Come shew me the way, pretty may,' he said,  
 `For our steeds are quite gone wrong;  
 Will you do to me such a courtesy  
 As to shew us the near-hand way?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.5  
 \N1 `O go ye doun to yon meadow,  
 Where the people are mowing the hay;  
 Go ye doun to yon meadow,  
 And they\'ll shew you the near-hand way.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.6  
 \N1 But he\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve;  
 He\'s bowed her body to the ground,  
 Of her kin he asked no leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.7  
 \N1 When he lifted her up again  
 He\'s gien her guineas three:  
 `If I be na back gin three quarters o a year,  
 Ye need neer think mair on me.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.8  
 \N1 `O where hast thou been, bonnie may,' he said,  
 `O where hast thou been sae lang?  
 O where hast thou been, bonnie may?' he said,  
 `Thou hast na been sae lang thy lane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.9  
 \N1 `O come to the door and see, father,  
 O come to the door and see,  
 And see such a weety and a windy night;  
 There were nobody wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.10  
 \N1 `But wae be to your herd, father,  
 And an ill death may he die!  
 For he left the ewes strayed owre the knowes,  
 And he left naebody wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.11  
 \N1 `But there came a tod to your bught, father,

The like o him I neer saw;  
 For or he had taen the bonnie lamb he took,  
 Ye had as weel hae gien them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.12  
 \N1 There came a tod to your bught, father,  
 The like o him I neer did see;  
 For aye when he spak he lifted up his hat,  
 And he had a bonnie twinkling ee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.13  
 \N1 But when twenty weeks were come and gane,  
 Aye, twenty weeks and three,  
 This lassie began to spit and to spew,  
 And to lang for the twinkling ee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.14  
 \N1 It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,  
 She was ca\'ing out her father\'s kye,  
 And by came a troop of gentlemen,  
 And they rode by and by.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.15  
 \N1 `O wha got the bairn wi thee, bonnie may?  
 O wha got the bairn wi thee?'  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.16  
 \N1 She turned hersell right round about,  
 She began to blush and think shame,  
 And never a word this bonnie lassie spok  
 But `I have a good-man at hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.17  
 \N1 `Thou lie, thou lie, my bonnie may,  
 Sae loud I hear thee lie!  
 Do ye mind o the weety and windy night  
 When I was in the ewe-bught wi thee?  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.18  
 \N1 `Light off, light off, the gentlest of my men,  
 And set her on behind,  
 And ca out your kye, good father, yoursell,  
 For she\'ll never ca them out again.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217E.19  
 \N1 He was the laird o twenty plough o land,  
 Aye, twenty plough and three,  
 And he\'s taen awa the bonniest lass  
 Was in a\' the south countrie.  
 \LBALLADS Child 217F.1  
 \N1 BONNY MAY has to the ewe-bughts gane,  
 To milk her father\'s ewes,  
 An aye as she milked her bonny voice rang  
 Far out amang the knowes.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 217F.2  
 \N1 `Milk on, milk on, my bonny, bonny may,  
 Milk on, milk on,' said he;  
 `Milk on, milk on, my bonny, bonny may;  
 Will ye shew me out-ower the lea?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217F.3  
 \N1 `Ride on, ride on, stout rider,' she said,  
 `Yere steed\'s baith stout and strang;  
 For out o the eww-bught I daurna come,  
 For fear ye do me wrang.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217F.4

\N1 But he\'s tane her by the milk-white hand,  
An by the green gown-sleeve,  
An he\'s laid her low on the dewy grass,  
An at nae ane spiered he leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.5  
\N1 Then he\'s mounted on his milk-white steed,  
An ridden after his men,  
An a\' that his men they said to him  
Was, Dear master, ye\'ve tarried lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.6  
\N1 `I\'ve ridden east, an I\'ve ridden wast,  
An I\'ve ridden among the knowes,  
But the bonniest lassie eer I saw  
Was milkin her daddie\'s yowes.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.7  
\N1 She\'s taen the milk-pail on her heid,  
An she\'s gane langin hame,  
An a her father said to her  
Was, Daughter, ye\'ve tarried lang.  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.8  
\N1 `Oh, wae be to your shepherds! father,  
For they take nae care o the sheep;  
Fro they\'ve bygit the ewe-bught far frae hame,  
An they\'ve trysted a man to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.9  
\N1 `There came a tod unto the bucht,  
An a waefu tod was he,  
An, or ever he had tane that ae ewe-lamb,  
I had rather he had tane ither three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.10  
\N1 But it fell on a day, an a bonny summer day,  
She was ca\'in out her father\'s kye,  
An bye came a troop o gentlemen,  
Cam ridin siwftly bye.  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.11  
\N1 Out an spoke the foremost ane,  
Says, Lassie hae ye got a man?  
She turned herself saucy round about,  
Says, Yes, I\'ve ane at hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.12  
\N1 `Ye lee, ye lee, ye my bonny may,  
Saw loud as I hear ye lee!  
For dinna ye mind that misty nicht  
Ye were in the ewe-bughts wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.13  
\N1 He ordered ane o his men to get down;  
Says, Lift her up behind me;  
Your father may ca in the kye when he likes,  
They sall neer be ca\'ed in by thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 217F.14  
\N1 `For I\'m the laird o Athole swaird,  
Wi f+ifty ploughs an three,  
An I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
In a\' the north countrie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 217G.1  
\N1 O THE broom, and the bonny, bonny broom,  
And the broom of the Cowdenknows!  
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,  
I the bought, milking the ewes.  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.2

\N1 The hills were high on ilka side,  
An the bought i the lirk o the hill,  
And aye, as she sang, her voice it rang  
Out-oer the head o yon hill.

\SBALLADS Child 217G.3

\N1 There was a troop o gentlemen  
Came riding merrilie by,  
And one o them has rode out o the way,  
To the bought to the bonny may.

\SBALLADS Child 217G.4

\N1 `Well may ye save an see, bonny lass,  
An weel may ye save an see!'

`An sae wi you, ye weel-bred knight,  
And what\'s your will wi me?'

\SBALLADS Child 217G.5

\N1 `The night is misty and mirk, fair may,  
And I have ridden astray,  
And will ye be so kind, fair may,  
As come out and point my way?'

\SBALLADS Child 217G.6

\N1 `Ride out, ride out, ye ramp rider!  
Your steed\'s baith stout and strang;  
For out of the bought I dare na come,  
For fear at ye do me wrang.'

\SBALLADS Child 217G.7

\N1 `O winna ye pity me, bonny lass?  
O winna ye pity me?

An winna ye pity my poor steed,  
Stands trembling at yon tree?'

\SBALLADS Child 217G.8

\N1 `I wadna pity your poor steed,  
Tho it were tied to a thorn;  
For if ye wad gain my love the night  
Ye wad slight me ere the morn.

\SBALLADS Child 217G.9

\N1 `For I ken you by your weel-busked hat,  
And your merrie twinkling ee,  
That ye\'re the laird o the Oakland hills,  
An ye may weel seem for to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 217G.10

\N1 `But I am not the laird o the Oakland hills,  
Ye\'re far mistaen o me;  
But I\'m ane o the men about his house,  
An right aft in his companie.'

\SBALLADS Child 217G.11

\N1 He\'s taen her by the middle jimp,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He\'s lifted her over the fauld-dyke,  
And speerd at her sma leave.

\SBALLADS Child 217G.12

\N1 O he\'s taen out a purse o gowd,  
And streakd her yellow hair:  
`Now take ye that, my bonnie may,  
Of me till you hear mair.'

\SBALLADS Child 217G.13

\N1 O he\'s leapt on his berry-brown steed,  
An soon he\'s oertaen his men;  
And ane and a\' cried out to him,  
O master, ye\'ve tarryd lang!

\SBALLADS Child 217G.14



\N1 `O I hae been east, and I hae been west,  
An I hae been far oer the knows,  
But the bonniest lass that ever I saw  
Is i the bought, milkin the ewes.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.15  
\N1 She set the cog upon her head,  
An she\'s gane singing hame:  
`O where hae ye been, my ae daughter?  
Ye hae na been your lane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.16  
\N1 `O nae body was wi me, father,  
O nae body has been wi me;  
The night is misty and mirk, father,  
Ye may gang to the door and see.  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.17  
\N1 `But wae be to your ewe-herd, father,  
And an ill deed may he die!  
He bug the bought at the back o the know  
And a tod has frightened me.  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.18  
\N1 `There came a tod to the bought-door,  
The like I never saw;  
And ere he had taken the lamb he did  
I had lourd he had taen them a\'. '  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.19  
\N1 O whan f+fifteen weeks was come and gane,  
Fifteen weeks and three,  
That lassie began to look thin and pale,  
An to long for his merry-twinkling ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.20  
\N1 It fell on a day, on a het simmer day,  
She was ca\'ing out her father\'s kye,  
By came a troop o gentlemen,  
A\' merrilie riding bye.  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.21  
\N1 `Weel may ye save an see, bonny may!  
Weel may ye save and see!  
Weel I wat ye be a very bonny may,  
But whae\'s aught that babe ye are wi? '  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.22  
\N1 Never a word could that lassie say,  
For never a ane could she blame,  
An never a word could the lassie say,  
But, I have a good man at hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.23  
\N1 `Ye lied, ye lied, my very bonny may,  
Sae loud as I hear you lie!  
For dinna ye mind that misty night  
I was i the bought wi thee?  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.24  
\N1 `I ken you by your middle sae jimp,  
An your merry-twinkling ee,  
That ye\'re the bonny lass i the Cowdenknow,  
An ye may weel seem for to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.25  
\N1 Than he\'s leapd off his berry-brown steed,  
An he\'s set that fair may on:  
`Caw out your kye, gude father, yoursel,  
For she\'s never caw them out again.  
\SBALLADS Child 217G.26

\N1 I am the laird of the Oakland hills,  
I hae thirty plows and three,  
An I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
That\'s in a\' the south country.'  
\LBALLADS Child 217H.1  
\N1 THERE was a may, a maiden sae gay,  
Went out wi her milking-pail;  
Lang she foucht or her ewes wad bucht,  
And syne she a milking fell.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.2  
\N1 And ay as she sang the rocks they rang,  
Her voice gaed loud and shill;  
Ye wad hae heard the voice o the maid  
On the tap o the ither hill.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.3  
\N1 And ay she sang, and the rocks they rang,  
Her voice gaed loud and hie;  
Till by there cam a troop o gentlemen,  
A riding up that way.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.4  
\N1 `Weel may ye sing, ye bonnie may,  
Weel and weel may ye sing!  
The nicht is misty, weet, and mirk,  
And we hae ridden wrang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.5  
\N1 `Haud by the gate ye cam, kind sir,  
Haud by the gate ye cam;  
But tak tent o the rank river,  
For our streams are unco strang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.6  
\N1 `Can ye na pity me, fair may,  
Canna ye pity me?  
Canna ye pity my puir steed,  
Stands trembling at yon tree?'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.7  
\N1 `What pity wad ye hae, kind sir?  
What wad ye hae frae me?  
If he has neither corn nor hay,  
He has gerss at libertie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.8  
\N1 `Can ye na pity me, fair may,  
Can ye na pity me?  
Can ye na pity a gentle knight  
That\'s deeing for love o thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.9  
\N1 He\'s tane her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the gerss-green sleeve;  
He\'s laid her laigh at the bucht-end,  
At her kin speird na leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.10  
\N1 `After ye hae tane your will o me,  
Your will as ye hae tane,  
Be as gude a gentle knight  
As tell to me your name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.11  
\N1 `Some do call me Jack,' says he,  
`And some do call me John;  
But whan I\'m in the king\'s hie court  
Duke William is my name.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.12

\N1 `But I ken by your weel-faurd face,  
And by your blinking ee,  
That ye are the Maid o the Cowdenknows,  
And seem very weel to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.13  
\N1 `I am na the maid o the Cowdenknows,  
Nor does not thnk to be;  
But I am ane o her best maids,  
That\'s aft in her companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.14  
\N1 `But I ken by your black, black hat,  
And by your gay gowd ring,  
That ye are the Laird o Rochna hills,  
Wha beguiles a\' our women.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.15  
\N1 `I am na the Laird o Rochna hills,  
Nor does na think to be;  
But I am ane o his best men,  
That\'s aft in his companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.16  
\N1 He\'s put his hand in his pocket  
And tane out guineas three;  
Says, Tak ye that, my bonnie may;  
It\'ll pay the nourice fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.17  
\N1 She\'s tane her cog upon her head,  
And fast, fast gaed she hame:  
`Whare hae ye been, my dear dochter?  
Ye hae na been your lane.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.18  
\N1 `The nicht is misty, weet, and mirk;  
Ye may look out and see;  
The ewes war skippin oure the knowes,  
They wad na bucht in for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.19  
\N1 `But wae be to your shepherd, father,  
An ill death may he dee!  
He bigget the buchts sae far frae the toun,  
And he trysted a man to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.20  
\N1 `There cam a tod amang the f+lock,  
The like o him I neer did see;  
Afore he had tane the lamb that he took,  
I\'d rather he\'d tane ither three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.21  
\N1 Whan twenty weeks war past and gane,  
Twenty weeks and three,  
The lassie begoud to spit and spue,  
And thought lang for \'s blinkin ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.22  
\N1 `\'Twas on a day, and a day near bye,  
She was ca\'ing out the kye,  
That by cam a troop o merry gentlemen,  
Cam riding bye that way.  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.23  
\N1 `Wha\'s gien ye the scorn, bonnie may?  
O wha\'s done ye the wrang?'  
`Na body, na body, kind sir,' she said,  
`My baby\'s father\'s at hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.24

\N1 `Ye lee, ye lee, fause may,' he said,  
`Sae loud as I hear ye lee!  
Dinna ye mind o the mirk misty nicht  
I buchted the ewes wi thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.25  
\N1 `Weel may I mind yon mirk misty nicht,  
Weel may I mind,' says she;  
`For ay when ye spak ye lifted up your hat,  
Ye had a merry blinkin ee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.26  
\N1 He\'s turned him round and richt about,  
And tane the lassie on;  
`Ca out your kye, auld father,' he said,  
`She sall neer ca them again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.27  
\N1 `For I am the Laird o Rochna hills,  
O thirty plows and three;  
And I hae gotten the bonniest lass  
O a\' the west countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217H.28  
\N1 `And I\'m the Maid o the Cowdenknows,  
O twenty plows and three;  
And I hae gotten the bonniest lad  
In a\' the north countrie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 217I.1  
\N1 THE lassie sang sae loud, sae loud,  
The lassie sang sae shill;  
The lassie sang, and the greenwud rang,  
At the farther side o yon hill.  
\SBALLADS Child 217I.2  
\N1 Bye there cam a troop o merry gentlemen,  
They aw rode merry bye;  
The very f+irst and the foremaist  
Was the f+irst that spak to the may.  
\SBALLADS Child 217I.3  
\N1 `This is a mark and misty nicht,  
And I have ridden wrang;  
If ye wad be sae gude and kind  
As to show me the way to gang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217I.4  
\N1 `If ye binna the laird o Lochnie\'s lands,  
Nor nane o his degree,  
I\'ll show ye a nearer road that will keep you frae  
The glen-waters and the raging sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217I.5  
\N1 `I\'m na the laird o Lochnie\'s lands,  
Nor nane o his degree;  
But I am as brave a knight,  
And ride aft in his company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217I.6  
\N1 `Have ye na pity on me, pretty maid?  
Have ye na pity on me?  
Have ye na pity on my puir steed,  
That stands trembling by yon tree?'  
\SBALLADS Child 217I.7  
\N1 `What pity wad ye hae, kind sir?  
What pity wad ye hae frae me?  
Though your steed has neither corn nor hay,  
It has gerss at its liberty.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217I.8

\N1 He has trysted the pretty maid  
 Till they cam to the brume,  
 And at the end o yon ew-buchts  
 It\'s there they baith sat doun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217I.9  
 \N1 Till up she raise, took up her milk-pails,  
 And away gaed she hame;  
 Up bespak her auld father,  
 `It\'s whare hae ye been sae lang?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217I.10  
 \N1 `This is a mark and a misty nicht,  
 Ye may gang to the door and see;  
 The ewes hae taen a skipping out-oure the knows,  
 They winna bucht in for me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217I.11  
 \N1 `I may curse my father\'s shepherd;  
 Some ill death mat he dee!  
 He has buchted the ewes sae far frae the toun,  
 And has trysted the young men to me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 217J.1  
 \N1 IT was a dark and a misty night,  
 . . . . .  
 And by came a troop o gentlemen,  
 Said, Lassie, shew me the way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217J.2  
 \N1 `Oh well ken I by your silk mantle,  
 And by your grass-green sleeve,  
 That you are the maid of the Cowdenknows,  
 And may well seem to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217J.3  
 \N1 `I\'m nae the maid of the Cowdenknows,  
 Nor ever think to be;  
 I am but ane of her hirewomen,  
 Rides aft in her companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217J.4  
 \N1 `Oh well do I ken by your milk-white steed,  
 And by your merry winking ee,  
 That you are the laird of Lochinvar,  
 And may well seem to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217J.5  
 \N1 `I\'m nae the laird of Lochinvar,  
 Nor may well seem to be;  
 But I am one of his merry young men,  
 And am oft in his companie.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 217J.6  
 \N1 `The tod was among your sheep, father,  
 You may look forth and see;  
 And before he had taen tha lamb he\'s taen  
 I had rather he had taen three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217J.7  
 \N1 When twenty weeks were come and gane,  
 Twenty weeks and three,  
 The lassie she turned pale and wan  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 217J.8  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 And was caain out her father\'s kye,  
 When by came a troop of gentlemen,  
 Were riding along the way.

\SBALLADS Child 217J.9

\N1 `Fair may it fa thee, weel-fa\'rt may!  
Wha\'s aught the bairn ye\'re wi?  
`O I hae a husband o my ain,  
To father my bairn te.'

\SBALLADS Child 217J.10

\N1 `You lie, you lie, you weel-far\'d may,  
Sae loud \'s I hear you lie!  
Do you mind the dark and the misty night  
I was in the bught wi thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 217J.11

\N1 `Oh well do I ken by your milk-white steed,  
And by your merry winkin ee,  
That you are the laird of Lochinvar,  
That was in the bught wi me.'

\LBALLADS Child 217K.1

\N1 \* \* \* \* \*

THERE was four and twenty gentlemen,  
As they were ridin by,  
And aff there louns the head o them,  
Cums in to this fair may.

\SBALLADS Child 217K.2

\N1 `It\'s a mark and a mark and a misty night,  
And we canna know the way;  
And ye wad be as gude to us  
As shew us on the way.'

\SBALLADS Child 217K.3

\N1 `Ye\'ll get a boy for meat,' she says,  
`Ye\'ll get a boy for fee,

. . . . .

That will shew you the right way.'

\SBALLADS Child 217K.4

\N1 `We\'ll get a boy for meat,' he says,  
`We\'ll get a boy for fee,  
But we do not know where to seek  
That bonny boy out.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 217K.5

\N1 `It\'s foul befa my auld father\'s men,  
An ill death mat they die!  
They\'ve biggit the ewe bucht sae far frae the town  
They\'ve trusted the men to me.'

\LBALLADS Child 217L.1

\N1 O THE broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom grows oer the burn!  
Aye when I mind on\'s bonny yellow hair,  
I aye hae cause to mourn.

\N1 There was a bonny, a well-fared may,  
In the fauld milking her kye,  
When by came a troop of merry gentlemen,  
And sae merrily they rode by.  
O the broom, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 217L.2

\N1 The maid she sang till the hills they rang,  
And a little more forebye,  
Till in came ane of these gentlemen  
To the bught o the bonny may.

\SBALLADS Child 217L.3

\N1 `Well mat ye sing, fair maid,' he says,  
`In the fauld, milking your kye;

The night is misty, weet and dark,  
And I\`ve gane out o my way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.4  
\N1 `Keep on the way ye ken, kind sir,  
Keep on the way ye ken;  
But I pray ye take care o Clyde\`s water,  
For the stream runs proud and fair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.5  
\N1 `I ken you by your lamar beads,  
And by your blinking ee,  
That your mother has some other maid  
To send to the ewes than thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.6  
\N1 `I ken you by your powderd locks,  
And by your gay gold ring,  
That ye are the laird o Rock-rock lays,  
That beguiles all young women.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.7  
\N1 `I\`m not the laird o the Rock-rock lays,  
Nor ever hopes to be;  
But I am one o the finest knights  
That\`s in his companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.8  
\N1 `Are ye the maid o the Cowden Knowes?  
I think you seem to be;'  
`No, I\`m not the maid o the Cowden Knowes,  
Nor ever hopes to be;  
But I am one of her mother\`s maids,  
And oft in her companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.9  
\N1 `He\`s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by her grass-green sleeve,  
He\`s set her down upon the ground  
Of her kin spierd nae leave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.10  
\N1 He\`s gien her a silver comb,  
To comb her yellow hair;  
He bade her keep it for his sake,  
For fear she never got mair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.11  
\N1 He pat his hand in his pocket,  
He\`s gien her guineas three;  
Says, Take ye that, fair maid, he says,  
\`Twill pay the nourice\`s fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.12  
\N1 She\`s taen the milk-pail on her head,  
And she gaed singing hame,  
And a\` that her auld father did say,  
`Daughter, ye\`ve tarried lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.13  
\N1 `Woe be to your shepherd, father,  
And an ill death mat he die!  
He\`s biggit the bught sae far frae the town,  
And trystit a man to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.14  
\N1 `There came a tod into the bught,  
The like o \`m I neer did see;  
Before he\`d taen the lamb he\`s taen,  
I\`d rather he\`d taen other three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 217L.15

\N1 Or eer six months were past and gane,  
Six months but other three,  
This lassie begud for to fret and frown,  
And lang for his blinking ee.

\SBALLADS Child 217L.16

\N1 It fell upon another day,  
When ca\'ing out her father\'s kye,  
That by came the troop o gentlemen,  
Sae merrily riding by.

\SBALLADS Child 217L.17

\N1 Then ane of them stopt, and said to her,  
'Wha\'s aught that bairn ye\'re wi?'  
The lassie began for to blush, and think,  
To a father as good as ye.

\SBALLADS Child 217L.18

\N1 She turnd her right and round about  
And thought nae little shame;  
Then a\' to him that she did say,  
'I\'ve a father to my bairn at hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 217L.19

\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-fared may,  
Sae loud\'s I hear ye lie!  
For dinna ye mind yon misty night  
I was in the bught wi thee?

\SBALLADS Child 217L.20

\N1 `I gave you a silver comb,  
To comb your yellow hair;  
I bade you keep it for my sake,  
For fear ye\'d never get mair.

\SBALLADS Child 217L.21

\N1 `I pat my hand in my pocket,  
I gae you guineas three;  
I bade you keep them for my sake,  
And pay the nourice\'s fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 217L.22

\N1 He\'s lappen aff his berry-brown steed  
And put that fair maid on;  
'Ca hame your kye, auld father,' he says,  
'She shall never mair return.

\SBALLADS Child 217L.23

\N1 `I am the laird o the Rock-rock lays,  
Hae thirty ploughs and three,  
And this day will wed the fairest maid  
That eer my eyes did see.'

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom grows oer the burn!  
Aye when she minds on his yellow hair,  
She shall neer hae cause to mourn.

\LBALLADS Child 217M.1

\N1 \\'T WAS on a misty day, a fair maiden gay  
Went out to the Cowdenknowes;  
Lang, lang she thought ere her ewes woud bught,  
Wi her pail for to milk the ewes.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
And aye sae sweet as the lassie sang,  
In the ewe-bught, milking her ewes.

\SBALLADS Child 217M.2

\N1 And aye as she sang the greenwoods rang,  
Her voice was sae loud and shrill;



They heard the voice of this well-far\'d maid  
At the other side o the hill.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.3

\\N1 `My mother she is an ill woman,  
And an ill woman is she;  
Or than she might have got some other maid  
To milk her ewes without me.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.4

\\N1 `My father was ance a landed laird,  
As mony mair have been;  
But he held on the gambling trade  
Till a \\'s free lands were dune.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.5

\\N1 `My father drank the brandy and beer,  
My mother the wine sae red;  
Gars me, poor girl, gang maiden lang,  
For the lack o tocher guid.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.6

\\N1 There was a troop o merry gentlemen  
Came riding along the way,  
And one o them drew the ewe-bughts unto,  
At the voice of this lovely may.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.7

\\N1 `O well may you sing, my well-far\'d maid,  
And well may you sing, I say,  
For this is a mirk and a misty night,  
And I\'ve ridden out o my way.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.8

\\N1 `Ride on, ride on, young man,' she said,  
`Ride on the way ye ken;  
But keep frae the streams o the Rock-river,  
For they run proud and vain.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.9

\\N1 `Ye winna want boys for meat, kind sir,  
And ye winna want men for fee;  
It sets not us that are young women  
To show young men the way.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.10

\\N1 `O winna ye pity me, fair maid?  
O winna ye pity me?  
O winna ye pity my poor steed,  
Stnads trembling at yon tree?'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.11

\\N1 `Ride on, ride on, ye rank rider,  
Your steed\'s baith stout and strang;  
For out o the ewe-bught I winna come,  
For fear that ye do me wrang.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.12

\\N1 `For well ken I by your high-coldd hat,  
And by your gay gowd ring,  
That ye are the Earl o Rock-rivers,  
That beguiles a\' our young women.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.13

\\N1 `O I\'m not the earl o the Rock-rivers,  
Nor ever thinks to be;  
But I am ane o his f+inest knights,  
Rides aft in his companie.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.14

\\N1 `I know you well by your lamar beads,  
And by your merry winking ee,

That ye are the maid o the Cowdenknowes,  
And may very well seem to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 217M.15

\N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He\'s laid her down by the ewe-bught-wa,  
At her he spiered nae leave.

\SBALLADS Child 217M.16

\N1 When he had had got his wills o her,  
And his wills he had taen,  
He lifted her up by the middle sae sma,  
Says, Fair maid, rise up again.

\SBALLADS Child 217M.17

\N1 Then he has taen out a siller kaim,  
Kaimd down her yellow hair;  
Says, Fair maid, take that, keep it for my sake,  
Case frae me ye never get mair.

\SBALLADS Child 217M.18

\N1 Then he put his hand in his pocket,  
And gien her guineas three;  
Says, Take that, fair maiden, till I return,  
'Twill pay the nurse\'s fee.

\SBALLADS Child 217M.19

\N1 Then he lap on his milk-white steed,  
And he rade after his men,  
And a\' that they did say to him,  
'Dear master, ye\' ve tarried lang.'

\SBALLADS Child 217M.20

\N1 'I\'ve ridden east, I\'ve ridden west,  
And over the cowdenknowes,  
But the bonniest lass that eer I did see,  
Was i the ewe-bught, milking her ewes.'

\SBALLADS Child 217M.21

\N1 She\'s taen her milk-pail on her head,  
And she gaed singing hame;  
But a\' that her auld father did say,  
'Daughter, ye\'ve tarried lang.'  
'O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
Aye sae sair \'s I may rue the day,  
In the ewe-bughts, milking my ewes.

\SBALLADS Child 217M.22

\N1 'O this is a mirk and a misty night,  
O father, as ye may see;  
The ewes they ran skipping over the knowes,  
And they woudna bught in for me.

\SBALLADS Child 217M.23

\N1 . . . .

. . . .

'Before that he\'d taen the lamb that he took,  
I rather he\'d taen other three.'

\SBALLADS Child 217M.24

\N1 When twenty weeks were come and gane,  
And twenty weeks and three,  
The lassie\'s colour grew pale and wan,  
And she longed this knight to see.

\SBALLADS Child 217M.25

\N1 Says, 'Wae to the fox came amo our f+lock!  
I wish he had taen them a\'  
Before that he\'d taen frae me what he took;

It\'s occasiond my downfa.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.26

\\N1 It fell ance upon a time  
She was ca\'ing hame her kye,  
There came a troop o merry gentlemen,  
And they wyled the bonny lassie by.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.27

\\N1 But one o them spake as he rode past,  
Says, Who owes the bairn ye are wi?  
A little she spake, but thought wi hersell,  
`Perhaps to ane as gude as thee.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.28

\\N1 O then she did blush as he did pass by,  
And dear! but she thought shame,  
And all that she did say to him,  
`Sir, I have a husband at hame.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.29

\\N1 `Ye lie, ye lie, ye well-far\'d maid,  
Sae loud as I hear you lie!  
For dinna ye mind yon misty night,  
Ye were in the bught wi me?

`O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
Aye sae sweet as I heard you sing,  
In the ewe-bughts, milking your ewes.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.30

\\N1 `O well do I mind, kind sir,' she said,  
`As ye rode over the hill;  
Ye took frae me my maidenhead,  
Fell sair against my will.

`O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,  
The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
And aye sae sair as I rue the day  
I met you, milking my ewes.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.31

\\N1 `And aye as ye spake, ye lifted your hat,  
Ye had a merry winking ee;  
I ken you well to be the man,  
Then kind sir, O pity me!'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.32

\\N1 `Win up, win up, fair maiden,' he said,  
`Nae langer here ye\'ll stay;  
This night ye\'se be my wedded wife,  
Without any more delay.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.33

\\N1 He lighted aff his milk-white steed  
And set the lassie on;  
`Ca in your kye, auld man,' he did say,  
`She\'ll never ca them in again.

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.34

\\N1 `I am the Earl o the Rock-rivers,  
Hae fifty ploughs and three,  
And am sure I\'ve chosen the fairest maid  
That ever my eyes did see.'

\\SBALLADS Child 217M.35

\\N1 Then he stript her o the robes o grey,  
Donned her in the robes o green,  
And when she came to her lord\'s ha  
They took her to be some queen.  
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,

The broom o the Cowdenknowes!  
 And aye sae sweet as the bonny lassie sang,  
 That ever she milked the ewes.  
 \LBALLADS Child 217N.1  
 \N1 O THERE war a troop o merry gentlemen  
 Cam riding oure the knowes,  
 And they hear the voice o a bonny lass,  
 In the bichts, milking the yowes.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.2  
 \N1 `O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
 O saved may ye be!  
 My steed he has riden wrang,  
 Fain wad I ken the way.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.3  
 \N1 She has tane the steed by the bridle-reins,  
 Has led him till the way,  
 And he has tane out three gowd rings,  
 Gien them to that bonnie may.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.4  
 \N1 And he has tane her by the milk-white hand  
 And by the gerss-green sleeve,  
 And he laid her doun on the side o yon hill,  
 At her daddie speird na leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.5  
 \N1 Now she has hame to her father gane,  
 Her father did her blame:  
 `O whare hae ye been, my ae dochter?  
 For ye hae na been your lane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.6  
 \N1 `O the nicht is mirk, and very, very wet,  
 Ye may gang to the door and see;  
 O there\'s nabody been wi me, father,  
 There\'s nabody been wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.7  
 \N1 `But there cam a tod to your bucht, father,  
 The like o him I neer saw;  
 Afore you\'d gien him the lamb that he took,  
 Ye\'d rather hae gien them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.8  
 \N1 `O wae be to my father\'s sheep-hird,  
 An ill death may he dee!  
 For bigging the bucht sae nar the road,  
 Let the Lochinvar to me!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.9  
 \N1 She\'s tane her pig and her cog in her hand,  
 And she\'s gane to milk the kye;  
 But ere she was aware, the Laird o Lochinvar  
 Cam riding in the way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.10  
 \N1 `O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
 I wish ye may be sound;  
 O save thee, O save thee, my bonnie may!  
 What maks thy belly sae round?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.11  
 \N1 O she has turnd hersel round about,  
 And she within her thoucht shame:  
 `O it\'s nabody\'s wills wi me, kind sir,  
 For I hae a gudeman o my ain.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.12  
 \N1 `Ye lee, ye lee, my bonnie may,

Weel do I ken ye lee!  
 For dinna ye mind o the three gowd rings  
 I gied ye o the new money?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.13  
 \N1 `O weel do I mind thee, kind sir,  
 O weel do I mind thee;  
 For ae when ye spak ye lifted up your hat,  
 And ye had a bonnie twinklin ee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.14  
 \N1 `O ye need na toil yoursel, my dear,  
 Neither to card nor to spin;  
 For there\'s ten pieces I gie unto thee;  
 Keep them for your lying in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.15  
 \N1 Now she has hame to her father gane,  
 As fast as she could hie;  
 And she was na weel crownd wi joy  
 Till her auld son gat she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.16  
 \N1 But she\'ll na tell the daddie o it  
 Till father not to mither,  
 And she\'ll na tell the daddie o it  
 To sister nor to brither.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.17  
 \N1 And word is to the Lochinvar,  
 And word is to him gane,  
 That sic a tenant\'s dochter  
 Has born a bastard son:  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.18  
 \N1 And she\'ll na tell the daddie o it  
 To father nor to mither,  
 And she\'ll na tell the daddie o it  
 Till sister nor to brither.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.19  
 \N1 `O weel do I ken the reason o that,  
 And the reason weel do I ken;  
 O weel ken I the reason o that;  
 It\'s to some o her father\'s men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.20  
 \N1 `But I will awa to Littlejohn\'s house,  
 Shule them out o the door;  
 For there\'s na tenant on a\' my land  
 Shall harbour an arrant hure.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.21  
 \N1 Then out and spak the house-keeper,  
 `Ye\'d better lat her abee;  
 For an onie harm befa this may,  
 A\' the wyte will be on me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.22  
 \N1 O he has turnd himsel round about,  
 Within himsel thocht he  
 `Better do I loe her little f+inger  
 Than a\' thy haill bodie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.23  
 \N1 `Gae saddle to me my six coach-mares,  
 Put a\' their harness on,  
 And I will awa to Littlejohn\'s house  
 For reports o this bastard son.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.24  
 \N1 Now whan he cam to Littlejohn\'s house,

Littlejohn was at the door:  
 `Ye rascal, ye rogue, ye impudent dog,  
 Will ye harbour an arrant hure!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.25  
 \N1 `O pardon me, my sovereign liege,  
 O pardon me, I pray;  
 Oh that the nicht that she was born  
 She\'d deed the very neist day!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.26  
 \N1 But he is in to his bonnie lassie gane,  
 And has bolted the door behind,  
 And there he has kisssd his bonnie lassie sweet,  
 It\'s over and over again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.27  
 \N1 `Ye did weel, ye did weel, my bonnie may,  
 To keep the secret twixt me and thee;  
 For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair,  
 The lady o \'t I\'ll mak thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.28  
 \N1 `Come doun, come duun, now gentlemen a\  
 And set this fair lady on;  
 Mither, ye may milk the ewes as ye will,  
 For she\'ll neer milk them again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 217N.29  
 \N1 `For I am the laird o the Ochilberry swair,  
 O thirty plows and three,  
 And I hae gotten the bonniest may  
 That\'s in a\' the south countrie.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 218A.1  
 \N1 A FAIR maid sat in her bower-door,  
 Wringing her lily hands,  
 And by it came a sprightly youth,  
 Fast tripping oer the strands.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.2  
 \N1 `Where gang ye, young John,' she says,  
 `Sae early in the day?  
 It gars me think, by your fast trip,  
 Your journey\'s far away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.3  
 \N1 He turnd about wi surly look,  
 And said, What\'s that to thee?  
 I\'m gaen to see a lovely maid,  
 Mair fairer far than ye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.4  
 \N1 `Now hae ye playd me this, fause love,  
 In simmer, mid the f+lowers?  
 I shall repay ye back again,  
 In winter, mid the showers.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.5  
 \N1 `But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
 Will ye not turn again?  
 For as ye look to other women,  
 I shall to other men.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.6  
 \N1 `Make your choice of whom you please,  
 For I my choice will have;  
 I\'ve chosen a maid more fair than thee,  
 I never will deceive.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.7  
 \N1 But she\'s kilt up her claithing f+ine,

And after him gaed she;  
 But aye he said, Ye\'ll turn again,  
 Nae farder gae wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.8  
 \N1 `But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
 Will ye never love me again?  
 Alas for loving you sae well,  
 And you nae me again!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.9  
 \N1 The f+irst an town that they came till,  
 He bought her brooch and ring;  
 And aye he bade her turn again,  
 And gang nae farder wi him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.10  
 \N1 `But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
 Will ye never love me again?  
 Alas for loving you sae well,  
 And you nae me again!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.11  
 \N1 The next an town that they came till,  
 He bought her muff and gloves;  
 But aye he bade her turn again,  
 And choose some other loves.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.12  
 \N1 `But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
 Will ye never love me again?  
 Alas for loving you sae well,  
 And you nae me again!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.13  
 \N1 The next an town that they came till,  
 His heart it grew mair fain,  
 And he was as deep in love wi her  
 As she was ower again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218A.14  
 \N1 The next an town that they came till,  
 He bought her wedding gown,  
 And made her lady of ha\'s and bowers,  
 Into sweet Berwick town.  
 \LBALLADS Child 218B.1  
 \N1 THE sun shines high on yonder hill,  
 And low on yonder town;  
 In the place where my love Johnny dwells,  
 The sun gaes never down.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218B.2  
 \N1 `O when will ye be back, bonny lad,  
 O when will ye be hame?  
 `When heather-hills are nine times brunt,  
 And a\' grown green again.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 218B.3  
 \N1 `O that\'s ower lang awa, bonny lad,  
 O that\'s ower lang frae hame;  
 For I\'ll be dead and in my grave  
 Ere ye come back again.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 218B.4  
 \N1 He put his foot into the stirrup  
 And said he maun go ride,  
 But she kilted up her green claithing  
 And said she woudna bide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 218B.5  
 \N1 The f+irsten town that they came to,

He bought her hose and sheen,  
And bade her rue and return again,  
And gang nae farther wi him.

\SBALLADS Child 218B.6

\N1 `Ye likena me at a`, bonny lad,  
Ye likena me at a`;'`  
`It`s sair for you likes me sae weel  
And me nae you at a`.`

\SBALLADS Child 218B.7

\N1 The nexten town that they came to,  
He bought her a braw new gown,  
And bade her rue and return again,  
And gang nae farther wi him.

\SBALLADS Child 218B.8

\N1 The nexten town that they came to,  
He bought her a wedding ring,  
And bade her dry her rosy cheeks,  
And he would tak her wi him.

\SBALLADS Child 218B.9

\N1 `O wae be to your bonny face,  
And your twa blinkin een!  
And wae be to your rosy cheeks!  
They`ve stown this heart o mine.

\SBALLADS Child 218B.10

\N1 `There`s comfort for the comfortless,  
There`s honey for the bee;  
There`s comfort for the comfortless,  
There`s nane but you for me.`

\LBALLADS Child 219A.1

\N1 THE gardener stands in his bower-door,  
With a primrose in his hand,  
And by there came a leal maiden,  
As jimp`s a willow wand.  
And by, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 219A.2

\N1 `O lady, can you fancy me,  
For to be my bride,  
You`ll get a` the f+lowers in my garden,  
To be to you a weed.

\SBALLADS Child 219A.3

\N1 `The lily white shall be your smock;  
Becomes your body neat;  
And your head shall be deckd with jelly-f+lower,  
And the primrose in your breast.

\SBALLADS Child 219A.4

\N1 `Your gown shall be o the sweet-william,  
Your coat o camovine,  
And your apron o the salads neat,  
That taste baith sweet and f+ine.

\SBALLADS Child 219A.5

\N1 `Your stockings shall be o the broad kail-blade,  
That is baith broad and long;  
And narrow, narrow at the coot,  
And broad, broad at the brawn.

\SBALLADS Child 219A.6

\N1 `Your gloves shall be the marygold,  
All glittering to your hand,  
Well spread oer wi the blue blaewort,  
That grows in corn-land.`

\SBALLADS Child 219A.7



\N1 `O fare you well, young man,' she says,  
`Farewell, and I bid adieu;  
Since you've provided a weed for me,  
Among the summer f+lowers,  
Then I'll provide another for you,  
Among the winter showers.

\SBALLADS Child 219A.8

\N1 `The new-fallen snow to be your smock;  
Becomes your body neat;  
And your head shall be deckd with the eastern wind,  
And the cold rain on your breast.'

\LBALLADS Child 219B.1

\N1 ALL ye young men, I pray draw near,  
I'll let you hear my mind  
Concerning those who f+ickle are,  
And inconstant as the wind.

\SBALLADS Child 219B.2

\N1 A pretty maid who late livd here,  
And sweetheatrs many had,  
The gardener-lad he viewd them all,  
Just as they came and gaed.

\SBALLADS Child 219B.3

\N1 The gardener-lad he viewd them all,  
But swore he had no skill:  
`If I were to go as oft to her,  
Ye surely would me kill.

\SBALLADS Child 219B.4

\N1 `I'm sure she's not a proper maid,  
I'm sure she is not tall;  
Another young man standing by,  
he said, Slight none at all.

\SBALLADS Child 219B.5

\N1 `For we're all come of woman,' he said,  
`If ye woud call to mind,  
And to all women for her sake  
Ye surely should be kind.'

\SBALLADS Child 219B.6

\N1 `The summer hours and warm showers  
Make the the trees yield in the ground,  
And kindly words will woman win,  
And this maid I'll surround.'

\SBALLADS Child 219B.7

\N1 The maid then stood in her bower-door,  
As straight as ony wand,  
When by it came the gardener-lad,  
With his hat in his hand.

\SBALLADS Child 219B.8

\N1 `Will ye live on fruit,' he said?  
`Or will ye marry me?  
And amongst the f+lowers in my garden  
I'll shape a weed for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 219B.9

\N1 `I will live on fruit,' she says,  
`But I'll never marry thee;  
For I can live without mankind,  
And without mankind I'll die.'

\SBALLADS Child 219B.10

\N1 `Ye shall not live without mankind,  
If ye'll accept of me;  
For among the f+lowers in my garden

I'll shape a weed for thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 219B.11  
\N1 `The lily white to be your smock;  
Becomes your body best;  
And the jelly-f+lower to be your quill,  
And the red rose in your breast.  
\SBALLADS Child 219B.12  
\N1 `Your gown shall be o the pingo white,  
Your petticoat cammovine,  
Your apron o the seel o downs;  
Come smile, sweet heart o mine!  
\SBALLADS Child 219B.13  
\N1 `Your shoes shall be o the gude rue red-+---+  
Never did I garden ill-+---+  
Your stockings o the mary mild;  
Come smile, sweet heart, your f+ill!  
\SBALLADS Child 219B.14  
\N1 `Your gloves shall be o the green clover,  
Comes lockerin to your hand,  
Well dropped oer wi blue blavers,  
That grow among white land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 219B.15  
\N1 `Young man, ye've shap'd a weed for me,  
In summer among your f+lowers;  
Now I will shape another for you,  
Among the winter showers.  
\SBALLADS Child 219B.16  
\N1 `The snow so white shall be your shirt;  
It becomes your body best;  
The cold bleak wind to be your coat,  
And the cold wind in your breast.  
\SBALLADS Child 219B.17  
\N1 `The steed that you shall ride upon  
Shall be o the weather snell,  
Well bridled wi the northern wind,  
And cold sharp showers o hail.  
\SBALLADS Child 219B.18  
\N1 `The hat you on your head shall wear  
Shall be o the weather gray,  
And aye when you come into my sight  
I'll wish you were away.'  
\LBALLADS Child 219C.1  
\N1 BURD ELLEN stands in her bower-door,  
As straucht \ 's a hollan wand,  
And by it comes the gairdner-lad,  
Wi a red rose in his hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 219C.2  
\N1 Says, I have shapen a weed for thee  
Amang my simmer f+lowers;  
. . . .  
. . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 219C.3  
\N1 `Gin ye hae shapen a weed for me,  
Amang your simmer f+lowers,  
It's I'll repay ye back again,  
Amang the winter showers.  
\SBALLADS Child 219C.4  
\N1 `The steed that ye sall ride upon  
Sall be o the frost sae snell,

And I\ 'll saddle him wi the norlan winds,  
And some sharp showers o hail.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 220A.1

\N1 OUR king he has a secret to tell,  
And ay well keepit it must be:  
The English lords are coming down  
To dance and win the victory.

\SBALLADS Child 220A.2

\N1 Our king has cry\ 'd a noble cry,  
And ay well keepit it must be:  
'Gar saddle ye, and bring to me  
The bonny lass of Anglesey.'

\SBALLADS Child 220A.3

\N1 Up she starts, as white as the milk,  
Between him and his company:  
What is the thing I hae to ask,  
If I sould win the victory?'

\SBALLADS Child 220A.4

\N1 `Fifteen ploughs but and a mill  
I gie thee till the day thou die,  
And the fairest knight in a\ ' my court  
To chuse thy husband for to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 220A.5

\N1 She\ 's taen the f+fifteen lord<s] by the hand,  
Saying, `Will ye come dance with me?'  
But on the morn at ten o\ 'clock  
They gave it oer most shamefully.

\SBALLADS Child 220A.6

\N1 Up then rais the f+fifteenth lord+----+  
I wat an angry man was he+----+  
Laid by frae him his belt and sword,  
And to the f+loor gaed manfully.

\SBALLADS Child 220A.7

\N1 He said, `My feet shall be my dead  
Before she win the victory;'  
But before \ 'twas ten o\ 'clock at night  
He gaed it oer as shamefully.

\LBALLADS Child 220B.1

\N1 WORD has gane thro a\ ' this land,  
And O well noticed it maun be!  
The English lords are coming down  
To dance and gain the victorie.

\SBALLADS Child 220B.2

\N1 The king has made a noble cry,  
And well attended it maun be:  
'Come saddle ye, and bring to me  
The bonny lass o Englessie.'

\SBALLADS Child 220B.3

\N1 She started up, a\ ' dress\ 'd in white,  
Between him and his companie;  
Said, What will ye gie, my royal liege,  
If I will dance this dance for thee?

\SBALLADS Child 220B.4

\N1 `Five good ploughs but and a mill  
I\ 'll give you till the day ye die;  
The bravest knight in all my court,  
I\ 'll give, your husband for to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 220B.5

\N1 She\ 's taen the f+irst lord by the hand,

Says, `Ye\'ll rise up and dance wi me;'  
But she made a\' these lords f+ifeteen  
To gie it up right shamefullie.  
\SBALLADS Child 220B.6  
\N1 Then out it speaks a younger lord,  
Says, `Fye for shame! how can this be?'  
He loosd his brand frae aff his side,  
Likewise his buckler frae his knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 220B.7  
\N1 He sware his feet should be his dead  
Before he lost the victorie;  
He danc\'d full fast, but tired at last,  
And gae it up as shamefullie.  
\LBALLADS Child 221A.1  
\N1 THERE livd a lass in yonder dale,  
And doun in yonder glen, O  
And Kathrine Jaffray was her name,  
Well known by many men. O  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.2  
\N1 Out came the Laird of Lauderdale,  
Out frae the South Countrie,  
All for to court this pretty maid,  
Her bridegroom for to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.3  
\N1 He has told her father and mither baith,  
And a\' the rest o her kin,  
And has told the lass hersell,  
And her consent has win.  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.4  
\N1 Then came the Laird of Lochinton,  
Out frae the English border,  
All for to court this pretty maid,  
Well mounted in good order.  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.5  
\N1 He\'s told her father and mither baith,  
As I hear sindry say,  
But he has nae told the lass her sell,  
Till on her wedding day.  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.6  
\N1 When day was set, and friends were met,  
And married to be,  
Lord Lauderdale came to the place,  
The bridal for to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.7  
\N1 `O are you came for sport, young man?  
Or are you come for play?  
Or are you come for a sight o our bride,  
Just on her wedding day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.8  
\N1 `I\'m nouter come for sport,' he says,  
`Nor am I come for play;  
But if I had one sight o your bride,  
I\'ll mount and ride away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.9  
\N1 There was a glass of the red wine  
Filld up them atween,  
And ay she drank to Lauderdale,  
Wha her true-love had been.  
\SBALLADS Child 221A.10  
\N1 Then he took her by the milk-white hand,

And by the grass-green sleeve,  
 And he mounted her high behind him there,  
 At the bridegroom he askt nae leive.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221A.11  
 \N1 Then the blude run down by the Cowden Banks,  
 And down by Cowden Braes,  
 And ay she gard the trumpet sound,  
 `O this is foul, foul play!'

\SBALLADS Child 221A.12  
 \N1 Now a\' ye that in England are,  
 Or are in England born,  
 Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,  
 Or else ye\'l get the scorn.

\SBALLADS Child 221A.13  
 \N1 They haik ye up and settle ye by,  
 Till on your wedding day,  
 And gie ye frogs instead o f+ish,  
 And play ye foul, foul play.

\LBALLADS Child 221B.1  
 \N1 THE gallant laird of Lamington  
 Cam frae the North Countree  
 To court a gallant gay lady,  
 And wi presents entered he.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.2  
 \N1 He neither stood for gould nor gear+---+  
 For she was a well-fared may+---+  
 And whan he got her friends\' consent  
 He set the wedding-day.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.3  
 \N1 She\'s sent unto her f+irst fere love,  
 Gin he would come to see,  
 And he has sent word back again  
 Weel ans\iwere\rd should she be.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.4  
 \N1 He has sent a mess\ien\rg\ie\rr  
 Right quietly throe the land,  
 Wi mony armed men,  
 To be at his command.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.5  
 \N1 The bridegroom looked out at a high window,  
 Beheld baith dool and doon,  
 And there he spied her f+irst fere love,  
 Come riding to the toun.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.6  
 \N1 She scoffed and she scorned him,  
 Upo the wedding-day,  
 And said it had been the Fairy Court  
 That he had seen in array.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.7  
 \N1 But as he sat at yon table-head,  
 Amo yon gentlemen,  
 And he began to speak some words  
 That na ane there could ken.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.8  
 \N1 `There is a lass into this town+---+  
 She is a weel-far\'d may+---+  
 She is another man\'s bride today,  
 But she\'ll play him foul play.'

\SBALLADS Child 221B.9  
 \N1 Up did start the bonny bridegroom,

His hat into his hand,

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 221B.10

\N1 `O came you here, young man, to f+ight?

Or came you here to f+lee?

Or cam you here to drink good wine,

And be good company?'

\SBALLADS Child 221B.11

\N1 They f+illed a cup o good red wine,

Drunk out between them twa:

`For one dance wi your bonny bride,

I shall gae hame my wa.'

\SBALLADS Child 221B.12

\N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,

And by the grass-green sleeve,

He\'s mounted her high behind himself,

At her kin\'s speired nae leave.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.13

\N1 Now . . .

And swords f+lew in the skies,

And droop and drowsie was the blood

Ran our yon lilly braes.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.14

\N1 The blood ran our the lilly bank,

And our the lilly brae,

And sighing said the bonny bride,

`A, wae\'s me for foul play!'

\SBALLADS Child 221B.15

\N1 `My blessing on your heart, sweet thing,

Wae to your wilfu will!

So many a gallant gentleman\'s blood

This day as ye\'ve garred spill.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.16

\N1 `But a\' you that is norland men,

If you be norland born,

Come never south to wed a bryde,

For they\'ll play you the scorn.

\SBALLADS Child 221B.17

\N1 `They will play you the scorn

Upo your wedding-day,

And gie you frogs instead o f+ish,

And do you foul, foul play.'

\LBALLADS Child 221C.1

\N1 THERE leeft a may, an a weel-far\'d may,

High, high up in yon glen; O

Her name was Katarine Janfarie,

She was courtit by monie men. O

\SBALLADS Child 221C.2

\N1 Up then cam Lord Lauderdale,

Up thrae the Lawland border,

And he has come to court this may,

A\' mountit in gude order.

\SBALLADS Child 221C.3

\N1 He\'s telld her father, he\'s telld her mother,

An a\' the lave o her kin,

An he has telld the bonnie lass hersel,

An has her favour win.

\SBALLADS Child 221C.4

\N1 Out then cam Lord Faughanwood,

Out frae the English border,  
 An for to court this well-far\'d may,  
 A\' mountit in gude order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.5  
 \N1 He telld her father, he telld her mother,  
 An a\' the rest o her kin,  
 But he neer telld the bonnie lass hersell  
 Till on her waddin-een.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.6  
 \N1 When they war a\' at denner set,  
 Drinkin the bluid-red wine,  
 \'Twas up then cam Lord Lauderdale,  
 The bridegroom soud hae been.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.7  
 \N1 Up then spak Lord Faughanwood,  
 An he spak very slee:  
 `O are ye come for sport?' he says,  
 `Or are ye come for play?  
 Or are ye come for a kiss o our bride,  
 An the morn her waddin-day?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.8  
 \N1 `O I\'m no come for ought,' he says,  
 `But for some sport or play;  
 An ae word o yer bonnie bride,  
 Than I\'ll horse an ride away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.9  
 \N1 She f+illd a cup o the gude red wine,  
 Sh f+illd it to the ee:  
 `Here\'s a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,  
 An a\' your companie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.10  
 \N1 She f+illd a cup o the gude red wine,  
 She f+illd it to the brim:  
 `Here\'s a health to you, Lord Lauderdale,  
 My bridegroom should hae been.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.11  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And by the gars-green sleeve,  
 An he has mountit her behind him,  
 O the bridegroom spierd nae leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.12  
 \N1 `It\'<s] now take yer bride, Lord Faughanwood,  
 Now take her an ye may;  
 But if ye take yer bride again  
 We will ca it foul play.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.13  
 \N1 There war four a twenty bonnie boys,  
 A\' clad i the simple gray;  
 They said the wad take their bride again,  
 By the strang hand an the may.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.14  
 \N1 Some o them were fu willin men,  
 But they war na willin a\';  
 Sae four an twentie ladies gay  
 Bade them ride on their way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221C.15  
 \N1 The bluid ran down by the Cadan bank,  
 An in by the Cadan brae,  
 An ther the gard the piper play  
 It was a\' for foul, foul play.

\SBALLADS Child 221C.16

\N1 A\' ye lords in fair England  
That live by the English border,  
Gang never to Scotland to seek a wife,  
Or than ye\'ll get the scorn.

\SBALLADS Child 221C.17

\N1 They\'ll keep ye up i temper guid  
Untill yer wadin-day,  
They\'ll thraw ye frogs instead o f+ish,  
An steal your bride away.

\LBALLADS Child 221D.1

\N1 There lives a lass into yon bank,  
She lives hersell alone,  
Her name is Kathrine Jamphray,  
Well known by many a one.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.2

\N1 Than came the Laird of Lamington,  
It\'s frae the West Countrie,  
And for to court this bonnie may,  
Her bridegroom hopes to be.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.3

\N1 He asked at her father, sae did he at her mother,  
And the chief of all her kin,  
But still he askd the lass hersell,  
Till he had her true love won.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.4

\N1 At length the Laird of Lachenware  
Came from the English border,  
And for to court this bonnie bride,  
Was mounted in good order.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.5

\N1 He asked at her father, sae did he at her mother,  
As I heard many say,  
But he never loot the lassie wit  
Till on her wedding-day.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.6

\N1 She sent a spy into the west  
Where Lamington might be,  
That an he wad come and meet wi her  
That she wad with him gae.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.7

\N1 They taen her on to Lachenware,  
As they have thought it meet;  
They taen her on to Lachanware,  
The wedding to compleat.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.8

\N1 When they came to Lachanware,  
And near-han by the town,  
There was a dinner-making,  
Wi great mirth and renown.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.9

\N1 Lamington has mounted twenty-four wiel-wight men,  
Well mounted in array,  
And he\'s away to see his bonnie bride,  
Just on her wedding-day.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.10

\N1 When she came out into the green,  
Amang her company,  
Says, Lamington and Lachanware  
This day shall f+ight for me.'



\SBALLADS Child 221D.11

\N1 When he came to Lachanware,  
And lighted on the green,  
There was a cup of good red wine  
Was f+illed them between,  
And ay she drank to Lamington,  
Her former love who\'d been.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.12

\N1 It\'s out and spake the bridegroom,  
And a angrie man was he:  
'It\'s wha is this, my bonnie bride,  
That ye loe better than me?

\SBALLADS Child 221D.13

\N1 'R'\rit\'s came you here for sport, young man?  
Or came you here for play?  
Or came you for a sight of my bonnie bride,  
Upon her wedding-day?'

\SBALLADS Child 221D.14

\N1 'I came not here for sport,' he says,  
'Nor came I here for play;  
But an I had ae word of your bride,  
I\'ll horse and gae my way.'

\SBALLADS Child 221D.15

\N1 The f+irst time that he calld on her,  
Her answer was him Nay;  
But the next time that he calld on her,  
She was not slow to gae.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.16

\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And by the grass-green sleeve,  
He\'s pulld her on behind him,  
At the bridegroom speard nae leave.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.17

\N1 The blood ran up the caden bank,  
And down the Caden brae,  
And ay she bade the trumpet sound  
'It\'s a\' for foul, foul play.'

\SBALLADS Child 221D.18

\N1 'I wonder o you English squires,  
That are in England born,  
That ye come to court our Scots lasses,  
For fear ye get the scorn.

\SBALLADS Child 221D.19

\N1 'For fear you get the scorn,' she says,  
'Upon y\iour wedding-day;  
They\'ll gee you frogs instead of f+ish,  
And take your bride away.'

\SBALLADS Child 221D.20

\N1 Fair fa the lads of Lamington,  
Has taen their bride away!  
They\'ll set them up in temper wood  
And scorn you all day.

\LBALLADS Child 221E.1

\N1 BONNY Cathrin Jaffray,  
That proper maid sae fare,  
She has loved young Lochinvar,  
She made him no compare.

\SBALLADS Child 221E.2

\N1 He courted her the live-long winter-night,  
Sae has he the simmer\'s day;

He has courted her sae long  
 Till he sta her heart away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.3  
 \N1 But the lusty laird of Lamendall  
 Came frae the South Country,  
 An for to gain this lady\'s love  
 In entreid he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.4  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 He has gained her friends\' consent,  
 An sett the wedding-day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.5  
 \N1 The wedding-day being set,  
 An a\' man to it . . . . ,  
 She sent for her f+irst fair love,  
 The wedding to come to.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.6  
 \N1 His father an his mother came,  
 . . . .  
 They came a\' , but he came no;  
 It was a foul play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.7  
 \N1 Lochinvar, as his comrads  
 Sat drinkine at the wine,  
 [\'Fie] on you,\' said his comrads,  
 \'Tak yer bride for shame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.8  
 \N1 `Had she been mine, as she was yours,  
 An done as she has done to you,  
 I wad tak her on her bridal-day,  
 Fra a\' her companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.9  
 \N1 `Fra a\' her companie,  
 Without any other stay;  
 I wad gie them frogs insted o f+ish,  
 An tak their bride away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.10  
 \N1 He gat f+ifty young men,  
 They were gallant and gay,  
 An f+ifty maidens,  
 An left them on a lay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.11  
 \N1 Whan he cam in by Callien bank,  
 An in by Callien brae,  
 He left his company  
 Dancing on a lay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.12  
 \N1 He cam to the bridal-house,  
 An in entred he;  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.13  
 \N1 `There was young man in this place  
 Loved well a comly may,  
 But the day she gaes an ither man\'s bride,  
 An played him foul play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221E.14  
 \N1 `Had it been me as it was him,  
 An don as she has don him tee,

I wad he geen them frogs instead a f+ish,  
An taen their bride away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221E.15  
\N1 The English spiered gin he wad f+ight;  
It spak well in his mind;

. . .  
. . .

\SBALLADS Child 221E.16  
\N1 `It was no for f+ightin I cam here,  
But to bear good fellowship;  
Gae me a glass wi your bridegroom,  
An so I go my way.'

\SBALLADS Child 221E.17  
\N1 The glass was f+illed o guid red wine,  
. . . between them twa:  
`Man, man I see yer bride,  
An so I gae my waa.'

\SBALLADS Child 221E.18  
\N1 He was on guid horseback,  
An whipt the bride him wi;  
She grat an wrang her hands,  
An said, `It is foul play.'

\SBALLADS Child 221E.19  
\N1 . . . .  
`An this I dare well say,  
For this day I gaed anither man\'s bride,  
An it\'s been foul play.'

\SBALLADS Child 221E.20  
\N1 But now sh\'s Lochinvar\'s wife,

. . . .  
He gaed them frogs instead o f+ish,  
An tain their bride away.

\LBALLADS Child 221F.1  
\N1 BONNY catherine Janferry,  
The dainty dame so fair,  
She\'s faun in love wi young Lochinvar,  
And she loved him without compare.

\SBALLADS Child 221F.2  
\N1 She loved him well, and wondrous well  
To change her mind away;  
But the day she goes another man\'s bride,  
And plays him foul play.

\SBALLADS Child 221F.3  
\N1 Home came the Laird o Lauderdale,  
A\' from the South Countree,  
And a\' to court this weel-fart may,  
And I wat good tent took he.

\SBALLADS Child 221F.4  
\N1 Gold nor gear he did no spare,  
She was so fair a may,  
And he agreed wi her friends all,  
And set the wedding-day.

\SBALLADS Child 221F.5  
\N1 She sent for her f+irst true-love,  
Her wedding to come tee;  
His father and his mother both,  
They were to come him wi.

\SBALLADS Child 221F.6  
\N1 His father and his mother both,  
They were to come him wi;

And they came both, and he came no,  
 And this was foul play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.7  
 \N1 He\'s sent a quiet messenger  
 Now out thro a\' the land,  
 To warn a hundred gentlemen,  
 O gallant and good renown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.8  
 \N1 O gallant and good renown,  
 And all o good aray,  
 And now he\'s made his trumpet soun  
 A voss o foul play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.9  
 \N1 As they came up by Caley buss,  
 And in by Caley brae,  
 `Stay still, stay still, my merry young men,  
 Stay still, if that you may.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.10  
 \N1 `Stay still, stay still, my merry young men,  
 Stay still, if that you may;  
 I\'ll go to the bridal-house,  
 And see what they will say.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.11  
 \N1 When he gaed to the bridal-house,  
 And lighted and gaed in,  
 There were four and twenty English lords,  
 O gallant and good renown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.12  
 \N1 O gallant and good renown,  
 And all o good aray,  
 But aye he garred his trumpets soun  
 A voss o foul play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.13  
 \N1 When he was at the table set,  
 Amang these gentlemen,  
 He begoud to vent some words  
 They cluldna understan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.14  
 \N1 The English lords, they waxed wroth  
 What could be in his mind;  
 They stert to foot, on horseback lap,  
 `Come fecht! what\'s i your mind?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.15  
 \N1 `I came na here to fecht,' he said,  
 `But for good sport and play;  
 And one glass wi yer bonny bridegroom,  
 And I\'ll go boun away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.16  
 \N1 The glass was f+illed o good reed wine,  
 And drunken atween the twa;  
 `And one glass wi your bonny bride,  
 And I\'se go boun away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.17  
 \N1 Her maiden she stood forbye,  
 And quickly she said, `Nay  
 I winna gee a word o her  
 To none nor yet to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.18  
 \N1 `Oh, one word o yer bonny bride!  
 Will ye refuse me one?

Before her wedding-day was set,  
 I would hae gotten ten.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.19  
 \N1 `Take here my promise, maiden,  
 My promise and my hand,  
 Out oer her father\'s gates this day  
 Wi me she shanna gang.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.20  
 \N1 He\'s bent him oer his saddle-bow,  
 To kiss her ere he gaed,  
 And he fastened his hand in her gown-breast,  
 And tust her him behind.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.21  
 \N1 He pat the spurs into his horse  
 And fast rade out at the gate;  
 Ye wouldna hae seen his yellow locks  
 For the dust o his horse feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.22  
 \N1 Fast has he ridden the wan water,  
 And merrily taen the know.  
 And then the battle it began;  
 I\'me sure it was na mow.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.23  
 \N1 Bridles brack, and weight horse lap,  
 And blades f+lain in the skies,  
 And wan and drousie was the blood  
 Gaed lapperin down the lays.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.24  
 \N1 Now all ye English lords,  
 In England where ye\'r borne,  
 Come never to Scotland to woo a bride,  
 For they\'le gie you the scorn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221F.25  
 \N1 For they\'le gie you the scorn,  
 The scorn, if that they may;  
 They\'ll gie you frogs instead of f+ish,  
 And steal your bride away.  
 \LBALLADS Child 221G.1  
 \N1 O BONNY Catharine Jaffery,  
 That dainty maid so fair,  
 Once lovd the laird of Lochinvar,  
 Without any compare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.2  
 \N1 Long time she lood him very well,  
 But they changed her mind away,  
 And now she goes another\'s bride,  
 And plays him foul play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.3  
 \N1 The bonny laird of Lauderdale  
 Came from the South Countrie,  
 And he has wooed the pretty maid,  
 Thro presents entered he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.4  
 \N1 For tocher-gear he did not stand,  
 She was a dainty may;  
 He \'greed him with her friends all,  
 And set the wedding-day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.5  
 \N1 When Lochinvar got word o this,  
 He knew not what to do,

For losing of a lady fair  
That he did love so true.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.6  
\N1 `But if I were young Lochinvar,  
I woud not care a f+ly  
To take her on her wedding-day  
From all her company.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.7  
\N1 `Get ye a quiet messenger,  
Send him thro all your land  
For a hundred and f+ifty brave young lads,  
To be at your command.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.8  
\N1 `To be all at your command,  
And your bidding to obey,  
Yet still cause you the trumpet sound  
The voice of foul play.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.9  
\N1 He got a quiet messenger  
To send thro all his land,  
And full three hundred pretty lads  
Were all at his command.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.10  
\N1 Were all at his command,  
And his bidding did obey,  
Yet still he made the trumpet sound  
The voice of foul play.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.11  
\N1 Then he went to the bridal-house,  
Among the nobles a\',  
And when he stepped upon the f+loor  
He gave a loud huzza.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.12  
\N1 `Huzza! huzza! you English men,  
Or borderers who were born,  
Neer come to Scotland for a maid,  
Or else they will you scorn.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.13  
\N1 `She\'ll bring you on with tempting words,  
Aye till the wedding-day,  
Syne give you frogs instead of f+ish,  
And play you foul play.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.14  
\N1 `The gentlemen all wondered  
What could be in his mind,  
And asked if he\'d a mind to f+ight;  
Why spoke he so unkind?  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.15  
\N1 Did he e\`er see such pretty men  
As were there in array?  
`O yes,' said he, a+e Fairy Court  
Were leaping on the hay.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.16  
\N1 `As I came in by Hyland banks,  
And in by Hyland braes,  
There did I see a Fairy Court,  
All leaping on the leas.  
\SBALLADS Child 221G.17  
\N1 `I came not here to f+ight,' he said,  
`But for good fellowshio gay;

I want to drink with your bridegroom,  
 And then I'll boun my way.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.18  
 \N1 The glass was f+illed with good red wine,  
 And drunk between them twae:  
 `Give me one shake of your bonny bride\'s hand,  
 And then I'll boun my way.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.19  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hands,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
 Pulld her on horseback him behind,  
 At her friends askd nae leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.20  
 \N1 Syne rode the water with great speed,  
 And merrily the knows;  
 There f+ifty from the bridal came+----+  
 Indeed it was nae mows+----+  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.21  
 \N1 Thinking to take the bride again,  
 Thro strangth if that they may;  
 But still he gart the trumpet sound  
 The voice of foul play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.22  
 \N1 There were four and twenty ladies fair  
 All walking on the lea;  
 He gave to them the bonny bride,  
 And bade them boun their way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.23  
 \N1 They splintered the spears in pieces now,  
 And the blades f+lew in the sky,  
 But the bonny laird of Lochinvar  
 Has gained the victory.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221G.24  
 \N1 Many a wife- and widow\'s son  
 Lay gasping on the ground,  
 But the bonny laird of Lochinvar  
 He has the victory won.  
 \LBALLADS Child 221H.1  
 \N1 THERE was a lady fair, fair,  
 Lived low down in yon glen, O  
 And she\'s been courted far an near  
 By several gentlemen. O  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.2  
 \N1 At length the laird of Lammington  
 Came frae the West Country,  
 All to court that pretty girl,  
 And her bridegroom for to be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.3  
 \N1 He told her father, so did he her mother,  
 And all the rest of her kin,  
 And he has told the lass hersel,  
 And her kind favour has won.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.4  
 \N1 At length the laird of Laughenwaur  
 Came frae the English border,  
 And all to court that pretty girl,  
 Well mounted in good order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.5  
 \N1 He told her father, so did he her mother,  
 As I heard people say,

But he ner told the lass hersel,  
 Till on her wedding-day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.6  
 \N1 But when the wedding-day was f+ixed,  
 And married for to be,  
 Then Lamington came to the town,  
 The bridegroom for to see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.7  
 \N1 `O are ye come for sport, sir?' he said,  
 `Or are ye come for play?  
 Or are ye for a sight o my bonny bride,  
 Upon her wedding-day?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.8  
 \N1 `A\'m neither come for sport, sir,' he said,  
 `Nor am I come for play,  
 But if I had one word o the bride  
 I\'d mount and go away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.9  
 \N1 There was a cup of the good red wine  
 Was f+illed out them between,  
 And aye she drank to Lammington,  
 Who her true-love had been.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.10  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve;  
 He\'s mounted her behind him then,  
 At the bridegroom speered no leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.11  
 \N1 The blood ran down by Cowden banks,  
 And down by Cowden brae,  
 And aye they gaured the piper play  
 `It was a foul, foul play.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.12  
 \N1 Ye gentlemen of Lochenwaur,  
 That\'s laigh in England born,  
 Come ner to Scotland to court a wife,  
 Or be sure ye\'l get the scorn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221H.13  
 \N1 The\'ll keep ye up, and tamper ye at,  
 Until yer wedding-day,  
 And they\'l gie ye frogs instead o f+ish,  
 And they\'ll play ye a foul play.  
 \LBALLADS Child 221I.1  
 \N1 IN Bordershellin theredid dwell  
 A comely, handsome may,  
 And Lochinvar he courted her,  
 And stole her heart away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.2  
 \N1 She loved him but owre weel,  
 And his love drew away;  
 Another man then courted her,  
 And set the wedding-day,  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.3  
 \N1 They set the wedding-day so plain,  
 As plain as it might be;  
 She sent a letter to her former love,  
 The wedding to come see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.4  
 \N1 When Lochinvar the letter read,  
 He sent owre a\' his land



For four and twenty beltit knichts,  
 To come at his command.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.5  
 \N1 They all came to his hand, I say,  
 Upon that wedding-day;  
 He set them upon milk-white steeds,  
 And put them in array.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.6  
 \N1 He set them in array, I say,  
 Most pleasant to be seen,  
 And he\'s awa to the wedding-house,  
 A single man his lane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.7  
 \N1 And when he was to the wedding-house come,  
 They wee all sitten down;  
 Baith gentlemen and knichts was there,  
 And lords of high renown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.8  
 \N1 They saluted him, baith auld and young,  
 Speired how he had spent the day,  
 And what young Lankashires was yon  
 They saw all in array.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.9  
 \N1 But he answerd them richt scornfullie,  
 Upon their wedding-day;  
 He says, It\'s been some Fairy Court  
 Ye\'ve seen all in array.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.10  
 \N1 Then rose up the young bridegroom,  
 And an angry man was he:  
 `Lo, art thou come to f+ight, young man?  
 Indeed I\'ll f+ight wi thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.11  
 \N1 `O I am not come to f+ight,' he sayd,  
 `But good fellowship to hae,  
 And for to drink the wine sae red,  
 And then I\'ll go away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.12  
 \N1 Then they f+illd him up a brimming glass,  
 And drank it between them twa:  
 `Now one word of your bonnie bride,  
 And then I\'ll go my wa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.13  
 \N1 But some were friends, and some were faes,  
 Yet nane o them was free  
 To let the bride on her wedding-day  
 Gang out o their companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.14  
 \N1 But he took her by the milk-white hand,  
 And by the grass-green sleeve,  
 And set her on a milk-white steed,  
 And at nane o them speerd he leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.15  
 \N1 Then the blood ran down the Caylin bank,  
 And owre the Caylin brae;  
 The auld folks knew something o the sport,  
 Which gart them cry, Foul play!  
 \SBALLADS Child 221I.16  
 \N1 Ye lusty lads of Limberdale,  
 Tho ye be English born,

Come nae mair to Scotland to court a maid,  
For fear ye get the scorn.

\SBALLADS Child 221I.17

\N1 For fear that ye do get the scorn  
Upon your wedding-day;  
Least ye catch frogs instead of fish,  
And then ye\'ll ca\'t foul play.

\LBALLADS Child 221J.1

\N1 THERE was a lass, as I heard say,  
Lived low down in a glen;  
Her name was Catharine Johnson,  
Weel known to many men.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.2

\N1 Doun cam the laird o Lamington,  
Doun frae the South Countrie,  
And he is for this bonnie lass,  
Her bridegroom for to be.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.3

\N1 He\'s askd her father and mother,  
The chief of a\' her kin,  
And then he askd the bonnie lass,  
And did her favour win.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.4

\N1 Doun cam an Ehglisch gentleman,  
Doun frae the English border;  
He is for this bonnie lass,  
To keep his house in order.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.5

\N1 He askd her father and mother,  
As I do them say,  
But he never askd the lass hersell,  
Till on her wedding-day.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.6

\N1 But she has wrote a lang letter,  
And sealed it wi her hand,  
And sent it to Lord Lamington,  
To let him understand.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.7

\N1 The first line o the letter he read,  
He was baith glad and fain;  
But or he read the letter owre  
He was baith pale and wan.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.8

\N1 Then he has sent a messenger,  
And out through all his land,  
And four-and-twenty armed men  
Was all at his command.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.9

\N1 But he has left his merry men,  
Left them on the lea;  
And he\'s awa to the wedding-house,  
To see what he could see.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.10

\N1 But when he came to the wedding-house,  
As I do understand,  
There were four-and-twenty belted knights  
Sat at a table round.

\SBALLADS Child 221J.11

\N1 They rose all for to honour him,  
For he was of high renown;

They rose all for to welcome him,  
 And bade him to sit doun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.12  
 \N1 O meikle was the good red wine  
 In silver cups did f+low,  
 But aye she drank to Lamingtoun,  
 For with him would she go.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.13  
 \N1 O meikle was the good red wine  
 In silver cups gaed round,  
 At length they began to whisper words,  
 None could them understand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.14  
 \N1 `O came ye here for sport, young man?  
 Or cam ye here for play?  
 Or cam ye for our bonnie bride,  
 On this her wedding-day?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.15  
 \N1 `I came not here for sport,' he said,  
 `Neither did I for play;  
 But for one word o your bonnie bride  
 I\'ll mount and ride away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.16  
 \N1 They set her maids behind her,  
 To hear what they would say,  
 But the f+irst question he askd at her  
 Was always [answered] nay;  
 The next question he askd at her  
 Was, `Mount and come away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.17  
 \N1 It\'s up the Couden bank,  
 And doun the Couden brae;  
 And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
 `It\'s a weel won play.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.18  
 \N1 O meikle was the blood was shed  
 Upon the Couden brae;  
 And aye she made the trumpet sound,  
 `It\'s a\' fair play.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.19  
 \N1 Come, all ye English gentlemen,  
 That is of England born,  
 Come nae doun to Scotland,  
 For fear ye get the scorn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221J.20  
 \N1 They\'ll feed ye up wi f+lattering words,  
 And that\'s fair play;  
 And they\'ll dress ye frogs instead o f+ish,  
 Just on your wedding-day.  
 \LBALLADS Child 221K.1  
 \N1 THERE lives a lass in yonder dale,  
 In yon bonny borrows-town,  
 Her name it is Catherine Jeffrey,  
 She is loved by mony a ane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221K.2  
 \N1 Lord Lochinvar has courted her  
 These twelve months and a day;  
 With f+lattering words and fair speeches  
 He has stown her heart away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 221K.3

\N1 There came a knight from south sea-bank,  
From north England I mean,  
He alighted at her father\'s yetts,  
His stile is Lord Lymington.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.4  
\N1 He has courted her father and moth  
Her kinsfolk ane and aye,  
But he never told the lady hersell  
Till he set the wedding-day.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.5  
\N1 `Prepare, prepare, my daughter dear,  
Prepare, to you I say;  
For the night it is good Wednesday night,  
And the morn is your wedding-day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.6  
\N1 `O tell to me, father,' she said,  
`O tell me who it is wi;  
For I\'ll never wed a man on earth  
Till I know what he be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.7  
\N1 `He\'s come a knight from the south sea-bank,  
From north England I mean,  
For when he lighted at my yetts,  
His stile is Lord Lymington.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.8  
\N1 `O where will I get a bonny boy  
Will win baith meet and fee,  
And will run on to Lochinvar  
And come again to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.9  
\N1 `O here am I, a bonny boy  
That will win baith hose and sheen,  
And will run on to Lochinvar,  
And come right seen again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.10  
\N1 `Where ye f+ind the brigs broken,  
Bend your bow and swim;  
Where ye f+ind the grass growing,  
Slack your bow and run.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.11  
\N1 `When ye come on to Lochinvar,  
Byde not to chap nor ca,  
But set your bent bow to your breast  
And lightly loup the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.12  
\N1 `Bid him mind the words he last spake,  
When we sended on the lee;  
Bid him saddle and ride full fast,  
If he be set for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.13  
\N1 Where he found the brigs broken,  
He bent his bow and swam;  
Where he found the grass growing,  
He slackt his bow and ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.14  
\N1 When he came on to Lochinvar,  
Ge did not chap nor ca;  
He set his bentbow till his breast  
And lightly leapt the wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.15

\N1 `What news? what news, my bonny boy?  
What news have ye to me?'  
`Bad news, bad news, my lord,' he said,  
Your lady awa will be.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.16  
\N1 `You\'r bidden mind the words ye last spake,  
When we sended on the lee;  
You\'r bidden saddle and ride full fast,  
Gin ye set for her be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.17  
\N1 When he came to her father\'s yetts,  
There he alighted down;  
The cups of gold of good red wine  
Were going roun and roun.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.18  
\N1 `Now came ye here for sport?' they said,  
`Or came ye here for play?  
Or for a sight of our bonny bride,  
And then to boun your way?'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.19  
\N1 `I came not here for sport,' he says,  
`Nor came I here for play,  
But if I had a sight of your bonny bride  
Then I will boun my way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.20  
\N1 When Lymington he called on her,  
She would not come at a',  
But Lochinvar he called on her,  
And she was not sweer to draw.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.21  
\N1 He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And by her silken sleeve,  
He has mounted her high him behind,  
He spiered nae mair their leave.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.22  
\N1 And aye she scoffed and scorned them,  
And aye she rode away,  
And aye she gart the trumpet sound  
The voice of foul play,  
To take the bride frae her bridegroom  
Upon her wedding-day.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.23  
\N1 As they came in by Foudlin dyke,  
And in by Foudlin stane,  
There were mony gallant Englishmen  
Lay gasping on the green.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.24  
\N1 Now a' you that are English lords,  
And are in England born,  
Come never here to court your brides,  
For fear ye get the scorn.  
\SBALLADS Child 221K.25  
\N1 For aye they\'ll scoff and scorn you,  
And aye they\'ll ride away;  
They\'ll gie you frogs instead of fish,  
And call it foul play.  
\LBALLADS Child 221L.1  
\N1 THEY aske+:d him and speire+:d him,  
And unto him did say,  
`O saw ye ocht o an armed band,

As ye cam on your way?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 221L.2  
 \N1 He jested them and jeere+:d them,  
 And thus to them did say,  
 `O I saw nocht but a fairy troop,  
 As I rode on my way.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 222A.1  
 \N1 O BONNY Baby Livingston  
 Went forth to view the hay,  
 And by it came him Glenlion,  
 Sta bonny Baby away.  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.2  
 \N1 O f+irst he\'s taen her silken coat,  
 And neest her satten gown,  
 Syne rowd her in a tartan plaid,  
 And hapd her round and rown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.3  
 \N1 He has set her upon his steed  
 And roundly rode away,  
 And neer loot her look back again  
 The live-long summer\'s day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.4  
 \N1 He\'s carried her oer hills and muirs  
 Till they came to a Highland glen,  
 And there he\'s met his brother John,  
 With twenty armed men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.5  
 \N1 O there were cows, and there were ewes,  
 And lasses milking there,  
 But Baby neer anse lookd about,  
 Her heart was f+illd wi care.  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.6  
 \N1 Glenlion took her in his arms,  
 And kissd her, cheek and chin;  
 Says, I\'d gie a\' these cows and ewes  
 But ae kind look to win.  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.7  
 \N1 `O ae kind look ye neer shall get,  
 Nor win a smile frae me,  
 Unless to me you\'ll favour shew,  
 And take me to Dundee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.8  
 \N1 `Dundee, Baby? Dundee, Baby?  
 Dundee you neer shall see  
 Till I\'ve carried you to Glenlion  
 And have my bride made thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.9  
 \N1 `We\'ll stay a while at Auchingour,  
 And get sweet milk and cheese,  
 And syne we\'ll gang to Glenlion,  
 And there live at our ease.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.10  
 \N1 `I winna stay at Auchingour,  
 Nor eat sweet milk and cheese,  
 Nor go with thee to Glenlion,  
 For there I\'ll neer f+ind ease.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 222A.11  
 \N1 Than out it spake his brother John,  
 `O were I in your place,  
 I\'d take that lady hame again,

For a\' her bonny face.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.12  
\N1 `Commend me to the lass that\'s kind,  
Tho na so gently born;  
And, gin her heart I coudna gain,  
To take her hand I\'d scorn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.13  
\N1 `O had your tongue now, John,' he says,  
`You wis na what you say;  
`For I\'ve lood that bonny face  
This twelve month and a day.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.14  
\N1 `And tho I\'ve lood her lang and sair  
A smile I neer coud win;  
Yet what I\'ve got anse in my power  
To keep I think nae sin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.15  
\N1 When they came to Glenlion castle,  
They lighted at the yate,  
And out it came his sisters three,  
Wha did them kindly greet.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.16  
\N1 O they\'ve taen Baby by the hands  
And led her oer the green,  
And ilka lady spake a word,  
But bonny Baby spake nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.17  
\N1 Then out it spake her bonny Jean,  
The youngest o the three,  
`O lady, dinna look sae sad,  
But tell your grief to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.18  
\N1 `O wherefore should I tell my grief,  
Since lax I canna f+ind?  
I\'m stown frae a\' my kin and friends,  
And my love I left behind.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.19  
\N1 `But had I paper, pen, and ink,  
Before that it were day,  
I yet might get a letter sent  
In time to Johny Hay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.20  
\N1 O she\'s got paper, pen, and ink,  
And candle that she might see,  
And she has written a broad letter  
To Johny at Dundee.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.21  
\N1 And she has gotten a bonny boy,  
That was baith swift and strang,  
Wi philabeg and bonnet blue,  
Her errand for to gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.22  
\N1 `O boy, gin ye\'d my blessing win  
And help me in my need,  
Run wi this letter to my love,  
And bid him come wi speed.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.23  
\N1 `And here\'s a chain of good red gowd,  
And gowdn guineas three,  
And when you\'ve well your errand done,

You'll get them for your fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.24  
\N1 The boy he ran oer hill and dale,  
Fast as a bird coud f+lee,  
And eer the sun was twa hours height  
The boy was at Dundee.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.25  
\N1 And when he came to Johny\'s door  
He knocked loud and sair;  
Then Johny to the window came,  
And loudly cry\'d, `Wha\'s there?'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.26  
\N1 `O here\'s a letter I have brought,  
Which ye maun quickly read,  
And, gin ye woud your lady save,  
Gang back wi me wi speed.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.27  
\N1 O when he had the letter read,  
An angry man was he;  
He says, Glenlion, thou shalt rue  
This deed of villany!  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.28  
\N1 `O saddle to me the black, the black,  
O saddle to me the brown,  
O saddle to me the swiftest steed  
That eer rade frae the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.29  
\N1 `And arm ye well, my merry men a\  
And follow me to the glen,  
For I vow I\'ll neither eat nor sleep  
Till I get my love again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.30  
\N1 He\'s mounted on a milk-white steed,  
The boy upon a gray,  
And they got to Glenlion\'s castle  
About the close of day.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.31  
\N1 As Baby at her window stood,  
The west wind saft did bla;  
She heard her Johny\'s well-kent voice,  
Beneath the castle wa.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.32  
\N1 `O Baby, haste, the window jump!  
I\'ll kep you in my arm;  
My merry men a\' are at the yate,  
To rescue you frae harm.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.33  
\N1 She to the window f+ixt her sheets  
And slipped safely down,  
And Johny catchd her in his arms,  
Neer loot her touch the ground.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.34  
\N1 When mounted on her Johny\'s horse,  
Fou blithely did she say,  
`Glenlion, you hae lost your bride!  
She\'s aff wi Johny Hay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.35  
\N1 Glenlion and his brother John  
Were birling in the ha,  
When they heard Johny\'s bridle ring,



As first he rade awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 222A.36  
\N1 `Rise, Jock, gang out and meet the priest,  
I hear his bridle ring;  
My Baby now shall be my wife  
Before the laverocks sing.'

\SBALLADS Child 222A.37  
\N1 `O brother, this is not the priest;  
I fear he'll come oer late;  
For armed men with shining brands  
Stand at the castle-yate.'

\SBALLADS Child 222A.38  
\N1 `Haste Donald, Duncan, Dugald, Hugh!  
Haste, take your sword and spier!  
We'll gar these traytors rue the hour  
That eer they ventured here.'

\SBALLADS Child 222A.39  
\N1 The Highland men drew their claymores,  
And gae a warlike shout,  
But Johny\'s merry men kept the yate,  
Nae ane durst venture out.

\SBALLADS Child 222A.40  
\N1 The lovers rade the live-lang night,  
And safe gat on their way,  
And bonny Baby Livingston  
Has gotten Johny Hay.

\SBALLADS Child 222A.41  
\N1 `Awa, Glenlion! fy for shame!  
Gae hide ye in some den!  
You've lett'n your bride be stown frae you,  
For a\' your armed men.'

\LBALLADS Child 222B.1  
\N1 BONNY Barbara Livingston  
Went out to take the air,  
When came the laird o Glenlyon  
And staw the maiden fair.

\SBALLADS Child 222B.2  
\N1 He staw her in her cloak, her cloak,  
He staw her in her gown;  
Before he let her look again,  
Was mony mile frae town.

\SBALLADS Child 222B.3  
\N1 So they rade over hills and dales,  
Through m<o>ny a wilsome way,  
Till they came to the head o yon hill,  
And showed her ewes and kye.

\SBALLADS Child 222B.4  
\N1 `O will ye stay with me, Barbara,  
And get good curds and whey?  
Or will ye go to Glenlyon,  
And be a lady gay?'

\SBALLADS Child 222B.5  
\N1 `The Highlands is nae for me, kind sir,  
The Highlands is nae for me,  
But, gin ye woud my favour win,  
Have me to bonny Dundee.'

\SBALLADS Child 222B.6  
\N1 `Dundee, Barbara? Dundee, Barbara?  
That town ye\'se never see;  
I\'ll hae you to a f+iner place

Than eer was in Dundee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.7  
\N1 But when she came to Glenlyon,  
And lighted on the green,  
Every lady spake Earse to her,  
But Barbara could speak nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.8  
\N1 When they were all at dinner set,  
And placed the table round,  
Every one took some of it,  
But Barbara took nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.9  
\N1 She put it to her cheek, her cheek,  
She put it to her chin,  
She put it to her rosey lips,  
But neer a bit gaed in.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.10  
\N1 When day was gone, and night was come,  
And a\' man bound for bed,  
Glenlyon and that fair lady  
To one chamber were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.11  
\N1 `O strip, O strip, my love,' he said,  
`O strip and lay you down;'  
`How can I strip? How can I strip,  
To bed wi an unco man?'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.12  
\N1 He\'s taen out his little pen-knife,  
And he slit down her gown,  
And cut her stays behind her back,  
And forc\'d her to lie down.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.13  
\N1 `O day, dear sir! O day, dear sir!  
O dear! if it were day,  
And me upon my father\'s steed,  
I soon shoud ride away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.14  
\N1 `Your father\'s steed is in my stable,  
Eating good corn and hay,  
And ye are in my arms twa;  
What needs you lang for day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.15  
\N1 `If I had paper, pens, and ink,  
And light that I may see,  
I woud write a broad, broad letter  
To my love in Dundee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.16  
\N1 They brought her paper, pen, and ink,  
And light that she might see,  
And she has written a broad letter  
To her love in Dundee.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.17  
\N1 And aye she wrote, and aye she grat,  
The saut tear blinded her ee;  
And aye at every verse\'s end,  
`Haste, my bonny love, to me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.18  
\N1 `If I had but a little wee boy,  
Would work for meat and fee,  
Would go and carry this letter

To my love in Dundee!'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.19  
\N1 `O here am I, a little wee boy  
Will work for meat and fee,  
Will go and carry that letter  
To your love in Dundee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.20  
\N1 Upstarts the morn, the boy he ran  
Oer mony a hill and dale,  
And he wan on to bonny Dundee  
About the hour o twall.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.21  
\N1 There geordy oer a window lay,  
Beholding dale and down;  
And he beheld a little wee boy  
Come running to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.22  
\N1 `What news? what news, my little wee boy,  
You run sae hastilie?'  
`Your love is stown by Glenlyon,  
And langs your face to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.23  
\N1 `Gae saddle to me the black, the black,  
Gae saddle to me the brown;  
Gae saddle to me the swiftest steed  
Will hae me to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.24  
\N1 `Get me my hat, dyed o the black,  
My mourning-mantle tee,  
And I will on to Glenlyon,  
See my love ere she die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.25  
\N1 First he tired the black, the black,  
And then he tired the brown,  
And next he tired the swiftest steed  
Ere he wan to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.26  
\N1 But for as fast as her love rade,  
And as fast as he ran,  
Before he wan to Glenlyon  
His love was dead and gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.27  
\N1 Then he has kissd her cheek, her cheek,  
And he has kissd her chin,  
And he has kissd her comely mouth,  
But no life was therein.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.28  
\N1 `O wae mat worth you, Glenlyon,  
An ill death mat ye die!  
Ye\`ve twind me and the fairest f+lower  
My eyes did ever see.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.29  
\N1 `But I will kiss your cheek, Barbara,  
And I will kiss your chin,  
And I will kiss your comely mouth,  
But neer woman\'s again.  
\SBALLADS Child 222B.30  
\N1 `Deal well, deal well at my love\'s lyke  
The beer but and the wine,  
For ere the morn at this same time

Ye\`ll deal the same at mine.'  
\LBALLADS Child 222C.1  
\N1 FOUR\R-\rAND\R-\rTWENTY ladies fair  
Was playing at the ba,  
And out cam Barbra Livingston,  
The f+lower amang them a\`.  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.2  
\N1 Out cam Barbra Livingston,  
The f+lower amang them a\`;  
The lusty laird o Linlyon  
Has stown her clean awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.3  
\N1 `The Hielands is no for me, kind sir,  
The Hielands is no for me;  
But, if you wud my favour win,  
You\`ll tak me to Dundee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.4  
\N1 `The Hielands\`ll be for thee, my dear,  
The Hielands will be for thee;  
To the lusty laird o Linlyon  
A-married ye shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.5  
\N1 When they came to Linlyon\`s yetts,  
And lichted on the green,  
Every ane spak Earse to her,  
The tears cam trinkling down.  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.6  
\N1 When they went to bed at nicht,  
To Linlyon she did say,  
`Och and alace, a weary nicht!  
Oh, but it\`s lang till day!'  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.7  
\N1 `Your father\`s steed in my stable,  
He\`s eating corn and hay,  
And you\`re lying in my twa arms;  
What need you long for day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.8  
\N1 `If I had paper, pen, and ink,  
And candle for to see,  
I wud write a lang letter  
To my love in Dundee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.9  
\N1 They brocht her paper, pen, and ink,  
And candle for to see,  
And she did write a lang letter  
To her love in Dundee.  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.10  
\N1 When he cam to Linlyon\`s yetts,  
And lichtit on the green,  
But lang or he wan up the stair  
His love was dead and gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 222C.11  
\N1 `Woe be to thee, Linlyon,  
An ill death may thou die!  
Thou micht hae taen anither woman,  
And let my lady be.'  
\LBALLADS Child 222D.1  
\N1 BONNIE Annie Livingstone  
Was walking out the way,  
By came the laird of Glendinning,

And he\'s stolen her away.  
The Highlands are no for me, kind sir,  
The highlands are no for me,  
And, if you wad my favour win,  
You\'d take me to Dundee.  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.2  
\N1 He mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a grey,  
He\'s taen her to the Highland hills,  
And stolen her quite away.  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.3  
\N1 When they came to Glendinning gate,  
They lighted on the green;  
There many a Highland lord spoke free,  
But fair Annie she spoke nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.4  
\N1 When bells were rung, and mass begun,  
And a\' men bound for bed,  
Bonnie Annie Livingstone  
Was in her chamber laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.5  
\N1 `O gin it were but day, kind sir!  
O gin it were but day!  
O gin it were but day, kind sir,  
That I might win away!"]  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.6  
\N1 `Your steed stands in the stall, bonnie Ann,  
Eating corn and hay,  
And you are in Glendinning\'s arms;  
What need ye long for day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.7  
\N1 `O fetch me paper, pen, and ink,  
A candle that I may see,  
And I will write a long letter  
To Jemmy at Dundee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.8  
\N1 When Jemie looked the letter on,  
A loud laughter gave he;  
But eer he read the letter oer  
The tear blinded his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.9  
\N1 `Gar saddle,' he cried, 'My war-horse f+ierce,  
Warn a\' my trusty clan,  
And I\'ll away to Glendinning Castle  
And see my sister Ann.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.10  
\N1 When he came to Glendinning yet,  
He lighted on the green,  
But ere that he wan up the stair  
Fair Annie she was gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.11  
\N1 `The Highlands were not for thee, bonnie Ann,  
The Highlands were not for thee,  
And they that would have thy favour won  
Should have brought you home to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 222D.12  
\N1 `O I will kiss thy cherry cheeks,  
And I will kiss thy chin,  
And I will kiss thy rosy lips,  
For they will neer kiss mine.'

\LBALLADS Child 222E.1  
\N1 BONNY Baby Livingstone  
Went out to view the hay,  
And by there came a Hieland lord,  
And he\'s stown Baby away.  
\SBALLADS Child 222E.2  
\N1 He\'s stown her in her coat, her coat,  
And he\'s stown her in her gown,  
And he let her not look back again  
Ere she was many a mile from town.  
\SBALLADS Child 222E.3  
\N1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon another,  
And they are on to bonny Lochell,  
Like sister and like brother.  
\SBALLADS Child 222E.4  
\N1 The bells were rung, the mass was sung,  
And all men bound to bed,  
And Baby and her Hieland lord  
They were both in one chamber laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 222E.5  
\N1 `Oh day, kind sir! Oh day, kind sir!  
Oh day fain would I see!  
I would gie a\' the lands o Livingstone  
For day-light, to lat me see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 222E.6  
\N1 `Oh day, Baby? Oh day, Baby?  
What needs you long for day?  
Your steed is in a good stable,  
And he\'s eating baith corn and hay.  
\SBALLADS Child 222E.7  
\N1 `Oh day, baby? Oh day, Baby?  
What needs you long for day?  
You\'r lying in a good knight\'s arms,  
What needs you long for day?'  
\SBALLADS Child 222E.8  
\N1 `Ye\'ll get me paper, pen, and ink,  
And light to let me see,  
Till I write on a broad letter  
And send \'t to Lord . . .'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\LBALLADS Child 223A.1  
\N1 FOUR\~\rAND\~\rTWENTY Highland men  
Came a\' from Carrie side  
To steal awa Eppie Morrie,  
Cause she would not be a bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 223A.2  
\N1 Out it\'s came her mother,  
It was a moonlight night,  
She could not see her daughter,  
Their swords they shin\'d so bright.  
\SBALLADS Child 223A.3  
\N1 `Haud far awa frae me, mother,  
Haud far awa frae me;  
There\'s not a man in a\' Strathdon  
Shall wedded be with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 223A.4  
\N1 They have taken Eppie Morrie,  
And horse back bound her on,  
And then awa to the Minister,

As fast as horse could gang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.5  
 \N1 He\'s taken out a pistol,  
 And set it to the minister\'s breast:  
 `Marry me, marry me, minister,  
 Or else I\'ll be your priest.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.6  
 \N1 `Haud far awa frae me, good sir,  
 Haud far awa frae me;  
 For there\'s not a man in all Strathdon  
 That shall married be with me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.7  
 \N1 `Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
 Haud far awa frae me;  
 For I darna avow to marry you,  
 Except she\'s as willing as ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.8  
 \N1 They have taken Eppie Morrie,  
 Since better could nae be,  
 And they\'re awa to Carrie side,  
 As fast as horse could f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.9  
 \N1 When mass was sung, and bells were rung,  
 And all were bound for bed,  
 Then Willie an Eppie Morrie  
 In one bed they were laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.10  
 \N1 `Haud far awa frae me, Willie,  
 Haud far awa frae me;  
 Before I\'ll lose my maidenhead,  
 I\'ll try my strength with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.11  
 \N1 She took the cap from off her head  
 And threw it to the way;  
 Said, Ere I lose my maidenhead,  
 I\'ll f+ight with you till day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.12  
 \N1 Then early in the morning,  
 Before her clothes were on,  
 In came the maiden of Scalletter,  
 Gown and shirt alone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.13  
 \N1 `Get up, get up, young woman,  
 And drink the wine wi me;'  
 `You might have called me maiden,  
 I\'m sure as leal as thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.14  
 \N1 `Wally fa you, Willie,  
 That ye could nae prove a man  
 And taen the lassie\'s maidenhead!  
 She would have hired your han.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.15  
 \N1 `Haud far awa frae me, lady,  
 Haud far awa frae me;  
 There\'s not a man in a\' Strathdon  
 The day shall wed wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 223A.16  
 \N1 Soon in there came Belbordlane,  
 With a pistol on every side:  
 `Come awa hame, Eppie Morrie,

And there you\ 'll be my bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 223A.17

\N1 `Go get to me a horse, Willie,  
And get it like a man,  
And send me back to my mother  
A maiden as I cam.

\SBALLADS Child 223A.18

\N1 `The sun shines oer the westlin hills;  
By the light lamp of the moon,  
Just saddle your horse, young John Forsyth,  
And whistle, and I\ 'll come soon.'

\LBALLADS Child 224A.1

\N1 THE Highlandmen hae a\ ' come down,  
They\ 've a\ ' come down almost,  
They\ 've stowen away the bonny lass,  
The Lady of Arngosk.

\SBALLADS Child 224A.2

\N1 They hae put on her petticoat,  
Likewise her silken gown;  
The Highland man he drew his sword,  
Said, Follow me ye\ 's come.

\SBALLADS Child 224A.3

\N1 Behind her back they\ 've tied her hands,  
An then they set her on;  
'I winna gang wi you,' she said,  
'Nor ony Highland loon.'

\LBALLADS Child 225A.1

\N1 ROB ROY, frae the high Highlands,  
Came to the Lawlan border;  
It was to steel a lady away,  
To keep his Highland house in order.

\SBALLADS Child 225A.2

\N1 As he came in by White House,  
He sent nae ane before him;  
She wad hae secured the house,  
For she did ay abhor him.

\SBALLADS Child 225A.3

\N1 Twenty men surrount the house, an twenty they went in,  
They found her wi her mither;  
Wi sighs and cries an watery eyes  
They parted frae ane anither.

\SBALLADS Child 225A.4

\N1 `O will ye be my dear?' he says,  
'Or will ye be my honnie?  
O will ye be my wedded wife?  
I lee you best of ony.'

\SBALLADS Child 225A.5

\N1 `I winna be your dear,' [she says,]  
'Nor will I be your honnie,  
Nor will I be your wedded wife;  
Ye lee me for my money.'

\SBALLADS Child 225A.6

\N1 . . by the way,  
This lady aftimes fainted;  
Says, Woe be to my cursed gold,  
This road for me\ 's invented!

\SBALLADS Child 225A.7

\N1 He gave her no time for to dress  
Like ladies when they\ 're ridin,  
But set her on hie horseback,



Himsel was ay beside her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.8  
 \N1 Whan they came to the Black House,  
 And at Stirling tarried,  
 There he bought her coat and gown,  
 But she would not [be] married.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.9  
 \N1 Four men held her to the priest,  
 An four they did her bed,  
 Wi sighs and cries an watery eyes  
 Whan she by him was laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.10  
 \N1 `Be content, be content,  
 Be content wi me, lady;  
 Now ye are my wedded wife  
 Untill the day ye die, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.11  
 \N1 `My father was a Highlan laird,  
 McGrigor was his name, lady;  
 A\' the country roun about  
 They dreadit his great fame, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.12  
 \N1 `He kept a hedge about his lands,  
 A prickle to his foes, lady,  
 An every ane that did him wrang,  
 He took him by the nose, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.13  
 \N1 `My father he delights in nout and goats,  
 An me in horse and sheep, lady;  
 You an twenty thousan pounds  
 Makes me a man complete, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.14  
 \N1 `You\'re welcome to this Highlan lan,  
 It is my native plain, lady;  
 Think nae mair of gauin back,  
 But tak it for your hame, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.15  
 \N1 `I\'m gauin, [I\'m gauin,]  
 I\'m gauin to France, lady;  
 Whan I come back  
 I\'ll learn ye a dance, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225A.16  
 \N1 `Set your foot, [set your foot,]  
 Set your foot to mine, lady;  
 Think nae mair of gauin back,  
 But tak it for your hame, lady.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 225B.1  
 \N1 ROB ROY frae the Hielands cam  
 Unto the Lawland border,  
 And he has stown a ladie fair,  
 To haud his house in order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225B.2  
 \N1 He guarded the house round about,  
 Himsel went in and found her out,  
 She hung close by her mither;  
 Wi dolefu cries and watery eyes  
 They parted frae each ither.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225B.3  
 \N1 `Gang wi me, my dear,' he says,  
 `Gang and be my honey;

Gang and be my wedded wife,  
I loe ye best o onie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.4  
\N1 `I winna gang wi you,' she says,  
`I winna be your honey;  
I winna be your wedded wife;  
Ye loe me for my money.'  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.5  
\N1 He gied na her na time to dress  
As ladies when they\'re brides,  
But hurried her awa wi speed,  
And rowd her in his plaids.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.6  
\N1 He gat her up upon a horse,  
Himsel lap on ahind her;  
And they\'re awa to the Hieland hills;  
Her friends they canna f+ind her.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.7  
\N1 As they gaed oure the Hieland hills,  
This lady aften fainted,  
Saying, Wae be to my cursed gowd,  
This road to me invented!  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.8  
\N1 As they gaed oure the Hieland hills,  
And at Buchanan tarried,  
He bought to her baith cloak and gown,  
Yet she wadna be married.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.9  
\N1 Six held her up afore the priest,  
Four laid her in a bed, O;  
Maist mournfully she wept and cried  
Whan she bye him was laid, O.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.10  
\N1 `O be content, be content,  
Be content to stay, ladie;  
For now ye are my wedded wife  
Unto your dying day, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.11  
\N1 `Rob Roy was my father calld,  
M\'Gregor was his name, ladie;  
And in a\' the country whare he dwalt  
He exceeded ae in fame, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.12  
\N1 `He was a hedge unto his friends,  
A heckle to his faes, ladie;  
And ilka ane that did him wrang,  
He beat him on the neis, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.13  
\N1 `I\'m as bold, I am as bold  
As my father was afore, ladie;  
Ilka ane that does me wrang  
Sall feel my gude claymore, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.14  
\N1 `There neer was frae Lochlomond west  
That eer I did him fear, ladie;  
For, if his person did escape,  
I seizd upon his gear, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.15  
\N1 `My father delights in horse and kye,  
In sheep and goats and a\', ladie,

And thee wi me and thirty merks  
Will mak me a man fu braw, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225B.16  
\N1 `I hae been in foreign lands,  
And servd the king o France, ladie;  
We will get the bagpipes,  
And we\'ll hae a dance, ladie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 225C.1  
\N1 ROB ROY\R\`\rS from the Hielands come  
Unto our Lowland border,  
And he has stolen a lady away,  
To keep his house in order.  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.2  
\N1 Rob Roy\'s come to Blackhill\'s gate,  
Twenty men his arms did carry,  
And he has stolen a lady away,  
On purpose her to marry.  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.3  
\N1 None knew till he surrounded the house,  
No tidings came before him,  
Or else she had been gone away,  
For she did still abhor him.  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.4  
\N1 All doors and windows guarded were,  
None could the plot discover;  
Himself went in and found her out,  
Professing how he loved her.  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.5  
\N1 `Come go with me, my dear,' he said,  
`Come go with me, my honey,  
And you shall be my wedded wife,  
I love you best of onie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.6  
\N1 `I will not go with you,' she said,  
`Nor will I be your honey;  
I neer shall be your wedded wife,  
You love me for my money.'  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.7  
\N1 But he her drew amongst his crew,  
She holding by her mother;  
With mournful cries and watery eyes  
They parted from each other.  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.8  
\N1 No time they gave her to be dressed  
As ladies when they\'re brides, O,  
But hurried her away in haste;  
They rowed her in their plaids, O.  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.9  
\N1 As they went over hills and rocks,  
The lady often fainted;  
Says, Wae may it be, my cursed money,  
This road to me invented!  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.10  
\N1 They passed away by Drymen town,  
And at Buchanan tarried;  
They bought to her a cloak and gown,  
Yet she would not be married.  
\SBALLADS Child 225C.11  
\N1 But without consent they joined their hands;  
By law ought not to carry;

The priest his zeal it was so hot  
 On her will he would not tarry.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225C.12  
 \N1 Four held her up before the priest,  
 Two laid her in the bed, O;  
 Och, mournfully she weeped and cried  
 When she by him was laid, O.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225C.13  
 \N1 `Now you\'re come to the Highland hills,  
 Out of your native clime, lady,  
 Never think of going back,  
 But take this for your hame, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225C.14  
 \N1 `Be content, be content,  
 Be content to stay, lady;  
 Now ye are my wedded wife  
 Unto your dying day, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225C.15  
 \N1 `O Rob Roy was my father called,  
 But McGregor was his name, lady;  
 In all the country far and near  
 None did exceed his fame, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225C.16  
 \N1 `I\'m as bold, I\'m as bold,  
 I\'m as bold as he, lady;  
 In France and Ireland I\'ll dance and f+ight,  
 And from them take the gree, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225C.17  
 \N1 `He was a hedge about his friends,  
 But a heckle to his faes, lady,  
 And every one that did him wrong,  
 He took them owre the nose, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225C.18  
 \N1 `I\'m as bold, I\'m as bold,  
 I\'m as bold, and more, lady;  
 Every one that does me wrong  
 Shall feel my good claymore, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225C.19  
 \N1 `My father he has stots and ewes,  
 And he has goats and sheep, lady,  
 But you and twenty thousand puns  
 Makes me a man complete, lady.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 225D.1  
 \N1 ROB ROY from the Highlands came  
 Unto the Lowland border;  
 It was to steal a ladie away,  
 To keep his house in order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225D.2  
 \N1 He gae her nae time to dress herself  
 Like a lady that was to be married,  
 But he hoisd her out among his crew,  
 And rowd her in his plaidie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225D.3  
 \N1 `Will ye go wi me, my dear?' he says,  
 `Will ye go wi me, my honey?  
 Will ye go wi me, my dear?' he says,  
 `For I love you best of ony.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 225D.4  
 \N1 `I winna be your dear,' she says,  
 `Nor I\'ll never be your honey;

I'll never be your wedded wife,  
For you love me but for my money.'  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.5  
\N1 He hoisd her out among his crew,  
She holding by her mother;  
Wi watry eyes and mournfu cries  
They parted from each other.  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.6  
\N1 As they gaed oer yon high hill,  
The ladie often fainted;  
'Oh, wae be to my gold,' she said,  
'This road for me invented!'  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.7  
\N1 Two held her up before the priest,  
And two put her to bed,  
Wi mournful cries and watry eyes  
As she lay by his side.  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.8  
\N1 'Be content, be content,  
Be content wi me, ladie,  
For now you are my wedded wife  
Until the day ye die, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.9  
\N1 'Rob roy was my father calld,  
McGrigor was his name, ladie,  
And a\' the country round about  
Has heard of Roy\'s fame, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.10  
\N1 'You do not think yourself a match  
For such a one as I, ladie;  
But I been east and I been west,  
And saird the king of France, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.11  
\N1 'And now we hear the bag-pipe play,  
And we maun hae a dance, ladie,  
And a\' the country round about  
Has heard of Roy\'s fame, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.12  
\N1 'Shake your foot, shake your foot,  
Shake your foot wi me, ladie,  
For now you are my wedded bride  
Until the day ye die, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.13  
\N1 'My father dealt in cows and ewes,  
Likewise in goats and sheep, ladie,  
And a\' the country round about  
Has heard of Roy\'s fame, ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.14  
\N1 'And ye have f+ifty thousand marks,  
Makes me a man compleat, ladie.  
Why mayn\'t I maid  
May I not ride in state, ladie?  
\SBALLADS Child 225D.15  
\N1 'My father was a Highland laird,  
Altho he be now dead, ladie,  
And a\' the country round about  
Has heard of Roy\'s fame, ladie.'  
\LBALLADS Child 225E.1  
\N1 ROB ROY from the Highlands cam  
Unto our Scottish border,

And he has stown a lady fair,  
 To haud his house in order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.2  
 \N1 And when he cam he surrounded the house;  
 Twenty men their arms did carry;  
 And he has stown this lady fair,  
 On purpose her for to marry.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.3  
 \N1 And whan he cam he surrounded the house;  
 No tidings there cam before him,  
 Or else the lady would have been gone,  
 For still she did abhor him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.4  
 \N1 Wi murnfu cries and watery eyes,  
 Fast hauding by her mother,  
 Wi murnfu cries and watery eyes  
 They parted frae each other.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.5  
 \N1 Nae time he gied her to be dressed  
 As ladys do when they\'re bride, O,  
 But he hastened and hurried her awa,  
 And he rowd her in his plaid, O.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.6  
 \N1 They rade till they cam to Ballyshine,  
 At Ballyshine they tarried;  
 He bought to her a cotton gown,  
 Yet would she never be married.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.7  
 \N1 Three held her up before the priest,  
 Four carried her to bed, O,  
 Wi watery eyes and murnfu sighs  
 When she behind was laid, O.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.8  
 \N1 `O be content, be content,  
 Be content to stay, lady,  
 For you are my wedded wife  
 Unto my dying day, lady.  
 Be content, \ietc\r.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.9  
 \N1 `My father is Rob Roy called,  
 MacGregor is his name, lady;  
 In all the country whare he dwells,  
 He does succeed the fame, lady.  
 Be content, \ietc\r.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225E.10  
 \N1 `My father he has cows and ewes,  
 And goats he has anew, lady,  
 And you and twenty thousand merks  
 Will mak me a man complete, lady.'  
 Be content, \ietc\r.  
 \LBALLADS Child 225F.1  
 \N1 ROB ROY frae the Highlands came  
 Unto the Lawland border,  
 And he has stolen a lady away,  
 To haud his house in order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225F.2  
 \N1 He\'s pu\'d her out amang his men,  
 She holding by her mother;  
 With mournfu cries and watery eyes  
 They parted frae each other.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.3

\N1 When they came to the heigh hill-gate,  
O it\'s aye this lady fainted:  
`O wae! what has that cursed monie  
That\'s thrown to me invented?'

\SBALLADS Child 225F.4

\N1 When they came to the heigh hill-gate,  
And at Buchanan tarried,  
They fetchd to her a cloak and gown,  
Yet wad she not be married.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.5

\N1 Four held her up before the priest,  
Four laid her on her bed,  
With mournfu cries and watery eyes  
When she by him was laid.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.6

\N1 `I\'ll be kind, I\'ll be kind,  
I\'ll be kind to thee, lady,  
And all the country for thy sake  
Shall surely favoured be, lady.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.7

\N1 `Be content, be content,  
Be content and stay, lady;  
Now ye are my weded wife  
Until your dying-day, ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.8

\N1 `Rob Roy was my father called,  
McGregor was his name, lady;  
In every country where he was,  
He did exceed the fame, lady.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.9

\N1 `He was a hedge about his friends,  
A terror to his foes, lady,  
And every one that did him wrong,  
He hit them oer the nose, lady.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.10

\N1 `Be content, be content,  
Be content and stay, lady;  
Now ye are my wedded wife  
Until your dying-day, lady.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.11

\N1 `We will go, we will go,  
We will go to France, lady,  
Where I before for safety f+led,  
And there wee\'l get a dance, lady.

\SBALLADS Child 225F.12

\N1 `Shake a f+it, shake a f+it,  
Shake a f+it to me, lady;  
Now ye are my wedded wife  
Until your dying-day, lady.

\LBALLADS Child 225G.1

\N1 ROB ROY from the Highlands cam  
Unto the Lawlan border,  
To steal awa a gay ladie,  
To haud his house in order.

\SBALLADS Child 225G.2

\N1 He cam owre the Lock o Lynn,  
Twenty men his arms did carry;  
Himsel gaed in an fand her out,  
Protesting he would marry.

\SBALLADS Child 225G.3

\N1 `O will ye gae wi me? he says,  
`Or will ye be my honey?  
Or will ye be my wedded wife?  
For I love you best of any.'

\SBALLADS Child 225G.4

\N1 `I winna gae wi you,' she says,  
`Nor will I be your honey,  
Nor will I be your wedded wife;  
You love me for my money.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 225G.5

\N1 But he set her on a coal-black steed,  
Himsel lap on behind her,  
An he\'s awa to the Highland hills,  
Whare her friens they canna f+ind her.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 225G.6

\N1 `Rob Roy was my father ca\'d,  
MacGregor was his name, ladie;  
He led a band o heroes bauld,  
An I am here the same, ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 225G.7

\N1 `Be content, Be content,  
Be content to stay, ladie;  
For thou art my wedded wife  
Until thy dying day, ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 225G.8

\N1 `He was a hedge unto his friens,  
A heckle to his foes, ladie,  
Every one that durst him wrang,  
He took him by the nose, ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 225G.9

\N1 `I\'m as bold, I\'m as bold,  
I\'m as bold, an more, ladie;  
He that daurs dispute my word  
Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie.'

\LBALLADS Child 225H.1

\N1 ROB ROY is frae the Hielands come  
Down to the Lowland border,  
And he has stolen that lady away,  
To haud his house in order.

\SBALLADS Child 225H.2

\N1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Of none he stood in awe,  
Untill they reached the Hieland hills,  
Aboon the Balmaha.

\SBALLADS Child 225H.3

\N1 Saying, Be content, Be content,  
Be content with me, lady;  
Where will ye f+ind in Lennox land  
Sae braw a man as me, lady?

\SBALLADS Child 225H.4

\N1 `Rob Roy he was my father called,  
MacGregor was his name, lady;  
A\' the country, far and near,  
Have heard MacGregor\'s fame, lady.

\SBALLADS Child 225H.5

\N1 `He was a hedge about his friends,  
A heckle to his foes, lady;



If any man did him gainsay,  
 He felt his deadly blows, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225H.6  
 \N1 `I am as bold, I am as bold,  
 I am as bold, and more, lady;  
 Any man that doubts my word  
 May try my gude claymore, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225H.7  
 \N1 `Then be content, be content,  
 Be content with me, lady,  
 For now ye are my wedded wife  
 Until the day ye die, lady.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 225I.1  
 \N1 ROB ROY is frae the Highlands come  
 Unto the Scottish border,  
 And he has stolen a lady gay,  
 To keep his house in order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.2  
 \N1 He and his crew surrounded the house;  
 No tidings came before him,  
 Or else I\'m sure she wad been gone,  
 For she did still abhor him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.3  
 \N1 He drew her thro amang his crew,  
 She holding by her mother;  
 With watery eyes and mournfu cries  
 They parted from each other.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.4  
 \N1 He\'s set her on a milk-white steed,  
 Himself jumped on behind her,  
 And he\'s awa to the Highland hills,  
 And her friends they couldna f+ind her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.5  
 \N1 `O be content, be content,  
 O be content and stay, lady,  
 And never think of going back  
 Until your dying day, lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.6  
 \N1 As they went over hills and dales,  
 This lady oftimes fainted;  
 Cries, Wae be to that cursed money  
 This road to me invented!  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.7  
 \N1 `O dinna think, O dinna think,  
 O dinna think to ly, lady;  
 O think na ye yersell weel matchd  
 On sic a lad as me, lady?  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.8  
 \N1 `What think ye o my coal-black hair,  
 But and my twinkling een, lady,  
 A little bonnet on my head,  
 And cocket up aboon, lady?  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.9  
 \N1 `O dinna think, O dinna think,  
 O dinna think to ly, lady;  
 O think nae ye yersell weel matchd  
 On sic a lad as me, lady?  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.10  
 \N1 `Rob Roy was my father calld,  
 But Gregory was his name, lady;

There was neither duke nor lord  
 Could eer succeed his fame, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.11  
 \N1 `O may not I, may not I,  
 May not I succeed, lady?  
 My old father did so design;  
 O now but he is dead, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.12  
 \N1 `My father was a hedge about his friends,  
 A heckle to his foes, lady,  
 And every one that did him wrang,  
 He hit them oer the nose, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.13  
 \N1 `I<\'m] as bold, I<\'m] as bold,  
 I<\'m] as bold, and more, lady,  
 And every one that does me wrong  
 Shall feel my good claymore, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.14  
 \N1 `You need not fear our country cheer,  
 Ye\'se hae good entertain, lady;  
 For ye shall hae a feather-bed,  
 Both lang and broad and green, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.15  
 \N1 `Come, be content, come, be content,  
 Come, be content and stay, lady,  
 And never think of going back  
 Until yer dying day, lady.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.16  
 \N1 Twa held her up before the priest,  
 Four laid her in her bed,  
 And sae mournfully she weeping cry\'d  
 When she by him was laid!  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.17  
 \N1 `Come, dinna think, come dinna think,  
 Come, dinna think to ly, lady;  
 You\'ll surely think yersell weel matchd  
 On sic a lad as me, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225I.18  
 \N1 `Come, be content, come, be content,  
 Come, be content and stay, lady,  
 And never think of going back  
 Until your dying day, lady.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 225J.1  
 \N1 FROM Drunkie in the Highlands,  
 With four and twenty men,  
 Rob Oig is cam, a lady fair  
 To carry from the plain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225J.2  
 \N1 Glengyle and James with him are cam,  
 To steal Jean Mitchell\'s dauchter,  
 And they have borne her far away,  
 To haud his house in order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225J.3  
 \N1 And he has taen Jean Key\'s white hand,  
 And torn her grass-green sleeve,  
 And rudely tyed her on his horse,  
 At her friends asked nae leave.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225J.4  
 \N1 They rode till they cam to Ballyshine,  
 At Ballyshine they tarried;

Nae time he gave her to be dressed,  
 In cotton gown her married.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225J.5  
 \N1 Three held her up before the priest,  
 Four carried her to bed, O;  
 Wi watery eyes and mournfu sighs  
 She in bed wi Rob was laid, O.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225J.6  
 \N1 `Haud far awa from me, Rob Oig,  
 Haud far awa from me!  
 Before I lose my maidenhead,  
 I\'ll try my strength with thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 225J.7  
 \N1 She\'s torn the cap from off her head  
 And thrown it to the way,  
 But ere she lost her maidenhead  
 She fought with him till day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225J.8  
 \N1 `Wae fa, Rob Oig, upon your head,  
 For you have ravished me,  
 And taen from me my maidenhead;  
 O would that I could dee!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 225J.9  
 \N1 `My father he is Rob Roy called,  
 And he has cows and ewes,  
 And you are now my wedded wife,  
 And can nae longer chuse.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 225K.1  
 \N1 ROB ROY frae the Highlands came  
 Doun to our Lowland border;  
 It was to steal a lady away,  
 To haud his house in order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.2  
 \N1 With four-and-twenty Highland men,  
 His arms for to carry,  
 He came to steal Blackhill\'s daughter,  
 That lady for to marry.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.3  
 \N1 Nae ane kend o his comming,  
 Nae tiddings came before him,  
 Else the lady woud hae been away,  
 For still did she abhore him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.4  
 \N1 They guarded doors and windows round,  
 Nane coud their plot discover;  
 Rob Roy enterd then alane,  
 Expressing how he lovd her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.5  
 \N1 `Come go with me, my dear,' he said,  
 `Come go with me, my honey,  
 And ye shall be my wedded wife,  
 For I love you best of any.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.6  
 \N1 `I will not go with you,' she said,  
 `I\'ll never be your honey;  
 I will not be your wedded wife,  
 Your love is for my money.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.7  
 \N1 They woud not stay till she was drest  
 As ladies when thei\'r brides, O,

But hurried her awa in haste,  
And rowd her in their plaids, O.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.8  
\N1 He drew her out among his crew,  
She holding by her mother;  
With mournful cries and watry eyes  
They parted from each other.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.9  
\N1 He placed her upon a steed,  
Then jumped on behind her,  
And they are to the Highlands gone,  
Her friends they cannot f+ind her.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.10  
\N1 With many a heavy sob and wail,  
They saw, as they stood by her,  
She was so guarded round about  
Her friends could not come nigh her.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.11  
\N1 Her mournful cries were often heard,  
But no aid came unto her;  
They guarded her on every side  
That they could not rescu+:e her.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.12  
\N1 Over rugged hills and dales  
They rode; the lady fainted;  
Cried, Woe be to my cursed gold  
That has such roads invented!  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.13  
\N1 As they came in by Drimmen town  
And in by Edingarry,  
He bought to her both cloak and gown,  
Still thinking she would marry.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.14  
\N1 As they went down yon bonny burn-side,  
They at Buchanan tarried;  
He clothed her there as a bride,  
Yet she would not be married.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.15  
\N1 Without consent they joind their hands,  
Which law ought not to carry;  
His passion waxed now so hot  
He could no longer tarry.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.16  
\N1 Two held her up before the priest,  
Four laid her in the bed then,  
With sighs and cries and watery eyes  
When she was laid beside him.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.17  
\N1 `Ye are come to our Highland hills,  
Far frae thy native clan, lady;  
Never think of going back,  
But take it for thy home, lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.18  
\N1 `I\'ll be kind, I\'ll be kind,  
I\'ll be kind to thee, lady;  
All the country, for thy sake,  
Shall surely favourd be, lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 225K.19  
\N1 `Rob Roy was my father calld,  
MacGregor was his name, lady,

And all the country where he dwelt  
 He did exceed for fame, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.20  
 \N1 `Now or then, now or then,  
 Now or then deny, lady;  
 Don\'t you think yourself well of  
 With a pretty man like I, lady?  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.21  
 \N1 `He was a hedge about his friends,  
 A heckle to his foes, lady,  
 And all that did him any wrong,  
 He took them by the nose, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.22  
 \N1 `Don\'t think, don\'t think,  
 Don\'t think I lie, lady,  
 Ye may know the truth by what  
 Was done in your country, lad'y.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.23  
 \N1 `My father delights in cows and horse,  
 Likewise in goats and sheep, lady,  
 And you with thirty thousand marks  
 Makes me a man complete, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.24  
 \N1 `Be content, be content,  
 Be content and stay, lady;  
 Now ye are my wedded wife  
 Untill your dying day, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.25  
 \N1 `Your friends will all seek after me,  
 But I\'ll give them the scorn, lady;  
 Before dragoons come oer the Forth,  
 We shall be doun by Lorn, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.26  
 \N1 `I am bold, I am bold,  
 But bolder than before, lady;  
 Any one dare come this way  
 Shall feel my good claymore, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.27  
 \N1 `We shall cross the raging seas,  
 We shall go to France, lady;  
 There we\'ll gar the piper play,  
 And then we\'ll have a dance, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225K.28  
 \N1 `Shake a foot, shake afoot,  
 Shake a foot wi me, lady,  
 And ye shall be my wedded wife  
 Until the day ye die, lady.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 225[L.1]  
 \N1 Rob Roy\'s from the Highlands come  
 Down to the Lowland border,  
 An there he\'s stole a fair lady away,  
 To keep his house in order.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.2]  
 \N1 As he came in by Blackhill gate,  
 Twenty men his arms did carry,  
 And he has stole a fair lady away,  
 On purpose hir to marry.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.3]  
 \N1 No tidings came unto the house,  
 Nor none went in before him,

Or else she had been run away,  
For she did still abhor him.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.4]  
\N1 But with his men he surunded the house,  
Himself went in unto hir,  
And when that he had found her out  
He profest how much he lovt hir.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.5]  
\N1 `O wilt thou be my dear?' he says,  
`O wilt thou be my hony?  
O wilt thou be my wedded wife?  
For I love you far better than ony.'  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.6]  
\N1 `I will not be your dear,' she says,  
`I will not be your honey,  
I will not be your wedded wife;  
You love me for my money.'  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.7]  
\N1 But he hir drew amongst his crew,  
She holding by hir mother;  
With doleful cries and watry eyes  
The parted from each other.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.8]  
\N1 He gave hir no time for to dress  
As brides do when the marry,  
But fast he hurried hir away,  
And rowd hir in his plaidy.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.9]  
\N1 He set hir on a milk-white steed,  
Himslef lept on behind hir,  
And he has carried hir away,  
Hir friends the could not f+ind hir.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.10]  
\N1 The lady\'s cries were oftimes heard,  
But none durst venture to hir;  
She gaurded was on every side,  
Hir friends could not rescue hir.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.11]  
\N1 As the went over hills and rocks,  
The lady oftimes fainted;  
Cries, Wo be to my curst mony,  
These roads to me invented.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.12]  
\N1 As the came in by Drummond town  
And at Bachannan tarried,  
He bought to her a cloak and gown,  
Yet wad she not be married.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.13]  
\N1 And when she came the priest before  
He askd if she would marry,  
But the parson\'s zeal it was so hot  
For her will he did not tarry.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.14]  
\N1 Four held hir up before the priest,  
Tow laid hir in hir bed, O,  
But still she cried, with watry eyes,  
When she was by him laid O.  
\SBALLADS Child 225[L.15]  
\N1 `Now you\'r to the Highlands come,  
Out of your native clime, lady,

Never think of going back,  
 But tak it for your hame, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.16]  
 \N1 `Be content, be content,  
 Be content to stay, lady,  
 Now you are my wedded wife,  
 Until your dying day, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.17]  
 \N1 `Rob Roy was my father calld,  
 McGregor was his name, lady,  
 And all the country where he dwelt  
 None could exceed his fame, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.18]  
 \N1 `I\'ll be kind, I\'ll be kind,  
 I\'ll be kind to thee, lady,  
 A\' thy kindred for thy sake  
 Shall truly favoured be, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.19]  
 \N1 `My father reignd as Highland king,  
 And ruled at his will, lady,  
 There was nether lord nor duke  
 Durst do him ony ill, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.20]  
 \N1 `Ay through time, ay through time,  
 Ay through time was he, lady,  
 Filled was w<ith] sweet revenge  
 On a\' his enemys, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.21]  
 \N1 `He was a hedge about his friends,  
 A heckle till his foes, lady,  
 And every ane that did him rang,  
 He took them oer the nose, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.22]  
 \N1 `I\'m as bold, I\'m as bold,  
 [As bold] as forest boar, lady,  
 Every ane that does thee rang  
 Shall feell my stell claymore, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.23]  
 \N1 `Neer a man from Highlands came  
 That ever did him dare, lady,  
 But if those persons did escape  
 He sized upon there gear, lady.  
 Ay through time, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.24]  
 \N1 `My father dealt in horse and cows,  
 But thou in goats and sheep, lady,  
 Thre and twenty thousand merk  
 Makes me a man complete, lady.  
 Be content, etc\  
 \SBALLADS Child 225[L.25]  
 \N1 `Of all the exploits my father did  
 I do him now outshine, lady;  
 He never took a prize in \'s life  
 With sic a face as thine, lady.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 226A.1  
 \N1 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 OUT it spake Lizze Linzee,  
 The tear blinket in her ee;  
 How can I leave father and mother,  
 Along with young Donald to gae!

\SBALLADS Child 226A.2

\N1 Out spoke Lizée\'s young handmaid,  
A bonny young lassie was she;  
Said, Were I heress to a kingdom,  
Along with young Donald I\'d ga.

\SBALLADS Child 226A.3

\N1 `O say ye so to me, Nelly?

O say ye so to me?

Must I leave Edinburgh city,  
To the high Highland to gae?'

\SBALLADS Child 226A.4

\N1 Out spoke Lizie\'s own mother,  
A good old lady was she;  
If you speak such a word to my dochter,  
I\'ll gar hang [you] hi.

\SBALLADS Child 226A.5

\N1 `Keep well your dochter from me, madam,  
Keep well your dochter fa me;

For I care as little for your dochter  
As ye can care for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 226A.6

\N1 The road grew wetty and dubby,  
And Lizée began to think lang;  
Said, I wish had staid with my mother,  
And nae wi young Donald had gane.

\SBALLADS Child 226A.7

\N1 `You\'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
You\'r thrice welcome to me;  
You\'r welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
And your young lady you wi.'

\SBALLADS Child 226A.8

\N1 . . . .

. . . .

`Ye call na me Sir Donald,  
But ca me Donald your son.'

\SBALLADS Child 226A.9

\N1 `Rise up, Lizée Linzee,  
You [have] lain too long in the day;  
Ye might have helped my mother  
To milch her goats and her kie.'

\SBALLADS Child 226A.10

\N1 Out it spake Lizée Linzee,  
The tear blinket in her eye;  
`The ladys of Edinb\iu\rr\igh\r city,  
They neither milch goats nor kie.'

\LBALLADS Child 226B.1

\N1 IT\R\'\rS of a young lord o the Hielands,  
A bonnie braw castle had he,  
And he says to his lady mither,  
\R'M\ry boon ye will grant to me:  
Sall I gae to Edinbruch city,  
And fesh hame a lady wi me?'

\SBALLADS Child 226B.2

\N1 `Ye may gae to Edinbruch city,  
And fesh hame a lady wi thee,  
But see that ye bring her but f+lattrie,  
And court her in grit povertie.'

\SBALLADS Child 226B.3

\N1 `My coat, mither, sall be o the plaiden,  
A tartan kiltoure my knee,



Wi hosens and brogues and the bonnet;  
I\ll court her wi nar f+lattrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.4  
\N1 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,  
He playd at the ring and the ba,  
And saw monie a bonnie young ladie,  
But Lizie Lindsay was f+irst o them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.5  
\N1 Syne, dressd in his Hieland grey plaiden,  
His bonnet abune his ee-bree,  
He called on fair Lizie Lindsay;  
Says, Lizie, will ye fancy me?  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.6  
\N1 `And gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
And gae, gae wi me?  
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,  
I\ll feed you on curds and green whey.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.7  
\N1 `And ye\se get a bed o green bracken,  
My plaidie will hap thee and me;  
Ye\se lie in my arms, bonnie Lizie,  
If ye\ll gae to the Hielands wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.8  
\N1 `O how can I gae to the Hielands,  
Or how can I gae wi thee,  
Whan I dinna ken whare I\m gaing,  
Nor wha I hae to gae wi?'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.9  
\N1 `My father, he is an auld shepherd,  
My mither, she is an auld dey;  
My name it is Donald Macdonald,  
My name I\ll never deny.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.10  
\N1 `O Donald, I\ll gie ye f+ive guineas  
To sit ae hour in my room,  
Till I tak aff your ruddy picture;  
Whan I hae \t, I\ll never think lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.11  
\N1 `I dinna care for your f+ive guineas;  
It\s ye that\s the jewel to me;  
I\ve plenty o kye in the Hielands,  
To feed ye wi curds and green whey.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.12  
\N1 `And ye\se get a bonnie blue plaidie,  
Wi red and green strips thro it a\';  
And I\ll be the lord o your dwelling,  
And that\s the best picture ava.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.13  
\N1 `And I am laird o a\ my possessions;  
The king canna boast o na mair;  
And ye\se hae my true heart in keeping,  
There\ll be na ither een hae a share.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.14  
\N1 `Sae gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
O gae awa happy wi me;  
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,  
And hird the wee lammies wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.15  
\N1 `O how can I gae wi a stranger,  
Oure hills and oure glens frae my hame?'

`I tell ye I am Donald Macdonald;  
I\'ll ever be proud o my name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.16  
\N1 Doun cam Lizie Lindsay\'s ain father,  
A knicht o a noble degree;  
Says, If ye do steal my dear daughter,  
It\'s hangit ye quickly sall be.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.17  
\N1 On his heel he turned round wi a bouncie,  
And a licht lauch he did gie:  
`There\'s nae law in Edinbruch city  
This day that can dare to hang me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.18  
\N1 Then up bespak Lizie\'s best woman,  
And a bonnie young lass was she;  
`Had I but a mark in my pouchie,  
It\'s Donald that I wad gae wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.19  
\N1 `O Helen, wad ye leave your coffer,  
And a\' your silk kirtles sae braw,  
And gang wi a bare-houghd pur laddie,  
And leave father, mither, and a\'?  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.20  
\N1 `But I think he\'s a witch or a warlock,  
Or something o that fell degree,  
For I\'ll gae awa wi young Donald,  
Whatever my fortune may be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.21  
\N1 Then Lizie laid doun her silk mantle,  
And put on her waiting-maid\'s gown,  
And aff and awa to the Hielands  
She\'s gane wi this young shepherd loun.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.22  
\N1 Thro glens and oure mountains they wanderd,  
Till Lizie had scantlie a shoe;  
`Alas and ohone!' says fair Lizie,  
`Sad was the f+irst day I saw you!  
I wish I war in Edinbruch city;  
Fu sair, sair this pastime I rue.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.23  
\N1 `O haud your tongue now, bonnie Lizie,  
For yonder\'s the shieling, my hame;  
And there\'s my guid auld honest mither,  
That\'s coming to meet ye her lane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.24  
\N1 `O ye\'re welcome, ye\'re welcome, Sir Donald,  
Ye\'re welcome hame to your ain.'  
`O ca me na young Sir Donald,  
But ca me Donald my son;'  
And this they hae spoken in Erse,  
That Lizie nicht not understand.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.25  
\N1 The day being weetie and daggie,  
They lay till \'twas lang o the day:  
`Win up, win up, bonnie Lizie,  
And help at the milking the kye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.26  
\N1 O slowly raise up Lizie Lindsay,  
The saut tear blindit her ee:  
`O, war I in Edinbruch city,

The Hielands shoud never see me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.27  
\N1 He led her up to a hie mountain  
And bade her look out far and wide:  
`I\'m lord o thae isles and thae mountains,  
And ye\'re now my beautiful bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 226B.28  
\N1 `Sae rue na ye\'ve come to the Hielands,  
Sae rue na ye\'ve come aff wi me,  
For ye\'re great Macdonald\'s braw lady,  
And will be to the day that ye dee.'  
\LBALLADS Child 226C.1  
\N1 WHAT wad ye gie to me, mither,  
What wad ye gie to me,  
If I wad go to Edinbruch city  
And bring hame Lizie Lindsey to thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.2  
\N1 `Meikle wad I gie to thee, Donald,  
Meikle wad I gie to thee,  
If ye wad gang to Edinbruch city  
And court her as in povertie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.3  
\N1 Whan he cam to Edinbruch city,  
And there a while to resort,  
He called on fair Lizie Lindsey,  
Wha lived at the Canongate-Port.  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.4  
\N1 `Will ye gang to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsey?  
Will ye gae to the Hielands wi me?  
And I will gie ye a cup o the curds,  
Likewise a cup of green whey.  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.5  
\N1 `And I will gie ye a bed o green threshes,  
Likewise a happing o grey,  
If ye will gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsey,  
If ye\'ll gae to the Hielands wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.6  
\N1 `How can I gang?' says Lizie Lindsey,  
`How can I gang wi thee?  
I dinna ken whare I am gaing,  
Nor wha I am gaing wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.7  
\N1 `My father is a cowper o cattle,  
My mither is an auld dey;  
My name is Donald Macdonald,  
My name I\'ll never deny.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.8  
\N1 Doun cam Lizie Lindsey\'s father,  
A revrend auld gentleman was he:  
`If ye steal awa my dochter,  
Hie hanged ye sall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.9  
\N1 He turned him round on his heel  
And [a] licht lauch gied he;  
`There is na law in a\' Edinbruch city  
This day that can hang me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.10  
\N1 It\'s doun cam Lizie\'s hand-maid,  
A bonnie young lass was she:  
`If I had ae crown in a\' the warld,

Awa wi that fellow I\'d gae.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.11  
 \N1 `Do ye say sae to me, Nelly?  
 Do ye say sae to me?  
 Wad ye leave your father and mither,  
 And awa wi that fellow wad gae?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.12  
 \N1 She has kilted her coats o green silk  
 A little below her knee,  
 And she\'s awa to the Hielands wi Donald,  
 To bear him companie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.13  
 \N1 And whan they cam to the vallies  
 The hie hills war coverd wi snow,  
 Which caused monie a saut tear  
 From Lizie\'s een to f+low.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.14  
 \N1 `O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
 And safe in my ain countrie,  
 O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
 The Hielands shoud never see me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.15  
 \N1 `O haud your tongue, Lizie Lindsey,  
 Na mair o that let me see;  
 I\'ll tak ye back to Edinbruch city,  
 And safe to your ain countrie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.16  
 \N1 \R`\rThough I war in Edinbruch city,  
 And safe in my ain countrie,  
 Though I war in Edinbruch city,  
 O wha wad care for me!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.17  
 \N1 Whan they cam to the shiels o Kilcushneuch,  
 Out there cam an auld dey:  
 `Ye\'re welcome here, Sir Donald,  
 You and your lady gay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.18  
 \N1 `Ca me na mair Sir Donald,  
 But ca me Donald your son,  
 And I\'ll ca ye my auld mither,  
 Till the lang winter nicht is begun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.19  
 \N1 `A\' this was spoken in Erse,  
 That Lizie nicht na ken;  
 A\' this was spoken in Erse,  
 And syne the broad English began.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.20  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll gae and mak to our supper  
 A cup o the curds and whey,  
 And ye\'ll mak a bed o green threshes,  
 Likewise a happing o grey.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.21  
 \N1 `Won up, won up, Lizie Lindsey,  
 Ye\'ve lain oure lang in the day;  
 Ye nicht hae been helping my mither  
 To milk the ewes and the kye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226C.22  
 \N1 Then up got Lizie Lindsey,  
 And the tear blindit her ee:

`O, gin I war in Edinbruch city,  
The Hielands shoud never see me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 226C.23  
\N1 `Won up, won up, Lizzie Lindsey,  
A fairer sicht ye hae to see;  
Do ye see yon bonnie brow castle?  
Lady o it ye will be.'  
\LBALLADS Child 226D.1  
\N1 THERE dwalt a lass in the South Countrie,  
Lizzy Lindsay called by name,  
And many a laird and lord sought her,  
But nane o them a\' could her gain.  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.2  
\N1 Out spoke the heir o Kinkawsie,  
An down to his fader spoke he;  
`Fat would ye think o me, fadther,  
Fat would ye think o me,  
To go to Edinburgh city,  
Bring hame Lizzy Lindsay wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.3  
\N1 Out and spoke his auld modther,  
An auld revrend lady was she;  
`Court her wi nae fause f+latterie,  
But in great policie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.4  
\N1 He was nae in Edinbruch citie  
But a twalmont an a day,  
When a\' the young lairds an the ladies  
Went forth to sport an play:  
There was nane like Lizzy Lindsay,  
She was baith gallan an gay.  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.5  
\N1 `Will ye go to the Hielans, Lizzy Linsay?  
Will ye go to the Hielans wi me?  
If ye\'ll go to the Hielans, Lizz<y] Linsay,  
I\'ll gar ye get crouds an green whey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.6  
\N1 `How can I go to the Hielans?  
Or hoo will I go with thee?  
I dinna ken whaar I\'m going,  
Or fa \'tis I would go wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.7  
\N1 `R \rmy fadther he is an auld couper,  
My modther a brave auld dey;  
If ye\'ll go to the Hieland<s], Lizzy Linsay,  
I\'ll gar ye get cruds and green whey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.8  
\N1 Out it spoke Lizzy\'s best maiden,  
A wat a f+ine creature was she;  
`Tho I were born heir till a crown,  
It\'s young Donald t\iha\rt I would go wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.9  
\N1 `Oh say ye sae to me, Nelly?  
Oh say ye sae to me?  
Will I cast off my f+ine gowns and laces,  
An gae to the Highlans him wi?'  
\SBALLADS Child 226D.10  
\N1 She\'s putten her hand in her pocket,  
She\'s taen out ten guineas roun:  
`And that wad I gie to thee, Donald,

To stay but ae hour i my room,  
 Till I get your fair pictur painted,  
 To haud me unthought lang.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.11  
 \N1 `I care as little for your guineas  
 As you can care for mine;  
 But gin that ye like my fair face,  
 Then gae wi me, if that ye incline.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.12  
 \N1 Out it spak Lizzy\'s auld mither,  
 I wite a f+ine lady was she;  
 `Gin I hear you speak sae to my daughter,  
 I vow I\'se cause them hang thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.13  
 \N1 He turned about on his heel,  
 And a loud, loud laughter gae he:  
 `They are not in Edinburgh city,  
 I trow, that dare hamg me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.14  
 \N1 `But an ye come to the Canongate-Port-+----+  
 An there ye\'ll be sure to see me-+----+  
 Bring wi ye a bottle of sherry,  
 I\'ll bear you good company.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.15  
 \N1 They sought all Edinboro citie,  
 They sought it roun an roun,  
 Thinkin to f+in Lizzy Lindsay,  
 But awa to the Highlans she\'s gane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.16  
 \N1 Whan they came to the shielin,  
 Out bespoke the ould dye;  
 `You\'re welcome home, Sir Donald,  
 Lang hae we been thinkin for thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.17  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll call me nae mair Sir Donald,  
 Ye\'ll call me nae sic thing;  
 But ye\'se be my auld mither,  
 And I\'se be Donald your sin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.18  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll mak for us a supper,  
 A supper o cruds and green whey,  
 And likewise a bed o green rashes,  
 For Lizzy and I to ly.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.19  
 \N1 She\'s made for them a supper,  
 A supper o cruds and why,  
 And likewise a bed o green rashes,  
 For Lizzy and him to ly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.20  
 \N1 But Donald rose up i the mornin,  
 The rest o his glens to spy;  
 It was to look for his goats,  
 His goats, his yows, an his kye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226D.21  
 \N1 But Lizzy, beein wearied wi travel,  
 She lay till \'twas lang i the day:  
 `Get up, get up, Lizzy Linsay,  
 What maks you sae lang for to ly?  
 You had better been helping my mither  
 To milk her yews and her kye.'

\SBALLADS Child 226D.22

\N1 But Lizzy drew till her her stockings,  
The tears fell down on her eye:  
'I wish I were at Edinboro city,  
I can neither milk yews nor kye.'

\SBALLADS Child 226D.23

\N1 'Oh hold your tongue, Lizzy Linsay,  
Your weepin I mustna be wi;  
I'll sen you hame to your mither,  
In the greatest o safety.'

\SBALLADS Child 226D.24

\N1 But he has tane her by the han,  
And has shewn her the straight way to go:  
'An dont you see bonny Kincawsie,  
Wher you and I is to ly?'

\SBALLADS Child 226D.25

\N1 Out then comes his old mither,  
An twenty brave knichts her wi:  
'Y're welcome home, Sir Donald,  
Lang hae we been thinkin for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 226D.26

\N1 Out then comes his old father,  
An twenty brave ladies him wi:  
'You'r welcome home, Sir Donald,  
An that fair creature you wi.'

\SBALLADS Child 226D.27

\N1 He's taken her by the han,  
An he's shewn her the straight way in:  
'An ye'se be Lady Kincawsie,  
An ye'se hae Donal, my sin.'

\LBALLADS Child 226E.1

\N1 IN Edinburgh lived a lady,  
Was ca'd Lizzie Lindsay by name,  
Was courted by mony f+ine suitors,  
And mony rich person of fame:  
Tho lords of renown had her courted,  
Yet none her favour could gain.

\SBALLADS Child 226E.2

\N1 Then spake the young laird o Kingcaussie,  
And a bonny young boy was he;  
'Then let me a year to the city,  
I'll come, and that lady wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 226E.3

\N1 Then spake the auld laird o Kingcaussie,  
A canty auld mannie was he;  
'What think ye by our little Donald,  
Sae proudly and crously cracks he?'

\SBALLADS Child 226E.4

\N1 'But he's win a year to the city,  
If that I be a living man;  
And what he can mak o this lady,  
We shall lat him do as he can.'

\SBALLADS Child 226E.5

\N1 He's stript aff his f+ine costly robes,  
And put on the single liverie;  
With no equipage nor attendance,  
To Edinburgh city went he.

\SBALLADS Child 226E.6

\N1 Now there was a ball in the city,  
A ball o great mirth and great fame;

And fa danced wi Donald that day  
But bonny Lizzie Lindsay on the green!  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.7  
\N1 `Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizzie?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?  
Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
And gang to the Hielands wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.8  
\N1 The lady she turned about,  
And answered him courteouslie;  
`I\'d like to ken faer I am gaun f+irst,  
And fa I am gaun to gang wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.9  
\N1 `O Lizzie, ae favour I\'ll ask you,  
This favour I pray not deny;  
Ye\'ll tell me your place of abode,  
And your nearest o kindred do stay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.10  
\N1 `Ye\'ll call at the Canogate-Port,  
At the Canogate-Port call ye;  
I\'ll gie you a bottle o wine,  
And I\'ll bear you my companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.11  
\N1 Syne he called at the Canogate-Port,  
At the Canogate-Port calld he;  
She gae him a bottle o wine,  
And she gae him her companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.12  
\N1 `Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizzie?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?  
Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
And gang to the Hielands wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.13  
\N1 Then out spake Lizzie\'s auld mither,  
For a very auld lady was she;  
`If ye cast ony creed on my dochter,  
High hanged I\'ll cause you to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.14  
\N1 `O keep hame your dochter, auld woman,  
And latna her gang wi me;  
I can cast nae mair creed on your dochter,  
Nae mair than she can on me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.15  
\N1 `Now, young man, ae question I\'ll ask you,  
Sin ye mean to honour us sae;  
Ye\'ll tell me how braid your lands lie,  
Your name, and faer ye hae to gae.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.16  
\N1 `My father he is an auld souter,  
My mither she is an auld dey,  
And I\'m but a puir broken trooper,  
My kindred I winna deny.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.17  
\N1 `Yet I\'m nae a man o great honour,  
Nor am I a man o great fame;  
My name it is Donald M\'Donald,  
I\'ll tell it, and winna think shame.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.18  
\N1 `Will ye gang to the Hielands, bonny Lizzie?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi me?



Will ye leave the South Country ladies,  
And gang to the Hiellands wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.19  
\N1 `O Donald, I\`ll gie you ten guineas,  
If ye woud but stay in my room  
Until that I draw your fair picture,  
To look on it fan I think lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.20  
\N1 `No, I carena mair for your guineas,  
Nae mair than ye care for mine;  
But if that ye love my ain person,  
Gae wi me, maid, if ye incline.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.21  
\N1 Then out spake Lizzie\`s bower-woman,  
And a bonny young lassie was she;  
Tho I was born heir to a crown,  
Young Donald, I woud gang him wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.22  
\N1 Up raise then the bonny young lady,  
And drew till her stockings and sheen,  
And packd up her claise in f+ine bundles,  
And awa wi young Donald she\`s gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.23  
\N1 The roads they were rocky and knabby,  
The mountains were baith strait and stay;  
When Lizzie grew wearied wi travel,  
For she\`d travelld a very lang way.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.24  
\N1 `O turn again, bonny Lizzie Lindsay,  
O turn again,' said he;  
`We\`re but ae day\`s journey frae town,  
O turn, and I\`ll turn wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.25  
\N1 Out speaks the bonny young lady,  
Till the saut tear blinded her ee;  
Altho I\`d return to the city,  
There\`s nae person woud care for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.26  
\N1 When they came near the end o their journey,  
To the house o their father\`s milk-dey,  
He said, Stay still there, Lizzie Lindsay,  
Till I tell my mither o thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.27  
\N1 When he came into the shiellen,  
She hailed him courteouslie;  
Said, Ye\`re welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
There\`s been mony ane calling for thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.28  
\N1 `O ca me na mair, Sir Donald,  
But Donald M\`Donald your son;  
We\`ll carry the joke a bit farther,  
There\`s a bonny young lady to come.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.29  
\N1 When Lizzie came into the shiellen,  
She lookd as if she\`d been a feel;  
She sawna a seat to sit down on,  
But only some sunks o green feall.  
\SBALLADS Child 226E.30  
\N1 `Now make us a supper, dear mither,  
The best o your cruds and green whey;

And make us a bed o green rashes,  
 And covert wi huddins sae grey.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226E.31  
 \N1 But Lizie being wearied wi travel,  
 She lay till \'twas up i the day:  
 `Ye might hae been up an hour seener,  
 To milk baith the ewes and the kye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226E.32  
 \N1 Out then speaks the bonny young lady,  
 Whan the saut tear drapt frae her eye;  
 I wish that I had bidden at hame,  
 I can neither milk ewes nor kye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226E.33  
 \N1 `I wish that I had bidden at hame,  
 The Hielands I never had seen,  
 Altho I love Donald M\'Donald,  
 The laddie wi Blythe blinking een.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226E.34  
 \N1 `Win up, win up, O bonny Lizie,  
 And dress in the silks sae gay;  
 I\'ll show you the yetts o Kingcaussie,  
 Whare I\'ve playd me mony a day.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226E.35  
 \N1 Up raise the bonny young lady,  
 And drest in thd silks sae f+ine,  
 And into young Donald\'s arms  
 Awa to Kingcaussie she\'s gane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226E.36  
 \N1 Forth came the auld laird o Kingcaussie,  
 And hailed her courteouslie;  
 Says, Ye\'re welcome, bonny Lizie Lindsay,  
 Ye\'re welcome hame to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226E.37  
 \N1 `Tho lords o renown hae you courted,  
 Young Donald your favour has won;  
 Ye\'se get a\' the lands o Kingcaussie,  
 And Donald M\'Donald, my son.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 226F.1  
 \N1 THERE was a braw ball in Edinburgh,  
 And mony braw ladies were there,  
 But nae ane at a\' the assembly  
 Could wi Lizzie Lindsay compare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226F.2  
 \N1 In cam the young lairdo Kincassie,  
 An a bonnie young laddie was he:  
 `Will ye lea yere ain kintra, Lizzie,  
 An gang to the Hielands wi me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226F.3  
 \N1 She turned her roun on her heel,  
 An a very loud laughter gaed she:  
 `I wad like to ken whar I was ganging,  
 And wha I was gaun to gang wi.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226F.4  
 \N1 `My name is young Donald M\'Donald,  
 My name I will never deny;  
 My father he is an auld shepherd,  
 Sae weel as he can herd the kye!  
 \SBALLADS Child 226F.5  
 \N1 `My father he is an auld shepherd,  
 My mother she is an auld dame;

If ye'll gang to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,  
Ye's neither want curds nor cream.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.6  
\N1 `If ye'll call at the Canongate-Port,  
At the Canongate-Port call on me,  
I'll give you a bottle of sherry,  
And bear you companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.7  
\N1 He ca'd at the Canongate-Port,  
At the Canongate-Port called he;  
She drank wi him a bottle o sherry,  
And bore him guid companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.8  
\N1 `Will ye go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie?  
Will ye go to the Hielands wi me?  
If ye'll go to the Hielands, bonnie Lizzie,  
Ye shall not want curds nor green whey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.9  
\N1 In there cam her auld mither,  
A jolly auld lady was she:  
`I wad like to ken whar she was ganging,  
And wha she was gaun to gang wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.10  
\N1 `My name is young Donald M'Donald,  
My name I will never deny;  
My father he is an auld shepherd,  
Sae weel as he can herd the kye!  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.11  
\N1 `O but I would give you ten guineas  
To have her one hour in a room,  
To get her fair body a picture,  
To keep me from thinking long.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.12  
\N1 `O I value not your ten guineas,  
As little as you value mine;  
But if that you covet my daughter,  
Take her with you, if you do incline.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.13  
\N1 `Pack up my silks and my satins,  
And pack up my hose and my shoon,  
And likewise my clothes in small bundles,  
And away wi young Donald I'll gang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.14  
\N1 They packd up her silks and her satins,  
They packd up her hose and her shoon,  
And likewise her clothes in small bundles,  
And away wi young Donald she's gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.15  
\N1 When that they cam to the Hielands,  
The braes they were baith lang and stey;  
Bonnie Lizzie was wearied wi ganging,  
She had travell'd a lang summer day.  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.16  
\N1 `O are we near hame, Sir Donald?  
O are we near hame, I pray?'  
`We're no near hame, bonnie Lizzie,  
Nor yet the half o the way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.17  
\N1 They cam to a homely poor cottage,  
An auld man was stnading by:

`Ye\'re welcome hame, Sir Donald,  
Ye\'ve been sae lang away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.18  
\N1 `O call me no more Sir Donald,  
But call me young Donald your son,  
For I have a bonnie young lady  
Behind me for to come in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.19  
\N1 `Come in, come in, bonnie Lizzie,  
Come in, come in,' said he;  
`Although that our cottage be little,  
Perhaps the better we\'ll gree.  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.20  
\N1 `O make us a supper, dear mother,  
And make it of curds an green whey;  
And make us a bed o green rushes,  
And cover it oer wi green hay.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.21  
\N1 `Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,  
Why lie ye so long in the day?  
Ye might hae been helping my mother  
To make the curds and green whey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.22  
\N1 `O haud your tongue, Sir Donald,  
O haud your tongue, I pray;  
I wish I had neer left my mother;  
I can neither make curds nor whey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.23  
\N1 `Rise up, rise up, bonnie Lizzie,  
And put on your satins so f+ine,  
For we maun to be at Kincassie  
Before that the clock strikes nine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.24  
\N1 But when they came to Kincassie  
The porter was standing by:  
`Ye\'re welcome home, Sir Donald,  
Ye\'ve been so long away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226F.25  
\N1 It\'s down then came his auld mither,  
With all the keys in her hand,  
Saying, Take you these, bonnie Lizzie,  
All under them\'s at your command.  
\LBALLADS Child 226G.1  
\N1 `WILL you go to the Highlands wi me, Leezie?  
Will you go to the Highlands wi me?  
Will you go to the Highlands wi me, Leezie?  
And you shall have curds and green whey.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226G.2  
\N1 Then up spoke Leezie\'s mother,  
A gallant old lady was she;  
`If you talk so to my daughter,  
High hanged I\'ll gar you be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 226G.3  
\N1 And then she changed her coaties,  
And then she changed them to green,  
And then she changed her coaties,  
Young Donald to gang wi.  
\SBALLADS Child 226G.4  
\N1 But the roads grew broad and broad,

And the mountains grew high and high,  
Which caused many a tear  
To fall from Leezie\'s eye.

\SBALLADS Child 226G.5

\N1 But the roads grew broad and broad,  
And the mountains grew high and high,  
Till they came to the glens of Glen Koustie,  
And out there came an old die.

\SBALLADS Child 226G.6

\N1 `You\'re welcome here, Sir Donald,  
And your fair ladie,

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 226G.7

\N1 `O call me not Sir Donald,  
But call me Donald your son,  
And I will call you mother,  
Till this long night be done.'

\SBALLADS Child 226G.8

\N1 These words were spoken in Gaelic,  
And Leezie did not them ken;  
These words were spoken in Gaelic,  
And then plain English began.

\SBALLADS Child 226G.9

\N1 `O make her a supper, mother,  
O make her a supper wi me;  
O make her a supper, mother,  
Of curds and green whey.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 226G.10

\N1 `You must get up, Leezie Lindsay,

. . . .

You must get up, Leezie Lindsay,  
For it is far in the day.'

\SBALLADS Child 226G.11

\N1 And then they went out together,  
And a braw new bigging saw she,  
And out cam Lord Macdonald,  
And his gay companie.

\SBALLADS Child 226G.12

\N1 `You\'re welcome here, Leezie Lindsay,  
The f+lower of a\' your kin,  
And you shall be Lady Macdonald,  
Since you have got Donald, my son.'

\LBALLADS Child 226[H.1]

\N1 Ther lives a maid in Edinbrugh citty,  
Elisa Lindsay they call her by name;  
Monye an came to court her,  
But a\' ther suit was in vain.

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.2]

\N1 Out spak the hear of Carnusse+:,  
An out spak he;

`Fat wad ye think of me if I wad gae to Edinbrugh citty  
An bring this fair creatur we me?'

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.3]

\N1 `If ye gae to Edinbrugh city  
An bring this fair creatur we the,  
Bring her home we ne f+latry,  
But by grait policy.'

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.4]

\N1 Fan he came to the Netherbou,  
 Elisa Lindsay for to see,  
 She drank we him a bottel of cherry,  
 And bare him gued company.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.5]  
 \N1 `Will ye goo to the Hillands we me, Lisee?  
 Will ye go to [the] Hillands we me?  
 . . . . .  
 Ye\'s gett cruds an grean why.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.6]  
 \N1 Out spak Lissy\'s mother,  
 An out spak she;  
 `If ye say so to my daughter,  
 [I] swaer I ell gar ye die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.7]  
 \N1 `Keep well yer dother, old lady,  
 Keep well yer dother fra me,  
 For I care as littel for yer dother  
 As she dos for me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.8]  
 \N1 Out spak Lissie Lindsay,  
 We the tear in her eay;  
 `I will gie ye ten gunies,  
 If ye wad bat sitt in my roun bat a whill  
 Till I dra you<r] picter,  
 To mind me on your swit smill.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.9]  
 \N1 `I care as littel for your ten gunies  
 As ye dou for mine,  
 But if ye love my person,  
 Goo we me if ye inclayn.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.10]  
 \N1 Fan they came to Carnusie, an even to the glen,  
 Out came the old day:  
 `Ye\'r welcom home, Sir Donall, ye\'r welcom home,  
 An that fair creatur ye we.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.11]  
 \N1 `Caa na me mare Sir Donald,  
 Bat caa me Donall, yer son,  
 An I\'ll caa ye my mother,  
 An caa me Donall, yer son:'  
 The words wer spoken in Ears,  
 Lissie she had nean.  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.12]  
 \N1 `Gett us a supper of cruds,  
 [A supper of cruds] an green whay,  
 An a bed of the best of yeer rushes,  
 Besids a covering of gray.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.13]  
 \N1 Lissy Lindsay bieng weary,  
 She lay over long in they day:  
 `Win up, Lissy Lindsay,  
 Ye haa layen our lang in the day;  
 Ye might haa ben out we my mider,  
 Milken the eus an the kay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 226[H.14]  
 \N1 Out spak Lissie Lindsay,  
 The tear in her eay;  
 `I wiss I wer in Edenbrugh citty,  
 I canne+: milk eus nor kay.'

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.15]  
\N1 `Hold your toung, Lissie Lindsy,  
An dou not freat on me,  
For I will haa ye back to Edenbrugh citty,  
Nou we grait saf+ity.'

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.16]  
\N1 Out spak Lissie Lindsy,  
The tear in her eay;  
`If I wer in Edenbrugh citty,  
They woud think littel of me.'

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.17]  
\N1 He touk her by the milk-white hand,  
Some other forest to vue;

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.18]  
\N1 Fan they came to Carnusy, out came Donal\'s father,  
A gay old knight was he;  
Out cam Donald\'s father,  
An four-an-tuenty him we.

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.19]  
\N1 `Ye\'r welcom, Lissie Lends<y],  
Dear welcom to me;  
Ye\'s be Lady Carnusie,  
An gett Donal, my son.'

\SBALLADS Child 226[H.20]  
\N1 Out came Donald\'s mother,  
An four-an-tuenty her we:  
`Ye\'r welcom, my son,  
An that fair creatur ye we.'

\LBALLADS Child 227A.1  
\N1 It fell about the Lambmass tide,  
When the leaves were fresh and green,  
Lizie Bailie is to Gartartain [gane],  
To see her sister Jean.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.2  
\N1 She had not been in Gartartain  
Even but a little while  
Till luck and fortune happend her,  
And she went to the Isle.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.3  
\N1 And when she went into the Isle  
She met with Duncan Grahame;  
So bravely as he courted her!  
And he convoyd her hame.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.4  
\N1 `My bonny Lizie Bailie,  
I\'ll row thee in my pladie,  
If thou will go along with me  
And be my Highland lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.5  
\N1 `If I would go along with thee,  
I think I were not wise;  
For I cannot milk cow nor ewe,  
Nor yet can I speak Erse.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.6  
\N1 `Hold thy tongue, bonny Lizie Bailie,  
And hold thy tongue,' said he;  
`For any thing that thou does lack,  
My dear, I\'ll learn thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.7

\N1 She would not have a Lowland laird,  
He wears the high-heeld shoes;  
She will marry Duncan Grahame,  
For Duncan wears his trews.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.8

\N1 She would not have a gentleman,  
A farmer in Kilsyth,  
But she would have the Highland man,  
He lives into Monteith.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.9

\N1 She would not have the Lowland man,  
Nor yet the English laddie,  
But she would have the Highland man,  
To row her in his pladie.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.10

\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And he convoyed her hame,  
And still she thought, both night and day,  
On bonny Duncan Grahame.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.11

\N1 `O bonny Duncan Grahame,  
Why should ye me miscarry?  
For, if you have a love for me,  
We'll meet a<t] Castle Carry.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.12

\N1 `As I came in by Dennie bridge,  
And by the holland-bush,  
My mother took from me my cloaths,  
My rings, ay and my purse.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.13

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
For that I do not care;  
For I will go with Duncan Grahame  
Tho I should ner get mair.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.14

\N1 `For f+irst when I met Duncan Grahame  
I met with meikle joy,  
And many pretty Highland men  
Was there at my convoy.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.15

\N1 And now he is gone through the muir,  
And she is through the glen:

`O bonny Lizzie Bailie,  
When will we meet again!'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.17

\N1 Shame light on these logerheads  
That lives in Castle Carry,  
That let away the bonny lass  
The Highland man to marry!

\SBALLADS Child 227A.16

\N1 `O bonny Lizzie, stay at home!  
Thy mother cannot want thee;  
For any thing that thou does lack,  
My dear, I'll cause get thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.18

\N1 `I would not give my Duncan Grahame  
For all my father\'s land,  
Although he had three lairdships more,  
And all at my command.'



\SBALLADS Child 227A.19

\N1 And she\'s cast off her silken gowns,  
That she weard in the Lowland,  
And she\'s up to the Highland hills,  
To wear [the] gowns of tartain.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.20

\N1 And she\'s cast off her high-heeld shoes,  
Was made of the gilded leather,  
And she\'s up to Gillecrankie,  
To go among the heather.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.21

\N1 And she\'s cast off her high-heeld shoes,  
And put on a pair of laigh ones,  
And she\'s away with Duncan Grahame,  
To go among the brachans.

\SBALLADS Child 227A.22

\N1 `O my bonny Lizzie Bailie,  
Thy mother cannot want thee;  
And if thou go with Duncan Grahame  
Thou\'ll be a Gilliecrankie.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.23

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
And folly let thee be;  
Should I not fancie Duncan Grahame  
When Duncan fancies me?

\SBALLADS Child 227A.24

\N1 `Hold your tongue, my father dear,  
And folly let thee be;  
For I will go with Duncan Grahame  
Fore all the men I see.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.25

\N1 `Who is it that\'s done this turn?  
Who has done this deed?'  
`A minister it\'s, father,' she says,  
`Lives at the Rughburn bridge.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.26

\N1 `A minister, daughter?' he says,  
`A minister for mister!'  
`O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
He married first my sister.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.27

\N1 `O fare you well, my daughter dear,  
So dearly as I lovd thee!  
Since thou wilt go to Duncan Grahame,  
My bonny Lizzie Bailie.'

\SBALLADS Child 227A.28

\N1 `O fare you well, my father dear,  
Also my sister Betty;  
O fare you well, my mother dear,  
I leave you all compleatly.'

\LBALLADS Child 228A.1

\N1 `AS I cam in by Glasgow town,  
The Highland troops were a\' before me,  
And the bonniest lass that eer I saw,  
She lives in Glasgow, they ca her Peggie.

\SBALLADS Child 228A.2

\N1 `I wad gie my bonnie black horse,  
So wad I my gude grey naigie,  
If I were twa hundred miles in the north,  
And nane wi me but my bonnie Peggie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228A.3

\N1 Up then spak her father dear,  
Dear wow! but he was wondrous sorrie;  
'Weel may ye steal a cow or a yowe,  
But ye dare nae steal my bonnie Peggie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228A.4

\N1 Up then spak her mother dear,  
Dear wow! but she spak wondrous sorrie;  
Now since I have brought ye up this length,  
Wad ye gang awa wi a Highland fellow?'

\SBALLADS Child 228A.5

\N1 He set her on his bonnie black horse,  
He set himsel on his gude grey naigie,  
And they have ridden oer hills and dales,  
And he\'s awa wi his bonnie Peggie.

\SBALLADS Child 228A.6

\N1 They have ridden oer hills and dales,  
They have ridden oer mountains many,  
Until they cam to a low, low glen,  
And there he\'s lain down wi his bonnie Peggie.

\SBALLADS Child 228A.7

\N1 Up then spak the Earl of Argyle,  
Dear wow! but he spak wondrous sorrie;  
'The bonniest lass in a\' Scotland  
Is off and awa wi a Highland fellow!'

\SBALLADS Child 228A.8

\N1 Their bed was of the bonnie green grass,  
Their blankets war o the hay sae bonnie;  
He folded his philabeg below her head,  
And he\'s lain down wi his bonnie Peggie.

\SBALLADS Child 228A.9

\N1 Up then spak the bonny Lowland lass,  
And wow! but she spak wondrous sorrie;  
'I\'se warrant my mither wad hae a gay sair heart  
To see me lien here wi you, my Willie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228A.10

\N1 'In my father\'s house there\'s feather-beds,  
Feather-beds, and blankets mony;  
They\'re a\' mine, and they\'ll sune be thine,  
And what needs your mither be sae sorrie, Peggie?

\SBALLADS Child 228A.11

\N1 'Dinna you see yon nine score o kye,  
Feeding on yon hill sae bonnie?  
They\'re a\' mine, and they\'ll sune be thine,  
And what needs your mither be sorrie, Peggie?

\SBALLADS Child 228A.12

\N1 'Dinna you see yon nine score o sheep,  
Feeding on yon brae sae bonnie?  
They\'re a\' mine, and they\'ll sune be thine,  
And what needs your mither be sorrie for ye?

\SBALLADS Child 228A.13

\N1 'Dinna ye see yon bonnie white house,  
Shining on yon brae sae bonnie?  
And I am the Earl of the Isle of Skye,  
And surely my Peggie will be ca\'d a lady.'

\LBALLADS Child 228B.1

\N1 THE Lawland lads think they are f+ine,  
But the Hieland lads are brisk and gaucy,  
And they are awa, near Glasgow toun,  
To steal awa a bonnie lassie.

\SBALLADS Child 228B.2

\N1 `I wad gie my gude brown steed,  
And sae wad I my gude grey naigie,  
That I war f+ifty miles frae the toun,  
And nane wi me but my bonnie Peggy.'

\SBALLADS Child 228B.3

\N1 But up then spak the auld gudman,  
And vow! but he spak wondrous saucie;  
`Ye may steal awa our cows and ewes,  
But ye sanna get our bonnie lassie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228B.4

\N1 `I have got cows and ewes anew,  
I've got gowd and gear already;  
Sae I dinna want your cows nor ewes,  
But I will hae your bonnie Peggy.'

\SBALLADS Child 228B.5

\N1 `I'll follow you oure moss and muir,  
I'll follow you oure mountains many,  
I'll follow you through frost and snaw,  
I'll stay na langer wi my daddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228B.6

\N1 He set her on a gude brown steed,  
Himself upon a gude grey naigie;  
They're oure hills, and oure dales,  
And he's awa wi his bonnie Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228B.7

\N1 As they rade out by Glasgow toun,  
And doun by the hills o Achildounie,  
There they met the Earl of Hume,  
And his auld son, riding bonnie.

\SBALLADS Child 228B.8

\N1 Out bespak the Earl of Hume,  
And O! but he spak wondrous sorry;  
`The bonniest lass about a' Glasgow toun  
This day is awa wi a Hieland laddie!'

\SBALLADS Child 228B.9

\N1 As they rade bye auld Drymen toun,  
The lasses leuch and lookit saucy,  
That the bonniest lass they ever saw  
Sud be riding awa wi a Hieland laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228B.10

\N1 They rode on through moss and muir,  
And so did they owre mountains many,  
Until that they cam to yonder glen,  
And she's lain doun wi her Hieland laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228B.11

\N1 Gude green hay was Peggy's bed,  
And brakens war her blankets bonnie,  
Wi his tartan plaid aneath her head;  
And she's lain doun wi her Hieland laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228B.12

\N1 `There's beds and bowsters in my father's house,  
There's sheets and blankets, and a' thing ready,  
And wadna they be angry wi me,  
To see me lie sae wi a Hieland laddie!'

\SBALLADS Child 228B.13

\N1 `Tho there's beds and beddin in your father's house,  
Sheets and blankets, and a' made ready,  
Yet why sud they be angry wi thee,  
Though I be but a Hieland laddie?

\SBALLADS Child 228B.14

\N1 `It\'s I hae f+ifty acres of land,  
It\'s a\' plowd and sawn already;  
I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
And why sud na Peggy be calld a lady?

\SBALLADS Child 228B.15

\N1 `I hae f+ifty gude milk kye,  
A\' tied to the staws already;  
I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
And why sud na Peggy be calld a lady?

\SBALLADS Child 228B.16

\N1 `See ye no a\' yon castles and towrs?  
The sun sheens owre them a sae bonnie;  
I am Donald, the Lord of Skye,  
I think I\'ll mak ye as blythe as onie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228B.17

\N1 A\' that Peggy left behind  
Was a cot-house and a wee kail-yardie;  
Now I think she is better by far  
Than tho she had got a Lawland lairdie.

\LBALLADS Child 228C.1

\* \* \* \* \*

\N1 `HE set her on his bonnie black horse,  
He set himsel on his gude grey naigie;  
He has ridden over hills, he has ridden over dales,  
And he\'s quite awa wi my bonny Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228C.2

\N1 `Her brow it is brent and her middle it is jimp,  
Her arms are long and her f+ingers slender;  
One sight of her eyes makes my very heart rejoice,  
And wae\'s my heart that we should sunder!'

\SBALLADS Child 228C.3

\N1 His sheets were of the good green hay,  
His blankets were of the brackens bonnie;  
He\'s laid his trews beneath her head,  
And she\'s lain down wi her Highland laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228C.4

\N1 `I am my mother\'s ae daughter,  
And she had nae mair unto my daddie,  
And this night she would have a sore, sore heart  
For to see me lye down with a Highland laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228C.5

\N1 `Ye are your mother\'s ae daughter,  
And she had nae mae unto your daddie;  
This night she need not have a sore, sore heart  
For to see you lie down with a Highland laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228C.6

\N1 `I have four-and-twenty acres of land,  
It is ploughed, it is sown, and is always ready,  
And you shall have servants at your command;  
And why should you slight a Highland laddie?

\SBALLADS Child 228C.7

\N1 `I have four-and-twenty good milk-kye,  
They are feeding on yon meadow bonnie;  
Besides, I have both lambs and ewes,  
Going low in the haughs o Galla water.

\SBALLADS Child 228C.8

\N1 `My house it stands on yon hill-side,  
My broadsword, durk, and bow is ready,  
And you shall have servants at your command;

And why may not Peggy be called a lady?'  
\LBALLADS Child 228D.1  
\N1 A BONNY laddie brisk and gay,  
A handsome youth sae brisk and gaddie,  
And he is on to Glasgow town,  
To steal awa his bonny Peggy.  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.2  
\N1 When he came into Glasgow town,  
Upon her father\'s green sae steady,  
'Come forth, come forth, old man,' he says,  
'For I am come for bonny Peggy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.3  
\N1 Out it spake her father then;  
'Begone from me, ye Highland laddie;  
There\'s nane in a\' the West Country  
Dare steal from me my bonny Peggy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.4  
\N1 'I\'ve ten young men all at my back,  
That ance to me were baith true and steady;  
If ance I call, they\'ll soon be nigh,  
And bring to me my bonny Peggy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.5  
\N1 Out it spake her mother then,  
Dear! but she spake wondrous saucy;  
Says, Ye may steal a cow or ewe,  
But I\'ll keep sight o my ain lassie.  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.6  
\N1 'Hold your tongue, old woman,' he says,  
'Ye think your wit it is fu ready;  
For cow nor ewe I ever stole,  
But I will steal your bonny Peggy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.7  
\N1 Then all his men they boldly came,  
That was to him baith true and steady,  
And thro the ha they quickly went,  
And forth they carried bonny Peggy.  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.8  
\N1 Her father gae mony shout and cry,  
Her mother cursed the Highland laddie;  
But he heard them as he heard them not,  
But f+ixd his eye on bonny Peggy.  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.9  
\N1 He set her on his milk-white steed,  
And he himsell on his greynaigie;  
Still along the way they rode,  
And he\'s awa wi bonny Peggy.  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.10  
\N1 Says, I wad gie baith cow and ewe,  
And sae woud I this tartan plaidie,  
That I was far into the north,  
And along wi me my bonny Peggy.  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.11  
\N1 As they rode down yon pleasant glen,  
For trees and brambles were right mony,  
There they met the Earl o Hume,  
And his young son, were riding bonny.  
\SBALLADS Child 228D.12  
\N1 Then out it spake the young Earl Hume,  
Dear! but he spake wondrous gaudie;  
'I\'m wae to see sae fair a dame

Riding along wi a Highland laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228D.13

\N1 `Hold you tongue, ye young Earl Hume,  
O dear! but ye do speak right gaudie;  
There\'s nae a lord in a\' the south  
Dare eer compete wi a Highland laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228D.14

\N1 Then he rade f+ive miles thro the north,  
Thro mony hills sae rough and scroggie,  
Till they came down to a low glen,  
And he lay down wi bonny Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228D.15

\N1 Then he inclosed her in his arms,  
And rowd her in his tartan plaidie:  
`There are blankets and sheets in my father\'s house,  
How have I lien down wi a Highland laddie!'

\SBALLADS Child 228D.16

\N1 Says he, There are sheep in my father\'s fauld,  
And every year their wool is ready;  
By the same our debts we pay,  
Altho I be but a Highland laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228D.17

\N1 `There are f+ifty cows in my father\'s byre,  
That all are tyed to the stakes and ready,  
Five thousand pounds I hae ilk year,  
Altho I be but a Highland laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228D.18

\N1 `My father has f+ifty well shod horse,  
Besides your steed and my grey naigie;  
I\'m Donald o the Isle o Sky,  
Why may not you be ca\'d a lady?

\SBALLADS Child 228D.19

\N1 `See ye not yon f+ine castle,  
On yonder hill that stands sae gaudie?  
And there we\'ll win this very night,  
Where ye\'ll enjoy your Highland laddie.'

\LBALLADS Child 228E.1

\N1 THE Hielan lads sae brisk and braw,  
The Hielan lads sae brisk and gaudie,  
Hae gane awa to Glasgow town,  
To steal awa the bonny Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228E.2

\N1 As they came on to Glasgow town,  
And passd the banks and braes sae bonny,  
There they espied the weel-faurd may,  
And she said to them her name was Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228E.3

\N1 Their chief did meet her father soon,  
And O! but he was wondrous angry;  
Says, Ye may steal my owsen and kye,  
But ye maunna steal my bonnie Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228E.4

\N1 `O haud your tongue, ye gude auld man,  
For I\'ve got cows and ewes already;  
I come na to steal your owsen and kye,  
But I will steal your bonny Peggy.'

\SBALLADS Child 228E.5

\N1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
And he himsel rode a gude grey naigie,  
And they are on mony miles to the north,

And nane wi them but the bonny Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228E.6

\N1 `I hae f+ifty acres o gude red lan,  
And a\' weel ploughd and sawn already,  
And why should your father be angry wi me,  
And ca me naething but a Hielan laddie?

\SBALLADS Child 228E.7

\N1 `I hae twenty weel mounted steeds,  
Black and brown and grey, already;  
And ilk ane o them is tended by a groom,  
Altho I be but a Hielan laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228E.8

\N1 `I hae now ten thousand sheep,  
A\' feeding on yon braes sae bonny,  
And ilka hundred a shepherd has,  
Altho I be but a Hieland laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228E.9

\N1 `I hae a castle on yonder hill,  
It\'s a\' set roun wi windows many;  
I\'m Lord M\'Donald o the whole Isle of Skye;  
And why shouldna Peggy be ca\'d my Lady?'

\SBALLADS Child 228E.10

\N1 Now a\' that Peggy had before  
Was a wee cot-house and a little kail-yairdie,  
But now she is lady o the whole Isle o Skye,  
And now bonny Peggy is ca\'d my Lady.

\LBALLADS Child 228F.1

\N1 THE young Maclean is brisk and bauld,  
The young Maclean is rash an ready,  
An he is to the Lowlands gane,  
To steal awa a bonnie ladye.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 228F.2

\N1 Out an spak her auld father,  
An O! but he spak wondrous angry;  
'Ye may steal my cows an ewes,  
But ye shall not steal my dochter Peggie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228F.3

\N1 `O haud your tongue, ye gude auld man,  
For I hae gear enough already;  
I cum na for your cows an ewes,  
But I cum for your dochter Peggie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228F.4

\N1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Himsel upon a gude gray naggie,  
An they are to the Highlands gane,  
The young Maclean an his bonnie ladye.

\LBALLADS Child 228[G.1]

\N1 It was on a day, and a f+ine summer\'s day,  
When the Lowlands they were making ready,  
There I espied a weel-far\'d lass,  
She was gaun to Glasgow, and they ca her Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.2]

\N1 It\'s up then spak a silly auld man,  
And O but he spak wondrous poorly!  
Sayin, Ye may steal awa my cows and my ewes,  
But ye\'ll never steal awa my bonny Peggy.

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.3]

\N1 `O haud yer tongue, ye silly auld man,  
For ye hae said enugh already,

For I\`ll never steal awa yer cows and yer ewes,  
But I\`ll steal awa yer bonny Peggy.'

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.4]

\N1 So he mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
Himsel upon a wee grey naigie,  
And they hae ridden ower hill and dale,  
And over moors and mosses many.

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.5]

\N1 They rade till they cam to the head o yon glen,  
It might hae frightened anybody;  
He said, Whether will ye go alongst with me,  
Or will ye return back again to your mammie?

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.6]

\N1 Their bed was o the green, green grass,  
And their blankets o the bracken sae bonnie,  
And he\`s laid his trews beneath their head,  
And Peggy\`s lain doun wi her Heilan laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.7]

\N1 They lay till it cam to the break o day,  
Then up they rose and made them ready;  
He said, Whether will ye go alongst with me,  
Or will ye return back again to your mammie?

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.8]

\N1 `I\`ll follow you through frost and snow,  
I\`ll follow your through dangers many,  
And wherever ye go I will go alongst with you,  
For I\`ll never return back again to my mammie.'

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.9]

\N1 `I hae four-and-twenty gude milk-kye,  
They\`re a\` bun in yon byre sae bonny,  
And I am the earl o the Isle o Skye,  
And why should not Peggy be called a lady?

\SBALLADS Child 228[G.10]

\N1 `I hae f+fifty acres o gude land,  
A\` ploughed ower and sawn sae bonny,  
And I am young Donald o the Isle o Skye,  
And wherever I\`m laird I\`ll make ye lady.'

\LBALLADS Child 229A.1

\N1 O WE were sisters, sisters seven,  
We were a comely crew to see,  
And some got lairds, and some got lords,  
And some got knichts o his degree;  
And I mysel got the Earl o Crawford,  
And wasna that a great match for me!

\SBALLADS Child 229A.2

\N1 It was at f+fifteen that I was married,  
And at sixteen I had a son;  
And wasna that an age ower tender  
For a lady to hae her f+irst-born!  
And wasna, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 229A.3

\N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
I gaed into the garden green,  
And naebody was therein walking  
But Earl Crawford and his young son.

\SBALLADS Child 229A.4

\N1 `I wonder at you, ye Earl Crawford,  
I wonder at you wi your young son;  
Ye daut your young son mair than your Lillie;



[I\'m sure you got na him your lane.']  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.5  
\N1 [He turned about upon his heel,  
I wite an angry man was he;  
Says, If I got nae my young son my lane,  
Bring me here the one that helpet me.]  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.6  
\N1 [\'O hold your tongue, my Earl Crawford,  
And a\' my folly lat it be;  
There was nane at the gettin o oor son,  
Nae body only but you and me.']  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.7  
\N1 He set her on a milk-white steed,  
Her little young son her before;  
Says, Ye maun gae to bonny Stobha,  
For ye will enter my yates no more.  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.8  
\N1 When she cam to her father\'s bowers,  
She lichtit low down on the stane,  
And wha sae ready as her auld father  
To welcome Lady Lillie in?  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.9  
\N1 `O how\'s a\' wi you, my daughter Lillie,  
That ye come here sae hastilie?  
And how\'s a\' wi\' the Earl o Crawford,  
That he didna send a boy wi thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.10  
\N1 `O haud your tongue now, my old father,  
And ye\'ll lat a\' your folly be;  
For ae word that my merry mou spak  
Has parted my good lord and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.11  
\N1 `O haud your tongue, my daughter Lillie,  
And a\' your follies lat them be;  
I\'ll double your portion ten times ower,  
And a better match I\'ll get for thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.12  
\N1 `O haud your tongue now, my old father,  
And a\' your folly lat it be;  
I wouldna gie ae kiss o Crawford  
For a\' the goud that ye can gie.  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.13  
\N1 `Whare will I get a bonny boy,  
That\'s willin to win meat and fee,  
Wha will gae on to Earl Crawford  
An see an\'s heart be fawn to me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.14  
\N1 When he cam to the yates o Crawford,  
They were a\' sitting down to dine:  
`How comes it now, ye Earl Crawford,  
Ye arena takin Lady Lillie hame?'  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.15  
\N1 `Ye may gae tell her Lady Lillie,  
And ye maun neither lee nor len,  
She may stay in her father\'s bowers,  
For she\'ll not enter my yates again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229A.16  
\N1 When he cam back to her father\'s yates,  
He lichtit low down on his knee:  
`What news, what news, my bonny boy?

What news, what news hae ye to me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229A.17  
 \N1 `I\'m bidden tell you, Lady Lillie+----+  
 I\'m bidden neither to lee nor len+----+  
 She may stay in her father\'s bowers,  
 For she\'ll not enter my yates again.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229A.18  
 \N1 She stretched out her lily hand,  
 Says, `Adieu, adieu to ane and a!  
 Adieu, adieu to Earl Crawford!'  
 Wi that her sair heart brak in twa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229A.19  
 \N1 Then dowie, dowie her father raise up,  
 And dowie, dowie the black put on,  
 And dowie, dowie he mounted the brown,  
 And dowie, dowie sat thereon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229A.20  
 \N1 And dowie rade to the yates o Crawford,  
 And when to Crawford\'s yates he came,  
 They were a\' dressd in the robes o scarlet,  
 Just gaun to tak Lady Lillie hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229A.21  
 \N1 `Ye may cast aff your robes o scarlet+----+  
 I wyte they set you wondrous weel+----+  
 And now put on the black sae dowie,  
 And come and bury your Lady Lill.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229A.22  
 \N1 He took his hat into his hand,  
 And laid it low down by his knee:  
 `An it be true that Lillie\'s dead,  
 The sun shall nae mair shine on me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 229B.1  
 \N1 O WE were seven bonny sisters,  
 As fair women as fair could be,  
 And some got lairds, and some got lords,  
 And some got knights o high degree:  
 When I was married to Earl Crawford,  
 This was the fate befell to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.2  
 \N1 When we had been married for some time,  
 We walked in our garden green,  
 And aye he clappd his young son\'s head,  
 And aye he made sae much o him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.3  
 \N1 I turnd me right and round about,  
 And aye the blythe blink in my ee:  
 `Ye think as much o your young son  
 As ye do o my fair body.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.4  
 \N1 `What need ye clap your young son\'s head?  
 What need ye make so much o him?  
 What need ye clap your young son\'s head?  
 I\'m sure ye gotna him your lane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.5  
 \N1 `O if I gotna him my lane,  
 Show here the man that helpe+:d me;  
 And for these words your ain mouth spoke  
 Heir o my land he neer shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.6  
 \N1 He calld upon his stable-groom

To come to him right speedilie:  
`Gae saddle a steed to Lady Crawford,  
Be sure ye do it hastilie.  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.7  
\N1 `His bridle gilt wi gude red gowd,  
That it may glitter in her ee;  
And send her on to bonny Stobha,  
All her relations for to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.8  
\N1 Her mother lay oer the castle wa,  
And she beheld baith dale and down,  
And she beheld her Lady Crawford,  
As she came riding to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.9  
\N1 `Come here, come here, my husband dear,  
This day ye see not what I see;  
For here there comes her Lady Crawford,  
Riding alane upon the lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.10  
\N1 When she came to her father\'s yates,  
She tirdled gently at the pin:  
`If ye sleep, awake, my mother dear,  
Ye\'ll rise lat Lady Crawford in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.11  
\N1 `What news, what news, ye Lady Crawford,  
That ye come here so hastilie?'  
`Bad news, bad news, my mother dear,  
For my gude lord\'s forsaken me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.12  
\N1 `O wae\'s me for you, Lady Crawford,  
This is a dowie tale to me;  
Alas! you were too young married  
To thole sic cross and misery.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.13  
\N1 `O had your tongue, my mother dear,  
And ye\'ll lat a\' your folly be;  
It was a word my merry mouth spake  
That sinderd my gude lord and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.14  
\N1 Out it spake her brither then,  
Aye as he stept ben the f+loor:  
`My sister Lillie was but eighteen years  
When Earl Crawford ca\'ed her a whore.  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.15  
\N1 `But had your tongue, my sister dear,  
And ye\'ll lat a\' your mourning bee;  
I\'ll wed you to as f+ine a knight,  
That is nine times as rich as hee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.16  
\N1 `O had your tongue, my brither dear,  
And ye\'ll lat a\' your folly bee;  
I\'d rather yae kiss o Crawford\'s mouth  
Than a\' his gowd and white monie.  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.17  
\N1 `But saddle to me my riding-steed,  
And see him saddled speedilie,  
And I will on to Earl Crawford\'s,  
And see if he will pity me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.18  
\N1 Earl Crawford lay o\'er castle wa,

And he beheld baith dale and down,  
 And he beheld her lady Crawford,  
 As she came riding to the town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.19  
 \N1 He called ane o his livery men  
 To come to him right speedilie:  
 `Gae shut my yates, gae steek my doors,  
 Keep Lady Crawford out frae me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.20  
 \N1 When she came to Earl Crawford\'s yates,  
 She tirlled gently at the pin:  
 `O sleep ye, wake ye, Earl Crawford,  
 Ye\'ll open, lat Lady Crawford in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.21  
 \N1 `Come down, come down, O Earl Crawford,  
 And speak some comfort unto me;  
 And if ye winna come yoursell,  
 Ye\'ll send your gentleman to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.22  
 \N1 `Indeed I winna come mysell,  
 Nor send my gentleman to thee;  
 For I tauld you when we did part  
 Nae mair my spouse ye\'d ever bee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.23  
 \N1 She laid her mouth then to the yates,  
 And aye the tears drapt frae her ee;  
 Says, Fare ye well, Earl Crawford\'s yates,  
 You again I\'ll nae mair see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.24  
 \N1 Earl Crawford calld on his stable-groom  
 To come to him right speedilie,  
 And sae did he his waiting-man,  
 That did attend his fair bodie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.25  
 \N1 `Ye will gae saddle for me my steed,  
 And see and saddle him speedilie,  
 And I\'ll gang to the Lady Crawford,  
 And see if she will pity me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.26  
 \N1 Lady Crawford lay oer castle-wa,  
 And she beheld baith dale and down,  
 And she beheld him Earl Crawford,  
 As he came riding to the town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.27  
 \N1 Then she has calld ane o her maids  
 To come to her right speedilie:  
 `Gae shut my yates, gae steek my doors,  
 Keep Earl Crawford out frae me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.28  
 \N1 When he came to Lady Crawford\'s yates,  
 He tirlled gently at the pin:  
 `Sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Crawford,  
 Ye\'ll rise and lat Earl Crawford in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.29  
 \N1 `Come down, come down, O Lady Crawford,  
 Come down, come down, and speak wi me;  
 And gin ye winna come yoursell,  
 Ye\'ll send your waiting-maid to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 229B.30  
 \N1 `Indeed I winna come mysell,

Nor send my waiting-maid to thee;  
Sae take your ain words hame again  
At Crawford castle ye tauld me.  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.31  
\N1 `O mother dear, gae make my bed,  
And ye will make it saft and soun,  
And turn my face unto the west,  
That I nae mair may see the sun.'  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.32  
\N1 Her mother she did make her bed,  
And she did make it saft and soun;  
True were the words fair Lillie spake,  
Her lovely eyes neer saw the sun.  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.33  
\N1 The Earl Crawford mounted his steed,  
Wi sorrows great he did ride hame;  
But ere the morning sun appeard  
This f+ine lord was dead and gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 229B.34  
\N1 Then on ae night this couple died,  
And baith were buried in ae tomb:  
Let this a warning be to all,  
Their pride may not bring them low down.  
\LBALLADS Child 230A.1  
\N1 . . . . .  
As they came in by the Eden side,  
They heard a lady lamenting sair,  
Bewailing the time she was a bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 230A.2  
\N1 . . . . .  
A stately youth of blude and lane,  
. . . . .  
John Hatley, the laird of Mellerstain.  
\SBALLADS Child 230A.3  
\N1 `Cowdenknows, had ye nae lack?  
And Earlstoun, had ye nae shame?  
Ye took him away beside my back,  
But ye never saw to bring him hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 230A.4  
\N1 And she has lookit to Fieldiesha,  
So has she through Yirdandstane;  
She lookit to Earlstoun, and she saw the Fans,  
But he\'s coming hame by West Gordon.  
\SBALLADS Child 230A.5  
\N1 And she staggerd and she stood,  
\SBALLADS Child 230A.6  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . . wude;  
How can I keep in my wits,  
When I look on my husband\'s blood?'  
\SBALLADS Child 230A.7  
\N1 `Had we been men as we are women,  
And been at his back when he was slain,  
It should a been tauld for mony a lang year,  
The slaughter o the laird of Mellerstain.'  
\LBALLADS Chile 231A.1  
\N1 THERE was a jury sat at Perth,  
In the merry month of May,  
Betwixt the noble Duke of Perth  
But and Sir Gilbert Hay.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.2

\N1 My lord Kingside has two daughters,  
They are proper, straight and tall;  
But my lord Carnegie he has two  
That far excells them all.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.3

\N1 Then Errol he has dressd him,  
As very well he could;  
I\'m sure there was not one cloth-yard  
But what was trimmed with gold.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.4

\N1 `Ane asking, ane asking, my lord Carnegie,  
Ane asking I\'ve to thee;  
I\'m come to court your daughter Jean,  
My wedded wife to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.5

\N1 `My daughter Jean was wed yestreen,  
To one of high degree,  
But where Jean got one guinea of gold  
With Kate I\'ll give thee three.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.6

\N1 `Full f+fifteen hundred pounds  
Had Jean Carnegie,  
But three f+fifteen hundred pounds  
With Kate I\'ll gie to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.7

\N1 Then Errol he has wed her,  
And fairly brought her hame;  
There was nae peace between them twa  
Till they sundered oer again.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.8

\N1 When bells were rung, and mess was sung,  
And a\' man bound to bed,  
The Earl of Errol and his countess  
In one chamber was laid.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.9

\N1 Early in the morning  
My lord Carnegie rose,  
The Earl of Errol and his countess,  
And they\'ve put on their clothes.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.10

\N1 Up spake my lord Carnegie;  
`Kate, is your toucher won?'  
`Ye may ask the Earl of Errol,  
If he be your good-son.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.11

\N1 `What need I wash my petticoat  
And hing it on a pin?  
For I am as leal a maid yet  
As yestreen when I lay down.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.12

\N1 `What need I wash my apron  
And hing it on the door?  
It\'s baith side and wide enough,  
Hangs even down before.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.13

\N1 Up spake my lord Carnegie;  
`O Kate, what do ye think?  
We\'ll beguile the Earl of Errol  
As lang as he\'s in drink.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.14

\N1 `O what will ye beguile him wi?  
Or what will ye do than?  
I'll swear before a justice-court  
That he's no a suff+icient man.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.15

\N1 Then Errol he cam down the stair,  
As bold as oney rae:  
`Go saddle to me my Irish coach,  
To Edinbro I'll go.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.16

\N1 When he came to Edinbro,  
He lighted on the green;  
There were four-and-twenty maidens  
A' dancing in a ring.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.17

\N1 There were four-and-twenty maidens  
A' dancing in a row;  
The fatest and the fairest  
To bed wi him must go.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.18

\N1 He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
And he led her thro the green,  
And twenty times he kissd her there,  
Before his ain wife's een.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.19

\N1 He's taen his Peggy by the hand,  
And he's led her thro the hall,  
And twenty times he's kissd her there,  
Before his nobles all.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.20

\N1 `Look up, look up, my Peggy lass,  
Look up, and think nae shame;  
Ten hundred pounds I'll gie to you  
To bear to me a son.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.21

\N1 He's keepit his Peggy in his room  
Three quarter of a year,  
And just at the nine months' end  
She a son to him did bear.

\SBALLADS Child 231A.22

\N1 `Now if ye be Kate Carnegie,  
And I Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I'll make your father sell his lands  
Your toucher for to pay.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.23

\N1 `To make my father sell his lands,  
It wad be a great sin,  
To toucher oney John Sheephead  
That canna toucher win.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.24

\N1 `Now hold your tongue, ye whorish bitch,  
Sae loud as I hear ye lie!  
For yonder sits Lord Errol's son,  
Upon his mother's knee;  
For yonder sits Lord Errol's son,  
Altho he's no by thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 231A.25

\N1 `You may take hame your daughter Kate,  
And set her on the glen;

For Errol canna please her,  
 Nor nane o Errol\'s men;  
 For Errol canna please her,  
 Nor twenty of his men.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 231A.26  
 \N1 The ranting and the roving,  
 The thing we a\' do ken,  
 The lady lost her right that night,  
 The f+irst night she lay down;  
 And the thing we ca the ranting o \'t,  
 The lady lies her lane.  
 \LBALLADS Child 231B.1  
 \N1 EARELL is a bonny place,  
 It stands upon yon plain;  
 The greatest faut about the place  
 Earell\'s no a man.  
 What ye ca the danting o \'t,  
 According as ye ken,  
 For the pearting . . .  
 Lady Earell lyes her lane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.2  
 \N1 Earell is a bonny place,  
 It stands upon yon plain;  
 The roses they graw red an white,  
 An apples they graw green.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.3  
 \N1 `What need I my apron wash  
 An hing upon yon pin?  
 For lang will I gae out an in  
 Or I hear my bairnie\'s din.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.4  
 \N1 `What need I my apron wash  
 An hing upo yon door?  
 For side and wide is my petticoat,  
 An even down afore.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.5  
 \N1 `But I will lace my stays again,  
 My middle jimp an sma;  
 I\'l gae a\' my days a maiden,  
 [Awa], Earell, awa!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.6  
 \N1 It fell ance upon a day Lord Earell  
 Went to hunt him lane,  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.7  
 \N1 He was na a mile fra the town,  
 Nor yet sae far awa,  
 Till his lady is on to Edinburgh,  
 To try hir all the law.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.8  
 \N1 Little did Lord Earell think,  
 Whan he sat down to dine,  
 That his lady was on to Edinburgh,  
 Nor what was in her mind.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.9  
 \N1 Till his best servant came  
 For to lat him ken  
 . . . .  
 . . . .



\SBALLADS Child 231B.10

\N1 She was na in at the toun-end,  
Nor yet sae far awa,  
Till Earell was at her back,  
His gaudy locks to sha.

\SBALLADS Child 231B.11

\N1 She was na in at the loan-head,  
Nor just at the end,  
Till Earell he was at her back,  
Her errand for to ken.

\SBALLADS Child 231B.12

\N1 As lang as they ca ye Kate Carnegie,  
An me Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I\'s gar yer father sell Kinaird,  
Yer tocher for to pay.'

\SBALLADS Child 231B.13

\N1 `For to gar my father sell Kinnaird,  
It wad be a sin,  
To gee it to ony naughty knight  
That a tocher canna win.'

\SBALLADS Child 231B.14

\N1 Out spak the f+irst lord,  
The best amang them a\';  
`I never seed a lady come  
Wi sick matters to the law.'

\SBALLADS Child 231B.15

\N1 Out spak the neest lord,  
The best o the town;  
`Ye get f+fifteen well-fared maids,  
An put them in a roun,  
An Earell in the midst o them,  
An lat him chuse out ane.'

\SBALLADS Child 231B.16

\N1 They ha gotten f+fifteen well-fared maids,  
An pit them in a roun,  
An Earell in the mids o them,  
An bad him chuse out ane.

\SBALLADS Child 231B.17

\N1 He viewed them a\' intill a raw,  
Even up and down,  
An he has chosen a well-fared may,  
An meggie was her name.

\SBALLADS Child 231B.18

\N1 He took her by the hand,  
Afore the nobles a\',  
An twenty times he kissed her mou,  
An led her thro the ha.

\SBALLADS Child 231B.19

\N1 `Look up, Megie, look up, Megie,  
[Look up,] an think na shame;  
As lang as ye see my gaudy locks,  
Lady Earell\'s be yer name.'

\SBALLADS Child 231B.20

\N1 There were f+fifteen noblemen,  
An as mony laides gay,  
To see Earell proven a man

. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 231B.21

\N1 `Ye tak this well-fared may,  
And keep her three roun raiths o a year,

An even at the three raiths\' end  
 I sall draw near.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.22  
 \N1 They hae taen that well-fared may,  
 An keepd her three roun raiths o a year,  
 And even at the three raiths\' end  
 Earell\'s son she bare.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.23  
 \N1 The gentlemen they ga a shout,  
 The ladies ga a caa,  
 Fair mat fa him Earell!  
 But ran to his lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.24  
 \N1 He was na in at the town-head,  
 Nor just at the end,  
 Till the letters they were waiting him  
 That Earell had a son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.25  
 \N1 `Look up, Meggie, look up, Meggie,  
 [Look up,] an think na shame;  
 As lang as ye see my bra black hat,  
 Lady Earell\'s be yer name.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.26  
 \N1 `I will gie my Meggie a mill,  
 But an a piece o land,  
 . . . .  
 To foster my young son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.27  
 \N1 `Faur is a\' my merry men a\',  
 That I pay meat an gaire,  
 To convey my Meggy hame,  
 . . . ?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.28  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 Even in Lord Earell\'s coach  
 They conveyed the lassie hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.29  
 \N1 `Take hame yer daughter, Lord Kinnaird,  
 An take her to the glen,  
 For Earell canna pleas her,  
 Earell nor a\' his men.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 231B.30  
 \N1 `Had I ben Lady Earell,  
 Of sic a bonny place,  
 I wad na gaen to Edinburgh  
 My husband to disgrace.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 231C.1  
 \N1 ERROLL it\'s a bonny placd,  
 It stands upon a plain;  
 A bad report this ladie\'s raisd,  
 That Erroll is nae a man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231C.2  
 \N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
 Lord Erroll went frae hame,  
 And he is on to the hunting gane,  
 Single man alane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231C.3  
 \N1 But he hadna been frae the town  
 A mile but barely twa,

Till his lady is on to Edinburgh,  
To gain him at the law.  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.4  
\N1 O Erroll he kent little o that  
Till he sat down to dine,  
And as he was at dinner set  
His servant loot him ken.  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.5  
\N1 `Now saddle to me the black, the black,  
Go saddle to me the brown,  
And I will on to Edinburgh,  
Her errands there to ken.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.6  
\N1 She wasna well thro Aberdeen,  
Nor passd the well o Spa,  
Till Erroll he was after her,  
The verity to shaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.7  
\N1 She wasna well in edinburgh,  
Nor even thro the town,  
Till Erroll he was after her,  
Her errands there to ken.  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.8  
\N1 When he came to the court-house,  
And lighted on the green,  
This lord was there in time enough  
To hear her thus compleen:  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.9  
\N1 `What needs me wash my apron,  
Or drie \'t upon a door?  
What needs I eek my petticoat,  
Hings even down afore?  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.10  
\N1 `What needs me wash my apron,  
Or hing it upon a pin?  
For lang will gang but and ben  
Or I hear my young son\'s din.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.11  
\N1 `They ca you Kate Carnegie,' he says,  
`And my name\'s Gilbert Hay;  
I\'ll gar your father sell his land,  
Your tocher down to pay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.12  
\N1 `To gar my father sell his land  
For that would be a sin,  
To such a noughtless heir as you,  
That canno get a son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.13  
\N1 Then out it speaks him Lord Brechen,  
The best an lord ava;  
`I never saw a lady come  
Wi sic matters to the law.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.14  
\N1 Then out it speaks another lord,  
The best in a\' the town;  
`Ye\'ll wyle out f+ifeteen maidens bright  
Before Lord Erroll come:'  
And he has chosen a tapster lass,  
And Meggie was her name.  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.15

\N1 They kept up this fair maiden  
Three quarters of a year,  
And then at that three quarters\' end  
A young son she did bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.16  
\N1 They hae gien to Meggie then  
Five ploughs but and a mill,  
And they hae gien her f+ive hundred pounds,  
For to bring up her chill.  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.17  
\N1 There was no lord in Edinburgh  
But to Meggie gae a ring;  
And there was na a boy in a\' the town  
But on Katie had a sang.  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.18  
\N1 `Kinnaird, take hame your daughter,  
And set her to the glen,  
For Erroll canna pleasure her,  
Nor nane o Erroll\'s men.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231C.19  
\N1 Seven years on Erroll\'s table  
There stand clean dish and speen,  
And every day the bell is rung,  
Cries, Lady, come and dine.  
\LBALLADS Child 231D.1  
\N1 O ERROL\R\'rS place is a bonny place,  
It stands upon yon plain;  
The f+lowers on it grow red and white,  
The apples red and green.  
The ranting o \'t and the danting o \'t,  
According as ye ken,  
The thing they ca the danting o \'t,  
Lady Errol lies her lane.  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.2  
\N1 O Errol\'s place is a bonny place,  
It stands upon yon plain;  
But what\'s the use of Errol\'s place?  
He\'s no like other men.  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.3  
\N1 `As I cam in by yon canal,  
And by yon bowling-green,  
I might hae pleased the best Carnegie  
That ever bore that name.  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.4  
\N1 `As sure \'s your name is Kate Carnegie,  
And mine is Gibbie Hay,  
I\'ll gar your father sell his land,  
Your tocher for to pay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.5  
\N1 `To gar my father sell his land,  
Would it not be a sin,  
To give it to a naughtless lord  
That couldna get a son?'  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.6  
\N1 Now she is on to Edinburgh,  
For to try the law,  
And Errol he has followed her,  
His manhood for to shaw.  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.7  
\N1 Then out it spake her sister,

Whose name was Lady Jane;  
`Had I been Lady Errol,' she says,  
`Or come of sic a clan,  
I would not in the public way  
Have sham\'d my own gudeman.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.8  
\N1 But Errol got it in his will  
To choice a maid himsel,  
And he has taen a country-girl,  
Came in her milk to sell.  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.9  
\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her up the green,  
And twenty times he kisssd her there,  
Before his lady\'s een.  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.10  
\N1 He took her by the milk-white hand,  
And led her up the stair;  
Says, Thrice three hundred pounds I\'ll gie  
To you to bear an heir.  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.11  
\N1 He kept her there into a room  
Three quarters of a year,  
And when the three quarters were out  
A braw young son she bear.  
\SBALLADS Child 231D.12  
\N1 `Tak hame your daughter, Carnegy,  
And put her till a man,  
For Errol he cannot please her,  
Nor any of his men.'  
\LBALLADS Child 231E.1  
\N1 O ERROL it\'s a bonny place,  
It stands in yonder glen;  
The lady lost the rights of it  
The f+irst night she gaed hame.  
A waly and a waly!  
According as ye ken,  
The thing we ca the ranting o \'t,  
Our lady lies her lane, O.  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.2  
\N1 `What need I wash my apron,  
Or hing it on yon door?  
What need I truce my petticoat?  
It hangs even down before.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.3  
\N1 Errol\'s up to Edinburgh gaen,  
That bonny burrows-town;  
He has chusit the barber\'s daughter,  
The top of a\' that town.  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.4  
\N1 He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
He has led her through the room,  
And twenty times he\'s kisst her,  
Before his lady\'s een.  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.5  
\N1 `Look up, look up now, Peggy,  
Look up, and think nae shame,  
For I\'ll gie thee f+ive hundred pound,  
To buy to thee a gown.  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.6

\N1 `Look up, look up, now, Peggy,  
Look up, and think nae shame,  
For I\'ll gie thee f+ive hundred pound  
To bear to me a son.  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.7  
\N1 `As thou was Kate Carnegie,  
And I Sir Gilbert Hay,  
I\'ll gar your father sell his lands,  
Your tocher-gude to pay.  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.8  
\N1 `Now he may take her back again,  
Do wi her what he can,  
For Errol canna please her,  
Nor ane o a\' his men.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.9  
\N1 `Go fetch to me a pint of wine,  
Go f+ill it to the brim,  
That I may drink my gude lord\'s health,  
Tho Errol be his name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.10  
\N1 She has taen the glass into her hand,  
She has putten poison in,  
She has signd it to her dorty lips,  
But neer a drop went in.  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.11  
\N1 Up then spake a little page,  
He was o Errol\'s kin;  
`Now f+ie upon ye, lady gay,  
There\'s poison there within.  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.12  
\N1 `It\'s hold your hand now, Kate,' she says,  
`Hold it back again,  
For Errol winna drink on \\'t,  
Nor none o a\' his men.'  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.13  
\N1 She has taen the sheets into her arms,  
She has thrown them oer the wa:  
`Since I maun gae maiden hame again,  
Awa, Errol, awa!'  
\SBALLADS Child 231E.14  
\N1 She\'s down the back o the garden,  
And O as she did murne!  
`How can a workman crave his wage,  
When he never wrought a turn?'  
\LBALLADS Child 231F.1  
\N1 O ERROLL is a bonny place,  
And stands upon yon plane,  
But the lady lost the rights o it  
Yestreen or she came hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 231F.2  
\N1 O Erroll is a bonny place,  
And lyes forenent the sun,  
And the apples they grow red and white,  
And peers o bonny green.  
\SBALLADS Child 231F.3  
\N1 `I nedna wash my apron,  
Nor hing it on the door;  
But I may tuck my petticoat,  
Hangs even down before.  
\SBALLADS Child 231F.4

\N1 `Oh, Erroll, Erroll,  
 Oh, Erroll if ye ken,  
 Why sh\ioul\rd I love Erroll,  
 Or any of his men?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 231F.5  
 \N1 She\'s turned her right and round about,  
 Poured out a glass o wine;  
 Says, I will drink to my true love,  
 He\'ll drink to me again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231F.6  
 \N1 O Erroll stud into the f+leer,  
 He was an angry man:  
 `See here it is a good gray-hun,  
 We\'ll try what is the run.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 231F.7  
 \N1 Then Erroll stud into the f+leer,  
 Steered neither ee nor bree,  
 Till that he saw his good gray-hun  
 Was burst and going free.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231F.8  
 \N1 `But ye are Kate Carnegie,' he said,  
 `And I am Sir Gilbert Hay;  
 I\'se gar your father sell Kinnaird,  
 Your tocher-good to pay.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 231F.9  
 \N1 Now she is on to Edinburgh,  
 A\' for to use the law,  
 And brave Erroll has followed her,  
 His yellow locks to sheu.  
 \SBALLADS Child 231F.10  
 \N1 Out and spak her sister Jean,  
 And an angry woman was she;  
 `If I were lady of Erroll,  
 And hed as fair a face,  
 I w\ioul\rd no go to Edinburgh,  
 My good lord to disgrace.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 232A.1  
 \N1 THE Earl of Wigton had three daughters,  
 Oh and a waly, but they were unco bonnie!  
 The eldest of them had the far brawest house,  
 But she\'s fallen in love with her footman-laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 232A.2  
 \N1 As she was a walking doun by yon river-side,  
 Oh and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
 There she espied her own footman,  
 With ribbons hanging over his shoulders sae bonnie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 232A.3  
 \N1 `Here\'s a letter to you, madame,  
 Here\'s a letter to you, madame;  
 The Earl of Hume is waiting on,  
 And he has his service to you, madame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 232A.4  
 \N1 `I\'ll have none of his service,' says she,  
 `I\'ll have none of his service,' says she,  
 `For I\'ve made a vow, and I\'ll keep it true,  
 That I\'ll marry none but you, Ritchie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 232A.5  
 \N1 `O say not so again, madame,  
 O say not so again, madame;  
 For I have neither lands nor rents

For to keep you on, madam.'

\SBALLADS Child 232A.6

\N1 `I\'ll live where eer you please, Ritchie,  
I\'ll live where eer you please, [Ritchie,]  
And I\'ll be ready at your ca\',  
Either late or early, Ritchie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232A.7

\N1 As they went in by Stirling toun,  
O and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
A\' her silks were sailing on the ground,  
But few of them knew of Ritchie Story.

\SBALLADS Child 232A.8

\N1 As they went in by the Parliament Close,  
O and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
All the nobles took her by the hand,  
But few of them knew she was Ritchie\'s lady.

\SBALLADS Child 232A.9

\N1 As they came in by her goodmother\'s yetts,  
O and a wally, but she was unco bonnie!  
Her goodmother bade her kilt her coats,  
And muck the byre with Ritchie Storie.

\SBALLADS Child 232A.10

\N1 `Oh, may not ye be sorry, madame,  
Oh, may not ye be sorry, madame,  
To leave a\' your lands at bonnie Cumbernaud,  
And follow home your footman-laddie?'

\SBALLADS Child 232A.11

\N1 `What need I be sorry?' says she,  
`What need I be sorry?' says she,  
`For I\'ve gotten my lot and my heart\'s desire,  
And what Providence has ordered for me.'

\LBALLADS Child 232B.1

\N1 COMARNAD is a very bonny place,  
And there is ladies three, madam,  
But the fairest and rairest o them a\  
Has married Richard Storry.

\SBALLADS Child 232B.2

\N1 `O here is a letter to ye, madam,  
Here is a letter to ye, madam;  
The Earle of Hume, that gallant knight,  
Has fallen in love wi ye, madam.'

\SBALLADS Child 232B.3

\N1 `There is a letter to ye, madam,  
[There is a letter to ye, madam;]  
That gallant knight, the Earl of Hume,  
Desires to be yer servan true, madam.

\SBALLADS Child 232B.4

\N1 `I\'ll hae nane o his letters, Richard,  
I\'ll hae nane o his letters, [Richard;]  
I hae voued, and will keep it true,  
I\'ll marry nane but ye, Richie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232B.5

\N1 `Say ne sae to me, lady,  
Say ne sae to me, [lady,]  
For I hae neither lands nor rents  
To mentain ye, lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 232B.6

\N1 `Hunten Tour and Tillebarn,  
The House o Athol is mine, Richie,  
An ye sal hae them a\'



Whan ere ye incline, Richie.  
\SBALLADS Child 232B.7  
\N1 `For we will gae to sea, Richie,  
I'll sit upon the deck, Richie,  
And be your servant ere and late,  
At any hour ye like, [Richie.']  
\SBALLADS Child 232B.8  
\N1 `O manna ye be sad, sister,  
An mann ye be sae sorry,  
To leave the house o bonny Comarnad,  
An follow Richard Storry?'  
\SBALLADS Child 232B.9  
\N1 `O what needs I be sad, sister,  
An how can I be sorry?  
A bonny lad is my delit,  
And my lot has been laid afore me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 232B.10  
\N1 As she went up the Parliament Close,  
Wi her laced shoon so f+ine,  
Many ane bad the lady good day,  
But few thought o Richard\'s lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 232B.11  
\N1 As she gaed up the Parliament Close,  
Wi her laced shoon so f+ine,  
Mony ane hailed that gay lady,  
But few hailed Richard Storry.  
\LBALLADS Child 232C.1  
\N1 THERE are three white hens i the green, madam,  
There are three white hens i the green, madam,  
But Richie Story he\'s comd by,  
And he\'s stollen away the fairest o them.  
\SBALLADS Child 232C.2  
\N1 `O are\'int ye now sad, sister,  
O are\'in<t] ye now sad, sister,  
To leave your bowers and your bony Skimmerknow,  
And follow the lad they call Richie Story?'  
\SBALLADS Child 232C.3  
\N1 `O say that not again, sister,  
O say that not again, sister,  
For he is the lad that I love best,  
And he is the lot that has fallen to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 232C.4  
\N1 `O there\'s a letter to thee, madam,  
O there\'s a letter to thee, madam;  
The Earl of Hume and Skimmerjim,  
For to be sweethearts to thee, madam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 232C.5  
\N1 `But I'll hae none of them, Richie,  
But I'll hae none of them, Richie,  
For I have made a vow, and I'll keep it true,  
I'll have none but Ric<h>ie Story.'  
\SBALLADS Child 232C.6  
\N1 `O say not that again, madam,  
O say not that again, madam,  
For the Earl of Hume and Skimmerjim,  
They are men of high renown.'  
\SBALLADS Child 232C.7  
\N1 `Musslebury\'s mine, Richie,  
Musslebury\'s mine, Richie,  
And a\' that\'s mine it shall be thine,

If you will marry me, Richie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232C.8

\N1 As she went up through Glasgow city,  
Her gold watch was shining pretty;  
Many [a] lord bade her good day,  
But none thought she was a footman\'s lady.

\SBALLADS Child 232C.9

\N1 As she went up through London city,  
There she met her scolding minny:  
'Cast off your silks and kilt your coats,  
And muck the byre wi Richie Story.'

\SBALLADS Child 232C.10

\N1 'Hold your tongue, my scolding minnie,  
Hold your tongue, my scolding minnie;  
For I\'ll cast of my silks and kilt my coats,  
And muck the byres wi Richie Story.'

\LBALLADS Child 232D.1

\N1 AS I came in by Thirlwirl Bridge,  
A coming frae the land of fair Camernadie,  
There I met my ain true love,  
Wi ribbons at her shoulders many.

\SBALLADS Child 232D.2

\N1 'Here is a letter to you, madam;  
[Here is a letter to you, madam;]  
The Earl of Hume\'s eldest son  
Sent this letter to you, madam.

\SBALLADS Child 232D.3

\N1 'I\'ll have none of his [letters], Richy,  
I\'ll have none of his letters, Richy;  
I made a vow, and I\'ll keep it true,  
I\'ll wed wi nane but you, Richy.'

\SBALLADS Child 232D.4

\N1 'Say not so again, madam,  
Say not so again, madam;  
I have neither lands nor rents  
To maintain you on, madam.'

\SBALLADS Child 232D.5

\N1 'I\'ll sit aneath the duke, Richy,  
I\'ll sit aneath the duke, Richy;  
I\'ll sit on hand, at your command  
At any time ye like, Richy.'

\SBALLADS Child 232D.6

\N1 As they came in by Thirlewirle Bridge,  
A coming frae fair Cummernadie,  
She brak the ribbons that tied her shoon  
Wi following after the footman-laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 232D.7

\N1 'O but ye be sad, sister,  
O but ye be sad and sorry,  
To eave the lands o bonnie Cummernad,  
To gang along wi a footman-laddie!'

\SBALLADS Child 232D.8

\N1 'How can I be sad, sister?  
How can I be sad or sorry?  
I have gotten my heart\'s delight;  
And what can ye get mair?' says she.

\SBALLADS Child 232D.9

\N1 To the house-end Richy brought his lady,  
To the house-end Richy brought his lady;  
Her mother-in-law gart her kilt her coats,

And muck the byre wi Richy Story.  
 \LBALLADS Child 232E.1  
 \N1 THE Earl of Wigton has seven sisters,  
 And O but they be wondrous bonnie!  
 And the bonniest lass amang them a\  
 Has fallen in love wi Richie Storie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.2  
 \N1 As I came down by yon river-side,  
 And down by the banks of Eache bonnie,  
 There I met my own true-love,  
 Wi ribbons on her shoulders bonnie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.3  
 \N1 `Here is a letter for you, madam,  
 Here is a letter for you, madam;  
 The earl of Aboyne has a noble design  
 To be a suitor to you, madam.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.4  
 \N1 `I\'ll hae nane of his letters, Richie,  
 I\'ll hae nane of his letters, Richie,  
 For I\'ve made a vow, and I\'ll keep it true,  
 That I\'ll hae nane but you, Richie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.5  
 \N1 `Take your word again, madam,  
 Take your word again, madam,  
 For I have neither land nor rents  
 For to mentain you on, madam.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.6  
 \N1 `I\'ll sit below the dyke, Richie,  
 I\'ll sit below the dyke, Richie,  
 And I will be at your command  
 At any time you like, Richie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.7  
 \N1 `Ribbons you shall wear, Richie,  
 Ribbons you shall wear, Richie,  
 A cambric band about your neck,  
 And vow but ye\'ll be braw, Richie!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.8  
 \N1 As they came in by the West Port,  
 The naps of gold were bobbing bonnie;  
 Many a one bade this lady gude-day,  
 But neer a one to Richie Storie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.9  
 \N1 As they came up the Parliament Close,  
 Naps of gold were bobbing bonnie;  
 Many a gentleman lifted his cap,  
 But few kennd she was Richie\'s lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.10  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 And ay methinks we\'ll drink the night  
 In Cambernauld sae bonnie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.11  
 \N1 `It\'s are not you sick, sister,  
 Are not you very sorrie,  
 To leave the lands of bonnie Cambernauld,  
 And run awae wi Richie Storie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 232E.12  
 \N1 `Why should I be sick, sister,  
 O why should I be any sorrie,  
 When I hae gotten my heart\'s delight?

I hae gotten the lot was laid afore me.'

\LBALLADS Child 232F.1

\N1 THE Erle of Wigton had three daughters,  
O brow wallie, but they were bonnie!  
The youngest o them, and the bonniest too,  
Has fallen in love wi Richie Storie.

\SBALLADS Child 232F.2

\N1 `Here\'s a letter for ye, madame,  
Here\'s a letter for ye, madame;  
The Erle o Home wad fain presume  
To be a suitor to ye, madame.'

\SBALLADS Child 232F.3

\N1 `I\'ll hae nane o your letters, Richie;  
I\'ll hae nane o your letters, Richie;  
For I\'ve made a vow, and I\'ll keep it true,  
The I\'ll have none but you, Richie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232F.4

\N1 `O do not say so, madame;  
O do not say so, madame;  
For I have neither land nor rent,  
For to maintain you o, madame.

\SBALLADS Child 232F.5

\N1 `Ribands ye maun wear, madame,  
Ribands ye maun wear, madame;  
With the bands about your neck  
O the goud that shines sae clear, madame.'

\SBALLADS Child 232F.6

\N1 `I\'ll lie ayont a dyke, Richie,  
I\'ll lie ayont a dyke, Richie;  
And I\'ll be aye at your command  
And bidding, whan ye like, Richie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232F.7

\N1 O he\'s gane on the braid, braid road,  
And she\'s gane through the broom sae bonnie,  
Her silken robes down to her heels,  
And she\'s awa wi Richie Storie.

\SBALLADS Child 232F.8

\N1 This lady gade up the Parliament stair,  
Wi pendles in her lugs sae bonnie;  
Mony a lord lifted his hat,  
But little did they ken she was richie\'s lady.

\SBALLADS Child 232F.9

\N1 Up then spak the Erle o Home\'s lady;  
`Was na ye richt sorrie, Annie,  
To leave the lands o bonnie Cumbernauld  
And follow Richie Storie, Annie?'

\SBALLADS Child 232F.10

\N1 `O what need I be sorrie, madame?  
O what need I be sorrie, madame?  
For I\'ve got them that I like best,  
And war ordained for me, madame.'

\SBALLADS Child 232F.11

\N1 `Cumbernauld is mine, Annie,  
Cumbernauld is mine, Annie;  
And a\' that\'s mine, it shall be thine,  
As we sit at the wine, Annie.'

\LBALLADS Child 232G.1

\N1 THERE were f+ive ladies lived in a bouer,  
Lived in a bouer at Cumbernaldie;  
The fairest and youngest o them a\'

Has fa\'n in love wi her footman-laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 232G.2

\N1 `Here is a letter to you, ladye,  
Here is a letter to you, ladye;  
The Earl o Hume has written doun  
That he will be your footman-laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.3

\N1 `I want nane o his service, Ritchie,  
I want nane o his service, Ritchie;  
For I\'ve made a vow, and I\'ll keep it true,  
That I\'ll wed nane but thee, Ritchie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.4

\N1 `O that canna be, ladye,  
O that canna be, ladye;  
For I\'ve neither house nor land,  
Nor ought suiting ye, ladye.'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.5

\N1 `Livd ye on yonder hill, Ritchie,  
Livd ye on yonder hill, Ritchie,  
There\'s my hand, I\'m at your command,  
Marry me whan ye will, Ritchie!'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.6

\N1 This boy he went to his bed,  
It was a\' to try this fair ladye;  
But she went up the stair to him:  
`Ye maun leave your comrades, Ritchie.

\SBALLADS Child 232G.7

\N1 `To the Borders we maun gang, Ritchie,  
To the Borders we maun gang, Ritchie,  
For an my auld father he get word,  
It\'s you he will cause hang, Ritchie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.8

\N1 `To the Borders we\'ll na gang, ladye,  
To the Borders we\'ll na gang, ladye;  
For altho your auld father got word,  
It\'s me he dare na hang, ladye.'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.9

\N1 As they passed by her mither\'s bouer,  
O but her sisters they were sorry!  
They bade her tak aff the robes o silk,  
And muck the byres wi Ritchie Storry.

\SBALLADS Child 232G.10

\N1 Whan they cam to yon hie hill,  
Dear vow, but the lady she was sorry!  
She looked oure her left showther-+---+-  
`O an I war in bonny Cumbernaldie!'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.11

\N1 `O are na ye sorry now, ladye,  
O are na ye sorry now, ladye,  
For to forsake the Earl o Hume,  
And follow me, your footman-laddie?'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.12

\N1 `How could I be sorry, Ritchie,  
How could I be sorry, Ritchie?  
Such a gudely man as you,  
And the lot that lies afore me, Ritchie.'

\SBALLADS Child 232G.13

\N1 As they rode up through Edinburgh toun,  
Her gowd watch hang doun sae gaudie;  
Monie a lord made her a bow,

But nane o them thocht she was Ritchie\'s ladye.

\\SBALLADS Child 232G.14

\\N1 Whan they cam to Ritchie\'s yetts,  
Dear vow, but the music playd bonnie!  
There were four-and-twenty gay ladies  
To welcome hame Richard Storry\'s ladye.

\\SBALLADS Child 232G.15

\\N1 He called for a priest wi speed,  
A priest wi speed was soon ready,  
And she was na married to the Earl of Hume,  
But she blesses the day she got Richard Storry.

\\SBALLADS Child 232G.16

\\N1 A coach and six they did prepare,  
A coach and six they did mak ready,  
A coach and six they did prepare,  
And she blesses the day made her Ritchie\'s lady.

\\LBALLADS Child 232H.1

\\N1 Blair-in-Athol\'s mine, Ritchie,  
Blair-in-Athol\'s mine, Ritchie,  
And bonny Dunkeld, where I do dwell,  
And these shall a\' be thine, Ritchie.

\\LBALLADS Child 233A.1

\\N1 `AT Fyvie\'s yetts there grows a f+lower,  
It grows baith braid and bonny;  
There\'s a daisie in the midst o it,  
And it\'s ca\'d by Andrew Lammie.

\\SBALLADS Child 233A.2

\\N1 `O gin that f+lower war in my breast,  
For the love I bear the laddie!  
I wad kiss it, and I wad clap it,  
And daut it for Andrew Lammie.

\\SBALLADS Child 233A.3

\\N1 `The f+irst time me and my love met  
Was in the woods of Fyvie;  
He kissed my lips f+ive thousand times,  
And ay he ca\'d me bonny,  
And a\' the answer he gat frae me,  
Was, My bonny Andrew Lammie!'

\\SBALLADS Child 233A.4

\\N1 `Love, I maun gang to Edinburgh;  
Love, I maun gang and leave thee!'  
`I sighed right sair, and said nae mair  
But, O gin I were wi ye!'

\\SBALLADS Child 233A.5

\\N1 `But true and trusty will I be,  
As I am Andrew Lammie;  
I\'ll never kiss a woman\'s mouth  
Till I come back and see thee.'

\\SBALLADS Child 233A.6

\\N1 `And true and trusty will I be,  
As I am Tiftie\'s Annie;  
I\'ll never kiss a man again  
Till ye come back and see me.'

\\SBALLADS Child 233A.7

\\N1 Syne he\'s come back frae Edinburgh  
To the bonny hows o Fyvie,  
And ay his face to the nor-east,  
To look for Tiftie\'s Annie.

\\SBALLADS Child 233A.8

\\N1 `I hae a love in Edinburgh,

Sae hae I intill Leith, man;  
 I hae a love intill Montrose,  
 Sae hae I in Dalkeith, man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.9  
 \N1 `And east and west, whereer I go,  
 My love she\'s always wi me;  
 For east and west, whereer I go,  
 My love she dwells in Fyvie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.10  
 \N1 `My love possesses a\' my heart,  
 Nae pen can eer indite her;  
 She\'s ay sae stately as she goes  
 That I see nae mae like her.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.11  
 \N1 `But Tiftie winna gie consent  
 His dochter me to marry,  
 Because has f+ive thousand marks,  
 And I have not a penny.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.12  
 \N1 `Love pines away, love dwines away,  
 Love, love decays the body;  
 For love o thee, oh I must die;  
 Adieu, my bonny Annie!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.13  
 \N1 Her mither raise out o her bed,  
 And ca\'d on baith her women:  
 `What ails ye, Annie, my dochter dear?  
 O Annie, was ye dreamin?  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.14  
 \N1 `What dule disturbd my dochter\'s sleep?  
 O tell to me, my Annie!'  
 She sighed right sair, and said nae mair  
 But, O for Andrew Lammie!  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.15  
 \N1 Her father beat her cruellie,  
 Sae also did her mother;  
 Her sisters sair did scoff at her;  
 But wae betide her brother!  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.16  
 \N1 Her brother beat her cruellie,  
 Till his straiks they werena canny;  
 He brak her back, and he beat her sides,  
 For the sake o Andrew Lammie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.17  
 \N1 `O f+ie, O f+ie, my brother dear!  
 The gentlemen\'ll shame ye;  
 The Laird o Fyvie he\'s gaun by,  
 And he\'ll come in and see me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.18  
 \N1 `And he\'ll kiss me, and he\'ll clap me,  
 And he will speer what ails me;  
 And I will answer him again,  
 It\'s a\' for Andrew Lammie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.19  
 \N1 Her sisters they stood in the door,  
 Sair grievd her wi their folly:  
 `O sister dear, come to the door,  
 Your cow is lowin on you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.20  
 \N1 `O f+ie, O f+ie, my sister dear!

Grieve me not wi your folly;  
 I\'d rather hear the trumpet sound  
 Than a\' the kye o Fyvie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.21  
 \N1 `Love pines away, love dwines away,  
 Love, love decays the body;  
 For love o thee now I maun die;  
 Adieu to Andrew Lammie!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.22  
 \N1 But Tiftie\'s wrote a braid letter,  
 And sent it into Fyvie,  
 Saying his daughter was bewitchd  
 By bonny Andrew Lammie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.23  
 \N1 `Now, Tiftie, ye maun gie consent,  
 And lat the lassie marry;'  
 `I\'ll never, never gie consent  
 To the trumpeter of Fyvie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.24  
 \N1 When Fyvie looked the letter on,  
 He was baith sad and sorry:  
 Says, The bonniest lass o the country-side  
 Has died for Andrew Lammie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.25  
 \N1 O Andrew\'s gane to the house-top  
 O the bonny house o Fyvie,  
 He\'s blawn his horn baith loud and shill  
 Oer the lawland leas o Fyvie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.26  
 \N1 `Mony a time hae I walkd a\' night,  
 And never yet was weary;  
 But now I may walk wae my lane,  
 For I\'ll never see my deary.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233A.27  
 \N1 `Love pines away, love dwines away,  
 Love, love decays the body;  
 For the love o thee now I maun die;  
 I come, my bonny Annie!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 233B.1  
 \N1 `THERE springs a rose in Fyvie\'s yard,  
 And O but it springs bonny!  
 There\'s a daisy in the middle of it,  
 Its name is Andrew Lammie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.2  
 \N1 `I wish the rose were in my breast,  
 For the love I bear the daisy;  
 So blyth and merry as I would be,  
 And kiss my Andrew Lammie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.3  
 \N1 `The f+irst time I and my love met  
 Was in the wood of Fyvie;  
 He kissed and he dawted me,  
 Calld me his bonny Annie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.4  
 \N1 `Wi apples sweet he did me treat,  
 Which stole my heart so canny,  
 And ay sinsyne himself was kind,  
 My bonny Andrew Lammie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.5  
 \N1 `But I am going to Edinburgh,



My love, I\'m going to leave thee;  
 She sighd full sore, and said no more,  
 `I wish I were but wi you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.6  
 \N1 `I will buy thee a wedding-gown,  
 My love, I\'ll buy it bonny;  
 `But I\'ll be dead or ye come back,  
 My bonny Andrew Lammie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.7  
 \N1 `I will buy you brave bridal shoes,  
 My love, I\'ll buy them bonny;  
 `But I\'ll be dead or ye come back,  
 My bonny Andrew Lammie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.8  
 \N1 `If you\'ll be true and trusty too,  
 As I am Andrew Lammie,  
 That you will neer kiss lad nor lown  
 Till I return to Fyvie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.9  
 \N1 `I shall be true and trusty too,  
 As my name\'s Tifty\'s Nanny,  
 That I\'ll kiss neither lad nor lown  
 Till you return to Fyvie.'--++--  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.10  
 \N1 `Love pines awa, love dwines awa,  
 Love pines awa my body;  
 And love\'s crept in at my bed-foot,  
 And taen possession o me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.11  
 \N1 `My father drags me by the hair,  
 My mother sore does scold me;  
 And they would give one hundred merks  
 To any one to wed me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.12  
 \N1 `My sister stands at her bower-door,  
 And she full sore does mock me,  
 And when she hwars the trumpet sound,--++--  
 "[Your cow is lowing, Nanny!]"  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.13  
 \N1 `O be still, my sister Jane,  
 And leave off all your folly;  
 For I\'d rather hear that cow low  
 That all the kye in Fyvie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.14  
 \N1 `My father locks the door at night,  
 Lays up the keys fu canny,  
 And when he hears the trumpet sound,--++--  
 "[Your cow is lowing, Nanny!]"  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.15  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue, my father dear,  
 And let be a\' your folly;  
 For I would rather hear that cow  
 Than all the kye in Fyvie.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.16  
 \N1 `If you ding me, I will greet,  
 And gentlemen will hear me;  
 Laird Fyvie will be coming by,  
 And he\'ll come in and see me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 233B.17

\N1 `Yea, I will ding you though ye greet  
And gentlemen should hear you;  
Though Laird Fyvie were coming by,  
And did come in and see you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233B.18  
\N1 So they dang her, and she grat,  
And gentlemen did hear her,  
And Fyvie he was coming by,  
And did come in to see her.  
\SBALLADS Child 233B.19  
\N1 `Mill of Tifty, give consent,  
And let your daughter marry;  
If she were full of as high blood  
As she is full of beauty,  
I would take her to myself,  
And make her my own lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233B.20  
\N1 `Fyvie lands ly broad and wide,  
And O but they ly bonny!  
But I would not give my own true-love  
For all the lands in Fyvie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233B.21  
\N1 `But make my bed, and lay me down,  
And turn my face to Fyvie,  
That I may see before I die  
My bonny Andrew Lammie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233B.22  
\N1 They made her bed, and laid her down,  
And turnd her face to Fyvie;  
She gave a groan, and died or morn,  
So neer saw Andrew Lammie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233B.23  
\N1 Her father sorely did lament  
The loss of his dear Nannie,  
And wishd that he had gien consent  
To wed with Andrew Lammie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233B.24  
\N1 But ah! alas! it was too late,  
For he could not recall her;  
Through time unhappy is his fate,  
Because he did controul her.  
\SBALLADS Child 233B.25  
\N1 You parents grave who children have,  
In crushing them be canny,  
Lest for their part they break their heart,  
As did young Tifty\'s Nanny.  
\LBALLADS Child 233C.1  
\N1 AT Mill of Tifty lived a man,  
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;  
He had a lovely daughter fair,  
Was calle+:d bonny Annie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.2  
\N1 Her bloom was like thr springing f+lower  
That hails the rosy morning,  
With innocence and graceful mein  
Her beautous form adorning.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.3  
\N1 Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter  
Whose name was Andrew Lammie;  
He had the art to gain the heart

Of Mill of Tifty\'s Annie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.4  
\N1 Proper he was, both young and gay,  
His like was not in Fyvie,  
Nor was ane there that could compare  
With this same Andrew Lammie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.5  
\N1 Lord Fyvie he rode by the door  
Where live+:d Tifty\'s annie;  
His trumpeter rode him before,  
Even this same Andrew Lammie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.6  
\N1 Her mother called her to the door;  
'Come here to me, my Annie:  
Did eer you see a prettier man  
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.7  
\N1 Nothing she said, but sighing sore,  
Alas for Bonnie Annie!  
She durst not own her heart was won  
By the trumpeter of Fyvie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.8  
\N1 At night when all went to their bed,  
All slept full soon but Annie;  
Love so oppresst her tender breast,  
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.9  
\N1 'Love comes in at my bed-side,  
And love lies down beyond me;  
Love has possest my tender breast,  
And love will waste my body.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.10  
\N1 'The f+irst time me and my love met  
Was in the woods of Fyvie;  
His lovely form and speech so soft  
Soon gaird the heart of Annie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.11  
\N1 'He called me mistress;I said, No,  
I\'m Tifty\'s bonny Annie;  
With apples sweet he did me treat,  
And kisses soft and mony.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.12  
\N1 'It\'s up and down in Tifty\'s den,  
Where the burn runs clear and bonny,  
I\'ve often gane to meet my love,  
My bonny Andrew Lammie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.13  
\N1 But now alas! her father heard  
That the trumpeter of Fyvie  
Had had the art to gain the heart  
Of Mill of Tifty\'s Annie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.14  
\N1 Her father soon a letter wrote,  
And sent it on to Fyvie,  
To tell his daughter was bewitchd  
By his servant, Andrew Lammie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.15  
\N1 Then up the stair his trumpeter  
He calle+:d soon and shortly:  
'Pray tell me soon what\'s this you\'ve done

To Tifty\'s bonny Annie.'

\SBALLADS Child 233C.16

\N1 `Woe be to Mill of Tifty\'s pride,  
 For it has ruined many;  
 They\'ll not have \'t said that she should wed  
 The trumpeter of Fyvie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.17

\N1 `In wicked art I had no part,  
 Nor therein am I canny;  
 True love alone the heart has won  
 Of Tifty\'s bonnie Annie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.18

\N1 `Where will I find a boy so kind  
 That will carry a letter canny,  
 Who will run to Tifty\'s town,  
 Give it to my love Annie?

\SBALLADS Child 233C.19

\N1 `Tifty he has daughters three  
 Who all are wonderous bonny;  
 But ye\'ll ken her oer a\' the rest;  
 Give that to bonny Annie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.20

\N1 `It\'s up and down in Tifty\'s den,  
 Where the burn runs clear and bonny,  
 There wilt thou come and I\'ll attend;  
 My love, I long to see thee.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.21

\N1 `Thou mayst come to the brig of Slugh,  
 And there I\'ll come and meet thee;  
 It\'s there we will renew our love,  
 Before I go and leave you.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.22

\N1 `My love, I go to Edinburgh town,  
 And for a while must leave thee;  
 She sighed sore, and said no more  
 But `I wish that I were with you!'

\SBALLADS Child 233C.23

\N1 `I\'ll buy to thee a bridal gown,  
 My love, I\'ll buy it bonny;  
 `But I\'ll be dead ere ye come back  
 To see your bonny Annie.'

\SBALLADS Child 233C.24

\N1 `If ye\'ll be true and constant too,  
 As I am Andrew Lammie,  
 I shall thee wed when I come back  
 To see the lands of Fyvie.'

\SBALLADS Child 233C.25

\N1 `I will be true and constant too  
 To thee, my Andrew Lammie,  
 But my bridal bed or then\'ll be made  
 In the green church-yard of Fyvie.'

\SBALLADS Child 233C.26

\N1 `The time is gone, and now comes on  
 My dear, that I must leave thee;  
 If longer here I should appear,  
 Mill of Tifty he would see me.'

\SBALLADS Child 233C.27

\N1 `I now for ever bid adieu  
 To thee, my Andrew Lammie;  
 Or ye come back I will be laid

In the green church-yard of Fyvie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.28  
\N1 He hied him to the head of the house,  
To the house-top of Fyvie,  
He blew his trumpet loud and shrill,  
It was heard at Mill of Tifty.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.29  
\N1 Her father lockd the door at night,  
Laid by the keys fu canny,  
And when he heard the trumpet sound  
Said, Your cow is lowing, Annie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.30  
\N1 `My father dear, I pray forbear,  
And reproach not your Annie;  
I\'d rather hear that cow to low  
Than all the kye in Fyvie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.31  
\N1 `I would not for my braw new gown,  
And all your gifts so many,  
That it was told in Fyvie land  
How cruel ye are to Annie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.32  
\N1 `But if you strike me I will cry,  
And gentlemen will hear me;  
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,  
And he\'ll come in and see me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.33  
\N1 At the same time the lord came in;  
He said, What ails thee Annie?  
`It\'s all for love now I must die,  
For bonny Andrew Lammie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.34  
\N1 `Pray, Mill of Tifty, give consent,  
And let your daughter marry;'  
`It will be with some higher match  
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.35  
\N1 `If she were come of as high a kind  
As she\'s advanced in beauty,  
I would take her unto myself,  
And make her my own lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.36  
\N1 Fyvie lands are far and wide,  
And they are wonderous bonny;  
But I would not leave my own true-love  
For all the lands in Fyvie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.37  
\N1 Her father struck her wonderous sore,  
As also did her mother;  
Her sisters also did her scorn,  
But woe be to her brother!  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.38  
\N1 Her brother struck her wonderous sore,  
With cruel strokes and many;  
He broke her back in the hall-door,  
For liking Andrew Lammie.  
\SBALLADS Child 233C.39  
\N1 `Alas! my father and my mother dear,  
Why so cruel to your Annie?  
My heart was broken first by love,

My brother has broke my body.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.40

\N1 `O mother dear, make me my bed,  
And lay my face to Fyvie;  
Thus will I lie, and thus will die  
For my dear Andrew Lammie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.41

\N1 `Ye neighbours hear, baith far and near,  
And pity Tifty\'s Annie,  
Who dies for love of one poor lad,  
For bonny Andrew Lammie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.42

\N1 `No kind of vice eer staid my life,  
Or hurt my virgin honour;  
My youthful heart was won by love,  
But death will me exoner.'

\SBALLADS Child 233C.43

\N1 Her mother than she made her bed,  
And laid her face to Fyvie;  
Her tender heart it soon did break,  
And never saw Andrew Lammie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.44

\N1 Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,  
Said, Alas foe Tifty\'s Annie!  
The fairest f+lower\'s cut down by love  
That ever sprang in Fyvie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.45

\N1 `Woe be to Mill of Tifty\'s pride!  
He might have let them marry;  
I should have given them both to live  
Into the lands of Fyvie.'

\SBALLADS Child 233C.46

\N1 Her father sorely now laments  
The loss of his dear Annie,  
And wishes he had given consent  
To wed with Andrew Lammie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.47

\N1 When Andrew home frae Edinburgh came,  
With muckle grief and sorrow,  
'My love is dead for me to-day,  
I\'ll die for her to-morrow.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.48

\N1 `Now I will run to Tifty\'s den,  
Where the burn runs clear and bonny;  
With tears I\'ll view the brig of Slugh,  
Where I parted from my Annie.

\SBALLADS Child 233C.49

\N1 `Then will I speed to the green kirk-yard,  
To The green kirk-yard of Fyvie,  
With tears I\'ll water my love\'s grave,  
Till I follow Tifty\'s Annie.'

\LBALLADS Child 234A.1

\N1 CHARLIE MACPHERSON, that braw Hieland lad<die],  
On Valentine\'s even cam doun to Kinaltie,  
Courtit Burd Hellen, baith wakin an sleepin:  
'Oh, fair fa them has my love in keepin!'

\SBALLADS Child 234A.2

\N1 Charlie MacPherson cam doun the dykeside,  
Baith Milton an Muirton an a\' bein his guide;  
Baith Milton an Muirton an auld Water Nairn,

A\' gaed wi him, for to be his warn.  
\SBALLADS Child 234A.3  
\N1 Whan he cam to the hoose o Kinaltie,  
`Open your yetts, mistress, an lat us come in!  
Open your yetts, mistress, an lat us come in!  
For here\'s a commission come frae your gudeson.  
\SBALLADS Child 234A.4  
\N1 `Madam,' says Charlie, 'whare [i>s your dochter?  
Mony time have I come to Kinatie an socht her;  
Noo maun she goe wi me mony a mile,  
Because I\'ve brocht mony men frae the West Isle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 234A.5  
\N1 `As for my dochter, she has gane abroad,  
You\'ll no get her for her tocher gude;  
She\'s on to Whitehouse, to marry auld Gairn:  
Oh, fair fa them that wait on my bairn!'  
\SBALLADS Child 234A.6  
\N1 Charlie MacPherson gaed up the dykeside,  
Baith Muirtoun an Milton an a\' bein his guide;  
Baith Muirtoun an Milton an auld Water Nairn,  
A\' gaed wi him, for to be his warn.  
\SBALLADS Child 234A.7  
\N1 Whan he cam to the hoose in Braemar,  
Sae weel as he kent that his Nellie was there!  
An Nellie was sittin upon the bed-side,  
An every one there was ca\'ing her, bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 234A.8  
\N1 The canles gaed oot, they waurna weel licht,  
Swords an spears they glancet fou bright;  
Sae laith as she was her true-love to beguile,  
Because he brocht mony men frae the West Isle.  
\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 234B.1  
\N1 CHARLIE M\R\'\'rPHERSON, that brisk Highland laddie,  
At Valentine even he came to Kinadie:  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.2  
\N1 To court her Burd Helen, baith waking and sleeping;  
Joy be wi them that has her a keeping!  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.3  
\N1 Auldtown and Muirtown, likewise Billy Beg,  
All gaed wi Charlie, for to be his guide.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.4  
\N1 Jamie M\'Robbie, likewise Wattie Nairn,  
All gaed wi Charlie, for to be his warran.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.5  
\N1 When they came to Kinadie, they knockd at the door;  
When nae ane woud answer, they gaed a loud roar.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.6  
\N1 `Ye\'ll open the door, mistress, and lat us come in;  
For tidings we\'ve brought frae your appearant guid-son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.7  
\N1 For to defend them, she was not able;  
They bangd up the stair, sat down at the table.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.8  
\N1 `Ye\'ll eat and drink, gentlemen, and eat at your leisure;  
Nae thing\'s disturb you, take what\'s your pleasure.'  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.9  
\N1 `O madam,' said he, `I\'m come for your daughter;  
Lang hae I come to Kinadie and there sought her.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.10

\N1 `Now she\'s gae wi me for mony a mile,  
Before that I return unto the West Isle.'  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.11  
\N1 `My daughter\'s not at home, she is gone abroad;  
Ye darena now steal her, her tocher is guid.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.12  
\N1 `My daughter\'s in Whitehouse, wi Mistress Dalgairn;  
Joy be wi them that waits on my bairn!'  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.13  
\N1 The swords an the targe that hang about Charlie,  
They had sic a glitter, and set him sae rarelie!  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.14  
\N1 They had sic a glitter, and kiest sic a glamour,  
They showed mair light than they had in the chamour.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.15  
\N1 To Whitehouse he went, and when he came there  
Right sair was his heart when he went up the stair.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.16  
\N1 Burd Helen was sitting by Thomas\' bed-side,  
And all in the house were addressing her, bride.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.17  
\N1 `O farewell now, Helen, I\'ll bid you adieu;  
Is this a\' the comfort I\'m getting frae you?  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.18  
\N1 `It was never my intention ye shoud be the waur;  
My heavy heart light on Whitehouse o Cromar!  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.19  
\N1 `For you I hae travelled full mony lang mile,  
Awa to Kinadie, far frae the West Isle.  
\SBALLADS Child 234B.20  
\N1 `But now ye are married, and I am the waur;  
My heavy heart light on Whitehouse o Cromar!'  
\LBALLADS Child 235A.1  
\N1 THE Earl of Aboyne he\'s courteous and kind,  
He\'s kind to every woman,  
And the Earl of Aboyne he\'s courteous and kind,  
But he stays ower lang in London.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.2  
\N1 The ladie she stood on her stair-head,  
Beholding his grooms a coming;  
She knew by their livery and raiment so rare  
That their last voyage was from London.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.3  
\N1 `My grooms all, ye\'ll be well in call,  
Hold all the stables shining;  
With a bretther o degs ye\'ll clear up my nags,  
Sin my gude lord Aboyne is a coming.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.4  
\N1 `My minstrels all, be well in call,  
Hold all my galleries ringing;  
With music springs ye\'ll try well your strings,  
Sin my gude lord\'s a coming.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.5  
\N1 `My cooks all, be well in call,  
Wi pots and spits well ranked;  
And nothing shall ye want that ye call for,  
Sin my gude Lord Aboyne\'s a coming.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.6  
\N1 `My chamber-maids, ye\'ll dress up my beds,  
Hold all my rooms in shining;



With Dantzic waters ye\'ll sprinkle my walls,  
Sin my good lord\'s a coming.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.7  
\N1 Her shoes was of the small cordain,  
Her stockings silken twisting;  
Cambrick so clear was the pretty lady\'s smock,  
And her stays o the braided sattin.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.8  
\N1 Her coat was of the white sarsenent,  
Set out wi silver quiltin,  
And her gown was o the silk damask,  
Set about wi red gold walting.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.9  
\N1 Her hair was like the threads of gold,  
Wi the silk and sarsanet shining,  
Wi her f+ingers sae white, and the gold rings sae grite,  
To welcome her lord from London.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.10  
\N1 Sae stately she steppit down the stair,  
And walkit to meet him coming;  
Said, O ye\'r welcome, my bonny lord,  
Ye\'r thrice welcome home from London!  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.11  
\N1 `If this be so that ye let me know,  
Ye\'ll come kiss me for my coming,  
For the morn should hae been my bonny wedding-day  
Had I stayed the night in London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.12  
\N1 Then she turned her about wi an angry look,  
O for such a sorry woman!  
`If this be so that ye let me know,  
Gang kiss your ladies in London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.13  
\N1 Then he looked ower his left shoulder  
To the worthie companie wi him;  
Says he, Isna this an unworthy welcome  
The we\'ve got, comin from London!  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.14  
\N1 `Get yer horse in call, my nobles all,  
And I\'m sorry for yer coming,  
But we\'ll horse, and awa to the bonny Bog o Gight,  
And then we\'ll go on to London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.15  
\N1 `If this be Thomas, as they call you,  
You\'ll see if he\'ll hae me with him;  
And nothing shall he be troubled with me  
But myself and my waiting-woman.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.16  
\N1 `I\'ve asked it already, lady,' he says,  
`And your humble servant, madam;  
But one single mile he winna lat you ride  
Wi his company and him to London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.17  
\N1 A year and mare she lived in care,  
And docters wi her dealin,  
And with a crack her sweet heart brack,  
And the letters is on to London.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.18  
\N1 When the letters he got, they were all sealed in black,  
And he fell in a grievous weeping;

He said, She is dead whom I loved best  
If I had but her heart in keepin.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.19  
\N1 Then f+ifteen o the f+inest lords  
That London could afford him,  
From their hose to their hat, they were all clad in black,  
For the sake of her corpse, Margaret Irvine.  
\SBALLADS Child 235A.20  
\N1 The furder he gaed, the sorer he wept,  
Come keping her corpse, Margaret Irvine.  
Until that he came to the yetts of Aboyne,  
Where the corpse of his lady was lying.  
\LBALLADS Child 235B.1  
\N1 THE Earl o Aboyne to old England\'s gone,  
An a his nobles wi him;  
Sair was the heart his fair lady had  
Because she wanna wi him.  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.2  
\N1 As she was a walking in her garden green,  
Amang her gentlewomen,  
Sad was rhe letter that came to her,  
Her lord was wed in Lunan.  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.3  
\N1 `Is this true, my Jean,' she says,  
`My lord is wed in Lunan?'  
`O no, O no, my lady gay,  
For the Lord o Aboyne is comin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.4  
\N1 When she was looking oer her castell-wa,  
She spied twa boys comin:  
`What news, what news, my bonny boys?  
What news hae ye frae Lunan?'  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.5  
\N1 `Good news, good news, my lady gay,  
The Lord o Aboyne is comin;  
He\'s scarcely twa miles frae the place,  
Ye\'ll hear his bridles ringin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.6  
\N1 `O my grooms all, be well on call,  
An hae your stables shinin;  
Of corn an hay spare nane this day,  
Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.7  
\N1 `My minstrels all, be well on call,  
And set your harps a tunin,  
Wi the f+inest springs, spare not the strings,  
Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.8  
\N1 `My cooks all, be well on call,  
An had your spits a runnin,  
Wi the best o roast, an spare nae cost,  
Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.9  
\N1 `My maids all, be well on call,  
An hae your f+lours a shinin;  
Cover oer the stair wi herbs sweet an fair,  
Cover the fours wi linen,  
An dress my bodie in the f+inest array,  
Sin the Lord o Aboyne is comin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235B.10

\N1 Her gown was o the guid green silk,  
 Fastned wi red silk trimmin;  
 Her apron was o the guid black gaze,  
 Her hood o the finest linen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.11  
 \N1 Sae stately she stept down the stair,  
 To look gin he was comin;  
 She called on Kate, her chamer-maid,  
 An Jean, her gentlewoman,  
 To bring her a bottle of the best wine,  
 To drink his health that\'s comin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.12  
 \N1 She\'s gaen to the close, taen him from frae\'s horse,  
 Says, You\'r thrice welcome fra Lunan!  
 `If I be as welcome hauf as ye say,  
 Come kiss me for my comin,  
 For tomorrow should been my wedding-day  
 Gin I\'d staid on langer in Lunan.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.13  
 \N1 She turned about wi a disdainful look  
 To Jean, her gentlewoman:  
 `If tomorrow should been your wedding-day,  
 Go kiss your whores in Lunan.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.14  
 \N1 `O my nobles all, now turn your steeds,  
 I\'m sorry for my comin;  
 For the night we\'ll alight at the bonny Bog o Gight,  
 Tomorrow tak horse for Lunan.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.15  
 \N1 `O Thomas, my man, gae after him,  
 An spier gin I\'ll win wi him;'  
 `Yes, madam, I hae pleaded for thee,  
 But a mile ye winna win wi him.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.16  
 \N1 Here and there she ran in care,  
 An doctors wi her dealin;  
 But in a crak her bonny heart brak,  
 And letters gaed to Lunan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.17  
 \N1 When he saw the letter sealed wi black,  
 He fell on \'s horse weeping:  
 `If she be dead that I love best,  
 She has my heart a keepin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.18  
 \N1 `My nobles all, ye\'ll turn your steeds,  
 That comely face [I] may see then;  
 Frae the horse to the hat, a\' must be black,  
 And mourn for bonny Peggy Irvine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235B.19  
 \N1 When they came near to the place,  
 They heard the dead-bell knellin,  
 And aye the turnin o the bell  
 Said, Come bury bonny Peggy Irvine.  
 \LBALLADS Child 235C.1  
 \N1 THE Earl of Aboyne he\'s careless an kin,  
 An he is new come frae London;  
 He sent his man him before,  
 To tell o his hame-comin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235C.2  
 \N1 First she called on her chamberline,

Sin on Jeanie, her gentlewoman:  
`Bring me a glass o the best claret win,  
To drink my good lord\'s well-hame-comin.  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.3  
\N1 `My servants all, be ready at a call,  
. . . .  
. . . .  
For the Lord of Aboyne is comin  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.4  
\N1 `My cooks all, be ready at a call  
. . . .  
Wi the very best of meat,  
For the Lord of Aboyne is comin.  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.5  
\N1 `My maids all, be ready at a call,  
. . . .  
The rooms I\'ve the best all to be dressd,  
For the Lord af Aboyn is comin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.6  
\N1 She did her to the closs to take him fra his horse,  
An she welcomed him frae London:  
. . . .  
`Ye\'r welcome, my good lord, frae London!'  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.7  
\N1 `An I be sae welcome, he says,  
`Ye\'ll kiss me for my comin,  
For the morn sud hae bin my weddin-day  
Gif I had staid in London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.8  
\N1 She turned her about wi a disdainfull look,  
Dear, she was a pretty woman!  
`Gif the morn shud hae bin yer weddin-day,  
Ye may kiss your whores in London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.9  
\N1 . . . .  
. . . .  
`So I shall, madam, an ye\'s hae na mare to sey,  
For I\'ll dine wi the Marquis of Huntley.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.10  
\N1 She did her to his servant-man,  
I wat they caed him Peter Gordon:  
`Ye will ask my good lord if he will let me  
Wi him a single mile to ride [to London].'  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.11  
\N1 `Ye need not, madam, . . .  
I have asked him already;  
He will not let ye a single mile ride,  
For he is to dine with the Marquis o Huntly.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.12  
\N1 She called on her chamber-maid,  
Sin on Jean, her gentlewoman:  
`Ge make my bed, an tye up my head,  
Woe\'s me for his hame-comin!'  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.13  
\N1 She lived a year and day, wi mickle grief and wae,  
The doctors were wi her dealin;  
Within a crack, her heart it brack,  
As the letters they went to London.  
\SBALLADS Child 235C.14  
\N1 He gae the table wi his foot,

An koud it wi his knee,  
 Gared silver cup an easer dish  
 In f+linders f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235C.15  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `I wad I had lost a\' the lands o Aboyne  
 Or I had lost bonny Margat Irvine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235C.16  
 \N1 He called on his best serving-man,  
 I wat the caed him Peter Gordon:  
 `Gae get our horses saddled wi speed,  
 Woe\'s me for our hame-comin!  
 \SBALLADS Child 235C.17  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `For we will a\' be in black, fra the hose to the hat,  
 Woe\'s me for bonny Margat Irvine!  
 \SBALLADS Child 235C.18  
 \N1 `We must to the North, to bury her corps,  
 Alas for our hame-comin!  
 I rather I had lost a\' the lands o Aboyne  
 Or I had lost bonny Margat Irvine.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 235D.1  
 \N1 THE guid Earl o Boyn\'s awa to Lonon gone,  
 An a\' his gallan grooms wie him,  
 But, for a\' the ribbons that hing at her hat,  
 He has left his fair lady behind him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.2  
 \N1 He had not been in London toun  
 A month but barely one, O,  
 Till the letters an the senes they came to her hand  
 That he was in love with another woman.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.3  
 \N1 `O what think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she says,  
 `What think ye o my lord at london?  
 What think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she says,  
 `He\'s in love wie another woman.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.4  
 \N1 That lady lookd out at her closet-window,  
 An saw the gallan grooms coming;  
 `What think ye o this, my bonny boy?' she says,  
 `For yonder the gallan grooms coming.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.5  
 \N1 Stately, stately steppit she doun  
 To welcome the gallan grooms from London:  
 `Ye\'re welcome, ye\'re welcome, gallan grooms a\';  
 Is the guid Earl o Boyn a coming?  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.6  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my gallan grooms a\'?  
 What news have ye from London?  
 What news, what news, my gallan grooms a\'?  
 Is the guid Earl o Boyn a-coming?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.7  
 \N1 `No news, no news,' said they gallan grooms a\',  
 `No news hae we from London;  
 No news, no news,' said the gallan grooms a\',  
 `But the guid Earl o Boyn\'s a coming,  
 An he\'s not two miles from the palace-gates,  
 An he\'s fast coming hame from London.'

\SBALLADS Child 235D.8

\N1 `Ye stable-grooms a\`, be ready at the ca,  
An have a\` your stables in shening,  
An sprinkle them over wie some costly water,  
Since the guid Earl o Boyn\'s a coming.

\SBALLADS Child 235D.9

\N1 `Ye pretty cooks a\`, be ready at the ca,  
An have a\` your spits in turning,  
An see that ye spare neither cost nor pains,  
Since the guid Earl o Boyn\'s a coming.

\SBALLADS Child 235D.10

\N1 `Ye servant-maids, ye\'ll trim up the beds,  
An wipe a\` the rooms oer wie linnen,  
An put a double daisy at every stair-head,  
Since the guid Earl o Boyn\'s a coming.

\SBALLADS Child 235D.11

\N1 `Ye\'ll call to me my chambermaid,  
An Jean, my gentlewoman,  
An they\'ll dress me in some f+ine array,  
Since the good Earl o Boyn\'s a coming.'

\SBALLADS Child 235D.12

\N1 Her stockens were o the good f+ine silk,  
An her shirt it was o the camric,  
An her gown it was a\` giltit oer,  
An she was a\` hung oer wie rubbies.

\SBALLADS Child 235D.13

\N1 That lady lookd out at her closet-window,  
An she thought she saw him coming:  
`Go fetch to me some f+ine Spanish wine,  
That I may drink his health that\'s a coming.'

\SBALLADS Child 235D.14

\N1 Stately, stately steppit she doun  
To welcome her lord from london,  
An as she walked through the close  
She\'s peed him from his horse.

\SBALLADS Child 235D.15

\N1 `Ye\'re welcome, ye\'re welcome, my dearest dear,  
Ye\'re three times welcome from London!'  
`If I be as welcome as ye say,  
Ye\'ll kiss my for my coming;  
Come kiss me, come kiss me, my dearest dear,  
Come kiss me, my bonny Peggy Harboun.'

\SBALLADS Child 235D.16

\N1 O she threw her arms aroun his neck,  
To kiss him for his coming:  
`If I had stayed another day,  
I\'d been in love wie another woman.

\SBALLADS Child 235D.17

\N1 She turned her about wie a very stingy look,  
She was as sorry as any woman;  
She threw a napkin out-oure her face,  
Says, Gang kiss your whore at London.

\SBALLADS Child 235D.18

\N1 `Ye\'ll mount an go, my gallan grooms a\`,  
Ye\'ll mount and back again to London;  
Had I known this to be the answer my Meggy\'s gein me,  
I had stayed some longer at London.'

\SBALLADS Child 235D.19

\N1 `Go, Jack, my livery boy,' she says,  
`Go ask if he\'ll take me wie him;

An he shall hae nae cumre o me  
 But mysel an my waiting-woman.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.20  
 \N1 `O the laus o London the\`re very severe,  
 They are not for a woman;  
 And ye are too low in coach for to ride,  
 I\`m your humble servant, madam.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.21  
 \N1 `My friends they were a\` angry at me  
 For marrying ane o the house o Harvey;  
 And ye are too low in coach for to ride,  
 I\`m your humble servant, lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.22  
 \N1 `Go saddle for me my steeds,' he says,  
 `Go saddle them soon and softly,  
 For I maun awa to the Bogs o the Geich,  
 An speak wi the Marquess o Huntly.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.23  
 \N1 The guid Earl o Boyn\`s awa to London gone,  
 An a\` his gallan gro<o>ms wie him;  
 But his lady fair he\`s left behind  
 Both a sick an a sorry woman.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.24  
 \N1 O many were the letter she after him did send,  
 A\` the way back again to London,  
 An in less than a twelvemonth her heart it did break,  
 For the loss o her lord at London.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.25  
 \N1 He was not won well to the Bogs o the Geich,  
 Nor his horses scarcely batit,  
 Till the letters and the senes they came to his hand  
 That his lady was newly Strickit.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.26  
 \N1 `O is she dead? or is she sick?  
 O woe\`s me for my coming!  
 I\`d rather lost a\` the Bogs o the Geich  
 Or I\`d lost my bonny Peggy Harboun.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.27  
 \N1 He took the table wi his foot,  
 Made a\` the room to tremble:  
 `I\`d rather a lost a\` the Bogs o the Geich  
 Or I\`d lost my bonny Peggy Harboun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.28  
 \N1 `Oh an alas! an O woe\`s me!  
 An wo to the Marquess o Huntly,  
 Wha causd the Earl o Boyn prove sae very unkin  
 To a true an a beautiful lady!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235D.29  
 \N1 There were f+fifteen o the bravest gentlemen,  
 An the bravest o the lords o London,  
 They went a\` to attend her burial-day,  
 But the Earl o Boyn could not go wi them.  
 \LBALLADS Child 235E.1  
 \N1 `MY maidens fair, yoursels prepare.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235E.2  
 \N1 You may weel knaw by her hair, wi the diamonds sae rare,  
 That the Earl of Aboyne was comin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235E.3  
 \N1 `My minstrels all, be at my call,  
 Haud a\` your rooms a ringin,

. . . .  
 For the Earl of Aboyne is comin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235E.4  
 \N1 `Tomorrow soud hae been my bonnie waddin-day,  
 If I had staid in London.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235E.5  
 \N1 She turned her about wi an angry look,  
 An sic an angry woman!  
 `Gin tomorrow soud hae been your bonnie waddin-day,  
 Gae back to your miss in Lunnon.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235E.6  
 \N1 For mony a day an year that lady lived in care,  
 An doctors wi her dealin,  
 Till just in a crack her very heart did brak,  
 An her letters went on to Lunnon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235E.7  
 \N1 There waur four-and-twenty o the noblest lords  
 That Lonnon could aford him,  
 A\` clead in black frae the saidle to the hat,  
 To convey the corpse o Peggy Ewan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235E.8  
 \N1 `I\`d rather hae lost a\` the lands o Aboyne  
 Than lost my pretty Peggy Ewan.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 235F.1  
 \N1 THE Earl of Aboyne is to London gane,  
 And a\` his nobles with him;  
 He\`s left his lady him behin,  
 He\`s awa, to remain in Lundon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235F.2  
 \N1 She\`s called upon her waiting-maid  
 To busk her in her claithin;  
 Her sark was o cambrick very f+ine,  
 And her bodice was the red buckskin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235F.3  
 \N1 Her stockings were o silk sae f+ine,  
 And her shoon o the f+ine cordan;  
 Her coat was o the guid green silk,  
 Turnit up wi a siller warden.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235F.4  
 \N1 Her gown was also o the silk,  
 Turned up wi a siller warden,  
 And stately tripped she doun the stair,  
 As she saw her gude lord comin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235F.5  
 \N1 She gaed thro the close and grippit his horse,  
 Saying, Ye\`re welcome hame frae London!  
 `Gin that be true, come kiss me now,  
 Come kiss me for my coming.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235F.6  
 \N1 `For blythe and cantie may ye be,  
 And thank me for my comin,  
 For the morn would hae been my wedding-day  
 Had I remained in London.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235F.7  
 \N1 She turnd her richt and round about,  
 She was a waefu woman:  
 `Gin the morn would hae been your weddin-day,  
 Gae kiss your whores in London.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235F.8  
 \N1 He turned him richt and round about,



He was sorry for his comin:

`Loup on your steeds, ye nobles a',  
The morn we'll dine in London.'

\SBALLADS Child 235F.9

\N1 She lived a year in meikle wae,  
And the doctors dealin wi her;  
At lang and last her heart it brast  
And the letters gade to London.

\SBALLADS Child 235F.10

\N1 And when he saw the seals o black,  
He fell in a deadly weeping;  
He said, She's dead whom I loed best,  
And she had my heart in keeping.

\SBALLADS Child 235F.11

\N1 `Loup on your steeds, ye nobles a',  
I'm sorry for our comin;

Frae our horse to our hat, we'll gae in black,  
And we'll murn for Peggy Irwine.'

\SBALLADS Child 235F.12

\N1 They rade on but stap or stay  
Till they came to her father's garden,  
Whare fifty o the bravest lords  
Were convoying Peggy Irwine.

\LBALLADS Child 235G.1

\N1 THE Earl Aboyne to London has gane,  
And all his nobles with him;  
For a' the braw ribbands he wore at his hat,  
He has left his lady behind him.

\SBALLADS Child 235G.2

\N1 She's called on her little foot-page,  
And Jean, her gentlewoman;  
Said, Fill to me a full pint of wine,  
And I'll drink it at my lord's coming.

\SBALLADS Child 235G.3

\N1 `You're welcome, you're welcome, you're welcome,' she says,  
`You're welcome home from London!'

`If I be as welcome as you now say,  
Come kiss me, my bonnie Peggy Irvine.

\SBALLADS Child 235G.4

\N1 `Come kiss me, come kiss me, my lady,' he says,  
`Come kiss me for my coming,

For the morn should hae been my wedding-day,  
Had I staid any longer in London.'

\SBALLADS Child 235G.5

\N1 She turned about with an angry look,  
Said, Woe's me for your coming!  
If the morn should hae been your wedding-day,  
Go back to your whore in London.

\SBALLADS Child 235G.6

\N1 He's called on his little foot-page,  
Said, Saddle both sure and swiftly,  
And I'll away to the Bogs o the Gay,  
And speak wi the Marquis o Huntly.

\SBALLADS Child 235G.7

\N1 She has called on her little foot-page,  
Said, See if he'll take me with him;  
And he shall hae nae mair cumber o me  
But myself and my servant-woman.

\SBALLADS Child 235G.8

\N1 `O London streets they are too strait,

They are not for a woman,  
 And it is too low to ride in coach wi me  
 With your humble servant-woman.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235G.9  
 \N1 He had not been at the Bogs o the Gay,  
 Nor yet his horse was baited,  
 Till a boy with a letter came to his hand  
 That his lady was lying streekit.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235G.10  
 \N1 `O woe! O woe! O woe!' he says,  
 `O woe\'s me for my coming!  
 I had rather lost the Bogs o the Gay  
 Or I\'d lost my bonny Peggy Irvine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235G.11  
 \N1 `O woe! O woe! O woe!' he said,  
 `O woe to the Marquis o Huntly,  
 Gard the Earl of Aboyne prove very unkind  
 To a good and a dutiful lady!'  
 \LBALLADS Child 235H.1  
 \N1 THE Earl of Boon\'s to London gone,  
 And all his merry men with him;  
 For a\' the ribbons hang at his horse\'s main,  
 He has left his lady behind him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235H.2  
 \N1 He had not been a night in town,  
 Nor a day into the city,  
 Until that the letters they came to him,  
 And the ladies they did invite him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235H.3  
 \N1 His lady has lookit oer her left shoulder,  
 To see if she saw him coming,  
 And then she saw her ain good lord,  
 Just newly come from London.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235H.4  
 \N1 `Come kiss me, my dear, come kiss me,' he said,  
 `Come kiss me for my coming,  
 For if I had staid another day in town  
 Tomorrow I would hae been married in Lunnon.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235H.5  
 \N1 She turned about wi a very saucy look,  
 As saucy as eer did a woman;  
 Says, If a\' be true that I\'ve heard of you,  
 You may go back and kiss your whores in Lunnon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235H.6  
 \N1 `Go call on Jack, my waiting-man,' he said,  
 `Go saddle and make him ready;  
 For I maun away to the Bughts o Gight,  
 To speak to the Marquess of Huntly.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235H.7  
 \N1 He had not been at the Bughts of the Gight,  
 Nor the horses yet weel bated,  
 Until that the letters came ta him  
 That his lady was newly streeket.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235H.8  
 \N1 `Wae\'s me, my dear! wae\'s me!' he said,  
 `It waes me for my coming;  
 For I wad rather lost a\' the Bughts o the Gight  
 Or I had lost my bonny Peggy Irvine.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 235I.1  
 \N1 THE Earl of Aboyne to London has gone,

And all his nobles with him;  
 For all the braw ribbands he wore at his hat,  
 He has left his lady behind him.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235I.2  
 \N1 She has to her high castle gane,  
 To see if she saw him coming;  
 And who did she spy but her own servant Jack,  
 Coming riding home again from London.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235I.3  
 \N1 `What news, what news, my own servant Jack?  
 What news have you got from London?'  
 `Good news, good news, my lady,' he says,  
 `For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235I.4  
 \N1 She has to her kitchen-maid gane:  
 `Set your pots and your pans all a boiling;  
 Have every thing f+ine for gentry to dine,  
 For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235I.5  
 \N1 `Stable-grooms all, pray be well employed,  
 Set your stable-bells all a ringing;  
 Let your hecks be overlaid with the f+inest of good hay,  
 For the Earl of Aboyne he is coming.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235I.6  
 \N1 She has to her low gates gane,  
 To see if she saw him coming,  
 And long seven miles before they came to town  
 She heard their bridles ringing.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235I.7  
 \N1 `Come kiss me, come kiss me, madam,' he says,  
 `Come kiss me for my coming,  
 For the morn should hae been my wedding-day  
 Had I staid any longer in London.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 235I.8  
 \N1 She\'s turned about with an angry look,  
 Says, Woe\'s me for thy coming!  
 If the morn should hae been your wedding-day  
 Go back and kiss your whores in London.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235I.9  
 \N1 They\'ve turned their horses\' heads around,  
 Their faces all for London;  
 With their hands to their hats they all rode off,  
 And they\'re all away to London.  
 \LBALLADS Child 235J.1  
 \N1 THE Earl of Aboyne has up to London gone,  
 And all his nobles with him,  
 And three broad letters he sent into his love  
 He would wed another woman in London.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235J.2  
 \N1 She has turned the honey month about,  
 To see if he was coming,  
 And lang three miles ere he came to the town  
 She heard his bridle ringing.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235J.3  
 \N1 She\'s went down unto the close and she\'s taen him from his horse,  
 Says, Ye\'re welcome home from London!  
 `If I be as welcome, dear Peggy, as you say,  
 Come kiss me for my coming.  
 \SBALLADS Child 235J.4  
 \N1 `Come kiss me, come kiss me, dear Peggy,' he said,

`Come kiss me for my coming,  
For tomorrow should have been my wedding-day  
Had I tarried any longer in London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235J.5  
\N1 She has turned herself round about,  
And she was an angry woman:  
`If tomorrow should have been your wedding-day,  
You may kiss with your sweethearts in London.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235J.6  
\N1 `Go saddle me my steed,' he said,  
`Saddle and make him ready;  
For I must away to the bonny Bog of Keith,  
For to visit the Marquis of Huntley.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235J.7  
\N1 `Go ask him, go ask, dear Thomas,' she said,  
`Go ask if he'll take me with him;'  
`I've asked him once, and I'll ask him no more,  
For ye'll never ride a mile in his company.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235J.8  
\N1 `Go make to me my bed,' she said,  
`Make it soft and narrow;  
For since my true lover has slighted me so,  
I will die for him ere morrow.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235J.9  
\N1 She has called her waiting-man,  
And Jean her gentlewoman:  
`Go bring to me a glass of red wine,  
For I'm as sick as any woman.'  
\SBALLADS Child 235J.10  
\N1 The bed it was not made nor well laid down,  
Nor yet the curtains drawn on,  
Till stays and gown and all did burst,  
And it's apace for bonny Peggy Irvine!  
\SBALLADS Child 235J.11  
\N1 The Earl of Aboyne was not at the Bog of Keith,  
Nor met wi the Marquis of Huntley,  
Till three broad etters were sent after him  
That his pretty Peggy Irvine had left him.  
\SBALLADS Child 235J.12  
\N1 He gave such a rap on the table where he sat  
It made all the room for to tremble:  
`I would rather I had lost all the rents of Aboyne  
Than have lost my pretty Peggy Irvine.'  
\LBALLADS Child 235K.1  
\N1 THE Earl o Aboyne is awa to Lunnon gane,  
An he's taen Joannan wi him,  
An it ill be Yule ere he come again;  
But he micht hae taen taen his bonnie Peggie Ewan.  
\SBALLADS Child 235K.2  
\N1 Cook-maidens all, be ready at my call,  
Hae a' your pats an pans a-reekin;  
For the finest o f+lowrs, gae through your bows,  
For the Earl o Aboyne's a comin.  
\LBALLADS Child 235L.1  
\N1 THE Lord Aboyn's to London gone,  
And his hail court wi him;  
Better he had staid at hame,  
Or taen his lady wi him.  
\LBALLADS Child 236A.1  
\N1 O IT fell out upon a day,

When Drums was going to ride, O  
 And there he met with a well-far\'d may,  
 Keeping her flocks on yon side. O  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.2  
 \N1 `O fair may, O rare may,  
 Can not you fancy me?  
 Of a\' the lasses here about  
 I like nane so well as thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.3  
 \N1 `Set your love on another, kind sir,  
 Set it not on me,  
 For I\'m not f+it to be your bride,  
 And your whore I\'ll never be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.4  
 \N1 Drums is to her father gane,  
 Keeping his flocks on yon hill,  
 And he has gotten his consent,  
 And the maid was at his will.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.5  
 \N1 `My daughter can neither read nor write,  
 She was neer brought up at school;  
 But well can she milk cow and ewe,  
 And make a kebbuck well.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.6  
 \N1 `She\'ll winn in your barn at bear-seed time,  
 Cast out your muck at Yule;  
 She\'ll saddle your steed in time o need,  
 Draw aff your boots hersell.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.7  
 \N1 `Have not I no clergymen?  
 Pay I no clergy fee?  
 I\'ll school her as I think f+it,  
 And as I think f+it to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.8  
 \N1 Drums is to the Highlands gane  
 For to be made ready,  
 And a\' the gentry thereabout  
 Says, Yonder comes Drums and his lady.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.9  
 \N1 `Peggy Coutts is a very bonnie bride,  
 And Drums is a wealthy laddie;  
 But Drums might hae chosen a higher match  
 Than any shepherd\'s daughter.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.10  
 \N1 Then up bespake his brother John,  
 Says, Brother you\'ve done us wrong;  
 You\'ve married ane below our degree,  
 A stain to a\' our kin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.11  
 \N1 `Hold your tongue, my brother John,  
 I have done you no wrong;  
 For I\'ve married ane to wirk and win,  
 And ye\'ve married ane to spend.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.12  
 \N1 `The last time that I had a wife,  
 She was above my degree;  
 I durst not come in her presence  
 But with my hat on my knee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.13  
 \N1 There was four-and-twenty gentlemen

Stood at the yetts o Drum;  
 There was na ane amang them a\  
 That welcomd his lady in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.14  
 \N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand  
 And led her in himsell,  
 And in thro ha\'s and thro bowers,  
 `And you\'re welcome, Lady o Drum.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.15  
 \N1 Thrice he kisssd her cherry cheek,  
 And thrice her cherry chin,  
 And twenty times her comely mouth,  
 `And you\'re welcome, Lady o Drum.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.16  
 \N1 `Ye shall be cook in my kitchen,  
 Butler in my ha;  
 Ye shall be lady at my command  
 When I ride far awa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236A.17  
 \N1 `But what will I do when auld Drum dies,  
 When auld Drum dies and leaves me?  
 Then I\'ll tak back my word again,  
 And the Coutts will come and see me.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 236B.1  
 \N1 THERE was a knight, [an a gallant knight,]  
 An a gallant knight was he,  
 An he\'s faen in love  
 Wi his shepherd\'s daghterie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.2  
 \N1 . . . .  
 He could neither gang nor ride,  
 He fell so deep in her fancy,  
 Till his nose began to bleed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.3  
 \N1 `Bonny may, an bra may,  
 Canna ye on me rue?  
 By a\' the maid<s] I ever saw,  
 There is nane I loo by you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.4  
 \N1 `Ye\'r a shepherd\'s ae daghter,  
 An I\'m a barron\'s son;  
 An what pleasure I wad hae  
 To see ye gae out an in!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.5  
 \N1 `I\'m a shepherd\'s ae dochter,  
 An ye\'r a barron\'s son;  
 An there is nae pleasure I could ha  
 To see ye gae out or in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.6  
 \N1 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 `For I wadna gie the fancy of my bonny love  
 For na love nor favour o you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.7  
 \N1 `Bonny may, an bra may,  
 Canna ye on me rue?  
 By a\' the maids I ever saw  
 There is nane I loo by you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.8

\N1 `Lay ne yer fancy, sir, on me,' she says,  
 `Lay na yer fancy on me;  
 For I\'m our low to be your bride,  
 An yer quine I\'ll never be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.9  
 \N1 `For I will wear nane o yer silks,  
 Nor nane o yer scarlet claes;  
 For the hue o the whin shall be my gown,  
 An I will gae as I pleas.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.10  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `Ye\'r na our laigh to be my bride,  
 An my quine ye\'s never be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.11  
 \N1 `Bonny may, and bra may,  
 Winna ye on me rue?  
 By a\' the maids I ever see,  
 There\'s nane I loo but you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.12  
 \N1 `Gin ye ha faen so deep in my fancy  
 Ye can neither gan<g] nor ride,  
 Gae tak me to the middle o the ring,  
 An bring me guid companie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.13  
 \N1 He has taen her by the milk-white hand  
 And led her thro haas an bowers:  
 `Ye\'r the chioce of my heart,  
 An a\' I hae is yours.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.14  
 \N1 He took her by the milk-white hand  
 And led her out and in:  
 `Ye\'r the choice o my heart,  
 My dear, ye\'r welcome in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.15  
 \N1 Out spake his brither John,  
 `Brither, ye ha done great wrong;  
 Ye hae married a wife this night  
 Disdained by a\' yer kin.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236B.16  
 \N1 `Hold yer tong, my brither John,  
 For I hae don na wrong;  
 For I ha married a wife to . . . . ,  
 An ye ha ane to spend.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 236C.1  
 \N1 THERE was a shepherd\'s daughter  
 Sheering at the bear,  
 And by cam the Laird o Drum,  
 On an evening clear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236C.2  
 \N1 `O will ye fancy me, fair maid?  
 O will ye fancy me?  
 O will ye fancy me, fair maid,  
 An lat the sheering be?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236C.3  
 \N1 `O say na sae again, kind sir,  
 O say na sae again;  
 I\'m ovr low to be your bride,  
 Ye\'r born ovr high a man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236C.4

\N1 Said, Fair maid, O rare maid,  
Will ye on me rue?  
Amang a\' the lasses o the land  
I fancy nane but you.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.5  
\N1 `Lay your love on another,' she said,  
`And lay it not on me,  
For I\'m owr low to be your bride,  
Your miss I\'ll never be.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.6  
\N1 `Yonder is my father dear,  
Wi hogs upon yon hill;  
Gif ye get but his consent,  
I shall be at your will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.7  
\N1 He\'s taen him to her father dear,  
Keeps hogs upon yon hill,  
An he has gotten his consent,  
The may was at his will.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.8  
\N1 `My daughter canna read or write,  
She never was at school;  
Weel can she milk cow and ewe,  
An serve your house fu weel.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.9  
\N1 `Weel can she shack you barns  
And gae to mill an kill,  
Saddle your steed in time o need,  
And draw your boots hirsel.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.10  
\N1 `She canna wear your silk sae f+ine,  
Nor yet your silver clear;  
The hue o the ewe man be her weed,  
Altho she was your dear.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.11  
\N1 He\'s wedded the shepherd\'s daughter,  
An he has taen her hame;  
He\'s wedded the shepherd\'s daughter,  
And led her on to Drum.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.12  
\N1 There were four an twenty bold barons  
Stood at the yet o Drum;  
There was na ane amang them a\  
That welcomd his lady hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.13  
\N1 Out then spak his brother dear,  
Says, Ye\'v done mickel wrong;  
Ye\'v wedded a mean woman,  
The lack o a\' her kin.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.14  
\N1 `I never did thee wrong, brother,  
I never did thee wrong;  
I\'ve wedded a woman to work and win,  
An ye hae ane to spen.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.15  
\N1 `The last woman I wedded  
Was aboon my degree;  
I could na sit in her presence  
But wi hat upon my knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.16



\N1 He\'s taen her by the milk-white hand  
An led her but an ben,  
An in the ha, amang them a\',  
He\'s hailed her Lady Drum.  
\SBALLADS Child 236C.17  
\N1 `Now I\'ve wedded the Shepherd\'s daughter,  
An I hae brought her hame,  
In the ha, amang ye a\',  
She is welcome hame to Drum.'  
\LBALLADS Child 236D.1  
\N1 THE laird o Drum is a hunting gane,  
All in a morning early,  
And he did spy a well-far\'d may,  
Was shearing at her barley.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.2  
\N1 `O will ye fancy me, fair may,  
And let your shearing be, O  
And gang and be the lady o Drum?  
O will ye fancy me?' O  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.3  
\N1 `I winna fancy you,' she says,  
`Nor let my shearing be;  
For I\'m ower low to be Lady Drum,  
And your miss I\'d scorn to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.4  
\N1 `But ye\'ll cast aff that gown o grey,  
Put on the silk and scarlet;  
I\'ll make a vow, and keep it true,  
You\'ll neither be miss nor harlot.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.5  
\N1 `Then dee you to my father dear,  
Keeps sheep on yonder hill;  
To ony thing he bids me do  
I\'m always at his will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.6  
\N1 He has gane to her father dear,  
Keeps sheep on yonder hill:  
`I\'m come to marry your ae daughter,  
If ye\'ll gie me your gude will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.7  
\N1 `She\'ll shake your barn, and winna your corn,  
And gang to mill and kill;  
In time of need she\'ll saddle your steed;  
And I\'ll draw your boots mysell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.8  
\N1 `O wha will bake my bridal bread,  
And wha will brew my ale,  
And wha will welcome my lady hame,  
It\'s mair than I can tell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.9  
\N1 Four and twenty gentle knights  
Gied in at the yetts o Drum;  
But nae a man lifted his hat  
Whan the lady o Drum came in.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.10  
\N1 But he has taen her by the hand,  
And led her but and ben;  
Says, You\'r welcome hame, my lady Drum,  
For this is your ain land.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.11

\N1 For he has taen her by the hand,  
And led her thro the ha;  
Says, You\'r welcome home, my lady Drum,  
To your bowers ane and a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.12  
\N1 Then he<\'s] stript her o the robes o grey,  
Drest her in the robes o gold,  
And taen her father the sheep-keeping,  
Made him a bailie bold.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.13  
\N1 She wasna forty weeks his wife  
Till she brought hame a son;  
She was as well a loved lady  
As ever was in Drum.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.14  
\N1 Out it speaks his brother dear,  
Says, You\'ve dune us great wrang;  
You\'ve married a wife below your degree,  
She\'s a mock to all our kin.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.15  
\N1 Out then spake the Laird of Drum,  
Says, I\'ve dune you nae wrang;  
I\'ve married a wife to win my bread,  
You\'ve married ane to spend.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.16  
\N1 `For the last time that I was married,  
She was far abeen my degree;  
She wadna gang to the bonny yetts o Drum  
But the pearlin abeen her ee,  
And I durstna gang in the room where she was  
But my hat below my knee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.17  
\N1 When they had eaten and well drunken,  
And all men bound for bed,  
The Laird o Drum and his lady gay  
In ae bed they were laid.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.18  
\N1 `Gin ye had been o high renown,  
As ye are o low degree,  
We might hae baith gane down the streets  
Amang gude companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.19  
\N1 `I tauld you ere we were wed  
You were far abeen my degree;  
But now I\'m married, in your bed laid,  
And just as gude as ye.  
\SBALLADS Child 236D.20  
\N1 `Gin ye were dead, and I were dead,  
And baith in grave had lain,  
Ere seven years were at an end,  
They\'d not ken your dust frae mine.'  
\LBALLADS Child 236E.1  
\N1 THE Laird of Drum is a wooing gane,  
All in a morning early,  
And there he spied a weel-far\'d may,  
She was shearing at her barley.  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.2  
\N1 `Will you fancy me, my bonny may,  
And will you fancy me? O  
And will you come and be Lady Drum,

And let your shearing a be?' O  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.3  
\N1 `It\'s I winna fancy you, kind sir,  
I winna fancy thee;  
For I\'m too low to be lady o Drum,  
And your whore I would scorn to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.4  
\N1 Ye\'ll cast aff the robes of gray,  
And put on the silk and the scarlet,  
And here to you I\'ll make a vow  
Ye\'se neither be whore nor harlot.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.5  
\N1 `I winna cast aff the robes o gray,  
To put on the silk and the scarlet,  
But I\'ll wear the colour of the ewe,  
For they set me better that a\' that.  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.6  
\N1 `But ye\'ll do you doun to my father dear,  
Keeping sheep on yonder hill,  
And the f+irst ae thing that he bids me I\'ll do,  
For I wirk aye at his will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.7  
\N1 He\'s done him doun to her father dear,  
Keeping sheep on yonder hill:  
`Ye hae a pretty creature for your daughter;  
Dear me! but I like her well.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.8  
\N1 `It\'s she can neither read nor write,  
She was never brought up at the squeel;  
She canna wash your china cups,  
Nor yet mak a dish o tea.  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.9  
\N1 `But well can she do a\' ither thing,  
For I learnt the girly mysell;  
She\'ll f+ill in your barn, and winnow your corn,  
She\'ll gang to your kill and your mill,  
And, time o need, she\'ll saddle your steed,  
And draw your boots hersell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.10  
\N1 `Wha will bake my bridal bread,  
And wah will brew my ale?  
Wha will welcome my lady in?  
For it\'s more than I can tell.'  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.11  
\N1 There was four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Stood a\' in the yetts o Drum,  
But there was nane o them lifted their hats  
To welcome the young lady in.  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.12  
\N1 But up spake his ae brither,  
Says, Brither, ye hae done wrang;  
Ye have married a wife this day  
A lauch to a\' our kin.  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.13  
\N1 `I\'ve married ane to win my bread,  
But ye married ane to spend;  
But as lang\'s I\'m able to walk to the yetts o Drum  
On me she may depend.  
\SBALLADS Child 236E.14  
\N1 `The last lady that I did wed

Was far above my command;  
 I durst not enter the bower where she was  
 But my hat low in my hand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236E.15  
 \N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a\' man bound for bed,  
 The Laird o Drum and the Shepherd\'s dother  
 In one bed they were laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236E.16  
 \N1 `If ye were come o noble bleed  
 An were as high as me,  
 We could gang to the yetts o Drum  
 Amongst gueed companie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236E.17  
 \N1 `I tald you ere we was wed  
 I was oer low for thee,  
 But now we are wedd and in ae bed laid,  
 And you must be content wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236E.18  
 \N1 `For an ye were dead, an I were dead,  
 And laid in the dust low down,  
 When we were baith turnd up again  
 Wha could ken your mould frae mine?'  
 \LBALLADS Child 236F.1  
 \N1 `OH, will ye fancy me, fair maid?  
 Oh, will ye fancy me? O  
 Or will ye go to be ladye o the Drum,  
 An let a\' your shearin abe? O  
 An let a\' your shearin abe? O  
 An let a\' your shearin abe?' O  
 \SBALLADS Child 236F.2  
 \N1 `I can neither read nor write,  
 Nor neer been brocht up at schule;  
 But I can do all other things,  
 An keep a hoose richt weel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236F.3  
 \N1 `My faither he\'s a puir shepherd-man,  
 Herds his hogs on yonder hill;  
 Gin ye will go get his consent,  
 Then I\'ll be at your call.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236F.4  
 \N1 He has gane to her father,  
 That herds hogs on yonder hill;  
 He said, `You\'ve got a pretty daughter,  
 I\'d fain tak her to my sel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236F.5  
 \N1 `She can neither read nor write,  
 Was neer brocht up at schule;  
 But she can do all other things,  
 An I learnt aye the lassie my sel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 236F.6  
 \N1 `She\'ll milk your cows, she\'ll carry your corn,  
 She\'ll gang to the mill or the kiln;  
 She\'ll saddle your steed at any time of need,  
 And she\'ll brush up your boots hersel.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 236F.7  
 \N1 `It\'s who will bake my bridal bread?  
 Or who will brew my ale?  
 Or who will welcome this bonnie lassie in?  
 For it\'s more than I can tell.'

\SBALLADS Child 236F.8

\N1 There\'s four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Stand down at the gate o the Drum;  
Not one of them all would take off his hat  
For to welcome the bonnie lassie in.

\SBALLADS Child 236F.9

\N1 . . . .

. . . .  
'Oh, brother, you\'ve married a wife this day  
A disgrace to all our kin.'

\SBALLADS Child 236F.10

\N1 'Oh, brother, I\'ve married a wife to win,  
And ye\'ve got one to spen,  
And as long as the bonnie lassie walks out and in  
She shall aye be the ladye o the Drum.'

\SBALLADS Child 236F.11

\N1 When all was done, and no bells rung,  
And all men bound for their bed,  
The laird and the shepherd\'s bonnie daughter  
In one bed they were laid.

\SBALLADS Child 236F.12

\N1 'Though I\'m not of as noble blood,  
Nor yet of as high degree,  
Now I lie locked in your arms two,  
And you must be contented wi me.

\SBALLADS Child 236F.13

\N1 'If you were dead, and I were dead,  
And baith laid in one grave,  
If we were baith to be raised up again,  
Wha would ken your dust frae mine?

\LBALLADS Child 237A.1

\N1 THE Duke of Gordon has three daughters,  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean;  
They would not stay in bonny Castle Gordon,  
But they would go to bonny Aberdeen.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.2

\N1 They had not been in Aberdeen  
A twelvemonth and a day  
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.3

\N1 Word came to the Duke of Gordon,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
Lady Jean has fell in lovewith Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she would gae.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.4

\N1 'Go saddle to me the black horse,  
And you\'ll ride on the grey,  
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,  
Where I have been many a day.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.5

\N1 They were not a mile from Aberdeen,  
A mile but only three,  
Till he met with his two daughters walking,  
But away was Lady Jean.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.6

\N1 'Where is your sister, maidens?  
Where is your sister now?  
Where is your sister, maidens,  
That she is not walking with you?'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.7

\N1 `O pardon us, honoured father,  
O pardon us,' they did say;  
`Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,  
And away with him she will gae.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.8

\N1 When he came to Aberdeen,  
And down upon the green,  
There did he see Captain Ogilvie,  
Training up his men.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.9

\N1 `O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,  
And an ill death thou shalt die;  
For taking to thee my daughter,  
Hange+:d thou shalt be.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.10

\N1 Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,  
And sent it to the king,  
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie  
If ever he hanged a man.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.11

\N1 `I will not hang Captain Ogilvie,  
For no lord that I see;  
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.12

\N1 Word came to Captain Ogilvie,  
In the chamber where he lay,  
To cast off the gold lace and scarlet,  
And put on the single livery.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.13

\N1 `If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
This pennance I'll take wi;  
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,  
All this I will dree.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.14

\N1 Lady Jean had not been married,  
Not a year but three,  
Till she had a babe in every arm,  
Another upon her knee.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.15

\N1 `O but I'm weary of wandering!  
O but my fortune is bad!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon\'s daughter  
To follow a soldier-lad.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.16

\N1 `O but I'm weary of wandering!  
O but I think lang!  
It sets not the Duke of Gordon\'s daughter  
To follow a single man.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.17

\N1 When they came to the Highland hills,  
Cold was the frost and snow;  
Lady Jean\'s shoes they were all torn,  
No farther could she go.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.18

\N1 `O wo to the hills and the mountains!  
Wo to the wind and the rain!  
My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
No further am I able to gang.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.19

\N1 `Wo to the hills and the mountains!  
Wo to the frost and the snow!  
My feet is sore with going barefoot,  
No farther am I able to go.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.20

\N1 `O if I were at the glens of Foudlen,  
Where hunting I have been,  
I would find the way to bonny Castle Gordon,  
Without either stockings or shoon.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.21

\N1 When she came to Castle Gordon,  
And down upon the green,  
The porter gave out a loud shout,  
`O yonder comes Lady Jean!'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.22

\N1 `O you are welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
You are dear welcome to me;  
You are welcome, dear Jeany Gordon,  
But away with your Captain Ogilvie.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.23

\N1 Now over seas went the captain,  
As a soldier under command;  
A message soon followed after  
To come and heir his brother\'s land.

\SBALLADS Child 237A.24

\N1 `Come home, you pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
And heir your brother\'s land;  
Come Home, ye pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
Be Earl of Northumberland.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.25

\N1 `O what does this mean?' says the captain;  
`Where\'s my brother\'s children three?'  
`They are dead and buried,  
And the lands they are ready for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.26

\N1 `Then hoist up your sails, brave captain,  
Let\'s be jovial and free;  
I\'ll to Northumberland and heir my estate,  
Then my dear Jeany I\'ll see.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.27

\N1 He soon came to Castle Gordon,  
And down upon the green;  
The porter gave out with aloud shout,  
`Here comes Captain Ogilvie!'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.28

\N1 You\'re welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
Your fortune\'s advanced I hear;  
No stranger can come unto my gates  
That I do love so dear.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.29

\N1 `Sir, the last time I was at your gates,  
You would not let me in;  
I\'m come for my wife and children,  
No friendship else I claim.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.30

\N1 `Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,  
And drink of the beer and the wine;  
And thou shalt have gold and silver  
To count till the clock strike nine.'

\SBALLADS Child 237A.31  
\N1 `I\`ll have none of your gold or silver,  
Nor none of your white-money;  
But I\`ll have bonny Jeany Gordon,  
And she shall go now with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 237A.32  
\N1 Then she came tripping down the stair,  
With the tear into her eye;  
One babe was at her foot,  
Another upon her knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 237A.33  
\N1 `You\`re welcome, bonny Jeany Gordon,  
With my young family;  
Mount and go to Northumberland,  
There a countess thou shall be.'  
\LBALLADS Child 238A.1  
\N1 FOUR and twenty noblemen they rode thro Banchory fair,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was f+lower [of a\`] that was there.  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.2  
\N1 Four and twenty noblemen rode from Banchory ha,  
But bonnie Glenlogie he was f+lower of them a\`.  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.3  
\N1 `O bonnie Glenlogie, be constant and kind,  
An, bonnie Glenlogie, I\`ll tell you my mind.  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.4  
\N1 . . so frank and so free,  
. . and I get na Glenlogie, I\`ll die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.5  
\N1 `O bonnie Jeanie, your portion\`s but sma  
To lay your love on me, that\`s promist awa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.6  
\N1 Her cherry cheeks grew pale an wan; with the tear in her ee,  
`Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.7  
\N1 Ben came her father, steps to her bowr:  
`Dear Jeanie, you\`r acting the part of a [whore].  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.8  
\N1 `You\`re seeking ane that cares na for thee;  
Ye\`s get Lord William, let Glenlogie be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.9  
\N1 `O had you still, father, let your folly be;  
Gin I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.10  
\N1 Ben came her mother, steps on the f+loor:  
`Dear daughter Jeanie, you\`re acting the [whore],  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.11  
\N1 `Seeking of ane that cares na for thee;  
For ye\`ll get Lord William, let Glenlogie be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.12  
\N1 `O had your tongue, mother, and let me be;  
An I get na Glenlogie, I surely will die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.13  
\N1 O ben came her father\`s chaplain, a man of great skill,  
And he has written a broad letter, and he has pennd it well.  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.14  
\N1 H\`as pennd it well, an sent it awa  
To bonnie Glenlogie, the f+lower of them a\`.  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.15  
\N1 When he got the letter, his tears did down fa  
\R'S\rhe\`s laid her love on me, that was promist awa.'



\SBALLADS Child 238A.16  
\N1 He calld on his servant wi speed, and bade him saddle his horses,  
and bridle them a\':  
`For she has laid her love on me, altho I was promist awa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.17  
\N1 The horses were saddled wi speed, but ere they came he was four mile  
awa,  
To Jean of Bethelny, the f+lowr of them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.18  
\N1 But when he came to her bowr she was pale and wan,  
But she grew red and ruddy when Glenlogie came in.  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.19  
\N1 `Cheer up, bonnie Jeannie, ye are f+lowr o them a\';  
I have laid my love on you, altho I was promist awa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238A.20  
\N1 Her beauty was charming, her tocher down tauld;  
Bonnie Jean of Bethelny was scarce f+fifteen year auld.  
\LBALLADS Child 238B.1  
\N1 FOUR and twenty nobles sits in the king\'s ha,  
Bonnie Glenlogie is the f+lower among them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.2  
\N1 In came Lady Jean, skipping on the f+loor,  
And she has chosen Glenlogie \'mong a\' that was there.  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.3  
\N1 She turned to his footman, and thus she did say:  
Oh, what is his name? and where does he stay?  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.4  
\N1 `His name is Glenlogie, when he is from home;  
He is of the gay Gordons, his name it is John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.5  
\N1 `Glenlogie, Glenlogie, an you will prove kind,  
My love is laid on you; I am telling my mind.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.6  
\N1 He turned about lightly, as the Gordons does a\':  
`I thank you, Lady Jean, my loves is promised awa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.7  
\N1 She called on her maidens her bed for to make,  
Her rings and her jewels all from her to take.  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.8  
\N1 In came Jeanie\'s father, a wae man was he;  
Says, I\'ll wed you to Drumfendrich, he has mair gold than he.  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.9  
\N1 Her father\'s own chaplain, being a man of great skill,  
He wrote him a letter, and indited it well.  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.10  
\N1 The f+irst lines he looked at, a light laugh laughed he;  
But ere he read through it the tears blindid his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.11  
\N1 Oh, pale and wan looked she when Glenlogie cam in,  
But even rosy grew she when Glenlogie sat down.  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.12  
\N1 `Turn round, Jeanie Melville, turn round to this side,  
And I\'ll be the bridegroom, and you\'ll be the bride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238B.13  
\N1 Oh, \'twas a merry wedding, and the portion down told,  
Of bonnie Jeanie Melville, who was scarce sixteen years old.  
\LBALLADS Child 238C.1  
\N1 THERE was three score o nobles sat at the king\'s dine,  
An bonny Glenlogie was f+lower o thrice nine.

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\SBALLADS Child 238C.2  
\N1 . . cam trippin downstairs,  
An she fancied Glenlogie ower a\' that was there.  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.3  
\N1 She called on the footman that ran by his side,  
Says, What is that man\'s name, an where does he bide?  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.4  
\N1 `His name is Glenlogie when he goes from home,  
But he\'s of the great Gordons, an his name is Lord John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.5  
\N1 `Glenlogie! Glenlogie! Glenlogie!' said she,  
`An for bonnie Glenlogie I surely will die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.6  
\N1 She called on her maidens to make her her bed,  
. . . . .  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.7  
\N1 When Glenlogie got the letter, amang noblemen,  
`Dear me,' said Glenlogie, 'what does young women mean!'  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.8  
\N1 Then up spake his father, Let it never be said  
That such a f+ine lady should die for your sake.  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.9  
\N1 `Go saddle my black horse, go saddle him soon,  
Till I go to Bethelnie, to see Lady Jean.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.10  
\N1 When he got to Behtelnie, there was naebody there  
But was weeping an wailing an tearing their hair.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 238C.11  
\N1 `Turn round, Jeanie Gordon, turn round to the side;  
I\'ll be the bridegroom, an ye\'s be the bride.'  
\LBALLADS Child 238D.1  
\N1 THERE waur aucht an forty nobles rade to the king\'s ha,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was the f+lour o them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 238D.2  
\N1 There waur aucht and forty nobles rade to the king\'s dine,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was the f+lour o thrice nine.  
\SBALLADS Child 238D.3  
\N1 Bonnie Jeanie Melville cam trippin doun the stair,  
An whan she saw Glenlogie her hairt it grew sair.  
\SBALLADS Child 238D.4  
\N1 . . . . .  
`He\'s of the gay Gordons, his name it is John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238D.5  
\N1 `Oh, Logie! Oh, Logie! Oh, Logie!' said she,  
`If I get na Glenlogie, I surely will dee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238D.6  
\N1 He turned him aboot, as the Gordons do a\',  
Says, I thank you, Lady Jeanie, but I\'m promised awa.  
\SBALLADS Child 238D.7  
\N1 She called on her maidens her hands for to take,  
An the rings from her f+ingers she did them a\' break.  
\SBALLADS Child 238D.8  
\N1 `Oh, what is my lineage, or what is my make,  
That such a f+ine lady suld dee for my sake?'  
\SBALLADS Child 238D.9  
\N1 Such a pretty wedding, as I have been told,  
An bonnie Jeanie Melville was scarce sixteen years old.  
\LBALLADS Child 238E.1

\N1 THERE were four-and-twenty ladies dined i the Queen\'s ha,  
And Jean o Bethelnie was the f+lower o them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.2  
\N1 Four-and-twenty gentlemen rode thro Banchory fair,  
But bonny Glenlogie was the f+lower that was there.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.3  
\N1 Young Jean at a window she chanced to sit nigh,  
And upon Glenlogie she f+ixed an eye.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.4  
\N1 She calld on his best man, unto him did say,  
O what is that knight\'s name? or where does he stay?  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.5  
\N1 `He\'s of the noble Gordons, of great birth and fame;  
He stays at Glenlogie, Sir George is his name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.6  
\N1 Then she wrote a broad letter, and wrote it in haste;  
To send it Glenlogie, she thought it was best.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.7  
\N1 Says, O brave Glenlogie, unto me be kind;  
I\'ve laid my love on you, and told you my mind.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.8  
\N1 Then reading the letter, as he stood on the green,  
Says, I leave you to judge, sirs; what does women mean?  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.9  
\N1 Then turnd about sprightly, as the Gordons do a\':  
`Lay not your love on me, I\'m promisd awa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.10  
\N1 When she heard this answer, her heart was like to break,  
That she laid her love on him, and him so ungrate.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.11  
\N1 Then she calld on her maidens to lay her to bed,  
And take her f+ine jewels and lay them aside.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.12  
\N1 `My seals and my signets, no more shall I crave;  
But linen and trappin, a chest and a grave.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.13  
\N1 Her father stood by her, possesse+:d with fear,  
To see his dear daughter, possesse+:d with care.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.14  
\N1 Says, Hold your tongue, Jeannie, let all your folly be;  
I\'ll wed you to Dumfedline, he is better than he.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.15  
\N1 `O hold your tongue, father, and let me alane;  
If I getna Glenlogie, I\'ll never have ane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.16  
\N1 `His bonny jimp middle, his black rolling eye,  
If I getna Glenlogie, I\'m sure I shall die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.17  
\N1 But her father\'s old chaplain, a man of great skill,  
He wrote a broad letter, and penned it well.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.18  
\N1 Saying, O brave Glenlogie, why must it be so?  
A maid\'s love laid on you, shall she die in her woe?  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.19  
\N1 Then reading the letter, his heart was like to break  
That such a leal virgin should die for his sake.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.20  
\N1 Then he calld on his footman, and likewise his groom,  
Says, Get my horse saddled and bridle+:d soon.  
\SBALLADS Child 238E.21

\N1 Before the horse was saddled and brought to the yate,  
Bonnie Glenlogie was f+ive miles on foot.

\SBALLADS Child 238E.22

\N1 When he came to Bethelnie, he saw nothing there  
But weeping and wailing, vexation and care.

\SBALLADS Child 238E.23

\N1 Then out spake her father, with the tear in his ee,  
You\'re welcome, Glenlogie, you\'re welcome to me.

\SBALLADS Child 238E.24

\N1 `If ye make me welcome, as welcome\'s ye say,  
Ye\'ll show me the chamber where Jeannie does lay.'

\SBALLADS Child 238E.25

\N1 Then one o her maidens took him by the hand,  
To show him the chamber where Jeannie lay in.

\SBALLADS Child 238E.26

\N1 Before that she saw him, she was pale and wan;  
But when she did see him, she grew ruddy again.

\SBALLADS Child 238E.27

\N1 `O turn, bonny Jeannie, turn you to your side;  
For I\'ll be the bridegroom, and ye\'ll be the bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 238E.28

\N1 When Jeannie was married, her tocher down tauld,  
Bonny Jean o Bethelnie was f+fifteen years auld.

\LBALLADS Child 238F.1

\N1 FOURSORE nobles ride in the king\'s court,  
And bonny Earl Ogie\'s the f+lower of the rout;  
Fourscore lean oer the castle-wa,

But Jean of Bethelnie\'s the f+lower of em a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 238F.2

\SBALLADS Child 238F.2

\N1 She writ a broad letter, and pennd it fou lang,  
And sent it Earl Ogie as fast as \'t can gang:

`Bonny Earl Ogie, be courteous and kind;

I\'ve laid my love on thee; maun I die in my prime?'

\SBALLADS Child 238F.3

\N1 `O pox on thee, Jenny, for being sae slaw!

Bonny Earl Ogie is promisd awa:'

This letter was like to mak her heart break,

For revealing her mind to a man so ingrate.

\SBALLADS Child 238F.4

\N1 `Come here, all my handmaids, O do this with speed,

Take my gowns and my passments, and lay me to bed;

Lay me to bed, it is all that I crave;

Wi my sark in my coff+in, lay me in my grave.'

\SBALLADS Child 238F.5

\N1 Her father beheld her with heart full of grief,

And spoke these words to her, to gi her relief:

Hawd your tongue, Jenny, your mourning let be,

You shall have drumf+inely, who\'s as good as he.

\SBALLADS Child 238F.6

\N1 `Haud your tongue, father, your words make me sad;

If I get not Earl Ogie, I still shall be bad;

With his bonny streight body, and black rolling eee,

If I get not Earl Ogie, for him I mun dee.'

\SBALLADS Child 238F.7

\N1 Her father, king\'s chaplain, and one of great skill,

Did write a broad letter, and pennd it fou weel;

He as writ a broad letter, and pennd it fou lang,

And sent it Earl Ogie as fast as \'t can gang.

\SBALLADS Child 238F.8

\N1 `Bonny Earl Ogie, be courteous and kind;

My daughter loves you; must she die in her prime?'  
 When he read the first lines, a loud laugh gave he;  
 But or he redd the middle, the tear filld his ee,  
 \SBALLADS Child 238F.9  
 \N1 `Come here, all my footmen, and also my groom,  
 Go saddle my horses, and saddle them soon:'  
 They were not weel saddled and set on the green  
 Or bonny Earl Ogie was twa mile his lain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 238F.10  
 \N1 When he came to Bethelnie, he nothing saw there  
 But mourning and weeping, lamentation and care:  
 `O you that's her handmaid, take me by the hand,  
 Lead me to the chamber that Jenny lies in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 238F.11  
 \N1 When thither he came, she was pale and half dead;  
 As soon as she saw him, her cheeks they grew red:  
 `Come, turn thee, my Jenny, come, turn on thy side,  
 I'll be the bridegroom, you shall be the bride.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 238F.12  
 \N1 Her spirit revived to hear him say sae,  
 And thus ended luckily all her great wae;  
 Then streight were they married, with joy most profound,  
 And Jean of Bethelnie was sav'd from the ground.  
 \LBALLADS Child 238G.1  
 \N1 THERE was mony a braw noble cum to our king's ha,  
 But the bonnie Glenlogie was the flower o them a';  
 An the young ladye Jeanye, sae gude an sae fair,  
 She fancyd Glenlogie aboon a' that were there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 238G.2  
 \N1 She speered at his footman that rode by his side  
 His name an his surname an whare he did bide:  
 `He bides a<t] Glenlogie whan he is at hame,  
 He is of the gay Gordons, an John is his name.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 238G.3  
 \N1 `Oh, Logie, Glenlogie, I'll tell you my mind;  
 My luvie is laid on you, O wad ye prove kind!'  
 He turned him about, as the Gordons do a',  
 `I thank [you], fair ladye, but I'm promised awa.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 238G.4  
 \N1 She called on her maidens her hands for to take,  
 An the rings on her fingers she did them a' break:  
 `Oh Logie, Glenlogie! Oh, Logie!' said she,  
 `Gin I get na Glenlogie, I'm sure I will die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 238G.5  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue, daughter, an weep na sae sair,  
 For ye'll get Drumpf+indlay, his father's young heir.'  
 `O hold your tongue, father, an let me alane,  
 Gin I get na Glenlogie, I winna hae ane.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 238G.6  
 \N1 Her father wrote a broad letter wi speed,  
 And ordered his footman to run and ride;  
 He wrote a broad letter, he wrote it wi skill,  
 An sent it to Glenlogie, who had dune her the ill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 238G.7  
 \N1 The first line that he read, a light laugh gae he;  
 The next line that he read, the tear filld his ee:  
 `O what a man am I, an hae I a maik,  
 That such a fine ladye shoud die for my sake?  
 \SBALLADS Child 238G.8  
 \N1 `Ye'll saddle my horse, an ye'll saddle him sune,

An, when he is saddled, bring him to the green:  
His horse was na saddled an brocht to the green,  
When Glenlogie was on the road three miles his lane.  
\SBALLADS Child 238G.9  
\N1 When he came to her father\'s, he saw naething there  
But weeping an wailing an sobbing fu sair:  
O pale an wan was she when Logie gaed in,  
But red and ruddie grew she when Logie gaed ben.  
\SBALLADS Child 238G.10  
\N1 `O turn, Ladye Jeany, turn ye to your side,  
For I\'ll be the bridegroom, an ye\'ll be the bride:  
It was a blythe wedding as ever I\'ve seen,  
An bonny Jeany Melville was scarce seventeen.  
\LBALLADS Child 238H.1  
\N1 SIX and six nobles gaed to Behelvie fair,  
But bonnie Glenlogie was f+lowr o a\' there;  
Bonnie Jean o Belhelvie gaed tripping doun the stair,  
And fancied Glenlogie afore a\' that was there.  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.2  
\N1 She said to his serving-man, as he stood aside,  
O what is that man\'s name, and whare does he bide?  
`They call him Glenlogie whan he goes frae home,  
But he\'s come o the grand gordons, and [h>is name is Lord John.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.3  
\N1 `Glenlogie, Glenlogie, be constant and kind;  
I\'ve laid my love on you, I\'ll tell you my mind:  
`O wae\'s me heart, Jeanie, your tocher\'s oure sma;  
Lay na your love on me, foe I\'m promised awa.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.4  
\N1 She called for the servant to show her a room,  
Likewise for a handmaid to mak her bed doun;  
Wi that Jeanie\'s father cam stepping on the f+loor,  
Says, What is the matter my dochter lies here?  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.5  
\N1 `Forgie, honourd father, my folly,' said she,  
`But for the sake o Glenlogie your dochter will dee:  
`O cheer up, my dochter, for I\'ll gie ye my hand  
That ye\'se get young Glenforbar, w\' an earldom of land.  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.6  
\N1 `O cheer up, my dochter, turn ance frae the wa,  
And ye\'ll get Glenforbar, the f+lowr o them a\':  
`I wad rather tak Glenlogie wi his staff in his hand  
Afore I wad tak Glenforbar wi an earldom of land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.7  
\N1 Jeanie\'s father was a scholar, and a man o grit wit,  
And he wrote him a letter, he thought it was f+it.  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.8  
\N1 When Glenlogie gat the letter, he was amang nobles a\',  
. . . he lute his hat fa:  
`I wonder i the warld what women see at me,  
For bonnie Jean o Belhelvie is a dying for me:  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.9  
\N1 He calld for his servant to saddle his steed,  
. . . wi speed;  
The horse was na saddled, but out on the green,  
Till bonnie Glenlogie was some miles him leen.  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.10  
\N1 Whan he cam to Belhelvie, he rade round about,  
And he saw Jeanie\'s father at a window look out.  
\SBALLADS Child 238H.11

\N1 Bonnie Jean o Belhelvie lay pale and wan,  
 But red and ruddy grew she when Glenlogie cam in:  
 `Lie yont, bonnie Jeanie, and let me lie down,  
 For ye\'se be bride, and I\'se be bridegroom.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 238I.1  
 \N1 `THERE\R\'rS f+fifty young nobles rides up the king\'s hall  
 And bonny Glenlogie\'s the f+lower of them all;  
 Wi his milk-white steed, and his black rolling ee,  
 If I get na Glenlogie, it\'s certain I\'ll die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 238I.2  
 \N1 `Where will I get a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,  
 To go to Glenlogie and bid Logie come?'  
 `Here am I pretty boy, to win baith hose and shoon,  
 To go to Glenlogie and bid Logie come.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 238I.3  
 \N1 When he came to Glenlogie, it was 'wash and go dine:'  
 `Come in, my pretty boy, wash and go dine:'  
 `It was no my father\'s fashion, and I hope it\'ll no be mine,  
 To run a lady\'s hasty errand, then to go dine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 238I.4  
 \N1 `Here take this letter, Glenlogie,' said he.  
 The f+irst ane line that he read, a low smile gave he;  
 The next ane line that he read, the tear blinded his ee;  
 But the next line that he read he garrd the table f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 238I.5  
 \N1 `O saddle to me the black horse, saddle to me the brown,  
 Saddle to me the swiftest horse that eer rode frae the town:'  
 But lang or the horses could be brought to the green  
 Bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lean.  
 \SBALLADS Child 238I.6  
 \N1 When he came to Glenfeldy\'s gates, little mirth was there,  
 Bonie Jean\'s mother was tearing her hair:  
 `You\'re welcome, Glenlogie, you\'re welcome to me,  
 You\'re welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 238I.7  
 \N1 O pale and wan was she when Logie came in,  
 But red and rosy grew she whenever he sat down;  
 `O turn you, bonie Jeanie, O turn you to me,  
 For, if you\'ll be the bride, the bridegroom I will be.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 239A.1  
 \N1 `AUCHANACHIE GORDON is bonny and braw,  
 He would tempt any woman that ever he saw;  
 He would tempt any woman, so has he tempted me,  
 And I\'ll die if i getna my love Auchanachie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 239A.2  
 \N1 In came her father, tripping on the f+loor,  
 Says, Jeanie, ye\'re trying the tricks o a whore;  
 Ye\'re caring for them that cares little for thee;  
 Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 239A.3  
 \N1 `Auchanachie Gordon, he is but a man;  
 Altho he be pretty, where lies his free land?  
 Salton\'s lands they lie broad, his towers they stand hie,  
 Ye must marry Salton, leave Auchanachie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 239A.4  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `Salton will gar you wear silk gowns fring\'d to thy knee,  
 But ye\'ll never wear that wi your love Auchanachie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 239A.5

\N1 `Wi Auchanachie Gordon I would beg my bread  
Before that wi Salton I\'d wear gowd on my head,  
Wear gowd on my head, or gowns fring\'d to the knee;  
And I\'ll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.

\SBALLADS Child 239A.6

\N1 `O Salton\'s [a] valley lies low by the sea,  
He\'s bowed on the back, and thrawin on the knee;'

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 239A.7

\N1 `O Salton\'s a valley lies low by the sea;  
Though he\'s bowed on the back and thrawin on the knee,  
Though he\'s bowed on the back and thrawin on the knee,  
The bonny rigs of Salton they\'re nae thrawin tee.'

\SBALLADS Child 239A.8

\N1 `O you that are my parents to church may me bring,  
But unto young Salton I\'ll never bear a son;  
For son or for daughter, I\'ll never bow my knee,  
And I\'ll die if I getna my love Auchanachie.'

\SBALLADS Child 239A.9

\N1 When Jeanie was married, from church was brought hame,  
When she wi her maidens sae merry shoud hae been,  
When she wi her maidens sae merry shoud hae been,  
She\'s called for a chamber, to weep there her lane.

\SBALLADS Child 239A.10

\N1 `Come to your bed, Jeanie, my honey and my sweet,  
For to stile you mistress I do not think it meet:  
'Mistress or Jeanie, it is a\' ane to me,  
It\'s in your bed, Salton, I never will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 239A.11

\N1 Then out spake her father, he spake wi renown;  
Some of you that are maidens, ye\'ll loose aff her gown;  
Some of you that are maidens, ye\'ll loose aff her gown,  
And I\'ll mend the marriage wi ten thousand crowns.

\SBALLADS Child 239A.12

\N1 Then ane of her maidens they loosed aff her gown,  
But bonny Jeanie Gordon she fell in a swoon;  
She fell in a swoon low down by their knee;  
Says, Look on, I die for my love Auchanachie!

\SBALLADS Child 239A.13

\N1 That very same day Miss Jeanie did die,  
And hame came Auchanachie, hame frae the sea;  
Her father and mither welcomd him at the gate;  
He said, Where\'s Miss Jeanie, that she\'s nae here yet?

\SBALLADS Child 239A.14

\N1 Then forth came her maidens, all wringing their hands,  
Saying, Alas for your staying sae lang frae the land!  
Sae lang frae the land, and sae lang on the f+leed!  
They\'ve wedded your Jeanie, and now she is dead.

\SBALLADS Child 239A.15

\N1 `Some of you, her maidens, take me by the hand,  
And show me the chamber Miss Jeanie died in;'  
He kissd her cold lips, which were colder than stane,  
And he died in the chamber that Jeanie died in.

\LBALLADS Chile 239B.1

\N1 `BUCHAN, it\'s bonnie, an there lies my love,  
My heart is f+ixt on him, it winna remove;  
It winna remove for a\' at I can dee,  
An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'

\SBALLADS Child 239B.2



\N1 Her father cam trippin, cam trippin ben the f+loor,  
 Says, Jeannie, ye hae but the tricks o a whore;  
 Ye care little for the man that cares muckle for thee,  
 But I\ll cause you marry Saltoun, let Annochie be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 239B.3

\N1 `Ye may marry me to Saltoun before that I go home,  
 But it is to Lord Saltoun I\ll never bear a son;  
 A son nor a daughter I\ll never bear to he,  
 An I never will frosake him Young Annochie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 239B.4

\N1 `All you that is her maidens, ye\ll tak her by the han,  
 An I will inheft her o f+ive thousan poun;  
 She\ll wear silk to her heel and gowd to her knee,  
 An I\ll cause her to forsake him Young Annochie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 239B.5

\N1 `All you that is my maidens winna tak me by the han,  
 I winna be inhefted o f+ive thousan poun;  
 I\ll nae wear silk to my heal nor wear gowd to my knee,  
 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 239B.6

\N1 `All you that is her maidens, ye\ll show her to her bed;  
 The blankets they are ready, the sheets are comely spread;  
 She shall lie in my airms till twelve o the day,  
 An I\ll cause her to forsake him Young Annochie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 239B.7

\N1 `All you that is my maidens winna show me to my bed,  
 Tho the blankets they be ready, the sheets be comely spread;  
 I\ll nae lie in your airms till twelve o the day,  
 An I never will forsake him Young Annochie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 239B.8

\N1 It\ls that day they wedded her, an that day she died,  
 An that day Young Annochie cam in on the tide;  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 239B.9

\N1 Her maidens did meet him, a\ wringin their hans,  
 Sayin, It\ls a\ for your stayin so long on the sans!  
 They\ve wedded your Jeannie, an now she is dead,  
 An it\ls a\ for your stayin sae long on the f+leed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 239B.10

\N1 `All you that is her maidens ye\ll tak me by the han,  
 Ye\ll show me the bower that Jeannie lies in:'  
 He kissed her cold lips, they were both white an red,  
 And for bonnie Jeannie Gordon Young Annochie died.  
 \LBALLADS Child 240A.1

\N1 `AFTEN hae I playd at the cards and the dice,  
 For the love of a bonie rantin laddie,  
 But now I maun sit in my father\ls kitchen-neuk  
 And balow a bastard babie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 240A.2

\N1 `For my father he will not me own,  
 And my mother she neglects me,  
 And a\ my friends hae lightlyed me,  
 And their servants they do slight me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 240A.3

\N1 `But had I a servant at my command,  
 As aft times I\ve had many,  
 That wad rin wi a letter to bonie Glenswood,  
 Wi a letter to my rantin laddie!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 240A.4

\N1 `O is he either a laird or a lord,  
Or is he but a cadie,  
That ye do him ca sae aften by name  
Your bonie, bonie rantin laddie?'

\SBALLADS Child 240A.5

\N1 `Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord,  
And he never was a cadie,  
But he is the Earl o bonie Aboyne,  
And he is my rantin laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 240A.6

\N1 `O ye\'se get a servant at your command,  
As aft times ye\'ve had many,  
That sall rin wi a letter to bonie Glenswood,  
A letter to your rantin laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 240A.7

\N1 When Lord Aboyne did the letter get,  
O but he blinket bonie!  
But or he had read three lines of it  
I think his heart was sorry.

\SBALLADS Child 240A.8

\N1 `O wha is [this] daur be sae bauld  
Sae cruelly to use my lassie?

. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 240A.9

\N1 `For her father he will not her know,  
And her mother she does slight her,  
And a\' her friends hae lightlied her,  
And their servants they neglect her.

\SBALLADS Child 240A.10

\N1 `Go raise to me my f+ive hundred men,  
Make haste and make them ready,  
With a milk-white steed under every ane,  
For to bring hame my lady.'

\SBALLADS Child 240A.11

\N1 As they cam in thro Buchanshire,  
They were a company bonie,  
With a gude claymor in every hand,  
And O but they shin\'d bonie!

\LBALLADS Child 240B.1

\N1 `OFT have I playd at the cards an the dyce,  
The war so very enticin;  
But this is a sad an a sorrowfu seat,  
To see my apron risin.

\SBALLADS Child 240B.2

\N1 `Oft hae I playd at the cards an the dice  
For love of my [rantin] laddie;  
But now I man sit in my father\'s kitchie-nouk,  
A rokkin o my baby.

\SBALLADS Child 240B.3

\N1 `But gin I had ane o my father\'s servans,  
For he has so mony,  
That wad gae to the wood o Glentanner,  
Wi a letter to the rantin laddie!'

\SBALLADS Child 240B.4

\N1 `Here am I, ane o your father\'s servans,  
For he has sae mony,  
That will gae to the wood o Glentanner,  
Wi a letter to the rantin laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 240B.5

\N1 `Fan ye gae to Aboyne,  
To the woods o Glentanner sae bonny,  
Wi your hat in your hand gie a bow to the ground,  
In the presence o the rantin laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 240B.6

\N1 Fan he gaed to Aboyne,  
To the woods o Glentanner sae bonny,  
Wi his hat in his hand he gied a bow to the ground,  
In the presence of the rantin laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 240B.7

\N1 Fan he looked the letter on  
Sae loud as he was laughin!  
But or he read it to an end  
The tears they cam down rappin.

\SBALLADS Child 240B.8

\N1 `O fa is this or fa is that  
Has been so ill to my Maggie?

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 240B.9

\N1 `But ye gett four-and-twenty milk white steeds,  
Wi an car . . .  
An as mony gay ladies to ride them on,  
To gae an bring hame my Maggie.

\SBALLADS Child 240B.10

\N1 `Ye get four-and-twenty bonny brown steeds,  
Wi an car o an ome,  
An as mony knights to ride them on,  
To gae an bring hame my Maggie.'

\SBALLADS Child 240B.11

\N1 Ye lasses a\', far ever ye be,  
An ye match wi ony o our Deeside laddies,  
Ye\'ll happy be, ye\'l happy be,  
For they are frank and kind.

\LBALLADS Child 240C.1

\N1 `AFT hae I playd at cards and dice  
For the love o a bonny rantin laddie,  
But now I maun sit i my father\'s kitchen-nook,  
And sing, Hush, balow, my baby.

\SBALLADS Child 240C.2

\N1 `If I had been wise, and had taen advice,  
And dane as my bonny love bade me,  
I would hae been married at Martinmass,  
And been wi my rantin laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 240C.3

\N1 `But I was na wise, I took nae advice,  
Did not as my bonny love bade me,  
And now I maun sit by mysel i the nook,  
And rock my bastard baby.

\SBALLADS Child 240C.4

\N1 `If I had horse at my command,  
As often I had many,  
I would ride on to the Castle o Aboyne,  
Wi a letter to my rantin laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 240C.5

\N1 Down the stair her father came,  
And looke+:d proud and saucy:  
`Who is the man, and what is his name,  
That ye ca your rantin laddie?

\SBALLADS Child 240C.6

\N1 `Is he a lord, or is he a laird?  
Or is he but a caddie?  
Or is it the young Earl o Aboyne  
That ye ca your rantin laddie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.7  
\N1 `He is a young and noble lord,  
He never was a caddie;  
It is the noble Earl o Aboyne  
That I ca my rantin laddie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.8  
\N1 `Ye shall hae a horse at your command,  
As ye had often many,  
To go to the Castle o Aboyne,  
Wi a letter to your rantin laddie.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.9  
\N1 `Where will I get a little page,  
Where will I get a caddie,  
That will run quick to bonny Aboyne,  
Wi this letter to my rantin laddie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.10  
\N1 Then out spoke the young scullion-boy,  
Said, Here am I, a caddie;  
I will run on to bonny Aboyne,  
Wi the letter to your rantin laddie.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.11  
\N1 `Now when ye come to bonny Deeside,  
Where woods are green and bonny,  
There will ye see the Earl o Aboyne,  
Among the bushes mony.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.12  
\N1 `And when ye come to the lands o Aboyne,  
Where all around is bonny,  
Ye'll take your hat into your hand,  
Gie this letter to my rantin laddie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.13  
\N1 When he came near the banks of Dee,  
The birks were blooming bonny,  
And there he saw the Earl o Aboyne,  
Among the bushes mony.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.14  
\N1 `Where are ye going, my bonny boy?  
Where are ye going, my caddie?'  
`I am going to the Castle o Aboyne,  
Wi a letter to the rantin laddie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.15  
\N1 `See yonder is the castle then,  
My young and handsome caddie,  
And I myself am the Earl o Aboyne,  
Tho they ca me the rantin laddie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.16  
\N1 `O pardon, my lord, if I've done wrong;  
Forgive a simple caddie;  
O pardon, pardon, Earl o Aboyne,  
I said but what she bade me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.17  
\N1 `Ye have done no wrong, my bonny boy,  
Ye've done no wrong, my caddie;'  
Wi hat in hand he bowed low,  
Gave the letter to the rantin laddie.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.18

\N1 When young Aboyne looked the letter on,  
O but he blinkit bonny!  
But ere he read four lines on end  
The tears came trickling mony.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.19  
\N1 `My father will no pity shew,  
My mother still does slight me,  
And a\' my friends have turned from me,  
And servants disrespect me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.20  
\N1 `Who are they dare be so bold  
To cruelly use my lassie?  
But I\'ll take her to bonny Aboyne,  
Where oft she did caress me.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.21  
\N1 `Go raise to me f+ive hundred men,  
Be quick and make them ready;  
Each on a steed, to haste their speed,  
To carry home my lady.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.22  
\N1 As they rode on thro Buchanshire,  
The company were many,  
Wi a good claymore in every hand,  
That glance+:d wondrous bonny.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.23  
\N1 When he came to her father\'s gate,  
He called for his lady:  
`Come down, come down, my bonny maid,  
And speak wi your rantin laddie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.24  
\N1 When she was set on high horseback,  
Rowd in the Highland plaidie,  
The bird i the bush sang not so sweet  
As sung this bonny lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.25  
\N1 As they rode on thro Buchanshire,  
He cried, Each Lowland lassie,  
Lay your love on some lowland lown,  
And soon will he prove fause t\' ye.  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.26  
\N1 `But take my advice, and make your choice  
Of some young Highland laddie,  
Wi bonnet and plaid, whose heart is staid,  
And he will not beguile ye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 240C.27  
\N1 As they rode on thro Garioch land,  
He rode up in a fury,  
And cried, Fall back, each saucy dame,  
Let the Countess of Aboyne before ye.  
\LBALLADS Child 240D.1  
\N1 `AFT hae I played at he cards and the dice,  
It was a\' for the sake o my laddie,  
But noo I sit i my father\'s kitchie-neuk,  
Singing ba to a bonnie bastard babbie.  
\SBALLADS Child 240D.2  
\N1 `Whar will I get a bonnie boy sae kin  
As will carry a letter cannie,  
That will rin on to the gates o the Boyne,  
Gie the letter to my rantin laddie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 240D.3

\N1 `Here am I, a bonnie boy sae kin,  
 As will carry a letter cannie,  
 That will rin on to the gates o the Boyne,  
 Gie the letter to your rantin laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 240D.4  
 \N1 `When ye come to the gates o the Boyne,  
 An low doon on yon cassie,  
 Ye\'ll tak aff your hat an ye\'ll mak a low bow,  
 Gie the letter to my rantin laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 240D.5  
 \N1 `When ye come to gates o the Boyne,  
 Ye\'ll see lords an nobles monie;  
 But ye\'ll ken him among them a`',  
 He\'s my bonnie, bonnie rantin laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 240D.6  
 \N1 `Is your bonnie love a laird or a lord,  
 Or is he a cadie,  
 That ye call him so very often by name  
 Your bonnie rantin laddie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 240D.7  
 \N1 `My love\'s neither a laird nor a lord,  
 Nor is he a cadie,  
 But he is yerl o a`' the Boyne,  
 An he is my bonnie rantin laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 240D.8  
 \N1 When he read a line or two,  
 He smile+:d eer sae bonnie;  
 But lang ere he cam to the end  
 The tears cam trinklin monie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 240D.9  
 \N1 `Whar will I f+ind f+ifty noble lords,  
 An as monie gay ladies,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 241A.1  
 \N1 THE Laird of Leys is on to Edinbrugh,  
 To shaw a f+it o his follie;  
 He drest himsel in the crimson-brown,  
 An he provd a rantin laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 241A.2  
 \N1 Ben came a weel-faird lass,  
 Says, Laddie, how do they ca ye?  
 `They ca me this, an they ca me that,  
 Ye wudna ken fat they ca me;  
 But whan I\'m at home on bonnie Deeside  
 They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 241A.3  
 \N1 They sought her up, they sought her down,  
 They sought her in the parlour;  
 She couldna be got but whar she was,  
 In the bed wi The Rantin Laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 241A.4  
 \N1 `Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,  
 Ye tell me how they ca ye!  
 Your gentle blood moves in my side,  
 An I dinna ken how they ca ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 241A.5  
 \N1 `They ca me this, an they ca me that,  
 Ye couldna ken how they ca me;  
 But whan I\'m at home on bonnie Deeside  
 They ca me The Rantin Laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 241A.6

\N1 `Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,  
Ye tell mo how they ca ye!  
Your gentle blood moves in my side,  
An I dinna ken how to ca ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 241A.7

\N1 `Baron of Leys, it is my stile,  
Alexander Burnett they ca me;  
Whan I\'m at hame on bonnie Deeside  
My name is The Rantin Laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 241A.8

\N1 `Gin your name be Alexander Burnett,  
Alas that ever I saw ye!  
For ye hae a wife and bairns at hame,  
An alas for lyin sae near ye!

\SBALLADS Child 241A.9

\N1 `But I\'se gar ye be headit or hangt,  
Or marry me the morn,  
Or else pay down ten thousand crowns  
For giein o me the scorn.'

\SBALLADS Child 241A.10

\N1 `For my head, I canna want;  
I love my lady dearly;  
But some o my lands I maun lose in the case,  
Alas for lyin sae near ye!'

\SBALLADS Child 241A.11

\N1 Word has gane to the Lady of Leys  
That the laird he had a bairn;  
The warst word she said to that was,  
'I wish I had it in my arms.'

\SBALLADS Child 241A.12

\N1 `For I will sell my jointure-lands-+---+  
I am broken an I\'m sorry-+---+  
An I\'ll sell a\', to my silk gowns,  
An get hame my rantin laddie.'

\LBALLADS Child 241B.1

\N1 THE Laird o Leys is to London gane;  
He was baith full and gawdie;  
For he shod his steed wi siller guid,  
And he\'s playd the ranting laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.2

\N1 He hadna been in fair London  
A twalmonth and a quarter,  
Till he met wi a weel-faurd may,  
Wha wishd to know how they ca\'d him.'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.3

\N1 `They ca me this, and they ca me that,  
And they\'re easy how they\'ve ca\'d me;  
But whan I\'m at hame on bonnie Deeside  
They ca me The Ranting Laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.4

\N1 `Awa wi your jesting, sir,' she said,  
'I trow you\'re a ranting laddie;  
But something swells atween my sides,  
And I maun ken how they ca thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.5

\N1 `They ca me this, and they ca me that,  
And they\'re easy how they ca me;  
The Baron o Leys my title is,  
And Sandy Burnet they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.6

\N1 `Tell down, tell down ten thousand crowns,  
Or ye maun marry me the morn;  
Or headit of hangit ye sall be,  
For ye sanna gie me the scorn.'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.7

\N1 `My head\'s the thing I canna weel want;  
My lady she loves me dearlie;  
Nor yet hae I means ye to maintain;  
Alas for the lying sae near thee!'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.8

\N1 But word\'s gane doun to the Lady o Leys  
That the Baron had got a babie:  
`The waurst o news!' my lady she said,  
`I wish I had hame my laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.9

\N1 `But I\'ll sell aff my jointure-house,  
Tho na mair I sud be a ladie;  
I\'ll sell a\' to my silken gown,  
And bring hame my rantin laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 241B.10

\N1 So she is on to London gane,  
And she paid the money on the morn;  
She paid it doun and brought him hame,  
And gien them a\' the scorn.'

\LBALLADS Child 241C.1

\N1 THE Baron o Leys to France is gane,  
The fashion and tongue to learn,  
But hadna been there a month or twa  
Till he gat a lady wi bairn.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.2

\N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
The lady mournd fu sairly;  
Says, Who\'s the man has me betrayed?  
It gars me wonder and fairlie.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.3

\N1 Then to the f+ields to him she went,  
Saying, Tell me what they ca thee;  
Or else I\'ll mourn and rue the day,  
Crying, alas that ever I saw thee!'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.4

\N1 `Some ca\'s me this, some ca\'s me that,  
I carena fat befa me;  
For when I\'m at the schools o France  
An awkward fellow they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.5

\N1 `Wae\'s me now, ye awkward fellow,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
Wi you I\'m in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat they ca thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.6

\N1 `Some ca\'s me this, some ca\'s me that,  
What name does best befa me;  
For when I walk in Edinburgh streets  
The Curling Buckle they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.7

\N1 `O wae\'s me now, O Curling Buckle,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
For I\'m in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat they ca thee.'



\SBALLADS Child 241C.8

\N1 `Some ca\'s me this, some ca\'s me that,  
Whatever name best befa\'s me;  
But when I\'m in Scotland\'s king\'s high court  
Clatter the Speens they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.9

\N1 `O wae\'s me now, O Clatter the Speens,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
For I\'m in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat to ca thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.10

\N1 `Some ca\'s me this, some ca\'s me that,  
I carena what they ca me;  
But when wi the Earl o Murray I ride  
It\'s Scour the Brass they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.11

\N1 `O wae\'s me now, O Scour the Brass,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
For I\'m in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat to ca thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.12

\N1 `Some ca\'s me this, some ca\'s me that,  
Whatever name best befa\'s me;  
But when I walk thro Saint Johnstone\'s town  
George Burnett they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.13

\N1 `O wae\'s me, O wae\'s me, George Burnett,  
And alas that ever I saw thee!  
For I\'m in love, sick, sick in love,  
And I kenna well fat to ca thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.14

\N1 `Some ca\'s me this, some ca\'s me that,  
Whatever name best befa\'s me;  
But when I am on bonny Dee side  
The Baron o Leys they ca me.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.15

\N1 `O weal is me now, O Baron o Leys,  
This day that ever I saw thee!  
There\'s gentle blood within my sides,  
And now [I] ken fat they ca thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.16

\N1 `But ye\'ll pay down ten thousand crowns,  
Or marry me the morn;  
Else I\'ll cause you be headed or hangd  
For gieing me the scorn.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.17

\N1 `My head is a thing I cannot well want;  
My lady loves me sae dearly;  
But I\'ll deal the gold right liberally  
For lying ae night sae near thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.18

\N1 When word had gane to the Lady o Leys  
The baron had gotten a bairn,  
She clapped her hands, and this did say,  
`I wish he were in my arms!

\SBALLADS Child 241C.19

\N1 `O weal is me now, O Baron o Leys,  
For ye hae pleased me sairly;  
Frae our house is banishd the vile reproach  
That disturbed us late and early.'

\SBALLADS Child 241C.20

\N1 When she looked ower her castle-wa,  
To view the woods sae rarely,  
There she spied the Baron o Leys  
Ride on his steed sae rarely.

\SBALLADS Child 241C.21

\N1 Then forth she went her baron to meet,  
Says, Ye\'re welcome to me, fairly!  
Ye\'se hae spice-cakes, and seed-cakes sweet,  
And claret to drink sae rarely.

\LBALLADS Child 242A.1

\N1 DAVID DRUMMOND\R\'rS destinie,  
Gude man o appearance o Cargill;  
I wat his blude rins in the f+lude,  
Sae sair against his parents\' will.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.2

\N1 She was the lass o Balathy toun,  
And he the butler o Stobhall,  
And mony a time she wauked late  
To bore the coble o Cargill.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.3

\N1 His bed was made in Kercock ha,  
Of gude clean sheets and of [the] hay;  
He wudna rest ae nicht therein,  
But on the prude waters he wud gae.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.4

\N1 His bed was made in Balathy toun,  
Of the clean sheets and of the strae;  
But I wat it was far better made  
Into the bottom o bonnie Tay.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.5

\N1 She bored the coble in seven pairts,  
I wat her heart might hae been fu sair;  
For there she got the bonnie lad lost  
Wi the curly locks and the yellow hair.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.6

\N1 He put his foot into the boat,  
He little thocht o ony ill;  
But before that he was mid-waters,  
The weary coble began to f+ill.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.7

\N1 `Woe be to the lass o Balathy toun,  
I wat an ill death may she die!  
For she bored the coble in seven pairts,  
And let the waters perish me.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.8

\N1 `Oh, help, oh help, I can get nane,  
Nae help o man can to me come!'  
This was about his dying words,  
When he was choaked up to the chin.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.9

\N1 `Gae tell my father and my mother  
It was naebody did me this ill;  
I was a-going my ain errands,  
Lost at the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

\SBALLADS Child 242A.10

\N1 She bored the boat in seven pairts,  
I wat she bored it wi gude will;  
And there they got the bonnie lad\'s corpse,  
In the kirk-shot o bonnie Cargill.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.11

\N1 Oh a\' the keys o bonnie Stobha  
I wat they at his belt did hing;  
But a\' the keys of bonnie Stobha  
They now ly low into the stream.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.12

\N1 A braver page into his age  
Neer set a foot upon the plain;  
His father to his mother said,  
'Oh, sae soon as we\'ve wanted him!

\SBALLADS Child 242A.13

\N1 'I wat they had mair luve than this  
When they were young and at the scule;  
But for his sake she wauked late,  
And bored the coble o bonnie Cargill.'

\SBALLADS Child 242A.14

\N1 'There\'s neer a clean sark gae on my back,  
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair;  
There\'s neither coal nor candle-light  
Shall shine in my bouir foe evir mair.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.15

\N1 'At kirk nor market I\'se neer be at,  
Nor yet a blythe blink in my ee;  
There\'s neer a ane shall say to anither,  
That\'s the lassie gard the young man die.

\SBALLADS Child 242A.16

\N1 'Between the yates o bonnie Stobha  
And the kirk-style o bonnie Cargill,  
There is mony a man and mother\'s son  
That was at my love\'s burial.'

\LBALLADS Child 243A.1

\N1 THERE dwelt a fair maid in the West,  
Of worthy birth and fame,  
Neer unto Plimouth, stately town,  
Jane Reynolds was her name.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.2

\N1 This damsel dearly was belovd  
By many a proper youth,  
And what of her is to be said  
In known for very truth.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.3

\N1 Among the rest a seaman brave  
Unto her a wooing came;  
A comely proper youth he was,  
James Harris calld by name.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.4

\N1 The maid and young man was agreed,  
As time did them allow,  
And to each other secretly  
They made a solemn vow,

\SBALLADS Child 243A.5

\N1 That they would ever faithfull be  
Whilst Heaven afforded life;  
He was to be her husband kind,  
And she his faithfull wife.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.6

\N1 A day appointed was also  
When they was to be married;  
But before these things were brought to pass  
Matters were strangely carried.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.7

\N1 All you that faithfull lovers be  
Give ear and hearken well,  
And what of them became at last  
I will directly tell.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.8

\N1 The young man he was prest to sea,  
And force+;d was to go;  
His sweet-heart she must stay behind,  
Whether she would or no.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.9

\N1 And after he was from her gone  
She three years for him staid,  
Expecting of his comeing home,  
And kept herself a maid.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.10

\N1 At last news came that he was dead  
Within a forraign land,  
And how that he was buried  
She well did understand,

\SBALLADS Child 243A.11

\N1 For whose sweet sake the maiden she  
Lamented many a day,  
And never was she known at all  
The wanton for to play.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.12

\N1 A carpenter that livd hard by,  
When he heard of the same,  
Like as the other had done before,  
To her a wooing came.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.13

\N1 But when that he had gained her love  
They married were with speed,  
And four years space, being man and wife,  
They loveingly agreed.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.14

\N1 Three pritty children in this time  
This loving couple had,  
Which made their father\'s heart rejoyce,  
And mother wondrous glad.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.15

\N1 But as occasion servd, one time  
The good man took his way  
Some three days journey from his home,  
Intending not to stay.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.16

\N1 But, whilst that he was gone away,  
A spirit in the night  
Came to the window of his wife,  
And did her sorely fright.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.17

\N1 Which spirit spake like to a man,  
And unto her did say,  
'My dear and onely love,' quoth he,  
'Prepare and come away.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.18

\N1 'James Harris is my name,' quoth he,  
'Whom thou didst love so dear,  
And I have traveld for thy sake  
At least this seven year.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.19

\N1 `And now I am returnd again,  
To take thee to my wife,  
And thou with me shalt go to sea,  
To end all further strife.'

\SBALLADS Child 243A.20

\N1 `O tempt me not, sweet James,' quoth she,  
`With thee away to go;  
If I should leave my children small,  
Alas! what would they do?

\SBALLADS Child 243A.21

\N1 `My husband is a carpenter,  
A carpenter of great fame;  
I would not for f+ive hundred pounds  
That he should know the same.'

\SBALLADS Child 243A.22

\N1 `I might have had a king\'s daughter,  
And she would have married me;  
But I forsook her golden crown,  
And for the love of thee.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.23

\N1 `Therefore, if thou\'lt thy husband forsake,  
And thy children three also,  
I will forgive the<e] what is past,  
If thou wilt with me go.'

\SBALLADS Child 243A.24

\N1 `If I forsake my husband and  
My little children three,  
What means hast thou to bring me to,  
If I should go with thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 243A.25

\N1 `I have seven ships upon the sea;  
When they are come to land,  
Both marriners and marchandize  
Shall be at thy command.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.26

\N1 `The ship wherein my love shall sail  
Is glorious to behold;  
The sails shall be of f+inest silk,  
And the mast of shining gold.'

\SBALLADS Child 243A.27

\N1 When he had told her these fair tales,  
To love him she began,  
Because he was in human shape,  
Much like unto a man.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.28

\N1 And so together away they went  
From off the English shore,  
And since that time the woman-kind  
Was never seen no more.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.29

\N1 But when her husband he come home  
And found his wife was gone,  
And left her three sweet pretty babes  
Within the house alone,

\SBALLADS Child 243A.30

\N1 He beat his breast, he tore his hair,  
The tears fell from his eyes,  
And in the open streets he run  
With heavy doleful cries.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.31

\N1 And in this sad distracted case  
He hangd himself for woe  
Upon a tree near to the place;  
The truth of all is so.

\SBALLADS Child 243A.32

\N1 The children now are fatherless,  
And left without a guide,  
But yet no doubt the heavenly powers  
Will for them well provide.

\LBALLADS Child 243B.1

\N1 `WELL met, well met, my own true love,  
Long time I have been seeking thee;  
I am lately come from the salt sea,  
And all for the sake, love, of thee.

\SBALLADS Child 243B.2

\N1 `I might have had a king\'s daughter,  
And fain she would have married me;  
But I\'ve forsaken all her crowns of gold,  
And all for the sake, love, of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 243B.3

\N1 `If you might have had a king\'s daughter,  
I think you much to blame;  
I would not for f+ive hundred pounds  
That my husband should hear the same.

\SBALLADS Child 243B.4

\N1 `For my husband is a carpenter,  
And a young ship-carpenter is he,  
And by him I have a little son,  
Or else, love, I\'d go along with thee.

\SBALLADS Child 243B.5

\N1 `But if I should leave my husband dear,  
Likewise my little son also,  
What have you to maintain me withal,  
If I along with you should go?'

\SBALLADS Child 243B.6

\N1 `I have seven ships upon the seas,  
And one of them brought me to land,  
And seventeen mariners to wait on thee,  
For to be, love, at your command.

\SBALLADS Child 243B.7

\N1 `A pair of slippers thou shalt have,  
They shall be mad of beaten gold,  
Nay and be lin\'d with velvet soft,  
For to keep thy feet from cold.

\SBALLADS Child 243B.8

\N1 `A gilded boat thou then shall have,  
The oars shall gilded be also,  
And mariners to row the[e] along,  
For to keep thee from thy overthrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 243B.9

\N1 They had not been long upon the sea  
Before that she began to weep:  
'What, weep you for my gold?' he said,  
'Or do you weep for my fee?

\SBALLADS Child 243B.10

\N1 `Or do you weep for some other young man  
That you love much better than me?'  
'No, I do weep for my little son,  
That should have come along with me.'

\SBALLADS Child 243B.11

\N1 She had not been upon the seas  
Passing days three or four  
But the mariner and she were drowned,  
And never were heard of more.

\SBALLADS Child 243B.12

\N1 When tidings to old England came  
The ship-carpenter\'s wife was drownd,  
He wrung his hands and tore his hair,  
And grievously fell in a swoon.

\SBALLADS Child 243B.13

\N1 `Oh cursed be those mariners!  
For they do lead a wicked life;  
They ruind me, a ship-carpenter,  
Be deluding away my wife.'

\LBALLADS Child 243C.1

\N1 `O ARE ye my father? Or are ye my mother?  
Or are ye my brother John?  
Or are ye James Herries, my f+irst true-love,  
Come back to Scotland again?'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.2

\N1 `I am not your father, I am not your mother,  
Nor am I your brother John;  
But I\'m James Herries, your f+irst true-love,  
Come back to Scotland again.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.3

\N1 `Awa, awa, ye former lovers,  
Had far awa frae me!  
For now I am another man\'s wife  
Ye\'ll neer see joy o me.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.4

\N1 `Had I kent that ere I came here,  
I neer had come to thee;  
For I might hae married the king\'s daughter,  
Sae fain she woud had me.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.5

\N1 `I despised the crown o gold,  
The yellow silk also,  
And I am come to my true-love,  
But with me she\'ll not go.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.6

\N1 `My husband he is a carpenter,  
Makes his bread on dry land,  
And I hae born him a youngson;  
Wi you I will not gang.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.7

\N1 `You must forsake your dear husband,  
Your little young son also,  
Wi me to sail the raging seas,  
Where the stormy winds do blow.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.8

\N1 `O what hae you to keep me wi,  
If I should with you go,  
If I\'d forsake my dear husband,  
My little young son also?'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.9

\N1 `See ye not yon seven pretty ships?  
The eighth brought me to land,  
With merchandize and mariners,  
And wealth in every hand.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.10

\N1 She turnd her round upon the shore  
Her love\'s ships to behold;  
Their topmasts and their mainyards  
Were coverd oer wi gold.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.11

\N1 Then she\'s gane to her little young son,  
And kissd him cheek and chin;  
Sae has she to her sleeping husband,  
And dune the same to him.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.12

\N1 `O sleep ye, wake ye, my husband?  
I wish ye wake in time!  
I woudna for ten thousand pounds  
This night ye knew my mind.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.13

\N1 She\'s drawn the slippers on her feet,  
Were coverd oer wi gold,  
Well lined within wi velvet f+ine,  
To had her frae the cold.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.14

\N1 She hadna sailed upon the sea  
A league but barely three  
Till she minded on her dear husband,  
Her little young son tee.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.15

\N1 `O gin I were at land again,  
At land where I woud be,  
The woman neer shoud bear the son  
Shoud gar me sail the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.16

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my sprightly f+lower,  
Let a\' your mourning be;  
I\'ll show you how the liles grow  
On the banks o Italy.'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.17

\N1 She hadna sailed on the sea  
A day but barely ane  
Till the thoughts o grief came in her mind,  
And she langd for to be hame.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.18

\N1 `O gentle death, come cut my breath,  
I may be dead ere morn!  
I may be buried in Scottish ground,  
Where I was bred and born!'

\SBALLADS Child 243C.19

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my lily leesome thing,  
Let a\' your mourning be;  
But for a while we\'ll stay at Rose Isle,  
Then see a far countrie.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.20

\N1 Ye\'se neer be buried in Scottish ground,  
Nor land ye\'s nae mair see;  
I brought you away to punish you  
For the breaking your vows to me.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.21

\N1 `I said ye shoud see the lilies grow  
On the banks o Italy;  
But I\'ll let you see the f+ishes swim,  
In the bottom o the sea.'



\SBALLADS Child 243C.22

\N1 He reached his hand to the topmast,  
Made a\' the sails gae down,  
And in the twinkling o an ee  
Baith ship and crew did drown.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.23

\N1 The fatal f+light o this wretched maid  
Did reach her ain countrie;  
Her husband then distracted ran,  
And this lament made he:

\SBALLADS Child 243C.24

\N1 `O wae be to the ship, the ship,  
And wae be to the sea,  
And wae be to the mariners  
Took Jeanie Douglas frae me!

\SBALLADS Child 243C.25

\N1 `O bonny, bonny was my love,  
A pleasure to behold;  
The very hair o my love\'s head  
Was like the threads o gold.

\SBALLADS Child 243C.26

\N1 `O bonny was her cheek, her cheek,  
And bonny was her chin,  
And bonny was the bride she was,  
The day she was made mine!'

\LBALLADS Child 243D.1

\N1 `O WHARE hae ye been, my dearest dear,  
These seven lang years and more?'  
`O I am come to seek my former vows,  
That ye promisd me before.'

\SBALLADS Child 243D.2

\N1 `Awa wi your former vows,' she says,  
`Or else ye will breed strife;  
Awa wi your former vows,' she says,  
`For I\'m become a wife.

\SBALLADS Child 243D.3

\N1 `I am married to a ship-carpenter,  
A ship-carpenter he\'s bound;  
I wadna he kend my mind this nicht  
For twice f+ive hundred pound.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 243D.4

\N1 She has put her foot on gude ship-board,  
And on ship-board she\'s gane,  
And the veil that hung oure her face  
Was a\' wi gowd begane.

\SBALLADS Child 243D.5

\N1 She had na sailed a league, a league,  
A league, but barely twa,  
Till she did mind on the husband she left,  
And her wee young son alsua.

\SBALLADS Child 243D.6

\N1 `O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee;  
I\'ll show whare the white lillies grow,  
On the banks of Italie.'

\SBALLADS Child 243D.7

\N1 She has na sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
Till grim, grim grew his countenance,

And gurly grew the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 243D.8

\N1 `O haud your tongue, my dearest dear,  
Let all your follies abee;  
I\'ll show whare the white lillies grow,  
In the bottom of the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 243D.9

\N1 He\'s tane her by the milk-white hand,  
And he\'s thrown her in the main;  
And full f+ive-and-twenty hundred ships  
Perishd all on the coast of Spain.

\LBALLADS Child 243E.1

\N1 `WHERE have you been, my long lost lover,  
This seven long years and more?'  
`I\'ve been seeking gold for thee, my love,  
And riches of great store.

\SBALLADS Child 243E.2

\N1 `Now I\'m come for the vows you promised me,  
You promised me long ago;'  
`My former vows you must forgive,  
For I\'m a wedded wife.'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.3

\N1 `I might have been married to a king\'s daughter,  
Far, far ayont the sea;  
But I refused the crown of gold,  
And it\'s all for the love of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.4

\N1 `If you might have married a king\'s daughter,  
Yourself you have to blame;  
For I\'m married to a ship\'s-carpenter,  
And to him I have a son.

\SBALLADS Child 243E.5

\N1 `Have you any place to put me in,  
If I with you should gang?'  
`I\'ve seven brave ships upon the sea,  
All laden to the brim.

\SBALLADS Child 243E.6

\N1 `I\'ll build my love a bridge of steel,  
All for to help her oer;  
Likewise webs of silk down by her side,  
To keep my love from the cold.'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.7

\N1 She took her eldest son into her arms,  
And sweetly did him kiss:  
`My blessing go with you, and your father too,  
For little does he know of this.'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.8

\N1 As they were walking up the street,  
Most beautiful for to Behold,  
He cast a glamour oer her face,  
And it shone like the brightest gold.

\SBALLADS Child 243E.9

\N1 As they were walking along the sea-side,  
Where his gallant ship lay in,  
So ready was the chair of gold  
To welcome this lady in.

\SBALLADS Child 243E.10

\N1 They had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but scarsely three,  
Till altered grew his countenance,

And raging grew the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 243E.11

\N1 When they came to yon sea-side,  
She set her down to rest;  
It\'s then she spied his cloven foot,  
Most bitterly she wept.

\SBALLADS Child 243E.12

\N1 `O is it for gold that you do weep?  
Or is it for fear?  
Or is it for the man you left behind  
When that you did come here?'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.13

\N1 `It is not for gold that I do weep,  
O no, nor yet for fear;  
But it is for the man I left behind  
When that I did come here.

\SBALLADS Child 243E.14

\N1 `O what a bright, bright hill is yon,  
That shines so clear to see?'  
`O it is the hill of heaven,' he said  
`Where you shall never be.'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.15

\N1 `O what a black, dark hill is yon,  
That looks so dark to me?'  
`O it is the hill of hell,' he said,  
`Where you and I shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.16

\N1 `Would you wish to see the f+ishes swim  
In the bottom of the sea,  
Or wish to see the leaves grow green  
On the banks of Italy?'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.17

\N1 `I hope I\'ll never see the f+ishes swim  
On the bottom of the sea,  
But I hope to see the leaves grow green  
On the banks of Italy.'

\SBALLADS Child 243E.18

\N1 He took her up to the topmast high,  
To see what she could see;  
He sunk the ship in a f+lash of f+ire,  
To the bottom of the sea.

\LBALLADS Child 243F.1

\N1 `O WHERE have you been, my long, long love,  
This long seven years and mair?'  
`O I\'m come to seek my former vows  
Ye granted me before.'

\SBALLADS Child 243F.2

\N1 `O hold your tongue of your former vows,  
For they will breed sad strife;  
O hold your tongue of your former vows,  
For I am become a wife.'

\SBALLADS Child 243F.3

\N1 He turned him right and round about,  
And the tear blinded his ee:  
`I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,  
If it had not been for thee.

\SBALLADS Child 243F.4

\N1 `I might hae had a king\'s daughter,  
Far, far beyond the sea;  
I might have had a king\'s daughter,

Had it not been for love o thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.5  
\N1 `If ye might have had a king\'s daughter,  
Yer sel ye had to blame;  
Ye might have taken the king\'s daughter,  
For ye kend that I was nane.  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.6  
\N1 `If I was to leave my husband dear,  
And my two babes also,  
O what have you to take me to,  
If with you I should go?'  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.7  
\N1 `I hae seven ships upon the sea-+---+  
The eighth brought me to land-+---+  
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,  
And music on every hand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.8  
\N1 She has taken up her two little babes,  
Kissd them baith cheek and chin:  
`O fair ye weel, my ain two babes,  
For I\'ll never see you again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.9  
\N1 She set her foot upon the ship,  
No mariners could she behold;  
But the sails were o the taffetie,  
And the masts o the beaten gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.10  
\N1 She had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When dismal grew his countenance,  
And drumlie grew his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.11  
\N1 They had not saild a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
Until she espied his cloven foot,  
And she wept right bitterlie.  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.12  
\N1 `O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,  
`Of your weeping now let me be;  
I will shew you how the lilies grow  
On the banks of Italy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.13  
\N1 `O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,  
That the sun shines sweetly on?'  
`O you are the hills of heaven,' he said,  
`Where you will never win.'  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.14  
\N1 `O whaten a mountain is yon,' she said,  
`All so dreary wi frost and snow?'  
`O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,  
`Where you and I will go.'  
\SBALLADS Child 243F.15  
\N1 He strack the tap-mast wi his hand,  
The fore-mast wi his knee,  
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,  
And sank her in the sea.  
\LBALLADS Child 243G.1  
\N1 `I HAVE seven ships upon the sea,  
Laden with the finest gold,  
And mariners to wait us upon;

All these you may behold.

\SBALLADS Child 243G.2

\N1 `And I have shoes for my love\'s feet,  
Beaten of the purest gold,  
And line+d wi the velvet soft,  
To keep my love\'s feet from the cold.

\SBALLADS Child 243G.3

\N1 `O how do you love the ship?' he said,  
`Or how do you love the sea?  
And how do you love the bold mariners  
That wait upon thee and me?'

\SBALLADS Child 243G.4

\N1 `O I do love the ship,' she said,  
`And I do love the sea;  
But woe be to the dim mariners,  
That nowhere I can see!'

\SBALLADS Child 243G.5

\N1 They had not sailed a mile awa,  
Never a mile but one,  
When she began to weep and mourn,  
And to think on her little wee son.

\SBALLADS Child 243G.6

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my dear,' he said,  
`And let all your weeping abee,  
For I\'ll soon show to you how the lilies grow  
On the banks of Italy.'

\SBALLADS Child 243G.7

\N1 They had not sailed a mile awa,  
Never a mile but two,  
Until she espied his cloven foot,  
From his gay robes sticking thro.

\SBALLADS Child 243G.8

\N1 They had not sailed a mile awa,  
Never a mile but three,  
When dark, dark, grew his eerie looks,  
And raging grew the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 243G.9

\N1 They had not sailed a mile awa,  
Never a mile but four,  
When the little wee ship ran round about,  
And never was seen more.

\LBALLADS Child 243H.1

\N1 HE\R\'rS given her a pair of shoes,  
To hold her frae the cold;  
The one side of them was velvaret,  
And the other beaten gold.

\SBALLADS Child 243H.2

\N1 Up she has taen her little wee son,  
And given him kisses three;  
Says, Fare ye weel, my little wee son,  
I\'m gaun to sail the sea.

\LBALLADS Child 244A.1

\N1 IT happened once upon a time,  
When the king he was from home,  
Sir Fenwick he has stolen his jewels,  
And laid the blame on James Hatley.

\SBALLADS Child 244A.2

\N1 James Hatley was in prison strong,  
A wait he was condemned to die;  
There was not one in all the court

To speak one word for James Hatley.  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.3  
\N1 No one but the king\'s daughter,  
A wait she loved him tenderlie;  
She\'s stolen the keys from her father\'s head,  
And gaed and conversed wi James Hatley.  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.4  
\N1 `Come, tell to me noe, James,' she said,  
`Come, tell to me if thou hast them stolen,  
And I\'ll make a vow, and I\'ll keep it true,  
Ye shall never be the worse of me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.5  
\N1 `I have not stolen them, lady,' he said,  
`Nor as little it was intended by me;  
Sir Fenwick he has stolen them himself;  
A wait he has laid the blame on me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.6  
\N1 `One asking, one asking, father dear,  
One asking, one asking grant to me,  
For I never asked one in my life;  
I am sure you cannot but grant it to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.7  
\N1 `Weel ask it, weel ask it, daughter dear,  
Ask it, and it granted shall be;  
If it should be my hole estate,  
Naesaid, naesaid, it shall not be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.8  
\N1 `I want none of your gold, father,  
And I want none of your fee;  
All that I ask, father dear,  
It is the life of James Hatley.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.9  
\N1 `Weel ask it, weel ask it, daughter dear,  
Weel ask it, and it answer+:d shall be;  
For I\'ll make a vow, and I\'ll keep it true,  
James Hatley shall never hange+:d be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.10  
\N1 `Another asking, father dear,  
Another asking grant to me;  
Let Fenwick and Hatley go [to] the sword,  
And let them try their verity.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.11  
\N1 `\'Tis weel asked, daughter dear,  
\'Tis weel asked, and it granted shall be;  
For eer the morn or twelve o\'clock  
They both at the point of the sword shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.12  
\N1 James Hatley was f+ifteen years old,  
Sir Fenwick he was thirty three;  
But James lap about, and he struck about,  
Till he\'s gaen Sir Fenwick wounds three.  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.13  
\N1 `Hold up, hold, James Hatley,' he cry\'d,  
`And let my breath go out an;  
For I have stolen them myself,  
More shame and disgrace it is to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 244A.14  
\N1 Up and spake an English lord,  
And O but he spake haughtily!  
`I would reather given my whole estates

Before ye had not hanged James Hatley.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 244A.15  
 \N1 But up and spake a Scottish lord,  
 And O but he spake boldly!  
 `I would reather hae foughten among blood to the knees  
 Before ye had hanged James Hatley.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 244A.16  
 \N1 Up and spake the king\'s eldest son,  
 `Come hame, James Hatley, and dine wi me;  
 For I\'ve made a vow, I\'ll keep it true,  
 Ye\'s be my captain by land and by sea.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 244A.17  
 \N1 Up and spake the king\'s daughter,  
 `Come home, James Hatley, and dine wi me;  
 For I\'ve made a vow, I\'ll keep it true,  
 I\'ll never marry a man but thee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 244B.1  
 \N1 IT happened once upon a time,  
 When the king he was from home,  
 False Fennick he has stolen his jewels,  
 And laid the blame on James Hately.  
 \SBALLADS Child 244B.2  
 \N1 The day was sett . . .  
 And the wind blew shill oer the lea;  
 There was not one in all the court  
 To speak a word for James Hately.  
 \SBALLADS Child 244B.3  
 \N1 James is to the prince\'s chamber gone,  
 And he\'s bowd low down on his knee:  
 `What will ye do for me, my little pretty prince?  
 O what will ye do for your page, James Hately?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 244B.4  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `And I will away to my father, the king,  
 And see if your life can save+:d be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 244B.5  
 \N1 Hte prince he\'s to his father gone,  
 And he\'s bowed low down on his knee:  
 `What will ye do for me, my father?  
 O what will ye do for my page, James Hatley?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 244B.6  
 \N1 `James Hately has my jewels stolen,  
 A Norland lord hath told it to me;  
 James Hately has my jewels stolen,  
 And oer the barras he maun die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 244B.7  
 \N1 The prince he drew his little brown sword-+---+  
 It was made of the metal so free-+---+  
 And he swore he would f+ight them man by man  
 That would lay the blame on James Hately.  
 \SBALLADS Child 244B.8  
 \N1 Up then spoke the false Fennick,  
 And an ill-spoken man was he;  
 `James Hately has the king\'s jewels stolen,  
 . . . . .'  
 \SBALLADS Child 244B.9  
 \N1 The prince he drew his little brown sword-+---+  
 It was made of the metal so free-+---+  
 And he\'s thrust it in false Fennick\'s side,

And given him death-wounds two or three.

\SBALLADS Child 244B.10

\N1 `O hold your hand, my little pretty prince,  
And let my breath go out and in,  
For spilling of my noble blood  
And shaming of my noble kin.

\SBALLADS Child 244B.11

\N1 `O hold your hand, my little pretty prince,  
And let my breath go out and in,  
And there\'s the key of my coffer,  
And you\'ll find the king\'s jewels lying therein.'

\SBALLADS Child 244B.12

\N1 `If this be true,' the king he said,  
`If this be true ye tell to me,  
I will take your lands, false Fennick,' he said,  
`And give them all to James Hatley.'

\LBALLADS Child 244C.1

\N1 THERE was a fause knicht in the court,  
And he was fu o treacherie,  
And he staw the queen\'s jewels in the nicht,  
And left the wyte on Jamie O\'Lee.

\SBALLADS Child 244C.2

\N1 The king he wrate a braid letter,  
And sealed it richt tenderlie,  
And he sent it to his only son,  
To come and speak to him speedilie.

\SBALLADS Child 244C.3

\N1 When he cam afore the king,  
He kneeled low down on his knee:  
`What is your will, my sovereign leige?  
What is your will? cum tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.4

\N1 `Jamie O\'Lee has my jewels stown,  
As the English lord tells unto me,  
And out o Scotland he shall be sent,  
And sent awa to Germanie.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.5

\N1 `O no, O no,' then said the prince,  
`Sic things as that can never be;  
But get me a man that will take on hand  
The morn to fecht young Jamie O\'Lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.6

\N1 Syne out and spak the fause Phenix,  
And oh, he spak richt spitefullie;  
`I am the man will tak on han  
To fecht and conquer Jamie O\'Lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.7

\N1 `Oh no, oh no,' syne said the prince,  
`Sic things as that can never bee,  
For Jamie O\'Lee\'s no f+fifteen years auld,  
And ye, fause Phenix, are thretty three.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.8

\N1 The prince he mounted then wi speed,  
He\'s aff wi tidings to Jamie O\'Lee,  
Saying, The morn\'s morning ye maun fecht,  
Or out o England banisht bee.

\SBALLADS Child 244C.9

\N1 When Jamie O\'Lee the tidings heard,  
Fast the saut tear blindit his ee;  
`I\'m saikless o thae jewels,' he said,



`As the bairn that sits on the nourice knee.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.10

\N1 Then Phenix munted a scaffold hie,  
A\' for to shaw his veritie;

Whilk gart the nobles a\' to cry  
`A dead man are ye, Jamie O\'Lee!'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.11

\N1 The f+irst straik the fause Phenix gied,  
He gart the blude rin speedilie;

It gart the prince\'s heart to ache,  
And cry, Oh, alace for my Jamie O\'Lee!

\SBALLADS Child 244C.12

\N1 Jamie O\'Lee he stepped back,  
Waiting for opportunitie,  
And wi his sword baith lang and sharp  
He ran it thro Phenix fause bodie.

\SBALLADS Child 244C.13

\N1 `O haud your hand, Jamie O\'Lee,' he said,  
`And let the breath remain in me,

And skail nae mair o my noble blude,  
\'Tis a great disgrace to my loyaltie.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.14

\N1 `Confess, confess, ye fause Phenix,  
Confess your faults this day to me;  
Were there nae mair men in a\' England,  
My ain twa hands your death suld be.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.15

\N1 `Ye were sae great wi king and queen,  
I thocht I wuld hae banisht thee,  
And I staw the queen\'s jewels in the nicht,  
And left the wyte on Jamie O\'Lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.16

\N1 Syne out and spak the king himsell,  
Saying, Jamie O\'Lee, come hame wi me,  
And there\'s no a knicht in a\' my court  
But what at your command sall be.

\SBALLADS Child 244C.17

\N1 Syne out and spak the queen hersell,  
Saying, Jamie O\'Lee, come hame wi me,  
And there\'s no a month in a\' the year  
But changed a brothered ye sall be.

\SBALLADS Child 244C.18

\N1 Syne out and spak the prince himsell,  
Saying, Jamie O\'Lee, come hame wi me,  
I hae free lands in a\' Scotland,  
And at your command they a\' sall be.

\SBALLADS Child 244C.19

\N1 `I thank ye, king, and I thank ye, queen,  
I thank ye a\' nobilitie,  
But a prince\'s page I was a\' my life,  
And a prince\'s page I yet will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 244C.20

\N1 The king gied him a silk waistcoat,  
And it was lined wi the taffetie,  
Wi a band o gowd around his neck,  
And a prince\'s page he seems to be.

\LBALLADS Child 245A.1

\N1 A\R\'\'r THE skippers of bonny Lothain,  
As they sat at the wine,  
There fell a reesin them amang,

An it was in unhappy time.  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.2  
\N1 Some o them reesd their hawks,  
An some o them their hounds,  
An some o them their ladies gay,  
Trode neatly on the ground;  
Young Allan he reesd his comely cog,  
That lay upon the strand.  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.3  
\N1 `I hae as good a ship this day  
As ever sailed our seas,  
Except it be the Burges Black,  
But an the Small Cordvine,  
The Comely Cog of Dornisdale;  
We\'s lay that three bye in time.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.4  
\N1 Out spak there a little boy,  
Just at Young Allan\'s knee:  
`Ye lie, ye lie, Young Allan,  
Sae loud\'s I hear ye lie.  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.5  
\N1 For my master has a little boat  
Will sail thrice as well as thine;  
For she\'ll gang in at your foremast,  
An gae out your fore-lee,  
An nine times in a winter night  
She\'ll tak the wind frae thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.6  
\N1 `O wht will ye wad, ye Young Allan?  
Or what will ye wad wi me?'  
`I\'ll wad my head against your land  
Till I get more monnie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.7  
\N1 They had na saild a league,  
A league but barely three,  
But through an thro the bonny ship  
They saw the green wall sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.8  
\N1 They had na saild a league,  
A league but barely f+ive,  
But through an thro their bonny ship  
They saw the green well wave.  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.9  
\N1 He gaed up to the topmast,  
To see what he coud see,  
And there he saw the Burgess Black,  
But an the Small Cordvine,  
The Comely Cog of Dornisdale;  
The three was rent in nine.  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.10  
\N1 Young Allan grat and wrang his hands,  
An he kent na what to dee:  
`The win is loud, and the waves are proud,  
An we\'ll a\' sink in the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.11  
\N1 `But gin I coud get a bonny boy  
Wad tak my helm in han,  
That would steer my bonny ship,  
An bring her safe to land,  
\SBALLADS Child 245A.12

\N1 `He shoud get the twa part o my goud,  
The third o my land,  
An gin we win safe to shore  
He shoud get my dochter Ann.'

\SBALLADS Child 245A.13

\N1 `O here am I, a bonny boy  
That will tak your helm in han,  
An will steer your bonny ship,  
An bring her safe to lan.

\SBALLADS Child 245A.14

\N1 `Ye tak four-an-twenty feather-beds  
An lay the bonny ship round,  
An as much of the good canvas  
As mak her hale an soun.'

\SBALLADS Child 245A.15

\N1 They took four-and-twenty feather-beds  
An laid the bonny ship roun,  
An as much o the good canvas  
As made her hale an soun.

\SBALLADS Child 245A.16

\N1 `Spring up, spring up, my bonny ship,  
An goud shall be your hire!'  
Whan the bonny ship heard o that,  
That goud shoud be her hire,  
She sprang as fast frae the sat water  
As sparks do frae the f+ire.

\SBALLADS Child 245A.17

\N1 `Spring up, spring up, my bonny ship,  
And goud sall be your fee!'  
Whan the bonny ship heard o that,  
That goud shoud be her fee,  
She sprang as fast frae the sat water  
As the leaf does frae the tree.

\SBALLADS Child 245A.18

\N1 The sailors stan on the shore-side,  
Wi their auld baucheld sheen:  
`Thanks to God an our guid master  
That ever we came safe to land!'

\SBALLADS Child 245A.19

\N1 `Whar is the bonny boy  
That took my helm in han,  
That steerd my bonny ship,  
An brought her safe to lan?

\SBALLADS Child 245A.20

\N1 `He\'s get the twa part o my goud,  
The third part o my lan,  
An, since we\'re come safe to shore,  
He\'s get my dochter Ann.'

\SBALLADS Child 245A.21

\N1 `O here am I, the bonny boy  
That took your helm in han,  
That steered your bonny ship,  
An brought her safe to lan.

\SBALLADS Child 245A.22

\N1 `I winna hae the twa part o your goud,  
Nor the third part o your lan,  
But, since we hae win safe to shore,  
I\'ll wed your dochter Ann.'

\SBALLADS Child 245A.23

\N1 Forty ships went to the sea,

Forty ships and f+ive,  
 An there never came ane o a\' back,  
 But Young Allan, alive.  
 \LBALLADS Child 245B.1  
 \N1 THERE were four-and-twenty sailors bold  
 Sat drinking at the wine;  
 There fell a rousing them among,  
 In an unseally time.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.2  
 \N1 Some there reasd their hawk, their hawk,  
 And some there reasd their hound,  
 But Young Allan reasd his comely cog,  
 As she f+loats on the feam.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.3  
 \N1 `There\'s not a ship amang you a\  
 Will sail alang wi me,  
 But the comely cog o Heckland Hawk,  
 And Flower o Germanie,  
 And the Black Snake o Leve London;  
 They are all gane frae me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.4  
 \N1 The wager was a gude wager,  
 Of f+iifty tuns of wine,  
 And as much o the gude black silk  
 As cleathd their lemans f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.5  
 \N1 At midnight dark the wind up stark,  
 The seas began to rout;  
 Young Allan and his bonny new ship  
 Gaed three times witherlins about.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.6  
 \N1 `O faer will I get a bonny boy  
 Will take my helm in hand  
 Ere I gang up to the tapmast-head  
 To look for some dry land?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.7  
 \N1 `O waken, waken your drunken men,  
 As they lie drunk wi wine;  
 For when ye came thro Edinburgh town  
 Ye bought them shoes o ben.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.8  
 \N1 `There was no shoes made for my feet,  
 Nor gluve made for my hand;  
 But nevertheless, my dear master,  
 I\'ll take your helm in hand  
 Till ye gae to the topmast head  
 And look for some dry land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.9  
 \N1 `I cannot see no day, no day,  
 Nor no meathe can I ken;  
 But many a bonny feather-bed  
 Lies f+loating on the faem.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.10  
 \N1 `Come down, come down, my dear master,  
 You see not what I see;  
 Through and through your bonny new ship  
 Comes in the green haw sea.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.11  
 \N1 `Take f+iifty ells o the canvas broad  
 And wrap it in a\' roun,

And as much good pich an tar  
 Make her go hale an soun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.12  
 \N1 `Sail on, sail on, my bonny ship,  
 And haste ye to dry lan,  
 And every nail that is in you  
 Shall be a gay gold pin.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.13  
 \N1 `Sail on, sail on, my bonny ship,  
 And hae me to some lan,  
 And a f+irlot full o guineas red  
 Will be dealt at the lan\'s end.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.14  
 \N1 The ship she hearkend to their voice  
 And listend to the leed,  
 And she gaed thro the green haw sea  
 Like f+ire out o a glead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.15  
 \N1 When the ship got word o that,  
 Goud was to be her beat,  
 She\'s f+lowen thro the stormy seas  
 Like sparks out o a weet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.16  
 \N1 The f+irst an shore that they came till,  
 It was the shore o Troup;  
 Wi cannons an great shooting there,  
 They held Young Allan out.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.17  
 \N1 The next an shore that they came till,  
 It was the shore o Lee;  
 Wi piping an sweet singing there,  
 They towed Young Allan tee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.18  
 \N1 The next an shore that they came till,  
 It was the shore o Lin;  
 Wi drums beating and pipers playing,  
 They towed Young Allan in,  
 And Allan\'s lady she was there,  
 To welcome Allan hame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.19  
 \N1 `O faer is my little boy,' he said,  
 `That I brought oer the sea?'  
 `I\'m coming, master, running, master,  
 At your command shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 245B.20  
 \N1 `O take to you my comely cog,  
 And wed my daughter free,  
 And a\' for this ae night\'s wark  
 That ye did wake wi me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 245C.1  
 \N1 ALL the skippers o Scarsburgh  
 Sat drinking at the wine;  
 There fell a rousing them amang,  
 On an unseally time.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245C.2  
 \N1 Some there rousd their hawk, their hawk,  
 And some there rousd their hound,  
 But Young Allan rousd his comely cog,  
 As she stood on dry ground.  
 \SBALLADS Child 245C.3

\N1 `There\'s nae a ship in Scarsburgh  
Will sail the seas wi mine,  
Except it be the Brugess Black,  
Or than the smack calld Twine.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.4  
\N1 `There\'s nae a ship amang you a\  
Will sail alang wi me,  
But the comely cog o Hecklandhawk,  
And Flower o Yermanie,  
And the Black Snake o Leve London;  
They are a\' gane frae me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.5  
\N1 Out it speaks a little wee boy  
Stood by Young Allan\'s knee;  
`My master has a coal-carrier  
Will take the wind frae thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.6  
\N1 `She will gae out under the leaf,  
Come in under the lee,  
And nine times in a winter night  
She\'ll turn the wind wi thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.7  
\N1 When they had wagerd them amang  
Full f+ifty tuns o wine,  
Besides as mickle gude black silk  
As clathe their lemans f+ine,  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.8  
\N1 When all the rest went to the tows,  
All the whole night to stay,  
Young Allan he went to his bower,  
There with his God to pray.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.9  
\N1 `There shall nae man gang to my ship  
Till I say mass amd dine,  
And take my leave o my lady;  
Gae to my bonny ship syne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.10  
\N1 Then they saild east on Saturday,  
On Sunday saile+:d west,  
Likewise they sailed on Mononday  
Till twelve, when they did rest.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.11  
\N1 At midnight dark the wind up stark,  
And seas began to rout,  
Till Allan and his bonny new ship  
Gaed three times witherlands about.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.12  
\N1 `O,' sighing says the Young Allan,  
`I fear a deadly storm;  
For mony a heaving sinking sea  
Strikes sair on my ship\'s stern.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.13  
\N1 `Where will I get a little wee boy  
Will take my helm in hand  
Till I gang up to my tapmast  
And see for some dry land?'  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.14  
\N1 `O waken, waken your drunken men,  
As they lye drunk wi wine;  
For when ye came thro Edinbro town

Ye bought them sheen o ben.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.15  
\N1 `There was nae shoe made for my foot,  
Nor gluve made for my hand;  
But nevertheless, my dear master,  
I'll take your helm in hand  
Till ye gang to the tall tapmast  
And look for some dry land.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.16  
\N1 `And here am I, a little wee boy  
Will take your helm in han  
Till ye gang up to your tapmast,  
But, master, stay not lang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.17  
\N1 `I cannot see nae day, nae day,  
Nor nae meathe can I ken;  
But mony a bonny feather-bed  
Lyes f+loating on the faem,  
And the comely cog o Normanshore,  
She never will gang hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.18  
\N1 The comely cog o Nicklingame  
Came sailing by his hand;  
Says, Gae down, gae down, ye gude skipper,  
Your ship sails on the sand.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.19  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my gude master,  
Ye see not what I see;  
For thro and thro our comely cog  
I see the green haw sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.20  
\N1 `Take f+ifty ells o gude canvas  
And wrap the ship a\' round;  
And pick her weell, and spare her not,  
And make her hale and sound.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.21  
\N1 `If ye will sail, my bonny ship,  
Till we come to dry land,  
For ilka iron nail in you,  
Of gowd there shall be ten.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.22  
\N1 The ship she listend all the while,  
And, hearing of her hire,  
She f+lew as swift threw the saut sea  
As sparks do frae the f+ire.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.23  
\N1 The f+irst an shore that they came till,  
They ca\'d it Howdoloot;  
Wi drums beating and cannons shouting,  
They held our gude ship out.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.24  
\N1 The next an shore that they came till,  
They ca\'d it Howdilee;  
Wi drums beating and f+ifes playing,  
They bare her to the sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 245C.25  
\N1 The third an shore that they came till,  
They ca\'d it Howdilin;  
Wi drums beating and pipes playing,  
They towd our gude ship in.

\SBALLADS Child 245C.26

\N1 The sailors walkd upon the shore,  
Wi their auld baucheld sheen,  
And thanked God and their Lady,  
That brought them safe again.

\SBALLADS Child 245C.27

\N1 `For we went out o` Scarsburgh  
Wi f+iifty ships and three;  
But nane o them came back again  
But Young Allan, ye see.'

\SBALLADS Child 245C.28

\N1 `Come down, come down, my little wee boy,  
Till I pay you your fee;  
I hae but only ae daughter,  
And wedded to her ye\'se be.'

\LBALLADS Child 245D.1

\N1 THERE was three lords sat drinkin wine  
In bonnie Aberdeen, [O]

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 245D.2

\N1 Some o them talked o their merchandise,  
An some o their ladies f+ine, [O]  
But Young Allan he talked o his bonnie ship,  
That cost him mony a poun.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 245D.3

\N1 `Whar will I get a bonnie wee boy  
That\'ll tak my helm in han, O  
Till I gang up to my high topmast  
An look oot for some dry lan?

\SBALLADS Child 245D.4

\N1 `He\'ll get half o my gowd, an half o my gear,  
An the third pairt o my lan,  
An gin he row me safe on shore  
He shall hae my daughter Ann.'

\SBALLADS Child 245D.5

\N1 `O here am I, a bonny wee boy  
That\'ll tak your helm in han  
Till ye gang up to your high topmast  
An look oot for some dry lan.

\SBALLADS Child 245D.6

\N1 I\'ll nae seek your gowd, nor I\'ll nae seek your gear,  
Nor the third pairt o your lan,  
But gin I row you safe to shore  
I shall hae your daughter Ann.

\SBALLADS Child 245D.7

\N1 `Come doon, come doon, Young Allan,' he cries,  
`Ye see nae what I see;  
For through an through your bonnie ship-side  
An I see the open sea.

\SBALLADS Child 245D.8

\N1 `Ye\'ll tak twenty-four o your feather-beds,  
Ye\'ll busk your bonnie ship roon,  
An as much o the guid canvas-claith  
As gar gang hale an soun.

\SBALLADS Child 245D.9

\N1 `An whar ye want an iron bolt  
Ye\'ll ca a siller pin,  
An whar ye want an oaken bolt



Ye\'ll beat the yellow gold in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.10  
\N1 He\'s taen twenty-four o his feather-beds  
An buskit\'s bonnie ship roon,  
An as much o the guid canvas-claith  
As gar her gang hale an soun.  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.11  
\N1 An whar he\'s wantit an iron bolt  
He\'s ca\'d a siller pin,  
An whar he\'s wantit an oaken bolt  
He\'s beat the yellow gold in.  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.12  
\N1 The f+irstan shore that they cam till,  
It was the shore o Linn;  
They held their spears an beenits oot,  
An they wouldna lat Allan in.  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.13  
\N1 The neistan shore that they cam till  
It was the shore o . . .';  
. . . .  
An they turned their ship about.  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.14  
\N1 But the neistan shore that they came till,  
\'Twas bonnie Aberdeen;  
The f+fifes an drums they a\' did play,  
To welcome Allan in.  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.15  
\N1 `O where is he, the bonnie wee boy  
That took my helm in han  
Till I gied up to my high topmast  
An lookd oot for some dry lan?  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.16  
\N1 `He\'s get half o my gowd, an half o my gear,  
An the third pairt o my lan,  
An since he\'s rowt me safe to shore  
He sall hae my daughter Ann.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.17  
\N1 `O here am I, the bonnie wee boy  
That took your helm in han  
Till ye gied up to your high topmast  
An lookd oot for some dry lan.  
\SBALLADS Child 245D.18  
\N1 `I\'ll nae seek half o your good, nor half o your gear,  
Nor the third pairt o your lan,  
But since I\'ve rowt you safe to shore  
I sall hae your daughter Ann.'  
\LBALLADS Child 245E.1  
\N1 THE king he sits in Dumfermline,  
Birlin at the wine,  
And callin for the best skipper  
That ever sailed the faem.  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.2  
\N1 Then out it spak a bonny boy,  
Sat at the king\'s right knee;  
`Earl Patrick is the best skipper  
That ever sailed the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.3  
\N1 The king he wrote a braed letter,  
And sealed it wi his ring,  
And sent it to Earl Patrick,

. . .  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.4  
\N1 `Oh wha is this, or wha is that,  
Has tald the king o me?  
For I was niver a gude mariner,  
And niver sailed the sea.  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 245E.5  
\N1 `Ye\'ll eat and drink, my merry young men,  
The red wine you amang,  
For blaw it wind, or blaw it sleet,  
Our ship maun sail the morn.  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.6  
\N1 `Late yestreen I saw the new meen  
Wi the auld meen in hir arm,'  
And sichand said him Earl Patrick,  
`I fear a deadly storm.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.7  
\N1 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
Thro mony a stormy stream,  
Till they saw the Dam o Micklengaem,  
When she sank amang the faem.  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.8  
\N1 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
Thro many a stormy stream,  
Till they saw the Duke o Normandy,  
And she sank among the faem.  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.9  
\N1 They sailed up, sae did they down,  
Thro many a stormy stream,  
Till they saw the Black Shater o Leve London  
And her topmast gaed in nine.  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.10  
\N1 `Where will I get a bonny boy  
That will tack my helm in hand  
Till I gang up to my topmast,  
And spy for some dry land?'  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.11  
\N1 `Now here am I, a bonny boy  
Will tack yer helm in hand  
Till ye go up to your topmast  
But I fear ye\'ll never see land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.12  
\N1 `Cum down, cum down, my gude master,  
Ye see not what I see,  
For through and through yer bonny ship  
I see the raging sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.13  
\N1 `Ye\'ll tak four-and-twenty fether-beds,  
And lay my bonny ship roun,  
And as muckle o the f+ine canvas  
As make her haill and soun.  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.14  
\N1 `And where she wants an iron nail  
O silver she\'s hae three,  
And where she wants a timmer-pin  
We\'ll rap the red goud in.'  
\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 245E.15  
\N1 The f+irsten shore that they cam till,

They cad it shore the Linn;  
Wi heart and hand and good command,  
They towed their bonny ship in.  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.16  
\N1 The nexten shore that they came till,  
They caad it shore the Lee;  
With heart and hand and good command,  
They towed the bonny ship tee.  
\SBALLADS Child 245E.17  
\N1 There was twenty ships gaed to the sea,  
Twenty ships and ane,  
And there was na ane came back again  
But Earl Patrick alane.  
\LBALLADS Child 246A.1  
\N1 WHEN Reedisdale and Wise William  
Were drinking at the wine,  
There fell a roosing them amang,  
On an unruly time.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.2  
\N1 For some o them hae roosd their hawks,  
And other some their hounds,  
And other some their ladies fair,  
And their bowers whare they walkd in.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.3  
\N1 When out it spake him Reedisdale,  
And a rash word spake he;  
Says, There is not a lady fair,  
In bower wherever she be,  
But I could aye her favour win  
Wi ae blink o my ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.4  
\N1 Then out it spake him Wise William,  
And a rash word spake he;  
Says, I have a sister of my own,  
In bower wherever she be,  
And ye will not her favour win  
With three blinks of your ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.5  
\N1 `What will ye wager, Wise William?  
My lands I\'ll wad with thee;'  
`I\'ll wad my head against your land,  
Till I get more monie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.6  
\N1 Then Reedisdale took Wise William,  
Laid him in prison strang,  
That he might neither gang nor ride,  
Nor ae word to her send.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.7  
\N1 But he has written a braid letter,  
Between the night and day,  
And sent it to his own sister  
By dun feather and gray.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.8  
\N1 When she had read Wise William\'s letter,  
She smile+:d and she leugh;  
Said, Very well, my dear brother,  
Of this I have eneuch.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.9  
\N1 She looked out at her west window  
To see what she could see,

And there she spied him Reedisdale  
Come riding ower the lea.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.10  
\N1 Says, Come to me, my maidens all,  
Come hitherward to me;  
For here it comes him Reedisdale,  
Who comes a-courting me.  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.11  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you give me;'  
`Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you will not see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.12  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you give me;  
And bonny are the gowns of silk  
That I will give to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.13  
\N1 `If you have bonny gowns of silk,  
O mine is bonny tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.14  
\N1 `Come down, come dow, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I\'ll see;  
And bonny jewels, brooches and rings  
I will give unto thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.15  
\N1 `If you have bonny brooches and rings,  
O mine are bonny tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.16  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
One sight of you I\'ll see;  
And bonny are the ha\'s and bowers  
That I will give to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.17  
\N1 `If you have bonny ha\'s and bowers,  
O mine are bonny tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me you shall not see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.18  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I\'ll see;  
And bonny are my lands so broad  
That I will give to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.19  
\N1 `If you have bonny lands so broad,  
O mine are bonny tee;  
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
For me ye will not see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.20  
\N1 `Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
A sight of you I\'ll see;  
And bonny are the bags of gold  
That I will give to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 246A.21  
\N1 `If you have bonny bags of gold,  
I have bags of the same;

Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,  
 For down I will not come.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 246A.22  
 \N1 `Come down, come down, my lady fair,  
 One sight of you I\'ll see;  
 Or else I\'ll set your house on f+ire,  
 If better cannot be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 246A.23  
 \N1 Then he has set the house on f+ire,  
 And all the rest it tuke;  
 He turned his wight horse head about,  
 Said, Alas, they\'ll ne\'er get out!  
 \SBALLADS Child 246A.24  
 \N1 `Look out, look out, my maidens fair,  
 And see what I do see,  
 How Reedisdale has f+ired our house,  
 And now rides oer the lea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 246A.25  
 \N1 `Come hitherwards, my maidens fair,  
 Come hither unto me;  
 For thro this reek, and thro this smeek,  
 O thro it we must be!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 246A.26  
 \N1 They took wet mantles them about,  
 Their coffers by the band,  
 And thro the reek, and thro the f+lame,  
 Alive they all have wan.  
 \SBALLADS Child 246A.27  
 \N1 When they had got out thro the f+ire,  
 And able all to stand,  
 She sent a maid to Wise William,  
 To bruik Reedisdale\'s land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 246A.28  
 \N1 `Your lands is mine now, Reedisdale,  
 For I have won them free;'  
 `If there is a gude woman in the world,  
 Your one sister is she.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 246B.1  
 \N1 ROUDESDALES an Clerk William  
 Sat birlin at the wine,  
 An a\' the talk was them atween  
 Was about the ladies f+ine, f+ine,  
 Was about the ladies f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 246B.2  
 \N1 Says Roudesdales to Clerk William,  
 I\'ll wad my lands wi thee,  
 I\'ll wad my lands against thy head,  
 An that is what I\'ll dee,  
 \SBALLADS Child 246B.3  
 \N1 `That there\'s no a ledy in a\' the land,  
 That\'s fair, baith ee an bree,  
 That I winna wed withoot courtin,  
 Wi ae blink o my ee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 246B.4  
 \N1 Says William, I\'ve an ae sister,  
 She\'s fair, baith ee an bree;  
 An you\'ll no wed her withoot courtin,  
 Wi ae blink o your ee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 246B.5  
 \N1 He has wrote a broad letter,

Between the nicht an the day,  
An sent it to his ae sister  
Wi the white feather an the gray.

\SBALLADS Child 246B.6

\N1 The f+irsten line she luekit on,  
A licht lauchter gae she;  
But eer she read it to the end  
The tear blindit her ee.

\SBALLADS Child 246B.7

\N1 `Oh wae betide my ae brither,  
Wald wad his head for me,

. . .  
. . . ,

\SBALLADS Child 246B.8

\N1 Roudesdales to her bour has gane,  
An rade it round about,  
An there he saw that fair ladie,  
At a window lookin oot.

\SBALLADS Child 246B.9

\N1 `Come doon, come doon, you fair ladie,  
Ae sicht o you to sed;

For the rings are o the goud sae ried  
That I will gie to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 246B.10

\N1 `If yours are o the goud sae ried,  
Mine\'s o the silver clear;

So get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
For you sall no be here.'

\SBALLADS Child 246B.11

\N1 `Come doon, come doon, you lady fair,  
Ae sicht o you to see;

For the gouns are o the silk sae f+ine  
That I will gie to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 246B.12

\N1 `If yours are o the silk sae f+ine,  
Mone\'s o the bonnie broun;

Sa get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
For I will no come doon.'

\SBALLADS Child 246B.13

\N1 `Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,  
Ae sicht o you to see;

For the steeds are o the milk sae white  
That I will gie to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 246B.14

\N1 `If yours are o the milk sae white,  
Mine\'s o the bonnie broun;

Sae get you gone, you Roudesdales,  
For I will no come doon.'

\SBALLADS Child 246B.15

\N1 `Come doon, come doon, you ladie fair,  
Ae sicht o you to see;

Or I will set your bour on f+ire  
Atween your nurse an thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 246B.16

\N1 `You may set my bowr on f+ire,  
As I doubt na you will dee,

But there\'ll come a sharp shour frae the wast  
Will slocken \'t speedilie.'

\SBALLADS Child 246B.17

\N1 He has set her bour on f+ire,

An quickly it did f+lame;  
 But there cam a sharp shour frae the wast  
 That put it oot again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 246B.18  
 \N1 Oot amang the f+ire an smoke  
 That bonnie lady cam,  
 Wi as muckle goud aboon her bree  
 As wald bocht an earldom.  
 \SBALLADS Child 246B.19  
 \N1 `Oh wae betide you, ill woman,  
 An ill, ill died may you dee!  
 For ye hae won your brither\'s head,  
 An I go landless free.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 246C.1  
 \N1 REDESDALE and Clerk William  
 Sat drinking at the wine;  
 They hae fawn a waging them atween  
 At a wanhappy time.  
 \SBALLADS Child 246C.2  
 \N1 `What will ye wad,' says Redesdale,  
 `O what will ye wad wi me  
 That there\'s na a lady in a\' the land  
 But I wad win wi ae blink o my ee?'  
 \LBALLADS Child 247A.1  
 \N1 `HOW brent\'s your brow, my Lady Elspat!  
 How golden yallow is your hair!  
 Of all the maids of fair Scotland,  
 There\'s nane like Lady Elspat fair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.2  
 \N1 `Perform your vows, Sweet William,' she says,  
 `The vows which ye ha made to me,  
 An at the back o my mother\'s castle  
 This night I\'ll surely meet wi thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.3  
 \N1 But wae be to her brother\'s page,  
 Who heard the words this twa did say!  
 He\'s told them to her lady mother,  
 Who wrought Sweet William mieckle wae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.4  
 \N1 For she has taen him Sweet William,  
 An she\'s gard bind him wi his bow-string  
 Till the red bluide o his fair body  
 Frae ilka nail o his hand did spring.  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.5  
 \N1 O it fell once upon a time  
 That the Lord Justice came to town;  
 Out has she taen him Sweet William,  
 Brought him before Lord Justice boun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.6  
 \N1 `An what is the crime, now, madame,' he says,  
 `Has been committed by this young man?'  
 `O he has broken my bonny castel,  
 That was well biggit with lime and stane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.7  
 \N1 `An he has broken my bonny coffers,  
 That was well banded wi aiken ban,  
 An he has stoln my rich jewels;  
 I wot he has them every one.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.8  
 \N1 Then out it spake her Lady Elspat,

As she sat by Lord Justice knee;  
 `Now ye hae taul your tale, mother,  
 I pray, Lord Justice, you\'l now hear me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.9  
 \N1 `He has na broken her bonny castel,  
 That was well biggit wi lime and stane,  
 Nor has he stoln her rich jewels,  
 For I wot she has them every one.  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.10  
 \N1 `But tho he was my f+irst true love,  
 An tho I had sworn to be his bride,  
 Cause he had not a great estate,  
 She would this way our loves divide.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.11  
 \N1 An out it spake the Lord Justice,  
 I wot the tear was in his ee;  
 `I see nae fault in this young man,  
 Sae loose his bans, an set him free.  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.12  
 \N1 `Take back your love, Lady Elspat,  
 An my best blessing you baith upon!  
 For gin he be your f+irst true love,  
 He is my eldest sister\'s son.  
 \SBALLADS Child 247A.13  
 \N1 `There is a steed in my stable  
 Cost me baith gold and white money;  
 Ye\'s get as mieckle o my free lan  
 As he\'ll ride about in a summer\'s day.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 248A.1  
 \N1 `O SAW ye my father? or saw ye my mother?  
 Or saw ye my true-love John?'  
 `I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,  
 But I saw your true-love John.  
 \SBALLADS Child 248A.2  
 \N1 `It\'s now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,  
 And the bells they ring ding, dang;  
 He\'s met wi some delay that causeth him to stay,  
 But he will be here ere lang.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 248A.3  
 \N1 The surly auld earl did naething but snarl,  
 And Johny\'s face it grew red;  
 Yet, tho he often sighd, he neer a word replied  
 Till all were asleep in bed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 248A.4  
 \N1 Up Johny rose, and to the door he goes,  
 And gently tirl+:d the pin;  
 The lassie taking tent unto the door she went,  
 And she opend and let him in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 248A.5  
 \N1 `And are ye come at last? and do I hold ye fast?  
 And is my Johny true?'  
 `I hae nae time to tell, but sae lang\'s I like mysell  
 Sae lang will I love you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 248A.6  
 \N1 `Flee, f+lee up, my bonny grey cock,  
 And craw when it is day;  
 Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,  
 And your wings of the silver grey.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 248A.7  
 \N1 The cock prov\'d false, and untrue he was,



For he crew an hour oer soon;  
The lassie thought it was day when she sent her love away,  
And it was but a blink of the moon.

\LBALLADS Child 249A.1

\N1 MY love she is a gentlewoman,  
Has her living by the seam;  
I kenna how she is provided  
This night for me and my foot-groom.

\SBALLADS Child 249A.2

\N1 He is gane to Annie\'s bower-door,  
And gently tirlid at the pin:  
`Ye sleep, ye wake, my love Annie,  
Ye\'ll rise and lat your true-love in.'

\SBALLADS Child 249A.3

\N1 Wi her white f+ingers lang and sma  
She gently lifted up the pin;  
Wi her arms lang and bent  
She kindly caught sweet Willie in.

\SBALLADS Child 249A.4

\N1 `O will ye go to cards or dice?  
Or will ye go to play?  
Or will ye go to a well made bed,  
And sleep a while till day?'

\SBALLADS Child 249A.5

\N1 `I winna gang to cards nor dice,  
Nor yet will I to play;  
But I will gang to a well made bed,  
And sleep a while till day.

\SBALLADS Child 249A.6

\N1 `My love Annie, my dear Annie,  
I would be at your desire;  
But wae mat fa the auld Matrons,  
As she sits by the kitchen f+ire!'

\SBALLADS Child 249A.7

\N1 `Keep up your heart, Willie,' she said,  
`Keep up your heart, dinna fear;  
It\'s seven years, and some guid mair,  
Sin her foot did f+ile the f+lear.'

\SBALLADS Child 249A.8

\N1 They hadna kissd nor love clapped,  
As lovers when they meet,  
Till up it raise the auld Matrons,  
Sae well\'s she spread her feet.

\SBALLADS Child 249A.9

\N1 O wae mat fa the auld Matrons,  
Sae clever\'s she took the gate!  
And she\'s gaen ower yon lang, lang hill,  
Knockd at the sheriff\'s yate.

\SBALLADS Child 249A.10

\N1 `Ye sleep, ye wake, my lord?' she said;  
`Are ye not your bower within?  
There\'s knight in bed wi your daughter,  
I fear she\'s gotten wrang.'

\SBALLADS Child 249A.11

\N1 `Ye\'ll do ye down thro Kelso town,  
Waken my wall-wight men;  
And gin ye hae your wark well dune  
I\'ll be there at command.'

\SBALLADS Child 249A.12

\N1 She\'s done her down thro Kelso town,

Wakend his wall-wight men;  
 But gin she had her wark well done  
 He was there at command.  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.13  
 \N1 He had his horse wi corn fodderd,  
 His men armd in mail;  
 He gae the Matrons half a merk  
 To show them ower the hill.  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.14  
 \N1 Willie sleepd, but Annie waked  
 Till she heard their bridles ring;  
 Then tapped on her love\'s shoulder,  
 And said, Ye\'ve sleepit lang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.15  
 \N1 `O save me, save me, my blessd lady,  
 Till I\'ve on my shooting-gear;  
 I dinna fear the king himsell,  
 Tho he an\'s men were here.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.16  
 \N1 Then they shot in, and Willie out,  
 The arrows graz\'d his brow;  
 The maid she wept and tore her hair,  
 Says, This can never do.  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.17  
 \N1 Then they shot in, and he shot out,  
 The bow brunt Willie\'s hand;  
 But aye he kissd her ruby lips,  
 Said, My dear, thinkna lang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.18  
 \N1 He set his horn to his mouth,  
 And has blawn loud and shrill,  
 And he\'s calld on his brother John,  
 In Ringlewood he lay still.  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.19  
 \N1 The f+irst an shot that Lord John shot,  
 He wound f+ifty and f+fifteen;  
 The next an shot that Lord John shot,  
 He ca\'d out the sheriff\'s een.  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.20  
 \N1 `O some o you lend me an arm,  
 Some o you lend me twa;  
 And they that came for strife this day,  
 Take horse, ride fast awa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 249A.21  
 \N1 `But wae mat fa yon, auld Matrons,  
 An ill death mat ye die!  
 I\'ll burn you on yon high hill-head,  
 Blaw your ashes in the sea.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 250A.1  
 \N1 IN merry Scotland, in merry Scotland  
 There lived brothers three;  
 They all did cast lots which of them should go  
 A robbing upon the salt sea,  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.2  
 \N1 The lot it fell on Henry Martyn,  
 The youngest of the three;  
 That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea,  
 To maintain his brothers and he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.3  
 \N1 He had not a sailed a long winter\'s night,

Nor yet a short winter\'s day,  
 Before that he met with a lofty old ship,  
 Come sailing along that way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.4  
 \N1 O when she came by Henry Martyn,  
 `I prithee now, let us go!'  
 `O no! God wot, that, that will I not,  
 O that will I never do.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.5  
 \N1 `Stand off! stand off!' said Henry Martyn,  
 `For you shall not pass by me;  
 For I am a robber all on the salt seas,  
 To maintain us brothers three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.6  
 \N1 `How far, how far,' cries Henry Martyn,  
 `How far do you make it?' said he;  
 `For I am a robber all on the salt seas,  
 To maintain us brothers three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.7  
 \N1 For three long hours they merrily fought,  
 For hours they fought full three;  
 At last a deep wound got Henry Martyn,  
 And down by the mast fell he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.8  
 \N1 `\'Twas broadside to a broadside then,  
 And a rain and hail of blows,  
 But the salt sea ran in, ran in, ran in,  
 To the bottom them she goes.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.9  
 \N1 Bad news, bad news for old England,  
 Bad news has come to the town,  
 For a rich merchant\'s vessel is cast away,  
 And all her brave seamen drown.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250A.10  
 \N1 Bad news, bad news through London street,  
 Bad news has come to the king,  
 For all the brave lives of the mariners lost,  
 That are sunk in the watery main.  
 \LBALLADS Child 250B.1  
 \N1 THERE was three brothers in merry Scotland,  
 In merry Scotland there were three,  
 And each of these brothers they did cast lots,  
 To see which should rob the salt sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250B.2  
 \N1 Then this lot did fall on young Henry Martyn,  
 The youngest of these brothers three,  
 So now he\'s turnd robber all on the salt seas,  
 To maintain his two brothers and he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250B.3  
 \N1 He had not saild one long winter\'s night,  
 One cold winter\'s night before day,  
 Before he espied a rich merchant-ship,  
 Come bearing straight down that way.  
 \SBALLADS Child 250B.4  
 \N1 `Who are you? Who are you?' said Henry Martyn,  
 `Or how durst thou come so nigh?'  
 `I\'m a rich merchant-ship for old England bound,  
 If you please, will you let me pass by.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 250B.5  
 \N1 `O no! O no!' cried Henry Martyn,

`O no! that never can be,  
Since I have turnd robber all on the salt seas,  
To maintain my two brothers and me.  
\SBALLADS Child 250B.6  
\N1 `Now lower your topsails, you alderman bold,  
Come lower them under my lee;'  
Saying, `I am resolved to pirate you here,  
To maintain my two brothers and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250B.7  
\N1 Then broadside to broadside to battle they went  
For two or three hours or more;  
At last Henry Martyn gave her a death-wound,  
And down to the bottom went she.  
\SBALLADS Child 250B.8  
\N1 Bad news, bad news to England has come,  
Bad news I will tell to you all,  
'Twas a rich merchant-ship to England was bound,  
And most of her merry men drownd.  
\LBALLADS Child 250C.1  
\N1 THERE were three brothers in bonnie Scotland,  
In bonnie Scotland lived they,  
And they cuist kevels themsells amang,  
Wha sould gae rob upon the salt sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 250C.2  
\N1 The lot it fell upon bold Robin Hood,  
The youngest brither of the hale three:  
`O, I sall gae rob upon the salt sea,  
And it\'s all to maintain my two brothers and me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250C.3  
\N1 They hadna sailed a lang winter night,  
A lang winter night scarselie,  
Till they were aware of a tall, tall ship,  
Coming sailin down under the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 250C.4  
\N1 `O where are you bound for, my bonnie ship?'  
Bold Robin Hood he did cry;  
`O I\'m a bold merchantman, for London bound,  
And I pray you, good sir, let us by.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250C.5  
\N1 `O no! O no!' said bold Robin Hood,  
`O no such thing may be;  
For I will gae in and plunder your ship,  
And your fair bodies I\'ll drown in the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250C.6  
\N1 O he has gone in and plundered their ship,  
And holes in her bottom bored three;  
The water came in so thick and so fast  
That down, down to the bottom gade she.  
\SBALLADS Child 250C.7  
\N1 Bad news, bad news to old England is gone,  
Bad news to our king, old Henrie,  
That his merchant-goods were taken on board,  
And thirty-f+ive seamen drownd in the sea.  
\LBALLADS Child 250D.1  
\N1 THREE loving brothers in Scotland dwelt,  
Three loving brothers were they,  
And they cast lots to see which of the three  
Should go robbing all oer the salt sea, salt sea,  
Should go robbing all oer the salt sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 250D.2

\N1 The lot it fell to Andrew Bodee,  
The youngest of the three,  
That he should leave the other two,  
And go robbing all oer the salt sea.  
\LBALLADS Child 250[E.1]  
\N1 Three bold brothers of merrie Scotland,  
And three bold brothers were they,  
And they cast lots the one with the other,  
To see who should go robbing all oer the salt sea;  
And they cast lots the one with the other,  
To see who should go robbing all oer the salt sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.2]  
\N1 The lot it fell an Andrew Bartin,  
The youngest of the three,  
That he should go robbing all oer the salt sea,  
To maintain his two brothers and he.  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.3]  
\N1 He had not sailed but one long summer night,  
When daylight did appear;  
He saw a ship sailing far off and far round,  
At last she came sailing quite near.  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.4]  
\N1 `Who art? who art?' says Andrew Bartin,  
`Who art thee comes sailing so nigh?'  
`We are the rich merchants of merrie England,  
Just please for to let us pass by.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.5]  
\N1 `Pass by? pass by?' says Andrew Bartin,  
`No, no, that never can be;  
Your ship and your cargo I will take away,  
And your brave men drown in the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.6]  
\N1 Now when this news reached merrie England--  
King George he wore the crown--  
That his ship and his cargo were taken away,  
And his brave men they were all drowned.  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.7]  
\N1 `Go build me a ship,' says Captain Charles Stewart,  
`A ship both stout and sure,  
And if I dont fetch this Andrew Bartin,  
My life shall no longer endure.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.8]  
\N1 He had not sailed but one long summer night,  
When daylight did appear,  
He saw a ship sailing far off and far round,  
And then she came sailing quite near.  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.9]  
\N1 `Who art? who art?' says Captain Charles Stewart,  
`Who art comes sailing so nigh?'  
`We are the bold brothers of merrie Scotland,  
Just please for to let us pass by.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.10]  
\N1 `Pass by? pass by?' says Captain Charles Stewart,  
`No, no, that never can be;  
Your ship and your cargo I will take away  
And your brave men carry with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 250[E.11]  
\N1 `Come on! come on!' says Andrew Bartin,  
`I value you not one pin;  
And though you are lined with good brass without,

I'll show you I've fine steel within.'

\SBALLADS Child 250[E.12]

\N1 Then they drew up a full broadside  
And at each other let pour;  
They had not fought for four hours or more,  
When Captain Charles Stewart gave oer.

\SBALLADS Child 250[E.13]

\N1 'Go home! go home!' says Andrew Bartin,  
'And tell your king for me,  
That he may reign king of the merry dry land,  
But that I will be king of the sea.'

\LBALLADS Child 251A.1

\N1 THERE lives a man in Rynie's land,  
Anither in Auchindore,  
The bravest lad amo them a'  
Was lang Johnny Moir.

\SBALLADS Child 251A.2

\N1 Young Johnny was an airy blade,  
Fu sturdy, stout, and strang;  
The sword that hang by Johnny's side  
Was just full ten feet lang.

\SBALLADS Child 251A.3

\N1 Young Johnny was a clever youth,  
Fu sturdy, stout, and wight,  
Just full three yards around the waist,  
And fourteen feet in hight.

\SBALLADS Child 251A.4

\N1 But if a' be true they tell me now,  
And a' be true I hear,  
Young Johnny's on to Lundan gane,  
The king's banner to bear.

\SBALLADS Child 251A.5

\N1 He hadna been in fair Lundan  
But twalmonths twa or three  
Till the fairest lady in a' Lundan  
Fell in love wi young Johnny.

\SBALLADS Child 251A.6

\N1 This news did sound thro Lundan town,  
Till it came to the king  
That the muckle Scot had fa'in in love  
Wi his daughter, Lady Jean.

\SBALLADS Child 251A.7

\N1 Whan the king got word o that,  
A solemn oath sware he,  
This weighty Scot sall strait a rope,  
And hanged he shall be.

\SBALLADS Child 251A.8

\N1 When Johnny heard the sentence past,  
A light laugh then gae he:

'While I hae strength to wield my blade,  
Ye darena a' hang me.'

\SBALLADS Child 251A.9

\N1 The English dogs were cunning rogues;  
About him they did creep,  
And gae him draps o lodomy  
That laid him fast asleep.

\SBALLADS Child 251A.10

\N1 pwhan Johnny wakend frae his sleep  
A sorry heart had he;  
His jaws and hands in iron bands,

His feet in fetters three.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.11  
\N1 `O whar will I get a little wee boy  
Will work for meat and fee,  
That will rin on to my uncle,  
At the foot of Benachie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.12  
\N1 `Here am I, a little wee boy  
Will work for meat and fee,  
That will rin on to your uncle,  
At the foot of Benachie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.13  
\N1 `Whan ye come whar grass grows green,  
Slack your shoes and rin;  
And whan ye come whar water\'s strong,  
Ye\'ll bend your bow and swim.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.14  
\N1 `And whan ye come to Benachie  
Ye\'ll neither chap nor ca;  
Sae well \'s ye\'ll ken auld Johnny there,  
Three feet abeen them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.15  
\N1 `Ye\'ll gie to him this braid letter,  
Seald wi my faith and troth,  
And ye\'ll bid him bring along wi him  
The body Jock o Noth.'  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.16  
\N1 Whan he came whar grass grew green,  
He slackt his shoes and ran;  
And whan he came whar water\'s strong  
He bent his bow and swam.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.17  
\N1 And whan he came to Benachie  
Did neither chap nor ca;  
Sae well \'s he kent auld Johnny there,  
Three feet abeen them a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.18  
\N1 `What news, what news, my little wee boy?  
Ye never were here before;'  
`Nae news, nae news, but a letter from  
Your nephew, Johnny Moir.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.19  
\N1 `Ye\'ll take here this braid letter,  
Seald wi his faith and troth,  
And ye\'re bidden bring along wi you  
The body Jock o Noth.'  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.20  
\N1 Benachie lyes very low,  
The tap o Noth lyes high;  
For a\' the distance that\'s between,  
He heard auld Johnny cry.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.21  
\N1 Whan on the plain these champions met,  
Twa grizly ghosts to see,  
There were three feet between their brows,  
And shoulders were yards three.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.22  
\N1 These men they ran ower hills and dales,  
And ower mountains high,  
Till they came on to Lundan town,

At the dawn o the third day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.23  
 \N1 And whan they came to Lundan town  
 The yetts were lockit wi bands,  
 And wha were there but a trumpeter,  
 Wi trumpet in his hands?  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.24  
 \N1 `What is the matter, ye keepers all?  
 Or what\'s the matter within  
 That the drums do beat and bells do ring,  
 And make sic dolefu din?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.25  
 \N1 `There\'s naething the matter,' the keeper said,  
 `There\'s naething the matter to thee,  
 But a weighty Scot to strait the rope,  
 And the morn he maun die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.26  
 \N1 `O open the yetts, ye proud keepers,  
 Ye\'ll open without delay;'  
 The trembling keeper, smiling, said,  
 `O I hae not the key.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.27  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll open the yetts, ye proud keepers,  
 Ye\'ll open without dealy,  
 Or here is a body at my back  
 Frae Scotland has brought the key.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.28  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll open the yetts,' says Jock o Noth,  
 `Ye\'ll open them at my call;'  
 Then wi his foot he has drove in  
 Three yards braid o the wall.  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.29  
 \N1 As they gaed in by Drury Lane,  
 And down by the town\'s hall,  
 And there they saw young Johnny Moir  
 Stand on their English wall  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.30  
 \N1 `Ye\'re welcome here, my uncle dear,  
 Ye\'re welcome unto me;  
 Ye\'ll loose the knot, and slack the rope,  
 And set me frae the tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.31  
 \N1 `Is it for murder, or for theft?  
 Or is it for rooberie?  
 If it is for ony heinous crime,  
 There\'s nae remeid for thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.32  
 \N1 `It\'s nae for murder, nor for theft,  
 Nor yet for robbery;  
 A\' is for loving a gay lady  
 They\'re gaun to gar me die.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.33  
 \N1 `O whar\'s thy sword,' says Jock o Noth,  
 Ye brought frae Scotland wi thee?  
 I never saw a scotsman yet  
 But coud wield a sword or tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.34  
 \N1 `A pox upo their lodomy,  
 On me had sic a sway  
 Four o their men, the bravest four,



They bore my blade away.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.35  
 \N1 `Bring back his blade,' says Jock o Noth,  
 `And freely to him it gie,  
 Or I hae sworn a black Scot\'s oath  
 I\'ll gar f+ive million die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.36  
 \N1 `Now whar\'s the lady?' says Jock o Noth,  
 `Sae fain I woud her see;'  
 `She\'s lockd up in her ain chamber,  
 The king he keeps the key.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.37  
 \N1 So they hae gane before the king,  
 With courage bauld and free;  
 Their armour bright cast sic a light  
 That almost dim\'d his ee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.38  
 \N1 `O whar\'s the lady?' says Jock o Noth,  
 `Sae fain as I woud her see;  
 For we are come to her wedding,  
 Frae the foot o benachie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.39  
 \N1 `O take the lady,' said the king,  
 `Ye welcome are for me;  
 I never thought to see sic men,  
 Frae the foot o Benachie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.40  
 \N1 `If I had kend,' said Jock o Noth,  
 `Ye\'d wonderd sae muckle at me,  
 I woud hae brought ane larger far  
 By sizes three times three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.41  
 \N1 `Likewise if I had thought I\'d been  
 Sic a great fright to thee,  
 I\'d brought Sir John o Erskine Park;  
 He\'s thretty feet and three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.42  
 \N1 `Wae to the little boy,' said the king,  
 `Brought tidings unto thee!  
 Let all England say what they will,  
 High hange+:d shall he be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.43  
 \N1 `O if you hang the little wee boy  
 Brought tidings unto me,  
 We shall attend his burial,  
 And rewarded ye shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.44  
 \N1 `O take the lady,' said the king,  
 `And the boy shall be free;'  
 `A priest, a priest,' then Johnny cried,  
 `To join my love and me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.45  
 \N1 `A clerk, a clerk,' the king replied,  
 `To seal her tocher wi thee;'  
 Out it speaks auld Johnny then,  
 These words pronounced he:  
 \SBALLADS Child 251A.46  
 \N1 `I want nae lands and rents at hame,  
 I\'ll ask nae gows frae thee;  
 I am possessd o riches great,

Hae f+ifty ploughs and three;  
Likewise fa\'s heir to ane estate  
At the foot o Benachie.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.47  
\N1 `Hae ye ony masons in this place,  
Or ony at your call,  
That ye may now send some o them  
To build your broken wall?'  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.48  
\N1 `Yes, there are masons in this place,  
And plenty at my call;  
But ye may gang frae whence ye came,  
Never mind my broken wall.'  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.49  
\N1 They\'ve taen the lady by the hand  
And set her prison-free;  
Wi drums beating, and f+ifes playing,  
They spent the night wi glee.  
\SBALLADS Child 251A.50  
\N1 Now auld Johnny Moir, and young Johnny Moir,  
And Jock o Noth, a\' three,  
The English lady, and little wee boy,  
Went a\' to Benachie.  
\LBALLADS Child 252A.1  
\N1 THERE was a lady fair,  
An een a lady of birth an fame,  
She eyed her father\'s kitchen-boy,  
The greater was her shame.  
\SBALLADS Child 252A.2  
\N1 She could never her love reveal,  
Nor to him talk,  
But in the forest wide an brade,  
Where they were wont to walk.  
\SBALLADS Child 252A.3  
\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
Her father gaed frae home,  
And she sent for the kitchen-boy  
To her own room.  
\SBALLADS Child 252A.4  
\N1 `Canna ye fancy me, Willie?  
Canna ye fancy me?  
By a\' the lords I ever saw  
There is nane I loo but ye.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252A.5  
\N1 `O latna this be kent, lady,  
O latna this be . . . ,  
For gin yer father got word of this  
I vou he\'d gar me die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252A.6  
\N1 `Yer life shall no be taen, Willie,  
Yer life sal na be taen;  
I wad er loss my ain heart\'s blood  
Or thy body gat wrang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252A.7  
\N1 Wi her monny fair speeches  
She made the boy bold,  
Till he began to kiss an clap,  
An on her sine lay hold.  
\SBALLADS Child 252A.8  
\N1 They hadna kissed an love claped,

As lovers whan they meet,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 252A.9

\N1 `The master-cook he will on me call,  
An answered he man be;

An it wer kent I war in bower wi thee,  
I fear they wad gar me die.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.10

\N1 `The master-cook may on ye call,  
But answerd he will never be,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 252A.11

\N1 `For I hae three coffers fu o goud,  
Yer eyen did never see,

An I will build a bonny ship for my love,  
An set her to the sea,

And sail she east or sail she wast  
The ship sal be fair to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.12

\N1 She has built a bonny ship,  
And set her to the sea;

The topmasts war o the red goud,  
The sails of tafetie.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.13

\N1 She gae him a gay goud ring,

. . . . .  
. . . . .

To ming him on a gay lady  
That ance bear love to him.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.14

\N1 The day was fair, the ship was rare,  
Whan that swain set to sea;

Whan that day twal-moth came and gaed,  
At London landed he.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.15

\N1 A lady looked our the castle-wa,  
Beheld the day gae down,

And she beheld that bonny ship  
Come hailing to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.16

\N1 `Come here, come here, my maries a\',  
Ye see na what I see;

The bonniest ship is come to land  
Yer eyes did ever see.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.17

\N1 `Gae busk ye, busk ye, my maries a\',  
Busk ye unco f+ine,

Till I gae down to yon shore-side,  
To invite yon squar to dine.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.18

\N1 `O ye come up, gay young squar,  
An take wi me a dine;

Ye sal eat o the guid white loaf,  
An drink the claret wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.19

\N1 `I thank ye for yer bread,  
I thank ye for yer wine,

I that ye for yer courticie,  
But indeed I hanna time.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.20

\N1 `Canna ye fancy me?' she says,  
`Canna ye fancy me?

O a\ ' the lords an lairds I see  
There\ 's nane I fancy but ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.21

\N1 `The\ 'r far awa fra me,' he says,  
`The\ 'r clean ayont the sea,  
That has my heart in hand,  
An my love ae sal be.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.22

\N1 `Here is a guid goud ring,

. . .

It will mind ye on a gay lady  
That ance bare love to ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.23

\N1 `I ha a ring on my f+inger  
I loe thrice as well as thine,  
Tho yours were o the guid red goud  
An mine but simple tin.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.24

\N1 The day was fair, the ship was rare,  
Whan that squar set to sea;  
Whan that day twal-month came an gaed,  
At hame again landed he.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.25

\N1 The lady\ 's father looked our castle-wa,  
To see the day gae cown,  
An he beheld that bonny ship  
Come hailing to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.26

\N1 `Come here, my daughter,  
Ye see na what I see;  
The bonniest ship is come to land  
My eyes did ever see.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.27

\N1 `Gae busk ye, my dochter,  
G<a>e busk ye unco f+ine,  
An I\ 'll gae down to yon shore-side,  
To invite the squar to dine;  
I wad gie a\ ' my rents  
To hae ye married to him.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.28

\N1 The\ 'r far awa frae me,' she says,  
`Far ayont the sea,  
That has my heart in hand  
An my love ai sal be.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.29

\N1 `O will ye come, ye gay hine squar,  
An take wi me a dine?  
Ye sal eat o the guid white bread,  
And drink the claret wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 252A.30

\N1 `I thank ye for yer bread,  
I thank ye for yer wine,  
I thank ye for yer courticie,  
For indeed I hanna grait time.

\SBALLADS Child 252A.31

\N1 `O canna ye fancy me?' he says,  
`O canna ye fancy me?

O a\' the ladys I eer did see  
 There\'s nane I loo by ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252A.32  
 \N1 `They are far awa fra me.' she says,  
 `The\'r far ayont the sea,  
 That has my heart in hand,  
 An my love ay sall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252A.33  
 \N1 `Here it is, a gay goud ring,  
 . . .  
 It will mind ye on a gay hin chil  
 That ance bare love to ye.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252A.34  
 \N1 `O gat ye that ring on the sea sailing?  
 Or gat ye it on the land?  
 O gat ye it on the shore laying,  
 On a drowned man\'s hand?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252A.35  
 \N1 `I got na it on the sea sailing,  
 I got na it on the land,  
 But I got it on the shore lying,  
 On a drowned man\'s hand.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252A.36  
 \N1 `O bonny was his cheek,  
 An lovely was his face!'  
 `Allas!' says she, 'it is my true-love Willie,'  
 . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 252A.37  
 \N1 He turned him round about,  
 An sweetly could he smile;  
 She turned her round, says, My love Willie,  
 How could ye me beguile?  
 \SBALLADS Child 252A.38  
 \N1 `A priest! a priest!' the old man cries,  
 `An lat this twa married be:'  
 Little did the old man kin  
 It was his ain kitchen-boy.  
 \LBALLADS Child 252B.1  
 \N1 EARL RICHARD had but ae daughter,  
 A maid o birth and fame;  
 She loved her father\'s kitchen-boy,  
 The greater was her shame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.2  
 \N1 But she could neer her true-love see,  
 Nor with him could she talk,  
 In towns where she had wont to go,  
 Nor f+ields where she could walk.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.3  
 \N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
 Her father went from home;  
 She\'s calld upon the kitchen boy  
 To come and clean her room.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.4  
 \N1 `Come ye sit down by me, Willie,  
 Come sit ye down by me;  
 There\'s nae a lord in a\' the north  
 That I can love but thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.5  
 \N1 `Let never the like be heard, lady,  
 Nor let it ever be;

For if your father get word o this  
He will gar hang me hie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.6  
\N1 `O ye shall neer be hangd, Willie,  
Your blude shall neer be drawn;  
I\'ll lay my life in pledge o thine  
Your body\'s neer get wrang.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.7  
\N1 `Excuse me now, my comely dame,  
No langer here I\'ll stay;  
You know my time is near expir\'d,  
And now I must away.  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.8  
\N1 `The master-cook will on me call,  
And answered he must be;  
If I am found in bower with thee,  
Great anger will there be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.9  
\N1 `The master-cook will on you call,  
But shall not answerd be;  
I\'ll put you in a higher place  
Than any cook\'s degree.  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.10  
\N1 `I have a coffer full of gold,  
Another of white monie,  
And I will build a bonny ship,  
And set my love to sea.  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.11  
\N1 `Silk shall be your sailing-clothes,  
Gold yellow is your hair,  
As white like milk are your twa hands,  
Your body neat and fair.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.12  
\N1 This lady, with her fair speeches,  
She made the boy grow bold,  
And he began to kiss and clap,  
And on his love lay hold.  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.13  
\N1 And she has built a bonny ship,  
Set her love to the sea,  
Seven score o brisk young men  
To bear him companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.14  
\N1 Then she\'s taen out agay gold ring,  
To him she did it gie:  
`This will mind you on the ladie, Willie,  
That\'s laid her love on thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.15  
\N1 Then he\'s taen out a piece of gold,  
And he brake it in two:  
`All I have in the world, my dame,  
For love I give to you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.16  
\N1 Now he is to his bonny ship,  
And merrily taen the sea;  
The lady lay oer castle-wa,  
The tear blinded her ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 252B.17  
\N1 They had not saild upon the sea  
A week but barely three

When came a prosperous gale of wind,  
 On Spain\'s coast landed he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.18  
 \N1 A lady lay oer castle-wa,  
 Beholding dale and down,  
 And she beheld the bonny ship  
 Come sailing to the town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.19  
 \N1 `Come here, come here, my maries a`,  
 Ye see not what I see;  
 For here I see the bonniest ship  
 That ever saild the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.20  
 \N1 `In her there is the bravest squire  
 That eer my eyes did see;  
 All clad in silk and rich attire,  
 And comely, comely \'s he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.21  
 \N1 `O busk, O busk, my maries all,  
 O busk and make ye f+ine;  
 And we will on to yon shore-side,  
 Invite yon squire to dine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.22  
 \N1 `Will ye come up to my castle  
 Wi me and take your dine?  
 And ye shall eat the gude white bread,  
 And drink the claret wine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.23  
 \N1 `I thank you for your bread, lady,  
 I thank you for your wine;  
 I thank you for your kind offer,  
 But now I have not time.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.24  
 \N1 `I would gie all my land,' she says,  
 `Your gay bride were I she;  
 And then to live on a small portion  
 Contented I would be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.25  
 \N1 `She\'s far awa frae me, lady,  
 She\'s far awa frae me  
 That has my heart a-keeping fast,  
 And my love still she\'ll be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.26  
 \N1 `But ladies they are unconstant,  
 When their loves go to sea,  
 And she\'ll be wed ere ye gae back;  
 My love, pray stay wi me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.27  
 \N1 `If she be wed ere I go back,  
 And prove sae false to me,  
 I shall live single all my life;  
 I\'ll neer wed one but she.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.28  
 \N1 Then she\'s taen out a gay gold ring,  
 And gae him presentlie:  
 `Twill mind you on the lady, young man,  
 That laid her love on thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.29  
 \N1 `The ring that\'s on my mid-f+inger  
 Is far dearer to me,

Tho yours were o the gude red gold,  
 And mine the metal free.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.30  
 \N1 He viewd them all, baith neat and small,  
 As they stood on the shore,  
 Then hoist the mainsail to the wind,  
 Adieu, for evermore!  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.31  
 \N1 He had not saild upon the sea  
 A week but barely three  
 Until there came a prosperous gale,  
 In scotland landed he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.32  
 \N1 But he put paint upon his face,  
 And oil upon his hair,  
 Likewise a mask above his brow,  
 Which did disguise him sair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.33  
 \N1 Earl Richard lay oer castle-wa,  
 Beholding dale and down,  
 And he beheld the bonny ship  
 Come sailing to the town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.34  
 \N1 `Come here, come here, my daughter dear,  
 Ye see not what I see;  
 For her I see the bonniest ship  
 That ever saild the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.35  
 \N1 `In her there is the bravest squire  
 That eer my eyes did see;  
 O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,  
 Come here, come here, to me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.36  
 \N1 `O busk, O busk, my daughter dear,  
 O busk, and make ye f+ine,  
 And we will on to the shore-side,  
 Invite yon squire to dine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.37  
 \N1 `He\'s far awa frae me, father,  
 He\'s far awa frae me  
 Who has the keeping o my heart,  
 And I\'ll wed nane but he.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.38  
 \N1 `Whoever has your heart in hand,  
 Yon lad\'s the match for thee,  
 And he shall come to my castle  
 This day and dine wi me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.39  
 \N1 `Will ye come up to my castle  
 With me and take your dine?  
 And ye shall eat the gude white bread,  
 And drink the claret wine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.40  
 \N1 `Yes, I\'ll come up to your castle  
 With you and take my dine,  
 For I would give my bonny ship  
 Were your fair daughter mine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.41  
 \N1 `I would give all my lands,' he said,  
 `That your bride she would be;



Then to live on a small portion  
 Contented would I be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.42  
 \N1 As they gaed up from yon sea-strand  
 And down the bowling-green,  
 He drew the mask out-oer his face,  
 For fear he should be seen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.43  
 \N1 He\'s done him down from bower to bower,  
 Likewise from bower to ha,  
 And there he saw that lady gay,  
 The f+lower out-oer them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.44  
 \N1 He\'s taen her in his arms twa,  
 And haild her courteouslie:  
 `Excuse me, sir, there\'s no strange man  
 Such freedom use with me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.45  
 \N1 Her father turnd him round about,  
 A light laugh then gave he:  
 `Stay, I\'ll retire a little while,  
 Perhaps you may agree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.46  
 \N1 Now Willie\'s taen a gay gold ring,  
 And gave her presentlie;  
 Says, Take ye that, ye lady fair,  
 A love-token from me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.47  
 \N1 O got ye \'t on the sea sailing?  
 Or got ye \'t on the sand?  
 Or got ye \'t on the coast of Spain,  
 Upon a dead man\'s hand?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.48  
 \N1 `Fine silk it was his sailing-clothes,  
 Gold yellow was his hair;  
 It would hae made a hale heart bleed  
 To see him lying there.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.49  
 \N1 `He was not dead as I passd by,  
 But no remeid could be;  
 He gave me this token to bear  
 Unto a fair ladie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.50  
 \N1 `And by the marks he has descryvd  
 I\'m sure that you are she;  
 So take this token of free will,  
 For him you\'ll never see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.51  
 \N1 In sorrow she tore her mantle,  
 With care she tore her hair:  
 `Now since I\'ve lost my own true-love,  
 I\'ll neer love young men mair.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.52  
 \N1 He drew the mask from off his face,  
 The lady sweetly smiled:  
 `Awa, awa, ye fause Willie!  
 How have you me beguiled?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.53  
 \N1 Earl Richard he went thro the ha,  
 The wine-glass in his hand,

But little thought his kitchen-boy  
 Was heir oer a\' his land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.54  
 \N1 But this she kept within her heart,  
 And never told to one  
 Until nine months they were expir\'d,  
 That her young son came home.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252B.55  
 \N1 She told it to her father dear;  
 He said, Daughter, well won;  
 You\'ve married for love, not for gold,  
 Your joys will neer be done.  
 \LBALLADS Child 252C.1  
 \N1 O THERE was a ladie, a noble ladie,  
 She was a ladie of birth and fame,  
 But she fell in love wi her father\'s foot-boy,  
 I wis she was the mair to blame.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.2  
 \N1 A word of him she neer could get  
 Till her father was a hunting gone;  
 Then she calld on the bonny foot-boy  
 To speak wi her in her bower alone.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.3  
 \N1 Says, Ye ken you are my love, Willie,  
 And that I am a ladie free,  
 And there\'s naething ye can ask, Willie,  
 But at your bidding I maun be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.4  
 \N1 O the loving looks that ladie gave  
 Soon made the bonny boy grow bold,  
 And the loving words that ladie spake  
 As soon on them he did lay hold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.5  
 \N1 She has taen a ring frae her white f+inger,  
 And unto him she did it gie;  
 Says, Wear this token for my sake,  
 And keep it till the day you die.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.6  
 \N1 `But shoud my father get word of this,  
 I fear we baith will have cause to rue,  
 For to some nunnery I shoud be sent,  
 And I fear, my love, he would ruin you.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.7  
 \N1 `But here is a coffer of the good red gowd,  
 I wot my mother left it to me;  
 And wi it you\'ll buy a bonny ship,  
 And ye maun sail the raging sea;  
 Then like some earl or baron\'s son  
 You can come back and marrie me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.8  
 \N1 `But stay not lang awa, Willie,  
 O stay not lang across the fame,  
 For fear your ladie shoud lighter be,  
 Or your young son shoud want a name.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.9  
 \N1 He had not been o the sea sailing  
 But till three months were come and gane,  
 Till he has landed his bonny ship;  
 It was upon the coast of Spain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252C.10

\N1 There was a ladie of high degree  
That saw him walking up and down;  
She fell in love wi sweet Willie,  
But she wist no how to make it known.  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.11

\N1 She has calld up her maries a\',  
Says, Hearken well to what I say;  
There is a young man in yon ship  
That has been my love this many a day.  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.12

\N1 `Now bear a hand, my maries a\',  
And busk my brave and make me f+ine,  
And go wi me to yon shore-side  
To invite that noble youth to dine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.13

\N1 O they have buskit that ladie gay  
In velvet pall and jewels rare;  
A poor man might have been made rich  
Wi half the pearles they pat in her hair.  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.14

\N1 Her mantle was of gowd sae red,  
It glaned as far as ane coud see;  
Sweet Willie thought she had been the queen,  
And bowd full low and bent his knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.15

\N1 She\'s gard her maries step aside,  
And on sweet Willie sae did smile;  
She thought that man was not on earth  
But of his heart she could beguile.  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.16

\N1 Says, Ye maun leave your bonny ship  
And go this day wi me and dine,  
And you shall eat the baken meat,  
And you shall drink the Spanish wine.  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.17

\N1 `I canna leave my bonny ship,  
Nor go this day to dine wi thee,  
For a\' my sails are ready bent  
To bear me back to my ain countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.18

\N1 `O gin you\'d forsake your bonny ship  
And wed a ladie of this countrie,  
I would make you lord of a\' this town,  
And towns and castles twa or three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.19

\N1 `Should I wed a ladie of this countrie,  
In sooth I woud be sair to blame,  
For the fairest ladie in fair Scotland  
Woud break her heart gin I gaed na hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.20

\N1 `That ladie may choose another lord,  
And you another love may choose;  
There is not a lord in this countrie  
That such a proffer could refuse.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.21

\N1 `O ladie, shoud I your proffer take,  
You\'d soon yoursell have cause to rue,  
For the man that his f+irst love forsakes  
Woud to a second neer prove true.'  
\SBALLADS Child 252C.22

\N1 She has taen a ring frae her white f+inger,  
It might have been a prince\'s fee;  
Says, Wear this token for my sake,  
And give me that which now I see.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.23

\N1 `Take back your token, ye ladie fair;  
This ring you see on my right hand  
Was gien me by my ain true-love,  
Before I left my native land.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.24

\N1 `And tho yours woud buy it nine times oer  
I far more dearly prize my ain;  
Nor woud I make the niffer,' he says,  
`For a\' the gowd that is in Spain.'

\SBALLADS Child 252C.25

\N1 The ladie turnd her head away  
To dry the sat tears frae her eyne;  
She naething more to him did say  
But, I wish your face I neer had seen!

\SBALLADS Child 252C.26

\N1 He has set his foot on good ship-board,  
The ladie waved her milk-white hand,  
The wind sprang up and f+illd his sails,  
And he quickly left the Spanish land.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.27

\N1 He soon came back to his native strand,  
He langd his ain true-love to see;  
Her father saw him come to land,  
And took him some great lord to be.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.28

\N1 Says, Will ye leave your bonny ship  
And come with me this day to dine?  
And you shall eat the baken meat,  
And you shall drink the claret wine.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.29

\N1 `O I will leave my bonny ship,  
And glaclly go with you to dine,  
And I woud gie thrice three thousand pounds  
That you fair daughter were but mine.'

\SBALLADS Child 252C.30

\N1 `O gin ye will part wi your bonny ship  
And wed a ladie of this countrie,  
I will gie you my ae daughter,  
Gin she\'ll consent your bride to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 252C.31

\N1 O he has blaket his bonny face  
And closs tuckd up his yellow hair;  
His true-love met them at the yate,  
But she little thought her love was there.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.32

\N1 `O will you marrie this lord, daughter,  
That I\'ve brought hame to dine wi me?  
You shall be heir of a\' my lands,  
Gin you\'ll consent his bride to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 252C.33

\N1 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
I wot the tears stood in her eye;  
Says, The man is on the sea sailling  
That fair wedding shall get of me.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.34

\N1 Then Willie has washd his bonny face,  
And he\'s kaimd down his yellow hair;  
He took his true-love in his arms,  
And kindly has he kissd her there.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.35

\N1 She\'s looked in his bonny face,  
And thro her tears did sweetly smile,  
Then sayd, Awa, awa, Willie!  
How could you thus your love beguile?

\SBALLADS Child 252C.36

\N1 She kept the secret in her breast,  
Full seven years she\'s kept the same,  
Till it fell out at a christning-feast,  
And then of it she made good game.

\SBALLADS Child 252C.37

\N1 And her father laughd aboon the rest,  
And said, My daughter, you\'r nae to blame;  
For you\'ve married for love, and no for land,  
So a\' my gowd is yours to claim.

\LBALLADS Child 252D.1

\N1 THERE lived a lady in the north  
O muckle birth an fame;  
She\'s faun in love wi her kitchie-boy,  
The greater was her shame.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 252D.2

\N1 `Maister cook, he will cry oot,  
An answered he maun be;'

. . . .

. . .

\SBALLADS Child 252D.3

\N1 `I hae a coffer o ried gowd  
My mither left to me,  
An I will build a bonnie ship,  
And send her ower the sea,  
An you\'ll come hame like lord or squire,  
An answered you maun be.'

\SBALLADS Child 252D.4

\N1 She has biggit a bonnie ship,  
Sent her across the main,  
An in less that sax months an a day  
That ship cam back again.

\SBALLADS Child 252D.5

\N1 `Go dress, go dress, my dochter Janet,  
Go dress, an mak you f+ine,  
An we\'ll go doun to yon shore-side  
An bid yon lords to dine.'

\SBALLADS Child 252D.6

\N1 He\'s pued the black mask ower his face,  
Kaimed down his yellow hair,  
A\' no to lat her father ken  
That ere he had been there.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 252D.7

\N1 `Oh, got you that by sea sailin?  
Or got you that by land?  
Or got you that on Spanish coast,  
Upon a died man\'s hand?'

\SBALLADS Child 252D.8

\N1 `I got na that by sea sailin,

I got na that by land;  
 But I got that on Spanish coast,  
 Upon a died man\'s hand.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252D.9  
 \N1 He\'s pued the black mask aff his face,  
 Threw back his yellow hair,  
 . . . .  
 . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 252D.10  
 \N1 `A priest, a priest,' the lady she cried,  
 `To marry my love an me;'  
 `A clerk, a clerk,' her father cried,  
 `To sign her tocher free.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 252E.1  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \N1 AND she has built a lofty ship,  
 And set her to the main;  
 The masts o her were gude reed gowd,  
 And the sails o silver clear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.2  
 \N1 `Ye winna bide three months awa  
 When ye\'ll return again,  
 In case your lady lichter be,  
 And your baby want the name.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.3  
 \N1 But the wind blew high,  
 The mariners they did land at Lundin soon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.4  
 \N1 A lady sat on the castell-wa,  
 Beheld baith dale and down,  
 And there she saw this lofty ship,  
 Comin sailin in the Downs.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.5  
 \N1 `Look out, look out, my maidens a\',  
 Ye seena what I see;  
 For I do see as bonny a ship  
 As ever sailied the sea,  
 And the master o her\'s the bonniest boy  
 That ever my eyes did see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.6  
 \N1 She\'s taen her mantell her about,  
 Her cane intill her han,  
 And she\'s away to the shore-side,  
 Till invite the square to dine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.7  
 \N1 `O will ye come to our castell?  
 Or will ye sup or dine?'  
 `O excuse me, madam,' he said,  
 `For I hae but little time.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.8  
 \N1 The wind blew high,  
 The mariners they did land at home again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.9  
 \N1 The old man sat in the castell-wa,  
 Beholding dale and down,  
 And there he spied this goodly ship  
 Come sailin to the town.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.10  
 \N1 `Look out, look out, my dauchter dear,

Ye see not what I see;  
 For I do see as bonny a ship  
 As ever sailed the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.11  
 \N1 `And the master o her\'s the bonniest boy  
 That my eyes did ever see,  
 And if I were a woman as I\'m a man  
 My husband he should be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.12  
 \N1 `Haud far awa frae me, fader,  
 Haud far awa frae me,  
 For I never had a lad but ane,  
 And he\'s far awa at sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.13  
 \N1 `There is a love-token atween us twa,  
 It\'ll be mair ere it be less,  
 An aye the langer he bides awa  
 It will the mair encreass.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.14  
 \N1 He\'s taen his mantell him about,  
 His cane intil his hand,  
 And he\'s awa to the shore-side,  
 To invite the square to dine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.15  
 \N1 `O will ye come to our castle?  
 Or will ye sup or dine?'  
 `Indeed I will, kind sir,' he said,  
 `Tho I\'ve but little time.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 252E.16  
 \N1 The lady sat on castle-wa,  
 Beholding dale and down,  
 But he\'s put his veil upon his face,  
 That she might not him ken.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 253A.1  
 \N1 LADY MAISRY lives intill a bower,  
 She never wore but what she would;  
 Her gowns were o the silks sae f+ine,  
 Her coats stood up wi bolts o gold.  
 \SBALLADS Child 253A.2  
 \N1 Mony a knight there courted her,  
 And gentlemen o high degree,  
 But it was Thomas o Yonderdale  
 That gaind the love o thisladie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 253A.3  
 \N1 Now he has hunted her till her bower,  
 Baith late at night and the mid day,  
 But when he stole her virgin rose  
 Nae mair this maid he would come nigh.  
 \SBALLADS Child 253A.4  
 \N1 But it fell ance upon a time  
 Thomas her bower he walke+:d by;  
 There he saw her Lady Maisry,  
 Nursing her young son on her knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 253A.5  
 \N1 `O seal on you, my bonny babe,  
 And lang may ye my comfort be!  
 Your father passes by our bower,  
 And now minds neither you nor me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 253A.6

\N1 Now when Thomas heard her speak,  
The saut tear trinkled frae his ee;  
To Lady Maisry\'s bower he went,  
Says, Now I\'m come to comfort thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.7

\N1 `Is this the promise ye did make  
Last when I was in your companie?  
You said before nine months were gane  
Your wedded wife that I should be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.8

\N1 `If Saturday be a bonny day,  
Then, my love, I maun sail the sea;  
But if I live for to return,  
O then, my love, I\'ll marry thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.9

\N1 `I wish Saturday a stormy day,  
High and stormy be the sea,  
Ships may not sail, nor boats row,  
But gar true Thomas stay with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.10

\N1 Saturday was a bonny day,  
Fair and leesome blew the wind;  
Ships did sail, and boats did row,  
Which had true Thomas to unco ground.  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.11

\N1 He hadna been on unco ground  
A month, a month but barely three,  
Till he has courted anither maid,  
And quite forgotten Lady Maisry.  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.12

\N1 Ae night as he lay on his bed,  
In a dreary dream dreamed he  
That Maisry stood by his bedside,  
Upbraiding him for \'s inconstancie.  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.13

\N1 He\'s calld upon his little boy,  
Says, Bring me candle, that I see;  
And ye maun gang this night, [my] boy,  
Wi a letter to a gay ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.14

\N1 `It is my duty you to serve,  
And bring you coal and candle-light,  
And I would rin your errand, master,  
If \'twere to Lady Maisry bright.  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.15

\N1 `Tho my legs were sair I coudna gang,  
Tho the night were dark I coudna see,  
Tho I should creep on hands and feet,  
I woud gae to Lady Maisry.'  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.16

\N1 `Win up, win up, my bonny boy,  
And at my bidding for to be;  
For ye maun quickly my errand rin,  
For it is to Lady Maisry.  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.17

\N1 `Ye\'ll bid her dress in the gowns o silk,  
Likewise in the coats o cramasie;  
Ye\'ll bid her coma alang wi you,  
True Thomas\'s wedding for to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.18



\N1 `Ye\`ll bid her shoe her steed before,  
And a\` gowd graithing him behind;  
On ilka tip o her horse mane,  
Twa bonny bells to loudly ring.

\SBALLADS Child 253A.19

\N1 `And on the tor o her saddle  
A courtly bird to sweetly sing;  
Her bridle-reins o silver f+ine,  
And stirrups by her side to hing.'

\SBALLADS Child 253A.20

\N1 She dressd her in the f+inest silk,  
Her coats were o the cramasie,  
And she\`s awa to unco land,  
True Thomas\`s wedding for to see.

\SBALLADS Child 253A.21

\N1 At ilka tippet o her horse mane,  
Twa bonny belly did loudly ring,  
And on the tor o her saddle  
A courtly bird did sweetly sing.

\SBALLADS Child 253A.22

\N1 The bells they rang, the bird he sang,  
As they rode in yon pleasant plain;  
Then soon she met true Thomas\`s bride,  
Wi a\` her maidens and young men.

\SBALLADS Child 253A.23

\N1 The bride she garded round about,  
`I wonder,' said she, 'who this may be?  
It surely is our Scottish queen,  
Come here our wedding for to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 253A.24

\N1 Out it speaks true Thomas\`s boy,  
`She maunna lift her head sae hie;  
But it\`s true Thomas\`s f+irst love,  
Come here your wedding for to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 253A.25

\N1 Then out bespake true Thomas\`s bride,  
I wyte the tear did blind her ee;  
If this be Thomas\`s f+irst true-love,  
I\`m sair afraid he\`ll neer hae me.

\SBALLADS Child 253A.26

\N1 Then in it came her Lady Maisry,  
And aye as she trips in the f+leer,  
`What is your will, Thomas?' she said,  
`This day, ye know, ye calld me here.'

\SBALLADS Child 253A.27

\N1 `Come hither by me, ye lily f+lower,  
Come hither and set ye down by me,  
For ye\`re the ane I\`ve call\`d upon,  
And ye my wedded wife maun be.'

\SBALLADS Child 253A.28

\N1 Then in it came true Thomas\`s bride,  
And aye as she trippd on the stane,  
`What is your will, Thomas?' she said,  
`This day, ye know, ye calld my hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 253A.29

\N1 `Ye hae come on hired horseback,  
But ye\`se gae hame in coach sae free;  
For here\`s the f+lower into my bower  
I mean my wedded wife shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 253A.30

\N1 `O ye will break your lands, Thomas,  
And part them in divisions three;  
Gie twa o them to your ae brother,  
And cause your brother marry me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 253A.31

\N1 `I winna break my lands,' he said,  
`For ony woman that I see;  
My brother\'s a knight o wealth and might,  
He\'ll wed nane but he will for me.'  
\LBALLADS Child 254A.1

\N1 SWEET WILLIAM\'s gone over seas,  
Some unco lair to learn,  
And our gude Bailie\'s ae dochter  
Is awa to learn the same.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.2

\N1 in one broad buke they learned baith,  
In one broad bed they lay;  
But when her father came to know  
He gart her come away.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.3

\N1 `It\'s you must marry that Southland lord,  
His lady for to be;  
It\'s ye maun marry that Southland lord,  
Or nocht ye\'ll get frae me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.4

\N1 `I must marry that Southland lord,  
Father, an it be your will;  
But I rather it were my burial-day,  
My grave for to fill.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.5

\N1 She walked up, she walked down,  
Had none to make her moan,  
Nothing but the pretty bird  
Sat on the causey-stone.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.6

\N1 `If thou could speak, wee bird,' she says,  
`As weell as thou can flee,  
I would write a long letter  
To Will ayont the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.7

\N1 `What thou wants wi Will,' it says,  
`Thou\'ll seal it with thy ring,  
Tak a thread o silk and anither o twine,  
About my neck will hing.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.8

\N1 What she wanted wi Willie  
She sealed it wi a ring,  
Took a thread of silk, another o twine,  
About its neck did hing.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.9

\N1 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
This bird flew owre the sea,  
Until it entered the same room  
Wherein was Sweet Willie.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.10

\N1 This bird flew high, this bird flew low,  
Poor bird, it was mistaen!  
It let the letter fa on Baldie\'s breist,  
Instead of Sweet William.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.11

\N1 `Here\'s a letter, William,' he says,  
`I\'m sure it\'s not to me;  
And gin the morn gin twelve o\'clock  
Your love shall married be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.12  
\N1 `Come saddle to me my horse,' he said,  
`The brown and a\' that\'s speedie,  
And I\'ll awa to Old England,  
To bring home my ladie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.13  
\N1 Awa he gaed, awa he rade,  
Awa wi mickle speed;  
He lichtit at every twa miles\' end,  
Lichtit and changed his steed.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.14  
\N1 When she entered the church-style,  
The tear was in her ee;  
But when she entered the church-door  
A blythe sicht did she see.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.15  
\N1 `O hold your hand, you minister,  
Hold it a little wee,  
Till I speak wi the bonnie bride,  
For she\'s friend to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.16  
\N1 `Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,  
Stand off a little wee;  
Stand off, stand off, you braw bridegroom,  
For the bride shall join wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.17  
\N1 Up and spak the bride\'s father,  
And an angry man was he;  
`If I had pistol, powther and lead,  
And all at my command,  
I would shoot thee stiff and dead  
In the place where thou dost stand.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.18  
\N1 Up and spoke then Sweet William,  
And a blithe blink from his ee;  
`If ye neer be shot till I shoot you,  
Ye\'se neer be shot for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 254A.19  
\N1 `Come out, come out, my foremost man,  
And lift my lady on;  
Commend me all to my good-mother,  
At night when ye gang home.'  
\LBALLADS Child 254B.1  
\N1 LORD WILLIAM has but ae dear son,  
In this world had nae mair;  
Lord Lundie had but ae daughter,  
And he will hae nane but her.  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.2  
\N1 They dressed up in maids\' array,  
And passd for sisters fair;  
With ae consent gaed ower the sea,  
For to seek after lear.  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.3  
\N1 They baith did eat at ae braid board,  
In ae bed baith did lye;  
When Lord Lundie got word o that,

He\'s taen her soon away.

\SBALLADS Child 254B.4

\N1 When Lord Lundie got word of that,  
An angry man was he;  
He wrote his daughter on great haste  
To return right speedilie.

\SBALLADS Child 254B.5

\N1 When she looked the letter upon,  
A light laugh then gae she;  
But ere she read it till an end  
The tear blinded her ee.

\SBALLADS Child 254B.6

\N1 `Bad news, bad news, my love Willie,  
Bad news is come to me;  
My father\'s written a braid letter,  
Bids me gae speedilie.

\SBALLADS Child 254B.7

\N1 `Set trysts, set trysts, my love Willie,  
Set trysts, I pray, wi me;  
Set trysts, set trysts, my love Willie,  
When will our wedding be.'

\SBALLADS Child 254B.8

\N1 `On Wednesday, on Wednesday,  
The first that ever ye see;  
On Wednesday at twelve o\'clock,  
My dear, I\'ll meet wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 254B.9

\N1 When she came to her father\'s ha,  
He hailed her courteouslie;  
Says, I\'ll forgie offences past,  
If now ye\'ll answer me.

\SBALLADS Child 254B.10

\N1 `Will ye marry yon young prince,  
Queen of England to be?  
Or will you marry Lord William\'s son,  
Be loved by nane but he?'

\SBALLADS Child 254B.11

\N1 `I will marry yon young prince,  
Father, if it be your will;  
But i woud rather I were dead and gane,  
My grave I woud win till.'

\SBALLADS Child 254B.12

\N1 When she was in her saddle set,  
She skyred like the fire,  
To go her bridegroom for to meet,  
For whom she\'d nae desire.

\SBALLADS Child 254B.13

\N1 On every tippet o her horse mane  
There hang a siller bell,  
And whether the wind blew east or west  
They gae a sundry knell.

\SBALLADS Child 254B.14

\N1 And when she came to Mary\'s kirk  
She skyred like the fire;  
There her young bridegroom she did meet,  
For whom she\'d nae desire.

\SBALLADS Child 254B.15

\N1 She looked ower her left shoulder,  
The tear blinded her ee;  
But looking ower her right shoulder,

A blythe sight then saw she.  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.16  
\N1 There she saw Lord William\'s son,  
And mony a man him wi,  
Wi targes braid and glittering spears  
All marching ower the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.17  
\N1 The minister looked on a book  
Her marriage to begin:  
'If there is naething to be said,  
These two may join in ane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.18  
\N1 'O huly, huly, sir,' she said,  
'O stay a little wee;  
I hae a friend to welcome yet  
That\'s been a dear friend to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.19  
\N1 O then the parson he spake out,  
A wise word then spake he;  
'You might hae had your friends welcomd  
Before ye\'d come to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.20  
\N1 Then in it came the bride\'s f+irst love,  
And mony a man him wi:  
'Stand back, stand back, ye jelly bridegroom,  
Bride, ye maun join wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.21  
\N1 Then out it speaks him Lord Lundie,  
An angry man was he;  
'Lord William\'s son will hae my daughter  
Without leave askd of me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.22  
\N1 'But since it\'s sae that she will gang,  
And proved sae fause to thee,  
I\'ll make a vow, and keep it true,  
Nae portion shall I gie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.23  
\N1 Then out it speaks the bride\'s f+irst love,  
And [a] light laugh then gae he;  
'I\'ve got the best portion now, my lord,  
That ye can gie to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.24  
\N1 'Your gude red gold I value not,  
Nor yet your white monie;  
I hae her by the hand this day  
That\'s far dearer to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254B.25  
\N1 'So gie the prince a coffer o gold  
When he gaes to his bed,  
And bid him clap his coffer o gold,  
And I\'ll clap my bonny bride.'  
\LBALLADS Child 254C.1  
\N1 LORD WILLIAM has gane oer the sea  
For to seek after lear;  
Lord Lundie had but ae daughter,  
And he\'d wed nane but her.  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.2  
\N1 Upon a book they both did read,  
And in ae bed did ly:  
'But if my father get word o this,

I\'ll soon be taen away.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.3  
\N1 `Your father\'s gotten word of this,  
Soon married then ye\'ll be;  
`Set trysts, set trysts wi me, Janet,  
Set trysts, set trysts wi me.  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.4  
\N1 `Set trysts, set trysts wi me, Janet,  
When your wedding-day\'s to be;  
`On Saturday, the first that comes,  
Must be my wedding-day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.5  
\N1 `Bad news, bad news is come, Janet,  
Bad news is come to me;  
Your father\'s gotten word of this,  
Soon married then ye\'ll be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.6  
\N1 `O will ye marry the young prince, daughter,  
The queen of England to be?  
Or will ye marry Lord William,  
And die immediately?'  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.7  
\N1 `O I will marry the young prince, father,  
Because it is your will;  
But I wish it was my burial-day,  
For my grave I could gang till.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.8  
\N1 When they gaed in into the kirk,  
And ae seat they sat in,  
The minister took up the book,  
The marriage to begin.  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.9  
\N1 `Lay down the book, O dear, kind sir,  
And wait a little wee;  
I have a lday to welcome yet,  
She\'s been a good friend to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.10  
\N1 Out then spake the minister,  
An angry man was he;  
`You might have had your ladies welcomd  
Before ye came to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.11  
\N1 She looked oer her left shoulder,  
And tears did blind her ee;  
But she looked oer her right shoulder,  
And a blythe sight saw she,  
For in there came him Lord William,  
And his valiant company.  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.12  
\N1 And in ther came him Lord William,  
His armour shining clear,  
And in it came him Lord William,  
And many glittering spear.  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.13  
\N1 `Stand by, stand by, ye bonny bridegroom,  
Stand by, stand by,' said he;  
`Stand by, stand by, ye bonny bridegroom,  
Bride, ye maun join wi me.  
\SBALLADS Child 254C.14  
\N1 `Let the young prince clap his coffer of gold

When he gangs to his bed;  
 Let the young prince clap his coffer of gold,  
 But I\'ll clap my bonny bride.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 254C.15  
 \N1 Out it spake him Lord Lundie,  
 And an angry man was he;  
 `My daughter will marry him Lord William,  
 It seems, in spite of me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 255A.1  
 \N1 `\'TWAS on an evening fair I went to take the air,  
 I heard a maid making her moan;  
 Said, Saw ye my father? Or saw ye my mother?  
 Or saw ye my brother John?  
 Or saw ye the lad that I love best,  
 And his name it is Sweet William?  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.2  
 \N1 `I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,  
 Nor saw I your brother John;  
 But I saw the lad that ye love best,  
 And his name it is Sweet William.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.3  
 \N1 `O was my love riding? or was he running?  
 Or was he walking alone?  
 Or says he that he will be here this night?  
 O dear, but he tarries long!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.4  
 \N1 `Your love was not riding, nor yet was he running,  
 But fast was he walking alone;  
 He says that he will be here this night to thee,  
 And forbids you to think long.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.5  
 \N1 Then Willie he has gane to his love\'s door,  
 And gently tirlled the pin:  
 `O sleep ye, wake ye, my bonny Meggie,  
 Ye\'ll rise, lat your true love in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.6  
 \N1 The lassie being swack ran to the door fu snack,  
 And gently she lifted the pin,  
 Then into her arms sae large and sae lang  
 She embraced her bonny love in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.7  
 \N1 `O will ye gang to the cards or the dice,  
 Or to a table o wine?  
 Or will ye gang to a well-made bed,  
 Well coverd wi blankets f+ine?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.8  
 \N1 `O I winna gang to the cards nor the dice,  
 Nor yet to a table o wine;  
 But I\'ll rather gang to a well-made bed,  
 Well coverd wi blankets f+ine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.9  
 \N1 `My braw little cock, sits on the house tap,  
 Ye\'ll crawl not till it be day,  
 And your kame shall be o the gude red gowd,  
 And your wings o the siller grey.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 255A.10  
 \N1 The cock being fause untrue he was,  
 And he crew an hour ower seen;  
 They thought it was the gude day-light,  
 But it was but the light o the meen.

\SBALLADS Child 255A.11

\N1 `Ohon, alas!' says bonny Meggie then,  
`This night we hae slept ower lang!'  
`O what is the matter?' then Willie replied,  
`The faster then I must gang.'

\SBALLADS Child 255A.12

\N1 Then Sweet Willie raise, and put on his claise,  
And drew till him stockings and sheen,  
And took by his side his berry-brown sword,  
And ower yon lang hill he\'s gane.

\SBALLADS Child 255A.13

\N1 As he gaed ower yon high, high hill,  
And down yon dowie den,  
Great and grievous was the ghost he saw,  
Would fear ten thousand men.

\SBALLADS Child 255A.14

\N1 As he gaed in by Mary kirk,  
And in by Mary stile,  
Wan and weary was the ghost  
Upon sweet Willie did smile.

\SBALLADS Child 255A.15

\N1 `Aft hae ye travelld this road, Willie,  
Aft hae ye travelld in sin;  
Ye neer said sae muckle for your saul  
As My Maker bring me hame!

\SBALLADS Child 255A.16

\N1 `Aft hae ye travelld this road, Willie,  
Your bonny love to see;  
But ye\'ll never travel this road again  
Till ye leave a token wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 255A.17

\N1 Then she has taen him Sweet Willie,  
Riven him frae gair to gair,  
And on ilka seat o Mary\'s kirk  
O Willie she hang a share;  
Even abeen his love Meggie\'s dice,  
Hang\'s head and yellow hair.

\SBALLADS Child 255A.18

\N1 His father made moan, his mother made moan,  
But Meggie made muckle mair;  
His father made moan, his mother made moan,  
But Meggie reave her yellow hair.

\LBALLADS Child 256A.1

\N1 `MY luv she lives in Lincolnshire,  
I wat she\'s neither black nor broun,  
But her hair is like the thread o gowd,  
Aye an it waur weel kaime+:d doun.'

\SBALLADS Child 256A.2

\N1 She\'s pued the black mask owre her face,  
An blinkit gaily wi her ee:  
\R'\ro will you to my weddin come,  
An will you bear me gude companie?'

\SBALLADS Child 256A.3

\N1 `I winna to your weddin come,  
Nor [will] I bear you gude companie,  
Unless you be the bride yoursell,  
An me the bridegroom to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 256A.4

\N1 `For me to be the bride mysel,  
An you the bonnie bridegroom to be-+---+



Cheer up you heart, Sweet Willie,' she said,  
'For that\'s the day you\'ll never see.

\SBALLADS Child 256A.5

\N1 `Gin you waur on your saddle set,  
An gaily ridin on the way,  
You\'ll hae nae mair mind o Alison  
Than she waur dead an laid in clay.'

\SBALLADS Child 256A.6

\N1 When he was on his saiddle set,  
An slowly ridin on the way,  
He had mair mind o Alison  
Than he had o the licht o day.

\SBALLADS Child 256A.7

\N1 He saw a hart draw near a hare,  
An aye that hare drew near a toun,  
An that same hart did get a hare,  
But the gentle knicht got neer a toun.

\SBALLADS Child 256A.8

\N1 He leant him owre his saiddle-bow,  
An his heart did brak in pieces three;  
Wi sighen said him Sweet Willie,  
'The pains o luve hae taen hald o me.'

\SBALLADS Child 256A.9

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

There cam a white horse an a letter,  
That stopped the weddin speidilie.

\SBALLADS Child 256A.10

\N1 She leant her back on her bed-side,  
An her heart did brak in pieces three;  
She was buried an bemoaned,  
But the birds waur Willie\'s companie.

\LBALLADS Child 257A.1

\N1 THERE is a stane in yon water,  
It\'s lang or it grow green;  
It\'s a maid that maks her ain fortune,  
It\'ll never end its leen.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.2

\N1 Burd Bell was na full fyfteen  
Till to service she did gae;  
Burd Bell was na full sixteen  
Till big wi bairn was scho.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 257A.3

\N1 `Burd Bell she is a gude woman,  
She bides at hame wi me;  
She never seeks to gang to church,  
But bides at hame wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.4

\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
She fell in travail-pain;  
He is gane to the stair-head  
Some ladies to call in.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.5

\N1 `O gin ye hae a lass-bairn, Burd Bell,  
A lass-bairn though it be,  
Twenty ploughs bot and a mill  
Will mak ye lady free.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.6

\N1 `But gin ye hae a son, Burd Bell,

Ye\'se be my wedded wife,

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 257A.7

\N1 The knights they knock their white fingers,

The ladies sat and sang,

Twass a\' to cheer bonnie Burd Bell,

She was far sunk in pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 257A.8

\N1 Earl Patrick is to his mither gane,

As fast as he could hie:

\`An askin, an askin, dear mither,

An askin I want frae thee.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.9

\N1 \`Burd Bell has born to me a son;

What sall I do her wi?'

\`Gie her what ye like, Patrick,

Mak na her your ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.10

\N1 He has gane to bonnie Burd Bell,

Hir heart was pressd wi care:

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 257A.11

\N1 \`My father will dee, bonnie Burd Bell,

My mither will do the same,

And whan ye hear that they are gane

It\'s then I\'ll bring ye hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.12

\N1 Earl Patrick\'s bigget to her a bour,

And strawn it round wi sand;

He coverd it wi silver on the outside,

Wi the red gowd within.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.13

\N1 It happened ance upon a day

She was kaiming his yellow hiar,

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 257A.14

\N1 \`Your father is dead, Earl Patrick,

Your mither is the same;

And what is the reason, Earl Patrick,

Ye winna tak me hame?'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.15

\N1 \`I\'ve bigget to you a bonnie bour,

I\'ve strawn it round wi sand;

I\'ve coverd it wi silver on the outside,

Wi gude red gowd within.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.16

\N1 \`If eer I marry anither woman,

Or bring anither hame,

I wish a hundred evils may enter me,

And may I fa oure the brim!'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.17

\N1 It was na very lang after this

That a duke\'s dochter he\'s wed,

Wi a waggon fu of gowd

. . . .  
. . . .

\SBALLADS Child 257A.18

\N1 Burd Bell lookit oure her castle-wa,  
And spied baith dale and down,  
And there she saw Earl Patrick\'s aunt  
Come riding to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.19

\N1 `What want ye here, Earl Patrick\'s aunt?  
What want ye here wi me?'

`I want Earl Patrick\'s bonnie young son;  
His bride fain wad him see.'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.20

\N1 `I wad like to see that woman or man,  
Of high or low degree,  
That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
That I ance for bowd my knee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 257A.21

\N1 `Burd Bell, she\'s the bauldest woman  
That ever I did see:'

`It\'s I\'ll gang to bonnie Burd Bell,  
She was never bauld to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.22

\N1 Burd Bell lookit oure her castle-wa,  
Behauding brave dale and down,  
And there she spied him Earl Patrick  
Slowly riding to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.23

\N1 `What said ye to my great-grand-aunt

. . . .

. . . .

. . . .'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.24

\N1 `I said nathing to your great-grand-aunt  
But I will say to thee:

I wad like to see the woman or man,  
Of high or low degree,  
That wad tak the bairn frae my foot  
I ance for bowd my knee.

\SBALLADS Child 257A.25

\N1 `O dinna ye mind, Earl Patrick,  
The vows ye made to me,  
That a hundred evils was enter you  
If ye provd fause to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 257A.26

\N1 He\'s turnd him richt and round about,  
His horse head to the wind,  
The hundred evils enterd him,  
And he fell oure the brim.

\LBALLADS Child 257B.1

\N1 TAKE warning, a\' ye young women,  
Of low station or hie,  
Lay never your love upon a man  
Above your ain degree.

\SBALLADS Child 257B.2

\N1 Thus I speak by Burd Isbel;  
She was a maid sae fair,  
She laid her love on Sir Patrick,  
She\'ll rue it for evermair.

\SBALLADS Child 257B.3

\N1 And likewise, a\' ye sprightly youths,  
Of low station or hie,

Lay never your love upon a maid  
Below your ain degree.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.4  
\N1 And thus I speak by Sir Patrick,  
Who was a knight sae rare;  
He\'s laid his love on Burd Isbel,  
He\'ll rue it for evermair.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.5  
\N1 Burd Isbel was but ten years auld,  
To service she has gane;  
And Burd Isbel was but fifeteen  
Whan her young son came hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.6  
\N1 It fell ance upon a day  
Strong travelling took she;  
None there was her bower within  
But Sir Patrick and she.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.7  
\N1 `This is a wark now, Sir Patrick,  
That we twa neer will end;  
Ye\'ll do you to the outer court  
And call some women in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.8  
\N1 He\'s done him to the outer court,  
And stately there did stand;  
Eleven ladies he\'s calld in,  
Wi ae shake o his hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.9  
\N1 `Be favourable to Burd Isbel,  
Deal favourable if ye may;  
Her kirking and her fair wedding  
Shall baith stand on ae day.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.10  
\N1 `Deal favourable to Burd Isbel,  
Whom I love as my life;  
Ere this day month be come and gane,  
She\'s be my wedded wife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.11  
\N1 Then he is on to his father,  
Fell low down on his knee;  
Says, Will I marry Burd Isbel?  
She\'s born a son to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.12  
\N1 `O marry, marry Burd Isbel,  
Or use her as you like;  
Ye\'ll gar her wear the silks sae red  
And sae may ye the white.  
O woud ye marry Burd Isbel,  
Make her your heart\'s delight?  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.13  
\N1 `You want not lands nor rents, Patrick,  
You know your fortune\'s free;  
But ere you\'d marry Burd Isbel  
I\'d rather bury thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.14  
\N1 `Ye\'ll build a bower for Burd Isbel,  
And set it round wi sand;  
Make as much mirth in Isbel\'s bower  
As ony in a\' the land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.15

\N1 Then he is to his mother gane,  
Fell low down on his knee:  
'O shall I marry Burd Isbel?  
She\'s born a son to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.16  
\N1 'O marry, marry Burd Isbel,  
Or use her as you like;  
Ye\'ll gar her wear the silks sae red,  
And sae may ye the white.  
O would ye marry Burd Isbel,  
Make her wi me alike?  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.17  
\N1 'You want not lands nor rents, Patrick,  
You know your fortune\'s free;  
But ere you marry Burd Isbel  
I\'d rather bury thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.18  
\N1 'Ye\'ll build a bower to Burd Isbel,  
And set it round wi glass;  
Make as much mirth in Isbel\'s bower  
An ony in a\' the place.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.19  
\N1 He\'s done him down thro ha, thro ha,  
Sae has he in thro bower;  
The tears ran frae his twa grey eyes,  
And loot them fast down pour.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.20  
\N1 'My father and my mother baith  
To age are coming on;  
When they are dead and buried baith,  
Burd Isbel I\'ll bring home.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.21  
\N1 The words that passd atween these twa  
Ought never to be spoken;  
The vows that passd atween these twa  
Ought never to be broken.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.22  
\N1 Says he, If I another court,  
Or wed another wife,  
May eleven devils me attend  
At the end-day o my life.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.23  
\N1 But his father he soon did die,  
His mother nae lang behind;  
Sir Patrick of Burd Isbel  
He now had little mind.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.24  
\N1 It fell ance upon a day,  
As she went out to walk,  
And there she saw him Sir Patrick,  
Going wi his hound and hawk.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.25  
\N1 'Stay stikl, stay still, now Sir Patrick,  
O stay a little wee,  
And think upon the fair promise  
Last year ye made to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.26  
\N1 'Now your father\'s dead, kind sir,  
And your mother the same;  
Yet nevertheless now, Sir Patrick,

Ye\'re nae bringing me hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.27  
\N1 `If the morn be a pleasant day,  
I mean to sail the sea,  
To spend my time in fair England,  
All for a month or three.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.28  
\N1 He hadna been in fair England  
A month but barely ane  
Till he forgot her Burd Isbel,  
The mother of his son.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.29  
\N1 Some time he spent in fair England,  
And when returnd again  
He laid his love on a duke\'s daughter,  
And he has brought her hame.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.30  
\N1 Now he\'s forgot his f+irst true love  
He ance lovd ower them a\';  
But now the devil did begin  
To work between them twa.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.31  
\N1 When Sir Patrick he was wed,  
And all set down to dine,  
Upon his f+irst love, Burd Isbel,  
A thought ran in his mind.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.32  
\N1 He calld upon his gude grand-aunt  
To come right speedilie;  
Says, Ye\'ll gae on to Burd Isbel,  
Bring my young son to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.33  
\N1 She\'s taen her mantle her about,  
Wi gowd gloves on her hand,  
And she is on to Burd Isbel,  
As fast as she coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.34  
\N1 She haild her high, she haild her low,  
With stile in great degree:  
`O busk, O busk your little young son,  
For he maun gang wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.35  
\N1 `I woud fain see the one,' she said,  
`O low station or hie,  
Woud take the bairn frae my foot,  
For him I bowed my knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.36  
\N1 `I woud fain see the one,' she said,  
`O low station or mean,  
Woud take the bairn frae my foot  
Whom I own to be mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.37  
\N1 Then she has done her hame again,  
As fast as gang coud she;  
`Present,' said he, 'My little young son,  
For him I wish to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.38  
\N1 `Burd Isbel\'s a bauld woman,' she said,  
`As eer I yet spake wi;'  
But sighing said him Sir Patrick,

She ne'er was bauld to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.39  
\N1 But he's dressd in his best array,  
His gowd rod in his hand,  
And he is to Burd Isbel's bower,  
As fast as he coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.40  
\N1 `O how is this, Burd Isbel,' he said,  
`So ill ye've used me?  
What gart you anger my gude grand-aunt,  
That I did send to thee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.41  
\N1 `If I hae angerd your gude grand-aunt,  
O then sae lat it be;  
I said naething to your gude grand-aunt  
But what I'll say to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.42  
\N1 `I woud fain see the one, I said,  
O low station or hie,  
Wha woud take this bairn frae my foot,  
For him I bowed the knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.43  
\N1 `I woud fain see the one, I said,  
O low station or mean,  
Woud take this bairn frae my foot  
Whom I own to be mine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.44  
\N1 `O if I had some counsellers here,  
And clerks to seal the band,  
I woud infeft your son this day  
In third part o my land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.45  
\N1 `I hae two couzins, Scottish clerks,  
Wi bills into their hand,  
An ye'll infeft my son this day  
In third part o your land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.46  
\N1 Then he calld in her Scottish clerks,  
Wi bills into their hand,  
And he's infeft his son that day  
The third part o his land.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.47  
\N1 To ane o these young clerks she spoke,  
Clerk John it was his name;  
Says, Of my son I gie you charge  
Till I return again.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.48  
\N1 `Ye'll take here my son, clerk John,  
Learn him to dance and sing,  
And I will to some unco land,  
Drive love out of my mind.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.49  
\N1 `And ye'll take here my son, clerk John,  
Learn him to hunt the roe,  
And I will to some unco land;  
Now lat Sir Patrick go.  
\SBALLADS Child 257B.50  
\N1 `But I'll cause this knight at church-door stand,  
For a' his noble train;  
For selling o his precious soul

Dare never come farther ben.'  
\LBALLADS Child 257C.1  
\N1 ALL young maidens fair and gay,  
Whatever your station be,  
Never lay your love upon a man  
Above your own degree.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.2  
\N1 I speak it all by Bird Isabel;  
She was her father\'s dear,  
She laid her love on Earl Patrick,  
Which she rues ever mair.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.3  
\N1 `Oh, we began a wark, Patrick,  
That we two cannot end;  
Go you unto the outer stair  
And call some women in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.4  
\N1 He\'s gone unto the outer stair,  
And up in it did stand,  
And did bring in eleven ladies,  
With one sign of his hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.5  
\N1 He did him to the doctor\'s shop,  
As fast as he could gang,  
But ere the doctor could get there  
Bird Isabel bore a son.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.6  
\N1 But he has courted a duke\'s daughter,  
Lived far beyond the sea;  
Burd Isabel\'s parents were but mean,  
That had not gear to gie.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.7  
\N1 He has courted a duke\'s daughter,  
Lived far beyond the foam;  
Burd Isabel was a mean woman,  
And tocher she had none.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.8  
\N1 Now it fell once upon a day  
His wedding day was come;  
He\'s hied him to his great-grand-aunt,  
As fast as he could gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.9  
\N1 Says, Will you go this errand, aunt?  
Go you this errand for me,  
And if I live and bruick my life  
I will go as far for thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.10  
\N1 `Go and bring me Bird Isbel\'s son,  
Dressed in silks so f+ine,  
And if he live to be a man  
He shall heir all my land.'  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.11  
\N1 Now she went hailing to the door,  
And hailing ben the f+loor,  
And Isabel styled her madame,  
And she, her Isabel dear.  
\SBALLADS Child 257C.12  
\N1 `I came to take Earl Patrick\'s son,  
To dress in silks so f+ine;  
For if he live to be a man



He is to heir his land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.13  
 \N1 `Oh is there ever a woman,' she said,  
 `Of high station or mean,  
 Daur take this bairn from my knee?  
 For he is called mine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.14  
 \N1 `Oh is there ever a woman,' she said,  
 `Of mean station or hie,  
 Daur tak this bairn frae my foot?  
 For him I bowed my knee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.15  
 \N1 His aunt went hailing to his door,  
 And hailing ben the f+loor,  
 And she has styled him, Patrick,  
 And [he] her, aunty dear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.16  
 \N1 She says, I have been east and west,  
 And far beyond the sea,  
 But Isabel is the boldest woman  
 That ever my eyes did see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.17  
 \N1 `You surely dream, my aunty dear,  
 For that can never be;  
 Burd Isabel\'s not a bold woman,  
 She never was bold to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.18  
 \N1 Now he went hailing to her door,  
 And hailing ben the f+loor,  
 And she has styled him, Patrick,  
 And he her, Isabel dear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.19  
 \N1 `O ye have angered my great-grand-aunt;  
 You know she\'s a lady free;'  
 `I said naught to your great-grand-aunt  
 But what I\'ll say to thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.20  
 \N1 `Oh is there ever a woman, I said,  
 Of high station or mean,  
 Daur tak this bairn from my knee?  
 For he is called mine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.21  
 \N1 `Oh is there ever a woman, I said,  
 Of mean station or hie,  
 Daur tak this bairn from my foot?  
 For him I bowed my knee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 257C.22  
 \N1 `But I\'ll cause you stand at good church-door,  
 For all your noble train;  
 For selling of your precious soul,  
 You shall not get further ben.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 258A.1  
 \N1 BURD HELEN was her mother\'s dear,  
 Her father\'s heir to be;  
 He was the laird of Broughty walls,  
 And the provost o Dundee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 258A.2  
 \N1 Burd Helen she was much admired  
 By all that were round about;  
 Unto Hazelan she was betrothed,

Her virgin days were out.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.3

\N1 Glenhazlen was a comely youth,  
And virtuous were his friends;  
He left the schools o bonny Dundee  
And on to Aberdeen.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.4

\N1 It fell upon a Christmas Day  
Burd Helen was left alone  
For to keep her father\'s towers;  
They stand two miles from town.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.5

\N1 Glenhazlen\'s on to Broughty Walls,  
Was thinking to win in;  
But the wind it blew, and the rain dang on  
And wat him to the skin.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.6

\N1 He was very well entertaind,  
Baith for his bed and board,  
Till a band o men surrounded them,  
Well armd wi spear and sword.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.7

\N1 They hurried her along wi them,  
Lockd up her maids behind;  
They threw the keys out-ower the walls,  
That none the plot might f+ind.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.8

\N1 They hurried her along wi them,  
Ower mony a rock and glen,  
But, all that they could say or do.  
From weeping would not refrain.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.9

\N1 `The Hiland hill are hie, hie hills,  
The Hiland hills are hie;  
They are no like the banks o Tay,  
Or bonny town o Dundee.'

\SBALLADS Child 258A.10

\N1 It fell out ance upon a day  
They went to take the air;  
She threw hersell upon the stream,  
Against wind and despair.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.11

\N1 It was sae deep he coudna wide,  
Boats werna to be found,  
But he leapt in after himsell,  
And sunk down like a stone.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.12

\N1 Se kilted up her green claiding  
A little below her knee,  
And never rest nor was undrest  
Till she reachd again Dundee.

\SBALLADS Child 258A.13

\N1 `I learned this at Broughty Walls,  
At Broughty near Dundee,  
That if water were my prison strong  
I would swim for libertie.'

\LBALLADS Child 259A.1

\N1 THOMAS STUART was a lord,  
A lord of mickle land;  
He used to wear a coat of gold,

But now his grave is green.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.2

\N1 Now he has wooed the young countess,  
The Countess of Balquhin,  
An given her for a morning-gift  
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.3

\N1 But women\'s wit is aye willful,  
Alas that ever it was sae!  
She longed to see the morning-gift  
That her gude lord to her gae.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.4

\N1 When steeds were saddled an weel bridled,  
An ready for to ride,  
There came a pain on that gude lord,  
His back, likewise his side.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.5

\N1 He said, Ride on, my lady fair,  
May goodness be your guide!  
For I\'m sae sick and weary that  
No farther can I ride.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.6

\N1 Now ben did come his father dear,  
Wearing a golden band;  
Says, Is there nae leech in Edinburgh  
Can cure my son from wrang?

\SBALLADS Child 259A.7

\N1 `O leech is come, an leech is gane,  
Yet, father, I\'m aye waur;  
There\'s not a leech in Edinbro  
Can death from me debar.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.8

\N1 `But be a friend to my wife, father,  
Restore to her her own;  
Restore to her my morning-gift,  
Strathboggie and Aboyne.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.9

\N1 `It had been gude for my wife, father,  
To me she\'d born a son;  
He would have got my land an rents,  
Where they lie out an in.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.10

\N1 `It had been gude for my wife, father,  
To me she\'d born an heir;  
He would have got my lands an rents,  
Where they lie fine and fair.'

\SBALLADS Child 259A.11

\N1 The steeds they strave into their stables,  
The boys could\'nt get them bound;  
The hounds lay howling on the leech,  
Cause their master was behind.

\SBALLADS Child 259A.12

\N1 `I dreamed a dream since late yestreen,  
I wish it may be good,  
That our chamber was full of swine,  
An our bed full of blood.'

\SBALLADS Child 259A.13

\N1 I saw a woman come from the West,  
Full sore wringing her hands,  
And aye she cried, Ohon, alas!

My good lord\'s broken bands.  
\SBALLADS Child 259A.14  
\N1 As she came by my good lord\'s bower,  
Saw mony black steeds an brown:  
'I\'m feared it be mony unco lords  
Havin my love from town!'  
\SBALLADS Child 259A.15  
\N1 As she came by my gude lord\'s bower,  
Saw mony black steeds an grey:  
'I\'m feared it\'s mony unco lords  
Havin my love to the clay!'  
\LBALLADS Child 260A.1  
\N1 LORD THOMAS is to the hunting gone,  
To hunt the fallow deer;  
Lady Margaret\'s to the greenwood shaw,  
To see her lover hunt there.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.2  
\N1 He has looked over his left shoulder,  
To see what might be seen,  
And there he saw Lady Margaret,  
As she was riding her lane.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.3  
\N1 He called on his servants all,  
By one, by two, by three:  
'Go hunt, go hunt that wild woman,  
Go hunt her far from me!'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.4  
\N1 They hunted her high, they hunted her low,  
They hunted her over the plain,  
And the red scarlet robes Lady Margaret had on  
Would never be mended again.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.5  
\N1 They hunted her high, they hunted her low,  
They hunted her over the plain,  
Till at last she spy\'d a tall young man,  
As he was riding alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.6  
\N1 'Some relief, some relief, thou tall young man!  
Some relief I pray thee grant me!  
For I am a lady deep wronged in love,  
And chased from my own countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.7  
\N1 'No relief, no relief, thou lady fair,  
No relief will I grant unto thee  
Till once thou renounce all the men in the world  
My wedded wife for to be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.8  
\N1 Then he set her on a milk-white steed,  
Himself upon a gray,  
And he has drawn his hat over his face,  
And chearfully they rode away.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.9  
\N1 Lady Margaret was at her bower-window,  
Sewing her silken seam,  
And there she spy\'d, like a wandering bodie,  
Lord Thomas begging alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.10  
\N1 'Dome relief, some relief, thou lady fair!  
Some relief, I pray thee grant me!  
For I am a puir auld doited carle,

And banishd from my ain countrie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.11  
\N1 `No relief, no relief, thou perjured man,  
No relief will I grant unto thee;  
For oh, if I had thee within my bower,  
There hanged dead thou would be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.12  
\N1 `No such thing, Lady Margaret,' he said,  
`Such a thing would never be;  
For with my broadsword I would kill thy wedded lord,  
And carry thee far off with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.13  
\N1 `Oh no, no! Lord Thomas,' she said,  
`Oh, no such things must be;  
For I have wine in my cellars,  
And you must drink with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.14  
\N1 Lady Margaret then called her servants all,  
By one, by two, by three:  
`Go fetch me the bottles of blude-red wine,  
That Lord Thomas may drink with me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.15  
\N1 They brought her the bottles of blude-red wine,  
By one, by two, by three,  
And with her f+ingers long and small  
She poisond them all three.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.16  
\N1 She took the cup in her lilly-white hand,  
Betwixt her f+inger and her thumb,  
She put it to her red rosy lips,  
But never a drop went down.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.17  
\N1 Then he took the cup in his manly hand,  
Betwixt his f+inger and his thumb,  
He put it to his red rosy lips,  
And so merrily it ran down.  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.18  
\N1 `Oh, I am wearied drinking with thee, Margaret!  
I am wearied drinking with thee!'  
`And so was I,' Lady Margaret said,  
`When thou hunted thy hounds after me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260A.19  
\N1 `But I will bury thee, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
`Just as if thou wert one of my own;  
And when that my good lord comes home  
I will say thou\'s my sister\'s son.'  
\LBALLADS Child 260B.1  
\N1 CLERK TAMAS lovd her fair Annie  
As well as Mary lovd her son;  
But now he hates her fair Annie,  
And hates the lands that she lives in.  
\SBALLADS Child 260B.2  
\N1 `Ohon, alas!' said fair Annie,  
`Alas! this day I fear I\'ll die;  
But I will on to sweet Tamas,  
And see gin he will pity me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 260B.3  
\N1 As Tamas lay ower his shott-window,  
Just as the sun was gaen down,  
There he beheld her fair Annie,

As she came walking to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 260B.4

\N1 `O where are a\' my well-wight men,  
I wat, that I pay meat and fee,  
For to lat a\' my hounds gang loose  
To hunt this vile whore to the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 260B.5

\N1 The hounds they knew the lady well,  
And nane o them they woud her bite,  
Save ane that is ca\'d Gaudywhere,  
I wat he did the lady smite.

\SBALLADS Child 260B.6

\N1 `O wae mat worth ye, Gaudywhere!  
An ill reward this is to me;  
For ae bit that I gae the lave,  
I\'m very sure I\'ve gien you three.

\SBALLADS Child 260B.7

\N1 `For me, alas! there\'s nae remeid,  
Here comes the day that I maun die;  
I ken ye lovd your master well,  
And sae, alas for me! did I.'

\SBALLADS Child 260B.8

\N1 A captain lay ower his ship-window,  
Just as the sun was gaen down;  
There he beheld her fair Annie,  
As she was hunted frae the town.

\SBALLADS Child 260B.9

\N1 `Gin ye\'ll forsake father and mither,  
And sae will ye your friends and kin,  
Gin ye\'ll forsake your lands sae broad,  
Then come and I will take you in.'

\SBALLADS Child 260B.10

\N1 `Yes, I\'ll forsake baith father and mither,  
And sae will I my friends and kin;  
Yes, I\'ll forsake my lands sae broad,  
And come gin ye will take me in.'

\SBALLADS Child 260B.11

\N1 Then a\' thing gaed frae fause Tamas,  
And there was naething byde him wi;  
Then he thought lang for Arrandella,  
It was fair Annie for to see.

\SBALLADS Child 260B.12

\N1 `How do ye now, ye sweet Tamas?  
And how gaes a\' in your countrie?'  
`I\'ll do better to you than ever I\'ve done,  
Fair Annie, gin ye\'ll come an see.'

\SBALLADS Child 260B.13

\N1 `O Guid Forbid,' said fair Annie,  
`That e\'er the like fa in my hand!  
Woud I forsake my ain gude lord  
And follow you, a gae-through-land?

\SBALLADS Child 260B.14

\N1 `Yet nevertheless now, sweet Tamas,  
Ye\'ll drink a cup o wine wi me,  
And nine times in the live lang day  
Your fair claithing shall changed be.'

\SBALLADS Child 260B.15

\N1 Fair Annie pat it till her cheek,  
Sae did she till her milk-white chin,  
Sae did she till her f+lattering lips,

But never a drap o wine gaed in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 260B.16  
 \N1 Tamas put it till his cheek,  
 Sae did he till he dimpled chin;  
 He pat it till his rosy lips,  
 And then the well o wine gaed in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 260B.17  
 \N1 `These pains,' said he, `are ill to bide;  
 Here is the day that I maun die;  
 O take this cup frae me, Annie,  
 For o the same I am weary.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 260B.18  
 \N1 `And sae was I o you, Tamas,  
 When I was hunted to the sea;  
 But I\'se gar bury you in state,  
 Which is mair than ye\'d done to me.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 261A.1  
 \N1 \\'T WAS early on a May morning  
 Lady Isabel combd her hair;  
 But little kent she, or the morn  
 She woud never comb it mair.  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.2  
 \N1 \\'T was early on a May morning  
 Lady Isabel rang the keys;  
 But little kint she, or the morn  
 A fey woman she was.  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.3  
 \N1 Ben it came her step-mother,  
 As white \'s the lily f+lower:  
 `It\'s tauld me this day, Isabel,  
 You are your father\'s whore.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.4  
 \N1 `O them that tauld you that, mother,  
 I wish they neer drink wine;  
 For if I be the same woman  
 My ain sell drees the pine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.5  
 \N1 `And them that\'s tauld you that, mother,  
 I wish they neer drink ale;  
 For if I be the same woman  
 My ain sell drees the dail.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.6  
 \N1 `It may be very well seen, Isabel,  
 It may be very well seen;  
 He buys to you the damask gowns,  
 To me the dowie green.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.7  
 \N1 `Ye are of age and I am young,  
 And young amo my f+lowers;  
 The fairer that my claithing be,  
 The mair honour is yours.  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.8  
 \N1 `I hae a love beyond the sea,  
 And far ayont the faem;  
 For ilka gown my father buys me,  
 My ain luve sends me ten.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.9  
 \N1 `Come ben, come ben now, Lady Isabel,  
 And drink the wine wi me;  
 I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,

And nae o them I'll gie [ye].'  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.10  
\N1 `Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
Stay still a little while,  
Till I gang into Marykirk;  
It's but a little mile.'  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.11  
\N1 When she gaed on to Marykirk,  
And into Mary's quire,  
There she saw her ain mother  
Sit in a gowden chair.  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.12  
\N1 `O will I leave the lands, mother?  
Or shall I sail the sea?  
Or shall I drink this dowie drink  
That is prepar'd for me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.13  
\N1 `Ye winna leave the lands, daughter,  
Nor will ye sail the sea,  
But ye will drink this dowie drink  
This woman's prepar'd for thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.14  
\N1 `Your bed is made in a better place  
Than ever hers will be,  
And ere ye're cauld into the room  
Ye will be there wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.15  
\N1 `Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And ane o them I'll gie [ye].'  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.16  
\N1 `Stay still, stay still, my mother dear,  
Stay still a little wee,  
Till I gang to yon garden green,  
My Maries a' to see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.17  
\N1 To some she gae the broach, the broach,  
To some she gae a ring;  
But wae befa her step-mother!  
To her she gae nae thing.  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.18  
\N1 `Come in, come in now, Lady Isabel,  
And drink the wine wi me;  
I hae twa jewels in ae coffer,  
And ane o them I'll gie [ye].'  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.19  
\N1 Slowly to the bower she came,  
And slowly enterd in,  
And being full o courtesie,  
Says, Begin, mother, begin.  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.20  
\N1 She put it till her cheek, her cheek,  
Sae did she till her chin,  
Sae did she till her fu fause lips,  
But never a drap gaed in.  
\SBALLADS Child 261A.21  
\N1 Lady Isabel put it till her cheek,  
Sae did she till her chin,  
Sae did she till her rosy lips,



And the rank poison gaed in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.22  
 \N1 `O take this cup frae me, mother,  
 O take this cup frae me;  
 My bed is made in a better place  
 Than ever yours will be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.23  
 \N1 `My bed is in the heavens high,  
 Among the angels f+ine;  
 But yours is in the lowest hell,  
 To drie torment and pine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 261A.24  
 \N1 Nae moan was made for Lady Isabel  
 In bower where she lay dead,  
 But a\' was for that ill woman,  
 In the f+ields mad she gaed.  
 \LBALLADS Child 262A.1  
 \N1 IT fell about the Lammas time,  
 When wightsmen won their hay,  
 A\' the squires in merry Linkum  
 Went a\' forth till a play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.2  
 \N1 They playd until the evening tide,  
 The sun was gaeing down;  
 A lady thro plain f+ields was bound,  
 A lily leesome thing.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.3  
 \N1 Two squires that for this lady pledged,  
 In hopes for a renown,  
 The one was calld the proud Seaton,  
 The other Livingston.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.4  
 \N1 `When will ye, Michael o Livingston,  
 Wad for this lady gay?'  
 `To-morrow, to-morrow,' said Livingston,  
 `To-morrow, if you may.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.5  
 \N1 Then they hae wadded their wagers,  
 And laid their pledges down;  
 To the high castle o Edinbro  
 They made them ready boun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.6  
 \N1 The chamber that they did gang in,  
 There it was daily dight;  
 The kipples were like the gude red gowd,  
 As they stood up in hight,  
 And the roof-tree like the siller white,  
 And shin\'d like candles bright.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.7  
 \N1 The lady fair into that ha  
 Was comly to be seen;  
 Her kirtle was made o the pa,  
 Her gowns seemd o the green.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.8  
 \N1 Her gowns seemd like green, like green,  
 Her kirtle o the pa;  
 A siller wand intill her hand,  
 She marshalld ower them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.9  
 \N1 She gae every knight a lady bright,

And every squire a may;  
 Her own sell chose him Livingston,  
 They were a comely tway.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.10  
 \N1 Then Seaton started till his foot,  
 The fiercer flame in his ee:  
 `On the next day, wi sword in hand,  
 On plain fields meet ye me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.11  
 \N1 When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a man bound for bed,  
 Lord Livingston and his fair dame  
 In bed were sweetly laid.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.12  
 \N1 The bed, the bed where they lay in  
 Was covered wi the pa;  
 A covering o the gude red gowd  
 Lay nightly ower the twa.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.13  
 \N1 So they lay there, till on the morn  
 The sun shone on their feet;  
 Then up it raise him Livingston  
 To draw to him a weed.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.14  
 \N1 The first an weed that he drew on  
 Was o the linen clear;  
 The next an weed that he drew on,  
 It was a weed o weir.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.15  
 \N1 The niest an weed that he drew on  
 Was gude iron and steel;  
 Twa gloves o plate, a gowden helmet,  
 Became that hind chiel weel.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.16  
 \N1 Then out it speaks that lady gay-+---+  
 A little forbye stood she-+---+  
 `I'll dress mysell in men's array,  
 Gae to the fields for thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.17  
 \N1 `O God forbid,' said Livingston,  
 `That eer I dree the shame;  
 My lady slain in plain fields,  
 And I coward knight at hame!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.18  
 \N1 He scarcely travelled frae the town  
 A mile but barely twa  
 Till he met wi a witch-woman,  
 I pray to send her wae!  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.19  
 \N1 `This is too gude a day, my lord,  
 To gang sae far frae town;  
 This is too gude a day, my lord,  
 On field to make you boun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.20  
 \N1 `I dreamd a dream concerning thee,  
 O read ill dreams to guid!  
 Your bower was full o milk-white swans,  
 Your bride's bed full o bluid.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 262A.21  
 \N1 `O bluid is gude,' said Livingston,

`To bide it whoso may;  
If I be frae yon plain f+ields,  
Nane knew the plight I lay.'  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.22  
\N1 Then he rade on to plain f+ields  
As swift\'s his horse coud hie,  
And ther he met the proud Seaton,  
Come boldly ower the lee.  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.23  
\N1 `Come on to me now, Livingston,  
Or then take foot and f+lee;  
This is the day that we must try  
Who gains the victorie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.24  
\N1 Then they fought with sword in hand  
Till they were bluidy men;  
But on the point o Seaton\'s sword  
Brave Livingston was slain.  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.25  
\N1 His lady lay ower castle-wa,  
Beholding dale and down,  
When Blenchant brave, his gallant steed,  
Came prancing to the town.  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.26  
\N1 `O where is now my ain gude lord  
He stays sae far frae me?'  
`O dinna ye see your ain gude lord  
Stand bleeding by your knee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.27  
\N1 `O live, O live, Lord Livingston,  
The space o ae half hour,  
There\'s nae a leech in Edinbro town  
But I\'ll bring to your door.'  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.28  
\N1 `Awa wi your leeches, lady,' he said,  
`Of them I\'ll be the waur;  
There\'s nae a leech in Edinbro town  
That can strong death debar.  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.29  
\N1 `Ye\'ll take the lands o Livingston  
And deal them liberallie,  
To the auld that may not, the young that cannot,  
And blind that does na see,  
And help young maidens\' marriages,  
That has nae gear to gie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.30  
\N1 `My mother got it in a book,  
The f+irst night I was born,  
I woud be wedded till a knight,  
And him slain on the morn.  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.31  
\N1 `But I will do for my love\'s sake  
What ladies woudna thole;  
Ere seven years shall hae an end,  
Nae shoe\'s gang on my sole.  
\SBALLADS Child 262A.32  
\N1 `There\'s never lint gang on my head,  
Nor kame gang in my hair,  
Nor ever coal nor candle-light  
Shine in my bower mair.'

\SBALLADS Child 262A.33

\N1 When seven years were near an end,  
The lady she thought lang,  
And wi a crack her heart did brake,  
And sae this ends my sang.

\LBALLADS Child 263A.1

\N1 MY heart is lighter than the poll;  
My folly made me glad,  
As on my rambles I went out,  
Near by a garden-side.

\SBALLADS Child 263A.2

\N1 I walked on, and father on,  
Love did my heart engage;  
There I spied a well-faird maid,  
Lay sleeping near a hedge.

\SBALLADS Child 263A.3

\N1 Then I kisssd her with my lips  
And stroked her with my hand:  
'Win up, win up, ye well-faird maid,  
This day ye sleep oer lang.

\SBALLADS Child 263A.4

\N1 'This dreary sight that I hae seen  
Unto my heart gives pain;  
At the south side o your father\'s garden,  
I see a knight lies slain.'

\SBALLADS Child 263A.5

\N1 'O what like was his hawk, his hawk?  
Or what like was his hound?  
And what like was the trusty brand  
This new-slain knight had on?'

\SBALLADS Child 263A.6

\N1 'His hawk and hound were from him gone,  
His steed tied to a tree;  
A bloody brand beneath his head,  
And on the ground lies he.'

\SBALLADS Child 263A.7

\N1 'O what like was his hose, his hose?  
And what like was his shoon?  
And what like was the gay clothing  
This new-slain knight had on?'

\SBALLADS Child 263A.8

\N1 'His coat was of the red scarlet,  
His waistcoat of the same;  
His hose were of the bonny black,  
And shoon laced with cordin.

\SBALLADS Child 263A.9

\N1 'Bonny was his yellow hair,  
For it was new combd down;'  
Then, sighing sair, said the lady fair,  
'I combd it late yestreen.

\SBALLADS Child 263A.10

\N1 'O wha will shoe my fu fair foot?  
Or wha will glove my hand?  
Or wha will father my dear bairn,  
Since my love\'s dead and gane?'

\SBALLADS Child 263A.11

\N1 'O I will shoe your fu fair foot,  
And I will glove your hand;  
And I\'ll be father to your bairn,  
Since your love\'s dead and gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 263A.12

\N1 `I winna father my bairn,' she said,  
`Upon an unkent man;  
I\'ll father it on the King of Heaven,  
Since my love\'s dead and gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 263A.13

\N1 The knight he knackd his white f+ingers,  
The lady tore her hair;  
He\'s drawn the mask from off his face,  
Says, Lady, mourn nae mair.

\SBALLADS Child 263A.14

\N1 `For ye are mine, and I am thine,  
I see your love is true;  
And if I live and brook my life  
Ye\'se never hae cause to rue.'

\LBALLADS Child 264A.1

\N1 `IT is a month , and isna mair,  
Love, sin I was at thee,  
But f+ind a stirring in your side;  
Who may the father be?

\SBALLADS Child 264A.2

\N1 `Is it to a lord of might,  
Or baron of high degree?  
Or is it to the little wee page  
That rode along wi me?'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.3

\N1 `It is not to a man of might,  
Nor baron of high degree,  
But it is to a popish priest;  
My lord, I winna lie.

\SBALLADS Child 264A.4

\N1 `He got me in my bower alone,  
As I sat pensively;  
He vowed he would forgive my sins,  
If I would him obey.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.5

\N1 Now it fell ance upon a day  
This young lord went from home,  
And great and heavy were the pains  
That came this lady on.

\SBALLADS Child 264A.6

\N1 Then word has gane to her gude lord,  
As he sat at the wine,  
And when the tidings he did hear  
Then he came singing hame.

\SBALLADS Child 264A.7

\N1 When he came to his own bower-door,  
He tirlid at the pin:

`Sleep ye, wake ye, my gay lady,  
Ye\'ll let your gude lord in.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.8

\N1 Huly, huly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on,  
And slowly came she to the door;  
She was a weary woman.

\SBALLADS Child 264A.9

\N1 `Ye\'ll take up my son, Willie,  
That ye see here wi me,  
And hae him down to yon shore-side,  
And throw him in the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 264A.10

\N1 `Gin he sink, ye\'ll let him sink,  
Gin he swim, ye\'ll let him swim;  
And never let him return again  
Till white f+ish he bring hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.11

\N1 Then he\'s taen up his little young son,  
And rowd him in a band,  
And he is on to his mother,  
As fast as he could gang.

\SBALLADS Child 264A.12

\N1 `Ye\'ll open the door, my mother dear,  
Ye\'ll open, let me come in;  
My young son is in my arms twa,  
And shivering at the chin.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.13

\N1 `I tauld you true, my son Willie,  
When ye was gaun to ride,  
That lady was an ill woman  
That ye chose for your bride.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.14

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my mother dear,  
Let a\' your folly be;  
I wat she is a king\'s daughter  
That\'s sent this son to thee.

\SBALLADS Child 264A.15

\N1 `I wat she was a king\'s daughter  
I loved beyond the sea,  
And if my lady hear of this  
Right angry will she be.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.16

\N1 `If that be true, my son Willie+---+  
Your ain tongue winna lie+---+  
Nae waur to your son will be done  
Than what was done to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.17

\N1 He\'s gane hame to his lady,  
And sair mourning was she:  
'What ails you now, my lady gay,  
Ye weep sa bitterlie?'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.18

\N1 `O bonny was the white f+isher  
That I sent to the sea;  
But lang, lang will I look for f+ish  
Ere white f+ish he bring me!

\SBALLADS Child 264A.19

\N1 `O bonny was the white f+isher  
That ye kiest in the faem;  
But lang, lang will I look for f+ish  
Ere white f+ish he fetch hame!

\SBALLADS Child 264A.20

\N1 `I fell a slumbering on my bed  
That time ye went frae me,  
And dreamd my young son f+illd my arms,  
But when waked, he\'s in the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.21

\N1 `O hold your tongue, my gay lady,  
Let a\' your mourning be,  
And I\'ll gie you some f+ine cordial,  
My love, to comfort thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.22

\N1 `I value not your f+ine cordial,  
Nor aught that ye can gie;  
Who could hae drownd my bonny young son  
Could as well poisin me.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.23

\N1 `Cheer up your heart, my lily f+lower,  
Think nae sic ill o me;  
Your young son\'s in my mother\'s bower,  
Set on the nourice knee.

\SBALLADS Child 264A.24

\N1 `Now, if ye\'ll be a gude woman,  
I\'ll neer mind this to thee;  
Nae waur is done to your young son  
Than what was done to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 264A.25

\N1 `Well fell\'s me now, my ain gude lord;  
These words do cherish me;  
If it hadna come o yoursell, my lord,  
'Twould neer hae come o me.'

\LBALLADS Child 265A.1

\N1 `THERE is a fashion in this land,  
And even come to this country,  
That every lady should meet her lord  
When he is newly come frae sea:

\SBALLADS Child 265A.2

\N1 `Some wi hawks, and some wi hounds,  
And other some wi gay monie;  
Bit I will gae myself alone,  
And set his young son on his knee.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.3

\N1 She\'s taen her young son in her arms,  
And nimbly walkd by yon sea-strand,  
And there she spy\'d her father\'s ship,  
As she was sailing to dry land.

\SBALLADS Child 265A.4

\N1 `Where hae ye put my ain gude lord,  
This day he stays sae far frae me?'  
'If ye be wanting your ain gude lord,  
A sight o him ye\'ll never see.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.5

\N1 `Was he brunt? or was he shot?  
Or was he drowned in the sea?  
Or what\'s become o my aingude lord,  
That he will neer appear to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.6

\N1 `He wasna brunt, nor was he shot,  
Nor was he drowned in the sea;  
He was slain in Dunfermling,  
A fatal day to you and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.7

\N1 `Come in, come in, my merry young men,  
Come in and drink the wine wi me;  
And a\' the better ye shall fare  
For this gude news ye tell to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.8

\N1 She\'s brought them down to yon cellar,  
She brought them f+fifty steps and three;  
She birlled wi them the beer and wine,  
Till they were as drunk as drunk could be.

\SBALLADS Child 265A.9

\N1 Then she has lockd her cellar-door,  
For there were f+ifty steps and three:  
'Lie there, wi my sad malison,  
For this bad news ye\'ve tauld to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.10

\N1 She\'s taen the keys intill her hand  
And threw them deep, deep in the sea:  
'Lie there, wi my sad malison,  
Till my gude lord return to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.11

\N1 Then she sat down in her own room,  
And sorrow lulld her fast asleep,  
And up it starts her own gude lord,  
And even at that lady\'s feet.

\SBALLADS Child 265A.12

\N1 'Take here the keys, Janet,' he says,  
'That ye threw deep, deep in the sea;  
And ye\'ll relieve my merry young men,  
For they\'ve nane o the swick o me.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.13

\N1 'They shot the shot, and drew the stroke,  
And wad in red bluid to the knee;  
Nae sailors mair for their lord coud do  
Nor my young men they did for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.14

\N1 'I hae a question at you to ask,  
Before that ye depart frae me;  
You\'ll tell to me what day I\'ll die,  
And what day will my burial be?'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.15

\N1 'I hae nae mair o God\'s power  
Than he has granted unto me;  
But come to heaven when ye will,  
There porter to you I will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.16

\N1 'But ye\'ll be wed to a f+iner knight  
Than ever was in my degree;  
Unto him ye\'ll hae children nine,  
And six o them will be ladies free.'

\SBALLADS Child 265A.17

\N1 'The other three will be bold young men,  
To f+ight for king and countrie;  
The ane a duke, the second a knight,  
And third a laird o lands sae free.'

\LBALLADS Child 266A.1

\N1 John Thomson fought against the Turks  
Three years into a far country,  
And all that time, and something more,  
Was absent from his gay lady.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.2

\N1 But it fell ance upon a time,  
As this young chieftain sat alane,  
He spied his lady in rich array,  
As she walkd oer a rural plain.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.3

\N1 'What brought you here, my lady gay,  
So far awa from your own country?  
I\'ve thought lang, and very lang,  
And all for your fair face to see.'



\SBALLADS Child 266A.4

\N1 For some days she did with him stay,  
Till it fell ance upon a day,  
'Farewell for a time,' she said,  
'For now i must bound home away.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.5

\N1 He\'s gien to her a jewel f+ine,  
Was set with pearl and precious stone;  
Says, My love, beware fo these savages bold,  
That\'s on your way as ye go home.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.6

\N1 Ye\'ll take the road, my lady fair,  
That leads you fair across the lee;  
That keeps you from wild Hind Soldan,  
And likewise from base Violentrie.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.7

\N1 With heavy heart these two did part,  
And minted as she would go home;  
Hind Soldan by the Greeks was slain,  
But to base Violentrie she\'s gone.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.8

\N1 When a twelvemonth had expired,  
John Thomson he thought wondrous lang,  
And he has written a broad letter,  
And seald it well with his own hand.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.9

\N1 He sent it along with a small vessel  
That there was quickly going to sea,  
And sent it on to fair Scotland,  
To see about his gay ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.10

\N1 But the answer he received again,  
The lines did grieve his heart right sair;  
None of her friends there had her seen  
For a twelvemonth and something mair.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.11

\N1 Then he put on a palmer\'s weed,  
And took a pikestaff in his hand;  
To Violentrie\'s castle he hied,  
But slowly, slowly he did gang.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.12

\N1 When within the hall he came,  
He joukd and couchd out-oer his tree:  
'If ye be lady of this hall,  
Some of your good bountieth give me.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.13

\N1 'What news, what news, palmer?' she said,  
'And from what countrie came ye?'  
'I\'m lately come from Grecian plains,  
Where lys some of the Scots army.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.14

\N1 'If ye be come from Grecian plains,  
Some more news I will ask of thee;  
Of one of the chieftains that lies there,  
If he have lately seen his gay ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.15

\N1 'It is twelve months and something more  
Since we did part in yonder plain;  
And now this knight has begun to fear  
One of his foes he has her taen.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.16

\N1 `He has not taen me by force nor might,  
It was all by my own free will;  
He may tarry in the f+ight,  
For here I mean to tarry still.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.17

\N1 `And if John Thomson ye do see,  
Tell him I wish him silent sleep;  
His head was not so cozelie  
Nor yet so well as lies at my feet.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.18

With that he threw [aff] his strange disguise,  
Laid by the mask that he had on;  
Said, Hide me now, my ladie fair,  
For Violentrie will soon be home.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.19

\N1 `For the love I bare thee once,  
I'll strive to hide you if I can;'  
Then put him down to a dark cellar,  
Where there lay mony a new slain man.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.20

\N1 But he hadna in the cellar been  
Not an hour but barely three,  
Till hideous was the sound he heard;  
Then in at the gates came Violentrie.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.21

\N1 Says, I wish you well, my lady fair,  
It's time for us to sit and dine;  
Come, serve me with the good white bread,  
And likewise with the claret wine.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.22

\N1 `That Scots chieftain, our mortal foe,  
So oft from f+ield has made us f+lee,  
Ten thousand sequins this day I'd give  
That I his face could only see.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.23

\N1 `Of that same gift would ye give me,  
If I could bring him unto thee?  
I fairly hold you at your word;  
Come ben, John Thomson, to my lord.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.24

\N1 Then from the vault John Thomson came,  
Wringing his hands most piteouslie;  
'What would ye do,' the Turk he cried,  
'If ye had me, as I have thee?'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.25

\N1 `If I had you, as ye have me,  
I'll tell you what I'd do to thee;  
I'd hang you up in good greenwood,  
And cause your own hand wile the tree.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.26

\N1 `I meant to stick you with my knife,  
For kissing my beloved wife;'  
'But that same weed ye've shaped for me,  
It quickly shall be sewed for thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.27

\N1 Then to the wood they both are gone,  
John Thomson clamb from tree to tree;  
And aye he sighd, and said, Ohon!  
Here comes the day that I must die!

\SBALLADS Child 266A.28

\N1 He tied a ribbon on every branch,  
Put up a flag his men might see;  
But little did his false foe ken  
He meant them any injurie.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.29

\N1 He set his horn to his mouth,  
And he has blawn baith loud and shrill;  
And then three thousand armed men  
Came tripping all out-oer the hill.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.30

\N1 `Deliver us our chief!' they all did cry,  
`It\'s by our hand that ye must die!'  
`Here is your chief,' the Turk replied,  
With that fell on his bended knee.

\SBALLADS Child 266A.31

\N1 `O mercy, mercy, good fellows all,  
Mercy I pray you\'ll grant to me!'  
`Such mercy as ye meant to give,  
Such mercy we shall give to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 266A.32

\N1 This Turk they in his castle burnt,  
That stood upon yon hill so hie;  
John Thomson\'s gay lady they took,  
And hand her on yon greenwood tree.

\LBALLADS Child 266B.1

\N1 O cam ye in by the House o Rodes,  
Or cam ye there away?  
Or have [ye] seen Johne Tamson?  
They say his wife has run away.

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 266B.2

\N1 `O what wad ye do, Johne Tamson,  
Gin ye had me as I hae thee?'  
`I wad tak ye to the gude green-wood,  
And gar your ain hand weil the tree.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 266B.3

\N1 Johne Tamson peeped and poorly spake  
Untill he did his ain men see;  
`O by my sooth,' quo Johne Tamson,  
`Methinks I see a coming tree.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 266B.4

\N1 And they hae hanged that grim Soudan,  
For a\' his mirth and meikle pride,  
And sae hae they that ill woman,  
Upon a scrogg-bush him beside.

\LBALLADS Child 267A.1

\N1 Off all the lords in faire Scotland  
A song I will begin;  
Amongst them all there dweld a lord  
Whi\rch was the vnthrifty lord of Linne.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.2

\N1 His father and mother were dead him froe,  
And soe was the head of all his kinne;  
To the cards and dice \itha\rt he did run  
He did neither cease no bl<i>nne.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.3

\N1 To drinke the wine that was soe cleere,

W\ii\rth euey man he wold make merry;  
And then bespake him Iohn of the Scales,  
Vnto the heire of Linne sayd hee.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.4

\N1 Sayes, How dost thou, Lo\ird\r of Linne?  
Doest either want gold or fee?

Wilt thou not sell they lands soe brode  
To such a good fellow as me?

\SBALLADS Child 267A.5

\N1 `Ffor . . I . .' he said,

`My land, take it vnto thee;'

`I draw you to record, my lord<e+:>s all;'

W\ii\rth \itha\rt he cast him a god\'s peny.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.6

\N1 He told him the gold vpon the bord,

It wanted neuer a bare penny:

\iTha\rt gold is thine, the land is mine,

The heire of Linne I wilbee.'

\SBALLADS Child 267A.7

\N1 `Heere\'s gold inoughe,' saithe the heire of Linne,

`Both for me and my company:'

He drunke the wine \itha\rt was soe cleere,

And w\ii\rth euey man he made merry.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.8

\N1 W\ii\rth-in three quarters of a yeere

His gold and fee it waxed thinne,

His merry men were from him gone,

And left him himselfe all alone.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.9

\N1 He had neuer a penny left in his pursse,

Neuer a penny [left] but three,

And one was brasse, and another was lead,

And another was white mony.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.10

\N1 `Now well-aday!' said the heire of Linne,

`Now welladay, and woe is mee!

For when I was the lord of Linne,

I neither wanted gold nor fee.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.11

\N1 `For I haue sold my lands soe broad,

And haue not left me one penny;

I must goe now and take some read

Vnto Edenborrow, and begg my bread.'

\SBALLADS Child 267A.12

\N1 He had not beene in Edenborrow

Not three quarters of a yeere,

But some did giue him, and some said nay,

And some bid 'To the deelee gang yee!

\SBALLADS Child 267A.13

\N1 `For if we shold hang any landles feer,

The f+irst we wold begin w\ii\rth thee.'

`Now welladay!' said the heire of Linne,

`No<w] welladay, and woe is mee!

\SBALLADS Child 267A.14

\N1 `For now I haue sold my lands soe broad,

\iTha\rt mery man is irke w\ii\rth mee;

But when \itha\rt I was the lo\ird\r of Linne,

Then on my land I liued merrily.

\SBALLADS Child 267A.15

\N1 `And now I haue sold my land soe broade

\iTha\rt I haue not left me one penny!  
God be w\ii\rth my father!' he said,  
`On his land he liued merrily.'  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.16  
\N1 Still in a study there as he stood,  
He vnbethought him of [a] bill;  
He vnbethought him of [a] bill  
W\ihi\rch his father had left w\ii\rth him.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.17  
\N1 Bade him he shold neuer on it looke  
Till he was in extreame neede,  
`And by my faith,' said the heire of Linne,  
`Then now I had neuer more neede.'  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.18  
\N1 He tooke the bill, and looked it on,  
Good comfort \itha\rt he found there;  
Itt told him of a castle wall  
Where there stood three chests in feare.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.19  
\N1 Two were full of the beaten gold,  
The third was full of white mony;  
He turned then downe his baggs of bread,  
And f+illed them full of gold soe red.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.20  
\N1 Then he did neuer cease nor blinne  
Till Ihon of the Scales house he did winne.  
When \itha\rt he came to Iohn of the Scales,  
Vpp at the speere he looked then.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.21  
\N1 There sate three lords vpon a rowe,  
And Iohn o the Scales sate at the bord\'s head,  
And Iohn o the Scales sate at the bord\'s head,  
Because he was the lo\ird\r of Linne.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.22  
\N1 And then bespake the heire of Linne,  
To Iohn o the Scales\' wiffe thus sayd hee:  
Sayd, Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shott  
\iTha\rt I may sitt downe in this company?  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.23  
\N1 `Now, Christ\'s curse on my head,' shee said,  
`If I doe trust thee one penny;  
Then be-spake a good fellowe,  
W\ihi\rch sate by Iohn o the Scales his knee.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.24  
\N1 Said, Haue thou here, thou heire of Linne,  
Forty pence I will lend thee;  
Some time a good fellow thou hast beene;  
And other forty if neede bee.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.25  
\N1 The+: dru<n>ken wine \itha\rt was soe cleere,  
And euery man the+: made merry;  
And then bespake him Iohn o the Scales,  
Vnto the lo\ird\r of Linne said hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.26  
\N1 Said, How doest thou, heire of Linne,  
Since I did buy thy lands of thee?  
I will sell it to thee twenty pound better cheepe  
Nor euer I did buy it of thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 267A.27  
\N1 `I draw you to recorde, lord<e+:>s all,'

W\ii\rth that he cast him [a] god\'s penny;  
 Then he tooke to his baggs of bread,  
 And they were full of the gold soe redd.  
 \SBALLADS Child 267A.28  
 \N1 He told him the gold then over the borde,  
 It wanted neuer a broad penny:  
 '\itha\rt gold is thine, the land is mine,  
 And the heire of Linne againe I wilbee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 267A.29  
 \N1 `Now welladay!' said Iohn o the Scales\' wife,  
 `Welladay, and woe is me!  
 Yesterday I was the lady of Linne,  
 And now I am but Iohn o the Scales\' wiffe!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 267A.30  
 \N1 Saies, Haue thou heere, thou good fellow,  
 Forty pence thou did lend me,  
 Forty pence thou did lend me,  
 And forty pound I will giue thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 267A.31  
 \N1 `Ile make thee keep\ier\r of my forrest  
 Both of the wild deere and the tame,'  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 267A.32  
 \N1 But then bespake the heire of Linne,  
 These were the words, and thus said hee,  
 Christs curse light vpon my crowne  
 If ere my land stand in any ieopardye!  
 \LBALLADS Child 267B.1  
 \N1 `The bonny heir, and the well-faird heir,  
 And the weary heir o Linne,  
 Yonder he stands at his father\'s yetts,  
 And naebody bids him come in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.2  
 \N1 `O see for he gangs, an see for he stands,  
 The weary heir o Linne!  
 O see for he stands on the cauld casey,  
 And nae an bids him come in!  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.3  
 \N1 `But if he had been his father\'s heir,  
 Or yet the heir o Linne,  
 He wadna stand on the cauld casey,  
 Some an woud taen him in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.4  
 \N1 `Sing ower again that sang, nourice,  
 The sang ye sung just now;'  
 `I never sung a sang in my life  
 But I woud sing ower to you.  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.5  
 \N1 `O see for he gangs, an see for he stands,  
 The weary heir o Linne!  
 O see for he stands on the cauld casey,  
 An nae an bids him come in!  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.6  
 \N1 `But if he had been his father\'s heir,  
 Or yet the heir o Linne,  
 He woudna stand on the cauld casey,  
 Some an woud taen him in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.7  
 \N1 `When his father\'s lands a selling were,

His claise lay well in fauld,  
But now he wanders on the shore,  
Baith hungry, weet, and cauld.'

\SBALLADS Child 267B.8

\N1 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
The gentlemen were drinking;  
Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,  
And some bade him gie nane,  
Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,  
The weary heir o Linne.

\SBALLADS Child 267B.9

\N1 As Willie he came up the town,  
The f+ishers were a\' sitting;  
Some bade gie Willie a f+ish, a f+ish,  
Some bade gie him a f+in,  
Some bade gie him a f+ish, a f+ish,  
And lat the palmer gang.

\SBALLADS Child 267B.10

\N1 He turned him right and round about,  
As will as a woman\'s son,  
And taen his cane into his hand,  
And on his way to Linne.

\SBALLADS Child 267B.11

\N1 His nourice at her window lookd,  
Beholding dale and down,  
And she beheld this distressd young man  
Come walking to the town.

\SBALLADS Child 267B.12

\N1 `Come here, come here, Willie,' she said,  
`And rest yoursel wi me;  
I hae seen you in better days,  
And in jovial companie.'

\SBALLADS Child 267B.13

\N1 `Gie me a sheave o your bread, nourice,  
And a bottle o your wine,  
And I\'ll pay you it a\' ower again,  
When I\'m laird o Linne.'

\SBALLADS Child 267B.14

\N1 `Ye\'se get a sheave o my bread, Willie,  
And a bottle o my wine,  
But ye\'ll pay me when the seas gang dry,  
For ye\'ll neer be heir o Linne.'

\SBALLADS Child 267B.15

\N1 Then he turnd him right and round about,  
As will as woman\'s son,  
And aff he set, and bent his way,  
And straightway came to Linne.

\SBALLADS Child 267B.16

\N1 But when he came to that castle,  
They were set down to dine;  
A score o nobles there he saw,  
Sat drinking at the wine.

\SBALLADS Child 267B.17

\N1 Then some bade gie him beef, the beef,  
And some bade gie him the bane;  
And some bade gie him naething at a\',  
But lat the palmer gang.

\SBALLADS Child 267B.18

\N1 Then out it speaks the new-come laird,  
A saucy word spake hee;

`Put round the cup, gie my rival a sup,  
Let him fare on his way.'  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.19  
\N1 Then out it speaks Sir Ned Magnew,  
Ane o young Willie\'s kin;  
`This youth was ance a sprightly boy  
As ever lived in Linne.'  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.20  
\N1 He turned him right and round about,  
As will as woman\'s son,  
Then minded him on a little wee key,  
That his mother left to him.  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.21  
\N1 His mother left [him] this little wee key  
A little before she died;  
And bade him keep this little wee key  
Till he was in maist need.  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.22  
\N1 Then forth he went, these nobles left,  
All drinkin\' in the room,  
Wi walking rod intill his hand,  
He walked the castle roun.  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.23  
\N1 There he found out a little door,  
For there the key slipped in,  
And there [he] got as muckle red gowd  
As freed the lands o Linne.  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.24  
\N1 Back through the nobles then he went,  
A saucy man was then:  
`I\'ll take the cup frae this new-come laird,  
For he neer bade me sit down.'  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.25  
\N1 Then out it speaks the new-come laird,  
He spake wi mock an jeer;  
`I\'d gie a seat to the laird o Linne,  
Sae be that he were here.  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.26  
\N1 `When the lands o Linne a selling were,  
A\' men said they were free;  
This lad shall hae them frae me this day,  
If he\'ll gie the third pennie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.27  
\N1 `I take ye witness, nobles a\',  
Guide witnesses ye\'ll be;  
I\'m promisd the lands o Linne this day,  
If I gie the third pennie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.28  
\N1 `Ye\'ve taen us witness, Willie,' they said,  
`Guide witnesses we\'ll be;'  
`Buy the lands o Linne who likes,  
They\'ll neer be bought by thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.29  
\N1 He\'s done him to a gaming-table,  
For it stood fair and clean;  
There he tauld down as much rich gowd  
As freed the lands o Linne.  
\SBALLADS Child 267B.30  
\N1 Thus having done, he turnd about,  
A saucy man was he;



`Take up your monie, my lad,' he says,  
 `Take up your third pennie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.31  
 \N1 `Aft hae I gane wi barefeet cauld,  
 Likewise wi legs full bare,  
 An mony days walkd at these yetts  
 Wi muckle dool and care.  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.32  
 \N1 `But now my sorrow\'s past and gane,  
 And joy\'s returned to me,  
 And here i\'ve gowd enough forbye,  
 Ahin this third pennie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.33  
 \N1 As Willie he gaed down the town,  
 There he crawd wonderous crouse;  
 He calld the may afore them a\  
 The nourice o the house,  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.34  
 \N1 `Come here, come here, my nurse,' he says,  
 `I\'ll pay your bread and wine;  
 Seas ebb and f+low [as] they wont to do,  
 Yet i\'m the laird o Linne.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 267B.35  
 \N1 As he gaed up the Gallowgate port,  
 His hose abeen his sheen;  
 But lang ere he came down again  
 Was convoyed by lords f+ifeteen.  
 \LBALLADS Child 268A.1  
 \N1 There were twa knights in fair Scotland,  
 And they were brothers sworn;  
 They made a vow to be as true  
 As if they\'d been brothers born.  
 \SBALLADS Child 268A.2  
 \N1 The one he was a wealthy knight,  
 Had lands and buildings free;  
 The other was a young hynde squire,  
 In rank of lower degree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 268A.3  
 \N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
 These squires they walkd alone,  
 And to each other they did talk  
 About the fair women.  
 \SBALLADS Child 268A.4  
 \N1 `O wed a may,' the knight did say,  
 `For your credit and fame;  
 Lay never your love on lemanry,  
 Bring nae gude woman to shame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 268A.5  
 \N1 `There\'s nae gude women,' the squire did say,  
 `Into this place but nine;'  
 `O well falls me,' the knight replied,  
 `For ane o them is mine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 268A.6  
 \N1 `Ye say your lady\'s a gude woman,  
 But I say she is nane;  
 I think that I could gain her love  
 Ere six months they are gane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 268A.7  
 \N1 `If ye will gang six months away,  
 And sail upon the faem,

Then I will gain your lady\'s love  
Before that ye come hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 268A.8  
\N1 `O I\'ll gang till a far countrie,  
And far beyond the faem,  
And ye winna gain my lady\'s love  
Whan nine lang months are gane.'

\SBALLADS Child 268A.9  
\N1 When the evening sun did set,  
And day came to an end,  
In then came the lady\'s gude lord,  
Just in at yon town\'s end.

\SBALLADS Child 268A.10  
\N1 `O comely are ye, my lady gay,  
Sae fair and rare to see;  
I wish whan I am gane away  
Ye keep your mind to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 268A.11  
\N1 She gae \'m a bason to wash in,  
It shin\'d thro a\' the ha;  
But aye as she gaed but and ben  
She loot the saut tears fa.

\SBALLADS Child 268A.12  
\N1 `I wonder what ails my gude lord  
He has sic jealousy;  
Never when we parted before,  
He spak sic words to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 268A.13  
\N1 When cocks did craw, and day did daw,  
This knight was fair at sea;  
Then in it came the young hynde squire,  
To work him villanie.

\SBALLADS Child 268A.14  
\N1 `I hae a coffer o gude red gowd,  
Another o white monie;  
I woud gie you \'t a\', my gay lady,  
To lye this night wi me.'

\SBALLADS Child 268A.15  
\N1 `If ye warna my lord\'s brother,  
And him sae far frae hame,  
Even before my ain bower-door  
I\'d gar hang you on a pin.'

\SBALLADS Child 268A.16  
\N1 He\'s gane frae the lady\'s bower,  
Wi the saut tear in his ee,  
And he is to his foster-mother  
As fast as gang coud he.

\SBALLADS Child 268A.17  
\N1 `There is a fancy in my head  
That I\'ll reveal to thee,  
And your assistance I will crave  
If ye will grant it me.

\SBALLADS Child 268A.18  
\N1 `I\'ve f+fifty guineas in my pocket,  
I\'ve f+fifty o them and three,  
And if ye\'ll grant what I request  
Ye\'se hae them for your fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 268A.19  
\N1 `Speak on, speak on, ye gude hynde squire,  
What may your asking be?

I kenna wha woud be sae base  
As nae serve for sic a fee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.20  
\N1 `O I hae wagherd wi my brother,  
When he went to the faem,  
That I woud gain his lady\'s love  
Ere six months they were gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.21  
\N1 `To me he laid his lands at stake  
Tho he were on the faem,  
I wudna gain his lady\'s love  
Whan nine lang months were gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.22  
\N1 `Now I hae tried to gain her love,  
But f+inds it winna do;  
And here I\'m come, as ye her know,  
To seek some help frae you.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.23  
\N1 `For I did lay my life at stake,  
Whan my brother went frae hame,  
That I woud gain his lady\'s love  
Whan he was on the faem.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.24  
\N1 But when the evening sun was set,  
And day came to an end,  
In it came that fause carline,  
Just in at yon town\'s end.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.25  
\N1 `O comely are ye, my gay lady,  
Your lord is on the faem;  
Yon unco squire will gain your love,  
Before that he come hame.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.26  
\N1 `Forbid it,' said the lady fair,  
'That eer the like shoud be,  
That I woud wrang my ain gude lord,  
And him sae far at sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.27  
\N1 `O comely are ye, my gay lady,  
Stately is your fair bodie;  
Your lovely visage is far chang\'d,  
That is best known to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.28  
\N1 `You\'re sair dune out for want o sleep  
Sin your lord went to sea;  
Unless that ye do cease your grief,  
It will your ruin be.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.29  
\N1 `You\'ll send your maids unto the hay,  
Your young men unto the corn;  
I\'ll gar ye sleep as soun a sleep  
As the night that ye were born.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.30  
\N1 She sent her maids to ted the hay,  
Her men to shear the corn,  
And she gard her sleep as soun a sleep  
As the night that she was born.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.31  
\N1 She rowd that lady in the silk,  
Laid her on holland sheets;

Wi f+ine enchanting melodie,  
She lulld her fast asleep.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.32  
\N1 She lockd the yetts o that castle  
Wi thirty locks and three,  
Then went to meet the young hynde squire  
To him the keys gae she.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.33  
He\'s opend the locks o that castle,  
Were thirty and were three,  
And he\'s gane where that lady lay,  
And thus to her said he.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.34  
\N1 `O wake, O wake, ye gay lady,  
O wake and speak to me;  
I hae it fully in my power  
To come to bed to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.35  
\N1 `For to def+ile my husband\'s bed,  
I woud think that a sin;  
As soon as this lang day is gane,  
Then I shall come to thine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.36  
\N1 Then she has calld her niece Maisry,  
Says, An asking ye\'ll grant me,  
For to gang to yon unco squire  
And sleep this night for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.37  
\N1 `The gude red gowd shall be your hire,  
And siller\'s be your fee;  
Five hundred pounds o pennies round,  
Your tocher it shall be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.38  
\N1 She turnd her right and round about,  
And thus to her did say;  
O there was never a time on earth  
So fain\'s I woud say nay.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.39  
\N1 But when the evening sun was set,  
And day drawn to an end,  
Then Lady Maisry she is gane,  
Fair out at yon town-end.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.40  
\N1 Then she is to yon hynde squire\'s yates,  
And tirlid at the pin;  
Wha was sae busy as the hynde squire  
To lat that lady in!  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.41  
\N1 He\'s taen her in his arms twa,  
He was a joyfu man;  
He neither bade her meat nor drink,  
But to the bed he ran.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.42  
\N1 When he had got his will o her,  
His will as he lang sought,  
Her ring but and her ring-f+inger  
Away frae her he brought.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.43  
\N1 With discontent straight home she went,  
And thus lamented she;

Says, Wae be to yon young hynde squire!  
Sae ill as he\'s used me.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.44  
\N1 When the maids came frae the hay,  
The young men frae the corn,  
Ben it came that lady gay,  
Who thought lang for their return.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.45  
\N1 `Where hae ye been, my maidens a`',  
Sae far awa frae me?  
My foster-mother and lord\'s brother  
Thought to hae beguiled me.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.46  
\N1 `Had not she been my foster-mother,  
I suckd at her breast-bane,  
Even before my ain bower-door,  
She in a gleed shoud burn.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.47  
\N1 `The squire he thought to gain my love,  
He\'s got but Lady Maisry;  
He\'s cutted her ring and her ring-f+inger,  
A love-token for to be.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.48  
\N1 `I\'ll tie my f+inger in the dark,  
Where nae ane shall me see;  
I hope to loose it in the light,  
Amang gude companie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.49  
\N1 When night was gane, and birds did sing,  
And day began to peep,  
The hynde squire walkd along the shore,  
His brother for to meet.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.50  
\N1 `Ye are welcome, welcome, landless lord,  
To my ha\'s and my bowers;  
Ye are welcome hame, ye landless lord,  
To my lady white like f+lowers'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.51  
\N1 `Ye say I am a landless lord,  
But I think I am nane,  
Without ye show some love-token  
Awa frae her ye\'ve tane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.52  
\N1 He drew the strings then o his purse,  
And they were a\' bludie;  
The ring but and the ring-f+inger  
Sae soon as he lat him see.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.53  
\N1 `O wae be to you, fause hynde squire,  
Ane ill death mat ye dee!  
It was too sair a love-token  
To take frae my ladie.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.54  
\N1 `But ae asking of you, hynde squire,  
In your won bowers to dine;'  
`With a\' my heart, my brother dear,  
Tho ye had asked nine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.55  
\N1 Then he is to his lady\'s father,  
And a sorrow man was he:

`O judge, O judge, my father dear,  
This judgment pass for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.56  
\N1 `What is the thing that shoud be done  
Unto that gay lady  
Who woud gar her lord gae landless,  
And children bastards to be?'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.57  
\N1 `She shoud be brunt upon a hill,  
Or hangd upon a tree,  
That woud gar her lord gang landless,  
And children bastards be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.58  
\N1 `Your judgment is too rash, father;  
Your ain daughter is she  
That this day has made me landless;  
Your squire gaind it frae me.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.59  
\N1 `Yet nevertheless, my parents dear,  
Ae favour ye\'ll grant me,  
And gang along to my lost ha\'s,  
And take your dine wi me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.60  
\N1 He threw the charters ower the table,  
And kissd the yates o tree;  
Says Fare ye well, my lady gay,  
Your face I\'ll never see.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.61  
\N1 Then his lady calld out to him,  
Come here, my lord, and dine;  
There\'s nae a smith in a\' the land  
That can ae f+inger join.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.62  
\N1 `I tied my f+inger in the dark,  
Whan nae ane did me see;  
But now I\'ll loose it in the light,  
Amang gude companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.63  
\N1 `Even my niece, Lady Maisry,  
The same woman was she;  
The gude red gowd shall be her hire,  
And likeways white monie.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.64  
\N1 `Five hundred pounds opennies round  
Her tocher then shall be,  
Because she did my wills obey,  
Beguild the squire for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.65  
\N1 Then they did call this young hynde squire  
To come right speedilie,  
Likeways they calld young Lady Maisry.  
To pay her down her fee.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.66  
\N1 Then they laid down to Lady Maisry  
The brand but and the ring;  
It was to stick him wi the brand,  
Or wed him wi the ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 268A.67  
\N1 Thrice she minted to the brand,  
But she took up the ring;

And a\' the ladies who heard o it  
Said she was a wise woman.  
\LBALLADS Child 269A.1  
\N1 THERE was a king, and a very great king,  
And a king of meikle fame;  
He had not a child in the world but ane,  
Lady Daisy was her name.  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.2  
\N1 He had a very bonnie kitchen-boy,  
And William was his name;  
He never lay out o Lady Daisy\'s bower,  
Till he brought her body to shame.  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.3  
\N1 When een-birds sung, and een-bells rung,  
And a\' men were boune to rest,  
The king went on to Lady Daisy\'s bower,  
Just like a wandering ghaist.  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.4  
\N1 He has drawn the curtains round and round,  
And there he has sat him down;  
'To whom is this, Lady Daisy,' he says,  
'That now you gae so round?  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.5  
\N1 'Is it to a laird? or is it to a lord?  
Or a baron of high degree?  
Or is it William, my bonnie kitchen-boy?  
Tell now the truth to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.6  
\N1 'It\'s no to a laird, and it\'s no to a lord,  
Nor a baron of high degree;  
But it\'s to William, your bonnie kitchen-boy:  
What cause hae I to lee?'  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.7  
\N1 'O where is all my merry, merry men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
That they will not take out this kitchen-boy,  
And kill him presentlie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.8  
\N1 They hae taen out this bonnie kitchen-boy,  
And killd him on the plain;  
His hair was like the threads o gold,  
His een like crystal stane;  
His hair was like the threads o gold,  
His teeth like ivory bane.  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.9  
\N1 They hae taen out this bonnie boy\'s heart,  
Put it in a cup o gold;  
'Take that to Lady Daisy,' he said,  
'For she\'s impudent and bold;  
And she washd it with the tears that ran from her eye  
Into the cup of gold.  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.10  
\N1 'Now fare ye weel, my father the king!  
You hae taen my earthly joy;  
Since he\'s died for me, I\'ll die for him,  
My bonnie kitchen-boy.'  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.11  
\N1 'O where is all my merry, merry men,  
That I pay meat and wage,  
That they could not withhold my cruel hand,

When I was mad with rage?  
\SBALLADS Child 269A.12  
\N1 `I think nae wonder, Lady Daisy,' he said,  
`That he brought your body to shame;  
For there never was man of woman born  
Sae fair as him that is slain.'  
\LBALLADS Child 269B.1  
\N1 THER was a king, an a worthy king,  
[an a king] of birth an fame;  
He had an only dear daughter,  
An Dayesie was her name.  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.2  
\N1 Ther was a boy about the house,  
Bod Roben was his name;  
He would not stay out of Dayese\'s bour,  
Till he brought her body [to] shame.  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.3  
\N1 When bells was rung, . . . .  
An a\' man bon to rest,  
The king went up to Lady Dayese\'s bour,  
He was an unwelcom gast.  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.4  
\N1 `O Lady Dayese+;, dear, d<ea>r Dayisie,  
What gars ye gae sae round?  
We yer tua sides high an yer bellie bige,  
Fra yer face the couller is gane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.5  
\N1 `O have ye loved? or have he lang-sought?  
Or die ye goo we barn?'  
`It\'s all for you, fair father,  
That ye stayed so long in Spain.'  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.6  
\N1 `It\'s aff ye take yer berry-broun goon,  
An ye lay it on a ston,  
An I will tell you in a very short time  
If ye loued any man or no<n].'  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.7  
\N1 It\'s aff she has tane her berry-broun goon,  
An laid it on a ston;  
We her tua sides high, her belley turned bigg,  
Fra her face the couller was gane.  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.8  
\N1 `O is it to lord? or is to lard?  
Or till a man of mean?  
Or is it to Bold Roben, the kittchen-boy?  
Nou, Dayisie, dinne lea<n].'  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.9  
\N1 `It\'s no to leard, nor [to] lord,  
Nor to a man of mean,  
But it\'s to Bold Robien, our kittchen-boy;  
Fatt needs me for to lea<n]?'  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.10  
\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
It\'s the morn befor I eat or drink  
His heart-blude I sall see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 269B.11  
\N1 He\'s tean Bold Robien by the hand  
Lead him across the green;  
His hear was leak the very threeds of goud,



His face shone leak the moon.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269B.12  
 \N1 He\'s tane out this bonny boy\'s hear<t]  
 Into a cupe of gold,  
 Had it to Lady Dayese\'s bour,  
 Says, No<u], Dayese+:, behold!  
 \SBALLADS Child 269B.13  
 \N1 `O welcom to me my heart\'s delight!  
 Nou welcom to me my joy!  
 Ye have dayed for me, an I\'ll day for ye,  
 Tho ye be but the kittchen-boy.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269B.14  
 \N1 She has taen out the coup of gold,  
 Lead it belou her head,  
 An she wish it we the tears ran doun fra her eays,  
 An or midnight she was dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269B.15  
 \N1 She has tean out the coup of gold,  
 Laid it belou her hear,  
 An she wish it we the tears ran don fra her eays,  
 An alass! spak never mare.  
 \LBALLADS Child 269C.1  
 \N1 THERE was a king, and a glorious king,  
 And a king of mickle fame,  
 And he had daughters only one,  
 Lady Dysmal was her name.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269C.2  
 \N1 He had a boy, and a kitchen-boy,  
 A boy of mickle scorn,  
 And she lovd him lang, and she loved him aye,  
 Till the grass oergrew the corn.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269C.3  
 \N1 When twenty weeks were gone and past,  
 O she began to greet!  
 Her petticoat grew short before,  
 And her stays they wadna meet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269C.4  
 \N1 It fell upon a winter\'s night  
 The king could get nae rest;  
 He cam unto his daughter dear,  
 Just like a wandring ghaist.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269C.5  
 \N1 He cam into her bed-chalmer,  
 And drew the curtains round:  
 `What aileth thee, my daughter dear?  
 I fear you\'ve gotten wrong.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269C.6  
 \N1 `O if I have, despise me not,  
 For he is all my joy;  
 I will forsake baith dukes and earls,  
 And marry your kitchen-boy.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269C.7  
 \N1 `Go call to me my merry men all,  
 By thirty and by three;  
 Go call to me my kitchen-boy,  
 We\'ll murder him secretlie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269C.8  
 \N1 There was nae din that could be heard,  
 And neer a word was said,  
 Till they got him baith fast and sure

Between twa feather-beds.

\SBALLADS Child 269C.9

\N1 `Go cut the heart out of his breast,  
And put it in a cup of gold,  
And present it to his Dysmal dear,  
For she is baith stout and bold.'

\SBALLADS Child 269C.10

\N1 They\`ve cut the heart out of his breast,  
And put it in a cup of gold,  
And presented it to his Dysmal dear,  
Who was baith stout and bold.

\SBALLADS Child 269C.11

\N1 `O come to me, my hinney, my heart,  
O come to me, my joy!  
O come to me, my hinney, my heart  
My father\`s kitchen-boy!'

\SBALLADS Child 269C.12

\N1 She\`s taen the cup out of their hands,  
And set it at her bed-head;  
She washd it wi the tears that fell from her eyes,  
And next morning she was dead.

\SBALLADS Child 269C.13

\N1 `O where were ye, my merry men all,  
Whom I paid meat and wage,  
Ye didna hold my cruel hand  
When I was in my rage?

\SBALLADS Child 269C.14

\N1 `For gone is a\` my heart\`s delight,  
And gone is a\` my joy;  
For my dear Dysmal she is dead,  
And so is my kitchen-boy.'

\LBALLADS Child 269D.1

\N1 THERE was a king, and a curious king,  
And a king of royal fame,  
He had ae daughter, he had never mair,  
Lady Diamond was her name.

\SBALLADS Child 269D.2

\N1 She\`s fa\`en into shame, and lost her good name,  
And wrought her parents \`noy;  
And a\` for her layen her love so low,  
On her father\`s kitchn-boy.

\SBALLADS Child 269D.3

\N1 One night as she lay on her bed,  
Just thinking to get rest,  
Up it came her old father,  
Just like a wandering ghaist.

\SBALLADS Child 269D.4

\N1 `Rise up, rise up, Lady Diamond,' he says,  
`Rise up, put on your gown;  
Rise up, rise up, Lady Diamond,' he says,  
`For I fear ye go too roun.'

\SBALLADS Child 269D.5

\N1 `Too roun I go, ye blame me no,  
Ye cause me not to shame;  
For better love I that bonny boy  
Than all your well-bred men.'

\SBALLADS Child 269D.6

\N1 The king\`s calld up his wall-wight men,  
That he paid meat and fee:  
`Bring here to me that bonny boy,

And we'll smore him right quietlie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269D.7  
 \N1 Up hae they taken that bonny boy,  
 Put him between twa feather-beds;  
 Naething was dane, naething was said,  
 Till that bonny boy was dead.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269D.8  
 \N1 The king's taen out a broad, broad sword,  
 And streakd it on a strow,  
 And thro and thro that bony boy's heart  
 He's gart cauld iron go.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269D.9  
 \N1 Out he has taen his poor bloody heart,  
 Set it on a tasse of gold,  
 And set it before Lady Diamond's face,  
 Said, Fair lady, behold!  
 \SBALLADS Child 269D.10  
 \N1 Up she has taen this poor bloody heart,  
 And holden it in her hand:  
 `Better loved I that bonny, bonny boy  
 Than all my father's land.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269D.11  
 \N1 Up she has taen his poor bloody heart  
 And laid it at her head;  
 The tears away frae her eyes did f+ly,  
 And ere midnight she was dead.  
 \LBALLADS Child 269E.1  
 \N1 IT was a king, and a verra greit king,  
 An a king o muckle fame,  
 An he had a luvelie dauchter fair,  
 An Dysie was her name.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269E.2  
 \N1 She fell in love wi the kitchie-boy,  
 An a verra bonnie boy was he,  
 An word has gane till her father dear,  
 An an angry man was he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 269E.3  
 \N1 `Is it the laird? or is it the lord?  
 Or a man o high degree?  
 Or is it to Robin, the kitchie-boy?  
 O Dysie mak nae lee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269E.4  
 \N1 `It's nae the laird, nor is it the lord,  
 Nor a man o high degree,  
 But it's to Robin, the kitchie-boy;  
 What occasion hae I to lee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269E.5  
 \N1 `If it be to Robin, the kitchie-boy,  
 As I trust weel it be,  
 The morn, afore ye eat meal or drink,  
 Ye'll see him hanged hie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 269E.6  
 \N1 They have taen Robin out,  
 His hair was like threads o gold;  
 That verra day afore it was night,  
 Death made young Dysie cold.  
 \LBALLADS Child 270A.1  
 \N1 IT was intill a pleasant time,  
 Upon a simmer's day,  
 The noble Earl of Mar's daughter

Went forth to sport and play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.2  
 \N1 As thus she did amuse hersell,  
 Below a green aik tree,  
 There she was a sprightly doo  
 Set on a tower sae hie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.3  
 \N1 `O Cow-me-doo, my love sae true,  
 If ye'll come down to me,  
 Ye'se hae a cage o guid red gowd  
 Instead o simple tree:  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.4  
 \N1 `I'll put gowd hingers roun your cage,  
 And siller roun your wa;  
 I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird  
 As ony o them a'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.5  
 \N1 But she hadnae these words well spoke,  
 Nor yet these words well said,  
 Till Cow-me-doo f+lew frae the tower  
 And lighted on her head.  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.6  
 \N1 Then she has brought this pretty bird  
 Hame to her bowers and ha,  
 And made him shine as fair a bird  
 As ony o them a'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.7  
 \N1 When day was gane, and night was come,  
 About the evening tide,  
 This lady spied a sprightly youth  
 Stand straight up by her side.  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.8  
 \N1 `From whence came ye, young man?' she said;  
 `That does surprise me sair;  
 My door was bolted right secure,  
 What way hae ye come here?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.9  
 \N1 `O had your tongue, ye lady fair,  
 Lat a' your folly be;  
 Mind ye not on your turtle-doo  
 Last day ye brought wi thee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.10  
 \N1 `O tell me mair, young man,' she said,  
 `This does surprise me now;  
 What country hae ye come frae?  
 What pedigree are you?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.11  
 \N1 `My mither lives on foreign isles,  
 She has nae mair but me;  
 She is a queen o wealth and state,  
 And birth and high degree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.12  
 \N1 `Likewise well skilld in magic spells,  
 As ye may plainly see,  
 And she transformd me to yon shape,  
 To charm such maids as thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 270A.13  
 \N1 `I am a doo the live-lang day,  
 A sprightly youth at night;  
 This aye gars me appear mair fair

In a fair maiden\'s sight.  
\SBALLADS Child 270A.14  
\N1 `And it was but this verra day  
That I came ower the sea;  
Your lovely face did me enchant;  
I\'ll live and dee wi thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.15  
\N1 `O Cow-me-doo, my luve sae true,  
Nae mair frae me ye\'se gae;'  
`That\'s never my intent, my luve,  
As ye said, it shall be sae.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.16  
\N1 `O Cow-me-doo, my luve sae true,  
It\'s time to gae to bed;'  
`Wi a\' my heart, my dear marrow,  
It\'s be as ye hae said.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.17  
\N1 Then he has staid in bower wi her  
For sax lang years and ane,  
Till sax young sons to him she bare,  
And the seventh she\'s brought hame.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.18  
\N1 But aye as ever a child was born  
He carried them away,  
And brought them to his mither\'s care,  
As fast as he coud f+ly.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.19  
\N1 Thus he has staid in bower wi her  
For twenty years and three;  
There came a lord o high renown  
To court this fari ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.20  
\N1 But still his proffer she refused,  
And a\' his presents too;  
Says, I\'m content to live alane  
Wi my bird, Cow-me-doo.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.21  
\N1 Her father sware a solemn oath  
Amang the nobles all,  
`The morn, or ere I eat or drink,  
This bird I will gar kill.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.22  
\N1 The bird was sitting in his cage,  
And heard what they did say;  
And when he found they were dismiss,  
Says, Wae\'s me for this day!

\SBALLADS Child 270A.23  
\N1 `Before that I do langer stay,  
And thus to be forlorn,  
I\'ll gang unto my mither\'s bower,  
Where I was bred and born.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.24  
\N1 Then Cow-me-doo took f+light and f+lew  
Beyond the raging sea,  
And lighted near his mither\'s castle,  
On a tower a gowd sae hie.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.25  
\N1 As his mither was wauking out,  
To see what she coud see,  
And there she saw her little son,

Set on the tower sae hie.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.26

\N1 `Get dancers here to dance,' she said,  
`And minstrells for to play;

For here\'s my young son, Florentine,  
Come here wi me to stay.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.27

\N1 'get nae dancers to dance, mither,  
Nor minstrells for to play,

For the mither o my seven sons,  
The morn\'s her wedding-day.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.28

\N1 `O tell me, tell me, Florentine,  
Tell me, and tell me true,

Tell me this day without a f+law,  
What I will do for you.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.29

\N1 `Instead of dancers to dance, mither,  
Or minstrells for to play,

Turn four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
Like storks in feathers gray;

\SBALLADS Child 270A.30

\N1 `My seven sons in seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to f+lee;

And I mysell a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird o high degree.'

\SBALLADS Child 270A.31

\N1 Then sichin said the queen hersell,  
`That thing\'s too high for me;'

But she applied to an auld woman,  
Who had mair skill than she.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.32

\N1 Instead o dancers to dance a dance,  
Or minstrells for to play,

Four-and-twenty wall-wight men  
Turnd birds o feathers gray;

\SBALLADS Child 270A.33

\N1 Her seven sons in seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to f+lee;

And he himsell a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird o high degree.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.34

\N1 This f+lock o birds took f+light and f+lew  
Beyond the raging sea,

And landed near the Earl Mar\'s castle,  
Took shelter in every tree.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.35

\N1 They were a f+lock o pretty birds,  
Right comely to be seen;

The people viewd them wi surprise,  
As they dancd on the green.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.36

\N1 These birds ascended frae the tree  
And lighted on the ha,

And at the last wi force did f+lee  
Amang the nobles a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.37

\N1 The storks there seized some o the men,  
They coud neither f+ight nor f+lee;

The swans they bound the bride\'s best man

Below a green aik tree.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.38

\N1 They lighted next on maidens fair,  
Then on the bride\'s own head,  
And wi the twinkling o an ee  
The bride and them were f+led.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.39

\N1 There\'s ancient men at weddings been  
For sixty years or more,  
But sic a curious wedding-day  
They never saw before.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.40

\N1 For naething coud the companie do,  
Nor naething coud they say  
But they saw a f+lock o pretty birds  
That took their bride away.

\SBALLADS Child 270A.41

\N1 When the Earl Mar he came to know  
Where his dochter did stay,  
He signd a bond o unity,  
And visits now they pay.

\LBALLADS Child 271A.1

\N1 IT was the worthy Lord of Learen,  
He was a lord of a hie degree;  
He had noe more children but one sonne,  
He sett him to schoole to learne curtesie.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.2

\N1 Lear<n>ing did soe p\iro\rceed w\ii\rth that child,  
I tell you all in veretie,  
He learned more vpon one day  
Then other children did on three,

\SBALLADS Child 271A.3

\N1 And then bespake the schoole-m\iaster\r,  
Vnto the Lo\ird\r of Learne said hee,  
I thinke thou be some stranger borne,  
For the holy gost remaines w\ii\rth thee.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.4

\N1 He said, I am noe stranger borne,  
Forsooth, m\iaster\r, I tell it to thee;  
It is a gift of Almighty God  
W\ihi\rch he hath giuen vnto mee.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.5

\N1 The schoole-m\iaster\r turnd him round about,  
His angry mind he thought to asswage,  
For the child cold answer him soe quicklie,  
And was of soe tender yeere of age.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.6

\N1 The child he caused a steed to be brought,  
A golden bridle done him vpon;  
He tooke his leaue of his schoolfellows,  
And home the child that he is gone.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.7

\N1 And when he came before his father,  
He f+fell low downe vpon his knee:  
'My blessing, father, I wold aske,  
If Christ wold grant you wold gine it me.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.8

\N1 `Now God thee blesse, my sonne and my heire,  
His servant in heauen \itha\rt thou may bee!  
What tydings hast thou brought me, child,

Thou art comen home so soone to mee?'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.9

\N1 `Good tydings, father, I haue you brought,  
 Goo<d tydings] I hope it is to thee;  
 The booke is not in all s<c>ottlande  
 But I can reade it before yo\iu\rr eye.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.10

\N1 A ioyed man his father was,  
 Euen the worthy lo\ird\r of Learne:  
 `Thou shalt goe into Ffrance, my child,  
 The speches of all strange lands to learne.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.11

\N1 But then bespake the child his mother,  
 The Lady of Learne and then was shee;  
 Saies, Who must be his well good guide,  
 When he goes into that strange country?

\SBALLADS Child 271A.12

\N1 And then bespake that bonnie child,  
 Vntill his father tenderlie;  
 Saies, Father, I\le haue the hend steward,  
 For he hath been true to you and mee.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.13

\N1 The lady to concell the steward did take,  
 And counted downe a hundred pound there;  
 Saies, Steward, be true to my sonne and my heire,  
 And I will giue thee mickle mere.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.14

\N1 `If I be not true to my m\iaster\r,' he said,  
 `Christ himselfe be not trew to mee!  
 If I be not true to my lord and m\iaster\r,  
 An ill death \itha\rt I may die!'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.15

\N1 The Lo\ird\r of Learne did apparell his child  
 W\ii\rth bruche, and ringe, and many a thinge;  
 The apparrell he had his body vpon,  
 The+: say was worth a squier\'s liuinge.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.16

\N1 The parting of the younge Lo\ird\r of Learne  
 W\ii\rth his f+father, his mother, his f+fellows deere,  
 Wold haue made a manis hart for to change,  
 If a Iew borne that he were.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.17

\N1 The wind did serue, and the+: did sayle  
 Over the sea into Ffrance land;  
 He vsed the child soe hardlie,  
 He wold let him haue neuer a penny to spend.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.18

\N1 And meate he wold let the child haue none,  
 Nor mony to buy none, trulie;  
 The boy was hungry and thirsty both;  
 Alas! it was the more pittie.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.19

\N1 He laid him downe to drinke the water  
 \iTha\rt was soe low beneathe the brime;  
 He [that] was wont to haue drunke both ale and wine  
 Then was faine of the water soe thinne.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.20

\N1 And as he was drinking of the water  
 \iTha\rt ran soe low beneath the brime,  
 Soe ready was the false steward



To drowne the bonny boy therin.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.21  
\N1 `Haue mercy on me, worthy steward!  
My life,' he said, 'lend it to mee,  
And all \itha\rt I am heire vpon,'  
Saies, `I will giue vnto thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.22  
\N1 Mercy to him the steward did take,  
And pulld the child out of the brime;  
Euer alacke, the more pittye!  
He tooke his clothes euen from him.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.23  
\N1 Saies, Doe thou me of that veluett gowne,  
The crimson hose beneath thy knee,  
And doe me of thy cordiuant shoone,  
Are buckled w\ii\rth the gold soe free.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.24  
\N1 `Doe thou me off thy sattin doublett,  
Thy shirtband wrought w\ii\rth glistering gold,  
And doe mee off thy golden chaine,  
About they necke soe many a fold.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.25  
\N1 `Doe thou me off thy veluett hat,  
W\ii\rth fether in \itha\rt is soe f+f+ine;  
All vnto thy silken shirt,  
\iTha\rt\'s wrought with many a golden seam.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.26  
\N1 The child before him naked stood,  
W\ii\rth skin as white as lilly f+lower;  
For [t>his worthy lords bewtie  
He might haue beene a ladye\'s paramoure.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.27  
\N1 He put vpon him a lether cote,  
And breeches of the same beneath the knee,  
And sent that bony child him froe,  
Service for to craue, truly,  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.28  
\N1 He pulld then forth a naked sword  
\iTha\rt hange full low then by his side;  
`Turne thy name, thou villaine,' he said,  
`Or else this sword shall be thy guide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.29  
\N1 `What must be my name, worthy steward?  
I pray thee now tell it me:'  
`Thy name shalbe Pore Disaware,  
To tend sheepe on a lonelye lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.30  
\N1 The bonny child he went him froe,  
And looked to himselfe, truly;  
Saw his apparrell soe simple vpon;  
O Lo\ird\r! he weeped tenderlye.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.31  
\N1 Vnto a shepard\'s house \itha\rt childe did goe,  
And said, S\ii\rr, God you saue and see!  
Doe you not want a servant-boy,  
To tend yo\iu\rr sheepe on a lonelie lee?  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.32  
\N1 `Where was thou borne?' the shepard said,  
`Where, my boy, or in what country?'  
'S\ii\rr,' he said, `I was borne in fayre Scotland,

\iTha\rt is soe farr beyond the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.33  
\N1 `I haue noe child,' the shepard sayd;  
`My boy, thoust tarry and dwell w\ii\rth mee;  
My liuinge,' he sayd, a+end all my goods,  
I\'le make thee heire [of] after mee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.34  
\N1 And then bespake the shepard\'s wife,  
To the Lo\ird\r of Learne thus did she say;  
`Goe thy way to our sheepe,' she said,  
`And tend them well both night and day.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.35  
\N1 It was a sore off+ice, O Lo\ird\r, for him  
\iTha\rt was a lord borne of a great degree!  
As he was tending his sheepe alone,  
Neither sport nor play cold hee.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.36  
\N1 Let vs leaue talking of the Lo\ird\r of Learne,  
And let all such talking goe;  
Let vs talke more of the false steward,  
That caused the child all this woe.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.37  
\N1 He sold this Lo\ird\r of Learne\'s his clothes  
For f+ive hundred pound to his pay [there],  
And bought himselfe a suite of apparrell  
Might well beseeme a lo\ird\r to weare.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.38  
\N1 When he \itha\rt gorgeous apparrell bought,  
That did soe f+ineliie his body vpon,  
He laughed the bony child to scorne  
\iTha\rt was the bonny Lo\ird\r of Learne.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.39  
\N1 He laughed \itha\rt bonny boy to scorne;  
Lo\ird\r! pittie it was to heare;  
I haue herd them say, and soe haue you too,  
\iTha\rt a man may buy gold to deere.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.40  
\N1 When \itha\rt he had all \itha\rt gorgeous apparrell,  
\iTha\rt did soe f+ineliie his body vpon,  
He went a woing to the Duke\'s daughter of France,  
And called himselfe the Lo\ird\r of Learne.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.41  
\N1 The Duke of Ffrance heard tell of this,  
To his place \itha\rt worthy lo\ird\r was come, truly;  
He entertaind him w\ii\rth a quart of red Renish wi<ne],  
Saies, Lo\ird\r of Learne, thou art welcome to me.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.42  
\N1 Then to supp\ier\r that they were sett,  
Lords and ladyes in thei degree;  
The steward was sett next the Duke of France;  
An vnseemlye sight it was to see.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.43  
\N1 Then bespake the Duke of Ffrance,  
Vnto the Lo\ird\r of Leearne said hee there,  
Sayes, Lo\ird\r of Learne, if thou\'le marry my daught<er],  
I\'le mend thy liuing f+iue hundred pound a yeere.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.44  
\N1 Then bespake \itha\rt lady fayre,  
Answered her f+ather soe alone,  
That shee would be his married wiffe

If he wold make her lady of Learne.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.45  
\N1 Then hand in hand the steward her he tooke,  
And plight \itha\rt lady his troth alone,  
\iTha\rt she shold be his marryed wiffe,  
And he wold make her the ladie of Learne.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.46  
\N1 Thus \itha\rt night it was gone,  
The other day was come, truly;  
The lady wold see the robucke run,  
Vp hills and dales and forrest free.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.47  
\N1 Then shee was ware of the younge Lo\ird\r of Learne  
Tending sheepe vnder a bryar, trulye.  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.48  
\N1 And thus shee called vnto her maids,  
And held her hands vp thus an hie;  
Sayes, Feitch me yond shepard\'s boy,  
I\'le know why he doth mourne, trulye.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.49  
\N1 When he came before \itha\rt lady fayer,  
He fell downe vpon his knee;  
He had beene so well brought vpp  
He needed not to learne curtesie.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.50  
\N1 `Where wast thou borne, thou bonny boy?  
Where or in what countrye?'  
`Madam, I was borne in faire Scottland,  
\iTha\rt is soe farr beyond the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.51  
\N1 `What is thy name, thou bonny boy?  
I pray thee tell it vnto mee;'  
`My name' he sayes, 'is Poore Disaware,  
That tends sheepe on a lonely lee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.52  
\N1 `One thing thou must tell mee, bonny boy,  
W\ihi\rch I must needs aske of thee,  
Dost not thou know the young Lo\ird\r of Learne?  
He is comen a woing into France to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.53  
\N1 `Yes, \itha\rt I doe, madam,' he said,  
And then he wept most tenderlie;  
`The Lo\ird\r of Learne is a worthy lo\ird\r,  
If he were at home in his oune country.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.54  
\N1 `What ayles thee to weepe, my bonny boy?  
Tell me or ere I part thee froe:'  
`Nothing but for a freind, madam,  
\iTha\rt\'s dead from me many a yeere agoe.'  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.55  
\N1 A loud laughter the ladie lought,  
O Lo\ird\r! shee smiled wonderous hie:  
`I haue dwelled in France since I was borne;  
Such a shepard\'s boy I did neuer see.  
\SBALLADS Child 271A.56  
\N1 `Wilt thou not leaue thy sheep, my child,  
And come vnto service vnto mee?  
And I will giue thee meate and fee,

And my chamberlaine thou shalt bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.57

\N1 `Then I will leaue my sheepe, madam,' he sayd,  
`And come into service vnto thee,  
If you will giue me meate and fee,  
Yo\iu\rr chamberlaine \itha\rt I may bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.58

\N1 When the lady come before her father,  
Shee fell low downe vpon her knee;  
`Grant me, father,' the lady said,  
`This boy my chamberlaine to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.59

\N1 `But O nay, nay,' the duke did say,  
`Soe my daughter it may not bee;  
The lo\ird\r \itha\rt is come a woing to you  
Will be offended w\ii\rth you and mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.60

Then came downe the false steward,  
W\ihi\rch called himselfe the Lo\ird\r of Learne, trulie;  
When he looked that bonny boy vpon,  
An angry man i-wis was hee.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.61

\N1 `Where was thou borne, thou vagabond?  
Where?' he sayd, a+end in what country?'  
Says, I was borne in fayre Scotland,  
\iTha\rt is soe far beyond the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.62

\N1 `What is thy name, thou vagabond?  
Haue done qu<i>cklie, and tell it to me;'  
`My name,' he sayes, 'is Poore Disaware,  
I tend sheep on the lonelie lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.63

\N1 `Thou art a theefe,' the steward said,  
`And soe in the end I will prooue thee;'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

\SBALLADS Child 271A.64

\N1 Then be-spake the ladie fayre,  
`Peace, Lord of Learne! I doe pray thee;  
Ffor if noe loue you show this child,  
Noe favor can you haue of mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.65

\N1 `Will you beleeeue me, lady faire,  
When the truth I doe tell yee?  
Att Aberdonie, beyond the sea,  
His father he robbed a hundred three.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.66

\N1 But then bespake the Duke of France  
Vnto the boy soe tenderlie;  
Saies, Boy, if thou loue harsses well,  
My stable-groome I will make thee.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.67

\N1 And thus \itha\rt \itha\rt did passe vppon  
Till the twelve monthes did draw to an ende;  
The boy applyed his off+ice soe well  
Euery man became his freind.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.68

\N1 He went forth earlye one morning  
To water a gelding at the water soe free;  
The gelding vp, and w\ii\rth his head

He hitt the child about his eye.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.69

\N1 `Woe be to thee, thou gelding,' he sayd,  
`And to the mare \itha\rt foled thee!

Thou hast striken the Lo\ird\r of Learne  
A litle tinye about the eye.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.70

\N1 `First night after I was borne, a lo\ird\r I was,  
An earle after my father doth die;  
My father is the worthy Lo\ird\r of Learne,  
And child he hath noe more but mee;  
He sent me over the sea w\ii\rth the false steward,  
And thus that he hath beguiled mee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.71

\N1 The lady [wa>s in her garden greene,  
Walking w\ii\rth her mayds, trulye,  
And heard the boy this mourning make,  
And went to weeping, trulie.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.72

\N1 `Sing on thy song, thou stable groome,  
I pray thee doe not let for mee,  
And as I am a true ladie  
I wilbe trew vnto thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.73

\N1 `But nay, now nay, madam!' he sayd,  
`Soe \itha\rt it may not bee;  
I am tane sworne vpon a booke,  
And forsworne I will not bee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.74

\N1 `Sing on thy song to thy gelding,  
And thou doest not sing to mee;  
And as I am a true ladie  
I will euer be true vnto thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.75

He sayd, Woe be to thee, gelding,  
And to the mare \itha\rt foled thee!  
For thou hast strucken the Lo\ird\r of Learne,  
A litle about mine eye.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.76

\N1 First night I was borne, a lord I was,  
An earle after my father doth dye;  
My father is the good Lo\ird\r of Learne,  
And child he hath noe other but mee;  
My father sent me over [the sea] w\ii\rth the false steward,  
And thus \itha\rt he hath beguiled mee.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.77

\N1 `Woe be to the steward, lady,' he sayd,  
`Woe be to him verrily!  
He hath beene about this twelve months day  
For to deceiue both thee and mee.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.78

\N1 `If you doe not my councell keepe,  
\iTha\rt I haue told you w\ii\rth good intent,  
And if you doe it not well keepe,  
Ffarwell! my life is at an ende.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.79

\N1 `I wilbe true to thee, Lo\ird\r of Learne,  
Or else Christ be not soe vnto me;  
And as I am a trew ladye,  
I\le neuer marry none but thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.80

\N1 Shee sent in for her father, the Duke,  
In all the speede \itha\rt ere might bee;  
'Put of my wedding, father,' shee said,  
'For the loue of God, this monthe+:s three.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.81

\N1 'Sicke I am,' the ladye said,  
'O sicke, and verry like to die!  
Put of my wedding, father Duke,  
Ffor the loue of God, this monthe+:s three.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.82

\N1 The Duke of France put of this wedding  
Of the steward and the lady monthe+:s three,  
For the ladie sicke shee was,  
Sicke, sicke, and like to die.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.83

\N1 Shee wrote a letter w\ii\rth her owne hand,  
In all the speede \itha\rt euer might bee;  
Shee sent [it] over into Scottland,  
\iTha\rt is soe f+farr beyond the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.84

\N1 When the messenger came beffore the old Lo\ird\r of Learne,  
He kneeled low downe on his knee,  
And he deliuered the letter vnto him,  
In all the speede \itha\rt euer might bee.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.85

\N1 [The] f+irst looke he looked the letter vpon,  
Lo! he wept full bitterly;  
The second looke he looked it vpon,  
Said, False steward, woe be to thee!

\SBALLADS Child 271A.86

\N1 When the Ladye of Learne these tydings heard,  
O Lo\ird\r! shee wept soe biterlye:  
'I told you of this, now good my lord,  
When I sent my child into that wild country.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.87

\N1 'Peace, Lady of Learne,' the lord did say,  
'For Christ his loue I doe pray thee;  
And as I am a christian man,  
Wroken vpon him \itha\rt I wilbe.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.88

\N1 He wrote a letter w\ii\rth his owne hand,  
In all the speede \itha\rt ere might bee;  
He sent it into the lords in Scottland,  
\iTha\rt were borne of a great degree.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.89

\N1 He sent for lords, he sent for k\inigh\rts,  
!t\ih\re best that were in the countrie,  
To go w\ii\rth him into the land of France,  
To seeke his sonne in \itha\rt strange country.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.90

\N1 The wind was good, and they did sayle,  
Fiue hundred men into France land,  
There to seeke \itha\rt bonny boy  
\iTha\rt was the worthy Lo\ird\r of Learne.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.91

\N1 They sought the country through and through,  
Soe farr to the Duke\'s place of Ffrance land;  
There they were ware of \itha\rt bonny boy,  
Standing w\ii\rth a porter\'s staffe in his hand.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.92

\N1 Then the worshippfull, the+: did bowe,  
The serving-men fell on their knee,  
They cast their hatts vp into the ayre  
For ioy \itha\rt boy \itha\rt they had seene.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.93

\N1 The Lo\ird\r of Learne then he light downe,  
And kist his child both cheeke and chinne,  
And said, God blesse thee, my sonne and my heire!  
The blisse of heauen \itha\rt thou may winne!

\SBALLADS Child 271A.94

\N1 The false steward and the Duke of France  
Were in a castle-topp, trulie;  
'What fooles are yond,' says the false steward,  
'To the porter makes soe lowe curtesie?'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.95

\N1 Then bespake the Duke of Ffrance,  
Calling my Lo\ird\r of Learne, trulie;  
He sayd, I doubt the day be come  
\iTha\rt either you or I must die.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.96

\N1 The+: sett the castle round about,  
A swallow cold not haue f+lone away;  
And there the+: tooke the false steward  
That the Lo\ird\r of Learne did betray.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.97

\N1 And when they had taken the false steward,  
He fell lowe downe vpon his knee,  
And craued mercy of the Lo\ird\r of Learne  
For the villanous dedd he had done, trulye.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.98

\N1 'Thou shalt haue mercy,' said the Lo\ird\r of Learne,  
'Thou vile traitor, I tell to thee,  
As the lawes of the realme they will thee beare,  
Wether it bee for thee to liue or dye.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.99

\N1 A quest of lords \itha\rt there was chosen,  
To goe vppon his death, trulie;  
There the+: iudged the false steward,  
Whether he was guiltie, and for to dye.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.100

\N1 The forman of the iury he came in,  
He spake his words full lowd and hie;  
Said, Make thee ready, thou false steward,  
For now thy death it drawes full nie.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.101

\N1 Sayd he, If my death it doth draw nie,  
God forgiue me all I haue done amisse!  
Where is \itha\rt lady I haue loued soe longe?  
Before my death to giue me a kisse.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.102

\N1 'Away, thou traitor!' the lady said,  
'Auoyd out of my company!  
For thy vild treason thou hast wrought,  
Thou had need to cry to God for mercye.'

\SBALLADS Child 271A.103

\N1 First they tooke him and h<a>ngd him halfe,  
And let him downe before he was dead,  
And quartered him in quarters many,  
And sodde him in a boyling lead.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.104

\N1 And then they tooke him out againe,  
And cutten all his ioynts in sunder,  
And burnte him eke vpon a hyll;  
I-wis the+: did him curstlye cumber.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.105

\N1 A loud laughter the lady laught,  
O Lord! she smiled merrylie;  
She sayd I may praise my heauenly k\iing\r  
That euer I seene this vile traytor die.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.106

\N1 Then bespake the Duke of France,  
Vnto the right Lo\ird\r of Learne sayd he there;  
Says, Lo\ird\r of Learne, if thou wilt marry my daught<er]  
I\'le mend thy liuing f+iue hundred a yeere.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.107

\N1 But then bespake \itha\rt bonie boy,  
And answered the Duke quicklie,  
I had rather marry yo\iu\rr daughter w\ii\rth a ring of go<ld]  
Then all the gold \itha\rt ere I blinket on w\ii\rth mine eye.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.108

\N1 But then bespake the old Lo\ird\r of Learne,  
To the Duke of France thus he did say,  
Seeing our children doe soe well agree,  
They shalbe marryed ere wee goe away.

\SBALLADS Child 271A.109

The Lady of Learne shee was sent for  
Throughout Scottland soe speedilie,  
To see these two children sett vpp  
In their seats of gold full royallye.

\LBALLADS Child 271B.1

\N1 IT was a worthy Lord of Lorn,  
He was a lord of high degree,  
He sent [his son] unto the schoole,  
To learn some civility.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.2

\N1 He learned more learning in one day  
Then other children did in three;  
And then bespake the schoolmaster  
Unto him tenderly,

\SBALLADS Child 271B.3

\N1 `In faith thou art the honestest boy  
That ere I blinkt on with mine eye;  
I hope thou art some easterling born,  
The Holy Ghost is with thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.4

\N1 He said he was no easterling born,  
The child thus answered courteously;  
My father is the Lord of Lorn,  
And I his son, perdye.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.5

\N1 The schoolmaster turned round about,  
His angry mood he could not swage;  
He marvelled the child could speak so wise,  
He being of so tender age.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.6

\N1 He girt the saddle to the steed,  
The bridle of the best gold shone;  
He took his leave of his fellows all,  
And quickly he was gone.



\SBALLADS Child 271B.7

\N1 And when he came to his father dear  
He kneeled down upon his knee;  
'I am come to you, fathe<r],' he said,  
'God\'s blessing give you me.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.8

\N1 'Thou art welcome, son,' he said,  
'God\'s blessing I give thee;  
What tidings hast thou brought, my son,  
Being come so hastily?'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.9

\N1 'I have brought tidings, father,' he said,  
'And so like+:d it may be.  
There\'s never a book in all Scotland  
But I can read it, truly.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.10

\N1 'There\'s nere a doctor in all this realm,  
For all he goes in rich array,  
I can write him a lesson soon  
To learn in seven years day.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.11

\N1 'That is good tidings,' said the lord,  
'All in the place where I do stand;  
My son, thou shalt into France go,  
To learn the speeches of each land.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.12

\N1 'Who shall go with him?' said the lady;  
'Husband, we have no more but he;'  
'Madam,' he saith, 'My head steward,  
He hath bin true to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.13

\N1 She cal\'d the steward to an account,  
A thousand pound she gave him anon;  
Sayes, Good Sir Steward, be as good to my child,  
When he is far from home.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.14

\N1 'If I be fals unto my young lord,  
Then God be [the] like to me indeed!'  
And now to France they both are gone,  
And God be their good speed.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.15

\N1 They had not been in France land  
Not three weeks unto an end,  
But meat and drink the child got none,  
Nor mony in purse to spend.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.16

\N1 The child ran to the river\'s side;  
He was fain to drink water then;  
And after followed the fals steward,  
To put the child therein.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.17

\N1 'But nay, marry!' said the child,  
He asked mercy pittifully,  
'Good steward, let me have my life,  
What ere betide my body.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.18

\N1 'Now put off thy fair cloathing  
And give it me anon;  
So put thee of thy s\'lken shirt,  
With many a golden seam.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.19

\N1 But when the child was stript naked,  
His body white as the lilly-f+lower,  
He might have bin seen for his body  
A prince\'s paramour.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.20

\N1 He put him in an old kelter coat  
And hose of the same above the knee,  
He bid him go to the shepherd\'s house,  
To keep sheep on a lonely lee.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.21

\N1 The child did say, What shall be my name?  
Good steward, tell to me;  
'Thy name shall be Poor Disawear,  
That thy name shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.22

\N1 The child came to the shepheard\'s house,  
And asked mercy pittifully;  
Sayes, Good sir shepheard, take me in,  
To keep sheep on a lonely lee.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.23

\N1 But when the shepheard saw the child,  
He was so pleasant in his eye,  
'I have no child, I\'le make thee my heir,  
Thou shalt have my goods, perdie.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.24

\N1 And then bespake the shepheard\'s wife,  
Unto the child so tenderly;  
'Thou must take the sheep and go to the f+ield,  
And keep them on a lonely lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.25

Now let us leave talk of the child,  
That is keeping sheep on a lonely lee,  
And we\'l talk more of the fals steward,  
And of his fals treachery.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.26

\N1 He bought himself three suits of apparrell,  
That any lord might a seem<d] to worn,  
He went a wooing to the Duke\'s daughter,  
And cal\'d himself the Lord of Lorn.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.27

\N1 The duke he welcomed the yong lord  
With three baked stags anon;  
If he had wist him the fals steward,  
To the devill he would have gone.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.28

\N1 But when they were at supper set,  
With dainty delicates that was there,  
The d<uke] said, If thou wilt wed my daughter,  
I\'le give thee a thousand pound a year.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.29

\N1 The lady would see the red buck run,  
And also for to hunt the doe,  
And with a hundred lusty men  
The lady did a hunting go.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.30

\N1 The lady is a hunting gon,  
Over le and fell that is so high;  
There was she ware of a shepherd\'s boy,  
With sheep on a lonely lee.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.31

\N1 And ever he sighed and made moan,  
And cried out pittifully,  
'My father is the Lord of Lorn,  
And knows not wha<t>\'s become of me.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.32

\N1 And then bespake the lady gay,  
And to her maid she spake anon,  
'Go fetch me hither the shepherd\'s boy;  
Why maketh he all this moan?'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.33

\N1 But when he came before the lady

. . . . .  
. . . . .

He was not to learn his courtesie:

\SBALLADS Child 271B.34

\N1 'Where was thou born, thou bonny child?  
For whose sake makst thou all this mone?'  
'My dearest friend, lady,' he said,  
'Is dead many years agon.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.35

\N1 'Tell thou to me, thou bonny child,  
Tell me the truth and do not lye,  
Knost thou not the yong lord of Lorn,  
Is come a wooing unto me?'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.36

\N1 'Yes, forsooth,' then said the child,  
'I know the lord then, veryly;  
The young lord is a valliant lord  
At home in his own country.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.37

\N1 'Wilt leave thy sheep, thou bonny child,  
And come in service unto me?'  
'Yes, forsooth,' then said the child,  
'At your bidding will I be.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.38

\N1 When the steward lookt upon the child,  
He bewrild him villainously:  
'Where wast thou born, thou vagabone?  
Or where is thy country?'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.39

\N1 'Ha don! ha don!' said the lady gay,  
She cal\'d the steward then presently;  
'Without you bear him moregood will,  
You get no love of me.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.40

\N1 Then bespake the false steward  
Unto the lady hastily:  
'At Aberdine, beyond the seas,  
His father robbe+:d thousands three.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.41

\N1 But then bespake the lady gay  
Unto her father courteously,  
Saying, I have found a bonny child  
My chamberlain to be.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.42

\N1 'Not so, not so,' then said the duke,  
'For so it may not be,  
For that young L<ord] of Lorn that comes a wooing  
Will think something of thee and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.43

\N1 When the duke had lookt upon the child,  
He seemd so pleasant to the eye,  
'Child, because thou lovst horses well,  
My groom of stables thou shalt be.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.44

\N1 The child plied the horses well  
A twelve month to an end;  
He was so courteous and so true  
Every man became his fri<e>nd.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.45

\N1 He led a fair gelding to the water,  
Where he might drink, verily;  
The great gelding up with his head  
And hit the child above the eye.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.46

\N1 'Wo worth thee, horse!' then said the child,  
'That ere mare foale+:d thee!  
Thou little knowst what thou hast done;  
Thou hast stricken a lord of high degree.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.47

\N1 The d<uke\'s] daughter was in her garden green,  
She heard the child make great moan;  
She ran to the child all weeping,  
And left her maidens all alone.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.48

\N1 'Sing on thy song, thou bonny child,  
I will release thee of thy pain;'  
'I have made an oath, lady,' he said,  
'I dare not tell my tale again.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.49

\N1 'Tell the horse thy tale, thou bonny child,  
And so thy oath shall save+:d be;'  
But when he told the horse his tale  
The lady wept full tenderly.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.50

\N1 'I\'le do for thee, my bonny child,  
In faith I will do more for thee;  
For I will send thy father word,  
And he shall come and speak with me.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.51

\N1 'I will do more, my bonny child,  
In faith I will do more for thee,  
And for thy sake, my bonny child,  
I\'le put my wedding off months three.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.52

\N1 The lady she did write a letter,  
Full pittifully with her own hand,  
She sent it to the Lord of Lorn  
Whereas he dwelt in fair Scotland.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.53

\N1 But when the lord had read the letter  
His lady wept most tenderly:  
'I knew what would become of my child  
In such a far country.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.54

\N1 The old lord cal\'d up his merry men,  
And all that he gave cloth and fee,  
With seven lords by his side,  
And into France rides he.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.55

\N1 The wind servd, and they did saile  
So far into France land;  
They were ware of the Lord of Lorn,  
With a porter\'s staff in his hand.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.56

\N1 The lords they moved hat and hand,  
The servingmen fell on their knee;  
'What folks be yonder,' said the steward,  
'That makes the porter courtesie?'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.57

\N1 'Thou art a false thief,' said the L<ord] of Lorn,  
'No longer might I bear with thee;  
By the law of France thou shalt be ju<d>gd,  
Whether it be to live or die.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.58

\N1 A quest of lords there chosen was,  
To bench they came hastily,  
But when the quest was ended  
The fals steward must dye.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.59

\N1 First they did him half hang,  
And then they took him down anon,  
And then put him in boyling lead,  
And then was sodden, brest and bone.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.60

\N1 And then bespake the Lord of Lorn,  
With many other lords mo;  
'Sir Duke, if you be as willing as we,  
We\'l have a marriage before we go.'

\SBALLADS Child 271B.61

\N1 These children both they did rejoyce  
To hear the lord his tale so ended;  
They had rather to day then to morrow,  
So he would not be offended.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.62

\N1 But when the wedding ended was  
There was delicious dainty cheer;  
I\'le tell you how long the wedding did last,  
Full three quarters of a year.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.63

\N1 Such a banquet there was wrought,  
The like was never seen;  
The king of France brought with him then  
A hundred tun of good red wine.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.64

\N1 Five set of musitians were to be seen,  
That never rested night nor day,  
Also Italians there did sing,  
Full pleasantly with great joy.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.65

\N1 Thus have you heard what troubles great  
Unto successive joyes did turn,  
And happy news among the rest  
Unto the worthy Lord of Lorn.

\SBALLADS Child 271B.66

\N1 Let rebels therefore warne+:d be  
How mischief once they do pretend;  
For God may suffer for a time,  
But will disclose it in the end.

\LBALLADS Child 272A.1

\N1 A WONDER stranger ne\'r was known  
Then what I now shall treat upon.  
In Suffolk there did lately dwell  
A farmer rich and known full well.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.2

\N1 He had a daughter fair and bright,  
On whom he plac\'d his chief delight;  
Her beauty was beyond compare,  
She was both virtuous and fair.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.3

\N1 A young man there was living by,  
Who was so charme+:d with her eye  
That he could never be at rest,  
He was with love so much possest.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.4

\N1 He made address to her, and she  
Did grant him love immediately;  
Which when her father came to hear,  
He parted her and her poor dear.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.5

\N1 Forty miles distant was she sent,  
Unto his brother\'s, with intent  
That she should there so long remain  
Till she had chang\'d her mind again.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.6

\N1 Hereat this young man sadly grievd,  
But knew not how to be relievd;  
He sighd and sobd continually  
That his true love he could not see.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.7

\N1 She by no means could to him send  
Who was her heart\'s espouse+:d friend;  
He sighd, she grievd, but all in vain,  
For she conf+in\'d must still remain.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.8

\N1 He mournd so much that doctor\'s art  
Could give no ease unto his heart;  
Who was so strang<e>ly terrif+ied,  
That in short time for love he dyed.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.9

\N1 She that from him was sent away  
Knew nothing of his dying-day,  
But constant still she did remain;  
To love the dead was then in vain.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.10

\N1 After he had in grave been laid  
A month or more, unto this maid  
He comes about middle of the night,  
Who joyd to see her heart\'s delight.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.11

\N1 Her father\'s horse, which well she knew,  
Her mother\'s hood and safeguard too,  
He brought with him to testif+ie  
Her parents\' order he came by.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.12

\N1 Which when her unckle understood,  
He hop\'t it would be for her good,  
And gave consent to her straightway  
That with him she should come away.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.13

\N1 When she was got her love behind,  
They passd as swift as any wind,  
That in two hours, or little more,  
He brought her to her father\'s door.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.14

\N1 But as they did this great haste make,  
He did complain his head did ake;  
Her handkerchief she then took out,  
And tyed the same his head about.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.15

\N1 And unto him she thus did say:  
'Thou art as cold as any clay;  
When we come home, a f+ire wee\'l have;'  
But little dreamt he went to grave.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.16

\N1 Soon were they at her father\'s door,  
And after she ne\'r see him more;  
'I\'le set the horse up,' then he said,  
And there he left this harmless maid.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.17

\N1 She knockt, and strait a man he cryed,  
'Who\'s there?' 'Tis I,' she then replied;  
Who wondred much her voice to hear,  
And was possest with dread and fear.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.18

\N1 Her father he did tell, and then  
He stared like an affrighted man:  
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,  
Cry\'d out, My child, how cam\'st thou here?

\SBALLADS Child 272A.19

\N1 'Pray, sir, did you not send for me,  
By such a messenger?' said she:  
Which made his hair stare on his head,  
As knowing well that he was dead.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.20

\N1 'Where is he?' then to her he said;  
'He\'s in the stable,' quoth the maid.  
'Go in,' said he, a+end go to bed;  
I\'le see the horse well littered.'

\SBALLADS Child 272A.21

\N1 He stared about, and there could hee  
No shape of any mankind see,  
But found his horse all on a sweat;  
Which made him in a deadly fret.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.22

\N1 His daughter he said nothing to,  
Nor no one else, though well they knew  
That he was dead a month before,  
For fear of grieveing her full sore.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.23

\N1 Her father to his father went  
Who was deceasd, with this intent,  
To tell him what his daughter said;  
So both came back unto this maid.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.24

\N1 They askd her, and she still did say  
'Twas he that then brought her away;  
Which when they heard they were amaz\'d,  
And on each other strang<e>ly gaz\'d.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.25

\N1 A handkerchief she said she tyed  
About his head, and that they tried;  
The sexton they did speak unto,  
That he the grave would then undo.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.26

\N1 Affrighted then they did behold  
His body turning into mould,  
And though he had a month been dead,  
This kercheif was about his head.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.27

\N1 This thing unto her then they told,  
And the whole truth they did unfold;  
She was thereat so terrified  
And grievd, she quickly after dyed.

\SBALLADS Child 272A.28

\N1 Part not true love, you rich men, then;  
But, if they be right honest men  
Your daughters love, give them their way,  
For force oft breeds their lives\' decay.

\LBALLADS Child 273A.1

\N1 In summer time, when leaves grew green,  
and birds were singing on every tree,  
King Edward would a hunting ride,  
some pastime for to see.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.2

\N1 Our king he would a hunting ride,  
by eight a clock of the day,  
And well was he ware of a bold tanner,  
came riding on the way.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.3

\N1 A good russet coat the tanner had on,  
fast buttoned under his chin,  
And under him a good cow-hide,  
and a mare of four shilling.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.4

\N1 `Now stand you here, my good lords all,  
under this trusty tree,  
And I will wend to yonder fellow,  
to know from whence came he.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.5

\N1 `God speed, God speed,' then said our king;  
'Thou art welcome, good fellow,' quoth he;  
'Which is the way to Drayton Basset  
I pray thee shew to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.6

\N1 `The ready way to Drayton Basset,  
from this place as thou dost stand,  
The next pair of gallows thou comst to  
thou must turn up [on] thy right hand.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.7

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

\SBALLADS Child 273A.8

\N1 `Away, with a vengeance,' goth the tanner,  
'I hold thee out of thy wit,  
For all this day have I ridden and gone,  
And I am fasting yet.'



\SBALLADS Child 273A.9

\N1 `Go with me to Drayton Basset,' said our king,  
'No daintyes we will lack;  
We\`l have meat and drink of the best,  
And I will pay the shot.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.10

\N1 `Godamercy for nothing,' said the tanner,  
'Thou shalt pay for no dinner of mine;  
I have more groats and nobles in my purse  
then thou hast pence in thine.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.11

\N1 `God save your goods,' then said the king,  
a+end send them well to thee!'  
'Be thou thief or true man,' quoth the tanner,  
'I am weary of thy company.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.12

\N1 `Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
'of thee I stand in fear;  
The aparrell thou wearst on thy back  
May seem a good lord to wear.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.13

\N1 `I never stole them' said our king,  
'I swear to thee by the rood;'  
'Thou art some ruff+ian of the country,  
thou rid\`st in the midst of thy good.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.14

'What news dost thou hear?' then said our king,  
'I pray what news do you hear?'  
'I hear no news,' answered the tanner,  
'But that cow-hides be dear.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.15

\N1 `Cow-hides? cow-hides?' then said our king,  
'I marvell what they be;'  
'Why, art thou a fool?' quoth the tanner,  
'look, I have one under me.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.16

\N1 `Yet one thing now I would thee pray,  
so that thou wouldst not be strange;  
If thy mare be better then my steed,  
I pray thee let us change.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.17

\N1 `But if you needs with me will change,  
As change full well may ye,  
By the faith of my body,' quoth the tanner,  
'I look to have boot of thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.18

\N1 `What boot wilt thou ask?' then said our king,  
'what boot dost thou ask on this ground?'  
'No pence nor half-pence,' said the tanner,  
'But a noble in gold so round.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.19

\N1 `Here\`s twenty good groats,' then said the king,  
'So well paid see you be;'  
'I love thee better then I did before,  
I thought thou hadst nere a peny.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.20

\N1 `But if so be we needs must change,  
as change thou must abide,  
Though thou hast gotten Brock my mare,  
thou shalt not have my cow-hide.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.21

\N1 The tanner took the good cow-hide,  
that of the cow was hilt,  
And threw it upon the king\'s saddle,  
That was so fairly guilt.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.22

\N1 `Now help me, help me,' quoth the tanner,  
`Full quickly that I were gone,  
For when I come home to Gillian my wife  
she\'l say I\'m a gentleman.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.23

\N1 The king took the tanner by the leg,  
he girded a fart so round;  
'You\'r very homely,' said the king,  
'were I aware, I\'d laid you o th\' ground.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.24

\N1 But when the tanner was in the king\'s saddle  
astone+:d then he was;  
He knew not the stirrops that he did wear,  
whether they were gold or brass.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.25

\N1 But when the steed saw the black cow-tale wag,  
for and the black cow-horn,  
The steed began to run away,  
as the divel the tanner had born.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.26

\N1 Untill he came unto a nook,  
a little beside an ash;  
The steed gave the tanner such a fall  
his neck was almost brast.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.27

\N1 `Take thy horse again, with a vengeance,' he said,  
'with me he shall not abide;'  
'It is no marvell,' said the king, and laught,  
'He knew not your cow-hide.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.28

\N1 `But if that we needs now must change,  
as change that well we mought,  
I\'le swear to you plain, if you have your mare,  
I look to have some boot.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.29

\N1 `What boot will you ask?' quoth the tanner,  
'What boot will you ask on this ground?'  
'No pence nor half-pence,' said our king,  
'But a noble in gold so round.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.30

\N1 `Here\'s twenty [good] groats,' said the tanner,  
a+end twenty more I have of thine;  
I have ten groats more in my purse,  
we\'l drink f+ive of them at the wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.31

\N1 The king set a bugle-horne to his mouth,  
that blew both loud and shrill,  
And f+ive hundred lords and knights  
came riding over a hill.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.32

\N1 `Away, with a vengeance,' quoth the tanner,  
'with thee I\'le no longer abide;  
Thou art a strong thief, yonder be thy fellows,  
they will steal away my cow-hide.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.33

\N1 `No I protest,' then said our king,  
'For so it may not be;  
They be the lords of Drayton Basset,  
come out of the North Country.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.34

\N1 But when they came before the king  
full low they fell on their knee;  
The tanner had rather than a thousand pound  
he had been out of his company.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.35

\N1 `A collar! a collar!' then said the king,  
a+e collar!' then did he cry;  
Then would he have given a thousand pound  
he had not been so nigh.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.36

\N1 `A collar? a collar?' then quoth the tanner,  
'it is a thing which will breed sorrow;  
For after a collar commeth a halter,  
and I shall be hanged tomorrow.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.37

\N1 `No, do not fear,' the king did say;  
'For pastime thou hast shown me,  
No collar nor halter thou shalt have,  
but I will give thee a fee.

\SBALLADS Child 273A.38

\N1 `For Plompton Park I will give thee,  
with tenements three beside,  
Which is worth three hundred pound a year,  
to maintain thy good cow-hide.'

\SBALLADS Child 273A.39

\N1 `Godamercy, Godamercy,' quoth the tanner;  
'For this good deed thou hast done,  
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth  
thou shalt have clouting-leather for thy shone.'

\LBALLADS Child 274A.1

\N1 HAME came our goodman,  
And hame came he,  
And then he saw a saddle-horse,  
Where nae horse should be.

\SBALLADS Child 274A.2

\N1 `What\'s this now, goodwife?  
What\'s this I see?  
How came this horse here,  
Without the leave o me?'

`A horse?' quo she.

`Ay, a horse,' quo he.

\SBALLADS Child 274A.3

\N1 `Shame fa your cuckold face,  
Ill mat ye see!

`'Tis naething but a broad sow,  
My minnie sent to me.'

`A broad sow?' quo he.

`Ay, a sow,' quo shee.

\SBALLADS Child 274A.4

\N1 `Far hae I ridden,  
And farrer hae I gane,  
But a sadle on a sow\'s back  
I never saw nane.'

\SBALLADS Child 274A.5

\N1 Hame came our goodman,  
And hame came he;  
He spy\'d a pair of jack-boots,  
Hwere nae boots should be.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.6  
\N1 `What\'s this now, goodwife?  
What\'s this I see?  
How came these boots here,  
Without the leave o me?'\n`Boots?' quo she.  
`Ay, boots,' quo he.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.7  
\N1 `Shame fa your cuckold face,  
And ill mat ye see!  
It\'s but a pair of water-stoups,  
My minnie sent to me.'  
`Water-stoups?' quo he.  
`Ay, water-stoups,' quo she.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.8  
\N1 `Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But siller spurs on water-stoups  
I saw never nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.9  
\N1 Hame came our goodman,  
And hame came he,  
And he saw a sword,  
Whare a sword should na be.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.10  
\N1 `What\'s this now, goodwife?  
What\'s this I see?  
How came this sword here,  
Without the leave o me?'\n`A sword?' quo she.  
`Ay, a sword,' quo he.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.11  
\N1 `Shame fa your cuckold face,  
Ill mat ye see!  
It\'s but a porridge-spurtle,  
My minnie sent to me.'  
`A spurtle?' quo he.  
`Ay, a spurtle,' quo she.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.12  
\N1 `Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But siller-handed spurtles  
I saw never nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.13  
\N1 Hame came our goodman,  
And hame came he;  
There he spy\'d a powderd wig,  
Where nae wig shoud be.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.14  
\N1 `What\'s this now, goodwife?  
What\'s this I see?  
How came this wig here,  
Without the leave o me?'\n`A wig?' quo she.  
`Ay, a wig,' quo he.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.15

\N1 `Shame fa your cuckold face,  
And ill mat you see!  
\'Tis naething but a clocken-hen,  
My minnie sent to me.'  
`Clocken hen?' quo he.  
`Ay, clocken hen,' quo she.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.16  
\N1 `Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But powder on a clocken-hen  
I saw never nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.17  
\N1 Hame came our goodman,  
And hame came he,  
And there he saw a muckle coat,  
Where nae coat shoud be.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.18  
\N1 `What\'s this now, goodwife?  
What\'s this I see?  
How came this coat here,  
Without the leave o me?'  
`A coat?' quo she.  
`Ay, a coat,' quo he.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.19  
\N1 `Shame fa your cuckold face,  
Ill mat ye see!  
It\'s but a pair o blankets,  
My minnie sent to me.'  
`Blankets?' quo he.  
`Ay, blankets,' quo she.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.20  
\N1 `Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But buttons upon blankets  
I saw never nane.'  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.21  
\N1 `Ben went our goodman,  
And ben went he,  
And there he spy\'d a study man,  
Where nae man shoud be.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.22  
\N1 `What\'s this now, goodwife?  
What\'s this I see?  
How came this man here,  
Without the leave o me?'  
`A man?' quo she.  
`Ay, a man,' quo he.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.23  
\N1 `Poor blind body,  
And blinder mat ye be!  
It\'s a new milking-maid,  
My mither sent to me.'  
`A maid?' quo he.  
`Ay, a maid,' quo she.  
\SBALLADS Child 274A.24  
\N1 `Far hae I ridden,  
And farer hae I gane,  
But lang-bearded maidens  
I saw never nane.  
\LBALLADS Child 274B.1

\N1 O I went into the stable,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three horses stand,  
by one, by two, and by three.

\SBALLADS Child 274B.2

\N1 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and `Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
`O what do these three horses here,  
without the leave of me?'

\SBALLADS Child 274B.3

\N1 `Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can\'t you very well see?  
These are three milking-cows,  
my mother sent O me.'

\SBALLADS Child 274B.4

\N1 `Heyday! Godzounds! Milking-cows with bridles and saddles on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

\SBALLADS Child 274B.5

\N1 O I went into the kitchen,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three swords hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.

\SBALLADS Child 274B.6

\N1 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and `Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
`O what do these three swords do here,  
without the leave of me?'

\SBALLADS Child 274B.7

\N1 `Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can\'t you very well see?  
They are three roasting-spits,  
my mother sent to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 274B.8

\N1 `Heyday! Godzounds! Roasting spits with scabbards on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

\SBALLADS Child 274B.9

\N1 O I went into the parlour,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three cloaks hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.

\SBALLADS Child 274B.10

\N1 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and `Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
`O what do these three cloaks do here,  
without the leave of me?'

\SBALLADS Child 274B.11

\N1 Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can\'t you very well see?  
These are three mantuas,  
my mother sent to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 274B.12

\N1 `Heyday! Godzounds! Mantuas with capes on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.

\SBALLADS Child 274B.13

\N1 I went into the pantry,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three pair of boots hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.14  
\N1 O I called to my loving wife,  
and `Anon, kind sir!' quoth she  
`O what do these three pair of boots do here,  
without the leave of me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.15  
\N1 `Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can\'t you very well see?  
These are three pudding-bags,  
my mother sent to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.16  
`Heyday! Godzounds! Pudding-bags with spurs on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.17  
\N1 I went into my closet,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three pair of breeches lie,  
by one, by two, and by three.  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.18  
\N1 O I calld to my loving wife,  
and `Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
`O what do these three pair of breeches do here,  
without the leave of me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.19  
\N1 `Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can\'t you very well see?  
These are three petticoats,  
my mother sent to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.20  
\N1 `Heyday! Godzounds! Petticoats with waistbands on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.21  
\N1 I went into the dairy,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three hats hang,  
by one, by two, and by three.  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.22  
\N1 I calld to my loving wife,  
and `Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
`Pray what do these three hats do here,  
without the leave of me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.23  
\N1 `Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
can\'t you very well see?  
They are three skimming-dishes,  
my mother sent to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.24  
\N1 `Heyday! Godzounds! Skimming-dishes with hat-bands on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.25

\N1 I went into the chamber,  
and there for to see,  
And there I saw three men in bed lie,  
by one, by two, and by three.  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.26  
\N1 I called to my loving wife,  
and `Anon, kind sir!' quoth she:  
`O what do these three men in bed,  
without the leave of me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.27  
\N1 `Why, you old cuckold, blind cuckold,  
don\'t you very well see?  
They are three milking-maids,  
my mother sent to me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 274B.28  
\N1 `Heyday! Godzounds! Milking-maids with beards on!  
the like was never known!'  
Old Wichet a cuckold went out,  
and a cuckold he came home.  
\LBALLADS Child 275A.1  
\N1 IT fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was then,  
When our goodwife got puddings to make,  
And she\'s boild them in the pan.  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.2  
\N1 The wind sae cauld blew south and north,  
And blew into the f+loor;  
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
`Gae out and bar the door.'  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.3  
`My hand is in my hussyfskap,  
Goodman, as ye may see;  
An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,  
It\'s no be barrd for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.4  
They made a paction tween them twa,  
They made it f+irm and sure,  
That the f+irst word whaeer shoud speak,  
Shoud rise and bar the door.  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.5  
\N1 Then by there came two gentlemen,  
At twelve o clock at night,  
And they could neither see house nor hall,  
Nor coal nor candle-light.  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.6  
\N1 `Now whether is this a rich man\'s house,  
Or whether is it a poor?'  
But neer a word wad ane o them speak,  
For barring of the door.  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.7  
\N1 And f+irst they ate the white puddings,  
And then they ate the black;  
Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,  
Yet neer a word she spake.  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.8  
\N1 Then said the one unto the other,  
`Here, man, tak ye my knife;  
Do ye tak aff the auld man\'s beard,  
And I\'ll kiss the goodwife.'  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.9



\N1 `But there\'s nae water in the house,  
And what shall we do than?'  
`What ails ye at the pudding-broo,  
That boils into the pan?'  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.10  
\N1 O up then started our goodman,  
An angry man was he:  
`Will ye kiss my wife before my een,  
And scad me wi pudding-bree?'  
\SBALLADS Child 275A.11  
\N1 Then up and started our goodwife,  
Gied three skips on the f+loor:  
`Goodman, you\'ve spoken the foremost word,  
Get up and bar the door.'  
\LBALLADS Child 275B.1  
\N1 THERE leaved a wee man at the f+it o yon hill,  
John Blunt it was his name, O  
And he selld liquor and ale o the best,  
And bears a wondrous fame. O  
Tal lara ta lilt, tal lare a lilt,  
Tal lara ta lilt, tal lara  
\SBALLADS Child 275B.2  
\N1 The wind it blew frae north to south,  
It blew into the f+loor;  
Says auld John Blunt to Janet the wife,  
Ye maun rise up and bar the door.  
\SBALLADS Child 275B.3  
\N1 `My hans are in my husseyskep,  
I canna weel get them free,  
And if ye dinna bar it yersel  
It\'ll never be barred by me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 275B.4  
\N1 They made it up atween them twa,  
They made it unco sure,  
That the ane that spoke the foremost word  
Was to rise and bar the door.  
\SBALLADS Child 275B.5  
\N1 There was twa travellers travelling late,  
Was travelling cross the muir,  
And they cam unto wee John Blunt\'s,  
Just by the light o the door.  
\SBALLADS Child 275B.6  
\N1 `O whether is this a rich man\'s house,  
Or whether is it a puir?'  
But never a word would the auld bodies speak,  
For the barring o the door.  
\SBALLADS Child 275B.7  
\N1 First they bad good een to them,  
And syne they bad good morrow;  
But never a word would the auld bodies speak,  
For the barring o the door, O.  
\SBALLADS Child 275B.8  
\N1 First they ate the white puddin,  
And syne they ate the black,  
And aye the auld wife said to hersel,  
May the deil slip down wi that!  
\SBALLADS Child 275B.9  
\N1 And next they drank o the liquor sea strong,  
And syne they drank o the yill:  
`And since we hae got a house o our ain

I\'m sure we may tak our f+ill.'

\SBALLADS Child 275B.10

\N1 It\'s says the ane unto the ither,  
Here, man, tak ye my knife,  
An ye\'ll scrape aff the auld man\'s beard,  
While I kiss the gudewife.

\SBALLADS Child 275B.11

\N1 `Ye hae eaten my meat, ye hae drucken my drink,  
Ye\'d make my auld wife a whore!'  
`John Blunt, ye hae spoken the foremost word,  
Ye maun rise up and bar the door.'

\LBALLADS Child 275C.1

\N1 THERE livd a man in yonder glen,  
And John Blunt was his name; O  
He maks gude maut and he brews gude ale,  
And he bears a wondrous fame. O

\SBALLADS Child 275C.2

\N1 The wind blew in the hallan ae night,  
Fu snell out oer the moor;  
`Rise up, rise up, auld Luckie,' he says,  
`Rise up, and bar the door.'

\SBALLADS Child 275C.3

\N1 They made a paction tween them twa,  
They made it f+irm and sure,  
Whaerer sud speak the foremost word  
Should rise and bar the door.

\SBALLADS Child 275C.4

\N1 Three travellers that had tint their gate,  
As thro the hills they foor,  
They airted by the line o light  
Fu straught to Johnie Blunt\'s door.

\SBALLADS Child 275C.5

\N1 They haurld auld Luckie out o her bed  
And laid her on the f+loor,  
But never a word auld Luckie wad say,  
For barrin o the door.

\SBALLADS Child 275C.6

\N1 `Ye\'ve eaten my bread, ye hae druken my ale,  
And ye\'ll mak my auld wife a whore!'  
`A ha, Johnie Blunt! ye hae spoke the f+irst word,  
Get up and bar the door.'

\LBALLADS Child 276A.1

\N1 As I lay musing all alone,  
fa, la, la, la, la  
A pretty jeast I thought upon;  
fa, la, la, la, la  
Then listen a while, and I will you tell  
Of a fryer that loved a bonny lass well.  
fa, la, la, la, la  
fa, la, la, lang-tre-down-dilly

\SBALLADS Child 276A.2

\N1 He came to the maid when she went to bed,  
Desiring to have her maidenhead,  
But she denye+:d his desire,  
And told him that she feard hell-f+ire.

\SBALLADS Child 276A.3

\N1 `Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'Thou needst not doubt  
If thou wert in hell I could sing thee out:'  
`Then,' quoth the maid, 'Thou shalt have thy request;'  
The fryer was glad as a fox in his nest.

\SBALLADS Child 276A.4

\N1 `But one thing,' quoth she, `I do desire,  
Before you have what you require;  
Before that you shall do the thing,  
An angel of mony thou shalt me bring.'

\SBALLADS Child 276A.5

\N1 `Tush,' quoth the fryer, 'we shall agree,  
No mony shall part my love and me;  
Before that I will see thee lack,  
I\le pawn the grey gown from my back.'

\SBALLADS Child 276A.6

\N1 The maid bethought her of a wife  
How she the fryer might bequile;  
While he was gone, the truth to tell,  
She hung a cloth before the well.

\SBALLADS Child 276A.7

\N1 The fryer came, as his covenant was,  
With money to his bonny lass;  
'Good morrow, fair maid!' `Good morrow!' quoth she.  
'Here is the mony I promised thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 276A.8

Shw thankt the man, and she took his mony:  
'Now let us go to \'t,' quoth he, 'Sweet hony:'  
'O stay,' quoth she, 'Some respite make,  
My father comes, he will me take.'

\SBALLADS Child 276A.9

\N1 `Alas!' quoth the fryer, 'where shall I run,  
To hide me till that he be gone?'  
'Behinde the cloath run thou,' quoth she,  
'And there my father cannot thee see.'

\SBALLADS Child 276A.10

\N1 Behind the cloath the fryer crept,  
And into the well on the sudden he leapt;  
'Alas,' quoth he, 'i am in the well!'  
'No matter,' quoth she, 'if thou wert in hell.'

\SBALLADS Child 276A.11

\N1 `Thou sayst thou couldst sing me out of hell,  
Now prithee sing thy self out of the well:'  
The fryer sung with a pittiful sound,  
Oh help me out, or I shall be dround!

\SBALLADS Child 276A.12

\N1 `I trow,' quoth she, 'your courage is coold.'  
Quoth the fryer, I was never so foold,  
I never was serve+:d so before.  
'Then take heed,' quoth she, 'Thou comst there no more.'

\SBALLADS Child 276A.13

\N1 Quoth he, For sweet Saint Francis sake  
On his disciple some pitty take:  
Quoth she, Saint Francis never taught  
His scholars to tempt young maids to naught.

\SBALLADS Child 276A.14

\N1 The fryer did entreat her still  
That she should help him out of the well;  
She heard him make such pittious moan  
She helpd him out, and bid him be gone.

\SBALLADS Child 276A.15

\N1 Quoth he, Shall I have my mony again,  
Which thou from me hast beforehand tane?  
'Good sir,' said she, 'There\'s no such matter;  
I\le make you pay for fouling my water.'

\SBALLADS Child 276A.16  
\N1 The fryer went all along the street,  
Dropping wet, like a new-washd sheep;  
Both old and young commended the maid  
That such a witty prank had plaid.  
\LBALLADS Child 276B.1  
\N1 O HEARKEN and hear, and I will you tell  
Sing, Faldidae, faldidadi  
Of a friar that loved a fair maiden well.  
Sing, Faldi dadi di di (\ibis\r)  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.2  
\N1 The friar he came to this maiden\'s bedside,  
And asking for her maidenhead.  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.3  
\N1 `O I would grant you your desire,  
If \'twerena for fear o hell\'s burning f+ire.'  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.4  
\N1 `O hell\'s burning f+ire ye need have no doubt;  
Altho you were in, I could whistle you out.'  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.5  
\N1 `O if I grant to you this thing,  
Some money you unto me must bring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.6  
\N1 He brought her the money, and did it down tell;  
She had a white cloth spread over the well.  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.7  
\N1 Then the fair maid cried out that her master was come;  
'O,' said the friar, 'Then where shall I run?'  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.8  
\N1 `O ye will go in behind yon screen,  
And then by my master ye winna be seen.'  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.9  
Then in behind the screen she him sent.  
But he fell into the well by accident.  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.10  
\N1 Then the friar cried out with a piteous moan,  
O help! O help me! or else I am gone.  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.11  
\N1 `Ye said ye wad whistle me out o hell;  
Now whistle your ain sel out o the well.'  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.12  
\N1 She helped him out and bade him be gone;  
The friar he asked his money again.  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.13  
\N1 `As for your money, there is no much matter  
To make you pay more for jumblin our water.'  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.14  
\N1 Then all who hear it commend this fair maid  
For the nimble trick to the friar she played.  
\SBALLADS Child 276B.15  
The friar he walked on the street,  
And shaking his lugs like a well-washen sheep.  
\LBALLADS Child 277A.1  
\N1 SHE wadna bake, she wadna brew,  
Hollin, green hollin  
For spoiling o her comely hue.  
Bend your bow, Robin  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.2  
\N1 She wadna wash, she wadna wring,  
For spoiling o her gay goud ring.

\SBALLADS Child 277A.3  
\N1 Robin he\'s gane to the fald  
And caught a weather by the spauld.  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.4  
\N1 And he has killed his weather black  
And laid the skin upon her back.  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.5  
\N1 `I darena pay you, for your kin,  
But I can pay my weather\'s skin.  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.6  
\N1 `I darena pay my lady\'s back,  
But I can pay my weather black.'  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.7  
\N1 `O Robin, Robin, lat me be,  
And I\'ll a good wife be to thee.  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.8  
\N1 `It\'s I will wash, and I will wring,  
And never mind my gay goud ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.9  
\N1 `It\'s I will bake, and I will brew,  
And never mind my comely hue.  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.10  
\N1 `And gin ye thinkna that eneugh,  
I\'se tak the goad and I\'se ca the pleugh.  
\SBALLADS Child 277A.11  
\N1 `Gin ye ca for mair whan that is doon,  
I\'ll sit i the neuk and I\'ll dight your shoon.'  
\LBALLADS Child 277B.1  
\N1 ROBIN he\'s gane to the wast,  
Hollin, green hollin  
He\'s waled a wife amang the warst.  
Bend your bows, Robin  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.2  
\N1 She could neither bake nor brew,  
For spoilin o her bonnie hue.  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.3  
\N1 She could nether spin nor caird,  
But f+ill the cup, an sair the laird.  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.4  
\N1 She could nether wash nor wring,  
For spoilin o her gay goud ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.5  
\N1 Robin\'s sworn by the rude  
That he wald mak an ill wife gude.  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.6  
\N1 Robin he\'s gaun to the fauld,  
An taen his blaik [wither] by the spauld.  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.7  
\N1 He\'s taen aff his wither\'s skin  
An he has preened his ain wife in.  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.8  
\N1 `I daurna beat my wife, for a\' her kin,  
But I may beat my wither\'s skin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.9  
\N1 `I can baith bake an brew;  
What care I for my bonnie hue?  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.10  
\N1 `I can baith wash an wring;  
What care I for my gay gowd ring?  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.11

\N1 `I can baith spin an caird;  
Lat onybodie sair the laird.'  
\SBALLADS Child 277B.12  
\N1 Robin\'s sworn by the rude  
That he has made an ill wife gude.  
\LBALLADS Child 277C.1  
\N1 THERE was a wee cooper who lived in Fife,  
Nickity, nackity, noo, noo, noo  
And he has gotten a gentle wife.  
Hey Willie Wallacky, how John Dougall,  
Alane, quo Rushety, roue, roue, roue  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.2  
\N1 She wadna bake, nor she wadna brew,  
For the spoiling o her comely hue.  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.3  
\N1 She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,  
For the shaming o her gentle kin.  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.4  
\N1 She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,  
For the spoiling o her gouden ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.5  
\N1 The cooper\'s awa to his woo-pack  
And has laid a sheep-skin on his wife\'s back.  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.6  
\N1 `It\'s I\'ll no thrash ye, for your proud kin,  
But I will thrash my ain sheep-skin.'  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.7  
\N1 `Of, I will bake, and I will brew,  
And never mair think on my comely hue.  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.8  
\N1 `Oh, I will card, and I will spin,  
And never mair think on my gentle kin.  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.9  
\N1 `Oh, I will wash, and I will wring,  
And never mair think on my gouden ring.'  
\SBALLADS Child 277C.10  
\N1 A\' ye wha hae gotten a gentle wife  
Send ye for the wee cooper o Fife.  
\LBALLADS Child 277D.1  
\N1 THERE livd a laird down into Fife,  
Riftly, raftly, now, now, now  
An he has married a bonny young wife.  
Hey Jock Simpleton, Jenny<\'s] white petticoat,  
Robin a Rashes, now, now, now  
\SBALLADS Child 277D.2  
\N1 He courted her and he brought her hame,  
An thought she would prove a thrifty dame.  
\SBALLADS Child 277D.3  
\N1 She could nether spin nor caird,  
But sit in her chair and dawt the laird.  
\SBALLADS Child 277D.4  
\N1 She wadna bake and she wadna brew,  
An a\' was for spoiling her delicate hue.  
\SBALLADS Child 277D.5  
\N1 She wadna wash nor wad she wring,  
For spoiling o her gay goud ring.  
\SBALLADS Child 277D.6  
\N1 But he has taen him to his sheep-fauld,  
An taen the best weather by the spauld.  
\SBALLADS Child 277D.7

\N1 Aff o the weather he took the skin,  
 An rowt his bonny lady in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 277D.8  
 \N1 `I dare na thump you, for your proud kin,  
 But well sall I lay to my ain weather\'s skin.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 277E.1  
 \N1 THERE lives a landart laird in Fife,  
 And he has married a dandily wife.  
 \SBALLADS Child 277E.2  
 \N1 She wadna shape, nor yet wad she sew,  
 But sit wi her cummers and f+ill hersell fu.  
 \SBALLADS Child 277E.3  
 \N1 She wadna spin, nor yet wad she card,  
 But she wad sit and crack wit the laird.  
 \SBALLADS Child 277E.4  
 \N1 He is down to his sheep-fald  
 And cleekit a weather by the back-spald.  
 \SBALLADS Child 277E.5  
 \N1 He\'s whirpled aff the gude weather\'s-skin  
 And wrappit the dandily lady therein.  
 \SBALLADS Child 277E.6  
 \N1 `I darena pay you, for your gentle kin,  
 But weel I may skelp my weather\'s-skin.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \LBALLADS Child 278A.1  
 \N1 THERE was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,  
 (\ichorus\r \iof\r \iwhistlers\r)  
 There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,  
 And he had a bad wife, as many knew well.  
 (\ichorus\r \iof\r \iwhistlers\r)  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.2  
 \N1 Then Satan came to the old man at the plough:  
 `One of your family I must have now.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.3  
 \N1 `It is not your eldest son that I crave,  
 But it is your old wife, and she I will have.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.4  
 \N1 `O welcome, good Satan, with all my heart!  
 I hope you and she will never more part.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.5  
 \N1 Now Satan has got the old wife on his back,  
 And he lugged her along, like a pedlar\'s pack.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.6  
 \N1 He trudged away till they came to his hall-gate;  
 Says he, Here, take in an old Sussex chap\'s mate.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.7  
 \N1 O then she did kick the young imps about;  
 Says one to the other, Let\'s try turn her out.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.8  
 \N1 She spied thirteen imps all dancing in chains,  
 She up with her pattens and beat out their brains.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.9  
 \N1 She knocked the old Satan against the wall!  
 `Let\'s turn her out, or she\'ll murder us all.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.10  
 \N1 Now he\'s bundled her up on his back amain,  
 And to her old husband he took her again.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278A.11  
 \N1 `I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,

But I neer was tormented so as with your wife.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 278B.1  
 \N1 THE auld Deil cam to the man at the pleugh,  
 Rumchy ae de aidie  
 Saying, I wish ye gude luck at the making o yer sheugh.  
 Mushy toorin an ant tan aira.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.2  
 \N1 `It\'s neither your oxen nor you that I crave;  
 It\'s that old scolding woman, it\'s her I must have.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.3  
 \N1 `Ye\'re welcome to her wi a\' my gude heart;  
 I wish you and her it\'s never may part.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.4  
 \N1 She jumped on to the auld Deil\'s back,  
 And he carried her awa like a pedlar\'s pack.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.5  
 \N1 He carried her on till he cam to hell\'s door,  
 He gaed her a kick till she landed in the f+loor.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.6  
 \N1 She saw seven wee deils a sitting in a raw,  
 She took up a mell and she murdered them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.7  
 \N1 A wee reekit deil lookit owre the wa:  
 `O tak her awa, or she\'ll ruin us a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.8  
 \N1 `O what to do wi her I canna weel tell;  
 She\'s no f+it for heaven, and she\'ll no bide in hell.'  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.9  
 \N1 She jumpit on to the auld Deil\'s back,  
 And he carried her back like a pedlar\'s pack.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \SBALLADS Child 278B.10  
 \N1 She was seven years gaun, and seven years comin,  
 And she cried for the sowens she left in the pot.  
 \LBALLADS Child 279A.1  
 \N1 `THER is a wife in yone toun-end, an she has dothers three,  
 An I wad be a beager for ony of a\' the three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.2  
 \N1 He touk his clouty clok him about, his peakstaff in his hand,  
 An he is awa to yon toun-end, leak ony peare man.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.3  
 \N1 `I ha ben about this f+ish-toun this years tua or three,  
 Ha ye ony quarters, deam, that ye coud gie me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.4  
 \N1 `Awa, ye pear carl, ye dinne kean my name;  
 Ye sudd ha caed me mistress fan ye called me bat deam.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.5  
 \N1 He tuke his hat in his hand an gied her juks three:  
 `An ye want manners, misstres, quarters ye\'ll gie me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.6  
 \N1 `Awa, ye pear carle, in ayont the f+ire,  
 An sing to our Lord Gray\'s men to their hearts\' disire.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.7  
 \N1 Some lowked to his goudie lowks, some to his milk-whit skine,  
 Some to his ruff+led shirt, the gued read gold hang in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.8  
 \N1 Out spak our madin, an she was ay shay,  
 Fatt will the jolly beager gett afore he gaa to lay?  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.9



\N1 Out spak our goudwife, an she was not sae shay,  
 He\'se gett a dish of lang kell, besids a puss pay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.10  
 \N1 Out spak the jolly beager, That dish I dou denay;  
 I canne sup yer lang kell nor yet yer puss pay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.11  
 \N1 Bat ye gett to my supper a capon of the best,  
 Tuo or three bottels of yer wine, an bear, an we sall ha a merry feast.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.12  
 \N1 `Ha ye ony siler, carll, to bint the bear an wine?'  
 `O never a peney, misstress, had I lang sine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.13  
 \N1 The beager wadne lay in the barn, nor yett in the bayr,  
 Bat in ahind the haa-dor, or att the kitchen-f+ire.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.14  
 \N1 The beager\'s bed was well [made] of gued clean stray an hay,  
 . . . . .  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.15  
 \N1 The madin she rose up to bar the dor,  
 An ther she spayed a naked man, was rinen throu the f+lour.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.16  
 \N1 He tuke her in his arms an to his bed he ran;  
 `Hollie we me, sir,' she says, 'or ye\'ll waken our pear man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.17  
 \N1 The begger was a cuning carle, an never a word he spake  
 Till he got his turn dean, an sayn began to crak.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.18  
 \N1 `Is ther ony dogs about this toun? madin, tell me nou:'  
 `Fatt wad ye dee we them, my hony an my dou?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.19  
 \N1 `They wad ravie a\' my meall-poks an die me mukell wrang:'  
 `O doll for the deaing o it! are ye the pear man?  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.20  
 \N1 `I thought ye had ben some gentelman, just leak the leard of Brody!  
 I am sorry for the doing o itt! are ye the pore boddie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.21  
 \N1 She tuke the meall-poks by the strings an thru them our the waa!  
 `Doll gaa we meall-poks, madinhead an a\''  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.22  
 \N1 She tuke him to her press, gave him a glass of wine;  
 He tuke her in his arms, says, Honey, ye\'ss be mine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.23  
 \N1 He tuke a horn fra his side an he blue loud an shill,  
 An four-an-tuenty belted knights came att the beager\'s will.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.24  
 \N1 He tuke out a pean-kniff, lute a\' his dudes faa,  
 An he was the braest gentelman that was among them a\'.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.25  
 \N1 He patt his hand in his poket an gaa her ginnes three,  
 An four-an-tuenty hunder mark, to pay the nires feea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279A.26  
 \N1 `Gin ye had ben a gued woman, as I thought ye had ben,  
 I wad haa made ye lady of castels eaght or nine.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 279B.1  
 \N1 THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,  
 And he took up his quarters into a landart town.  
 Fa la la, etc.  
 \SBALLADS Child 279B.2  
 \N1 He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,  
 But in ahint the ha-door, or else afore the f+ire.

\SBALLADS Child 279B.3

\N1 The beggar\'s bed was made at een wi good clean straw and hay,  
And in ahint the ha-door, and there the beggar lay.

\SBALLADS Child 279B.4

Up raise the goodman\'s dochter, and for to bar the door,  
And there she saw the beggar standin i the f+loor.

\SBALLADS Child 279B.5

\N1 He took the lassie in his arms and to the bed he ran,  
'O hooly, hooly wi me, sir! ye\'ll waken our goodman.'

\SBALLADS Child 279B.6

\N1 The beggar was a cunnin loon, and neer a word he spake  
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

\SBALLADS Child 279B.7

\N1 'Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me true.'  
'And what wad ye do wi them, my hinny and my dow?'

\SBALLADS Child 279B.8

\N1 'They\'ll rive a\' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.'  
'O dool for the doing o\'t! are ye the poor man?'

\SBALLADS Child 279B.9

\N1 Then she took up the mealpocks and f+lang them oer the wa:  
'The d--l gae wi the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a\'!

\SBALLADS Child 279B.10

\N1 'I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Larid of Brodie;  
O dool for the doing o\'t! are ye the poor bodie?'

\SBALLADS Child 279B.11

He took the lassie in his arms and gae her kisses three,  
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice-fee.

\SBALLADS Child 279B.12

\N1 He took a horn frae his side and blew baith loud and shrill,  
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping oer the hill.

\SBALLADS Child 279B.13

\N1 And he took out his little knife, loot a\' his duddies fa,  
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a\'.

\SBALLADS Child 279B.14

\N1 The beggar was a cliver loon and he lap shoulder height:  
'O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight!'

\LBALLADS Child 280A.1

\N1 SHIPERD\R-\rBOY, what is yer trade?  
Or what way do ye wine yer bread?  
Or what way do ye wine yer bread,  
Fan the kipeng nout gies over?

\SBALLADS Child 280A.2

\N1 'Spindels an forls it is my trade,  
An bits o sticks to them who need,  
Whilk is a gentell trade indeed;  
Bony lassie, cane ye lea me?'

\SBALLADS Child 280A.3

\N1 'I lea you as I supos  
Rachell loved Jacob of old,  
As Jason loied his f+lice of gould,  
Sae dearly do I lea ye.

\SBALLADS Child 280A.4

\N1 'Ye cast off yer clouty coat,  
An ye pitt one my scarlett cloke,  
An I will follou you just att the back,  
Becass ye are a bonny laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 280A.5

\N1 He cust off his cloutty coat,  
An he patt on her scarlet cloke,  
An she folloued him just att the back,

Becaus he was a bonny laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.6  
 \N1 They gaed on, an forder on,  
 Till they came to yon borroustoun;  
 She bought a loaf an they both satt doun,  
 Bat she ate no we her laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.7  
 \N1 They gaed on, an forder one,  
 Till they came to the nest borroustoun;  
 I wat the lassie louked doun,  
 For the following of her laddie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.8  
 \N1 `O if I wer on the head of yon hill,  
 Ther I wad greet my f+ill,  
 For the following of my laddie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.9  
 \N1 `O had yer toung, my dearest dear,  
 I ill ha ye back as I brought ye hear,  
 For I canna bear yer morning.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.10  
 \N1 `O had yer toung, my dearest dear,  
 I will gae throu the warld baith far an near,  
 Becaus ye\'r a bonny ladie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.11  
 \N1 They gad on, an forder on,  
 Till they came to his father\'s haa,  
 An he knoked ther fue loudly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.12  
 \N1 `O had ye hand, my dear<est] dear,  
 An dou not knoke sae loudly,  
 For fear they sud be angry.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.13  
 \N1 Four-an-tuenty gentelmen  
 They conved the beager ben,  
 An as mony gay lade+:s  
 Conved the beager\'s lassie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.14  
 \N1 His brother lead her throu the haa:  
 `I wis, brother, we had beagged a\  
 For sick a bonny lassie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 280A.15  
 \N1 That smae night she was bedded,  
 An the nist morning she was wedded;  
 She came to gued by grait misgiding,  
 By the following of her laddie.  
 \LBALLADS Child 280B.1  
 \N1 \\'T WAS on a day in the month o June  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 When Phoebus shines sae clearly.  
 \SBALLADS Child 280B.2  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 She says, My dear, what is your trade  
 When thiggin ye give over?  
 \SBALLADS Child 280B.3  
 \N1 `Spinls and forls is my trade,  
 Wi bits o sticks I win my bread,  
 An O it is a winnin trade;  
 Bonnie lassie, can ye loo me?'

An O it is, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 280B.4

\N1 `O I can love ye manyfold,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
And as Jessie loved the cups o gold;  
My dear, can ye believe me?'  
As Jessie, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 280B.5

\N1 `It\'s ye\'ll tak aff the robes o red,  
An ye\'ll pit on the beggin-weed,  
An ye\'ll gang wi me an ye\'ll beg your bread,  
An ye\'ll be the beggar\'s dawtie.'

\SBALLADS Child 280B.6

\N1 When they cam to yon borough-toon,  
They bocht a loaf an they baith sat doon,  
They bocht a loaf an they baith sat doon,  
An the lassie ate wi her laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 280B.7

\N1 When they cam to yon grassy hill,  
Where spotted flocks do feed their fill,  
`I\'ll sit me doon an I\'ll greet a while,  
For the followin o my laddie.'

\SBALLADS Child 280B.8

\N1 `It\'s ye\'ll tak aff yer beggin-weed,  
An ye\'ll pit on the goons o red,  
An ye-ll gang ye back the road ye cam  
For I canna bide yer greetin.'

\SBALLADS Child 280B.9

\N1 `Betide me weel, betide me woe,  
It\'s wi the beggar an I\'ll go,  
An I\'ll follow him through frost an snow,  
An I\'ll be the beggar\'s dawtie.'

\SBALLADS Child 280B.10

\N1 When they cam to yonder ha,  
He knockit loud an sair did ca;  
She says, My dear, we\'ll be foun in fa  
For knockin here sae loudly.

\SBALLADS Child 280B.11

\N1 Four-an-twenty gentlemen  
Cam a\' to welcome the beggar in,  
An as monie fair ladies gay  
To welcome \'s bonnie lassie.

\SBALLADS Child 280B.12

\N1 When at he gied through the ha,  
Tney a\' did laugh, they were like to fa,  
Sayin, Brither, I wish we had beggit a\'  
For sic a bonnie lassie.

\SBALLADS Child 280B.13

\N1 `The streen ye was the beggar\'s bride,  
An noo this nicht ye\'ll lie by my side,  
Come weel, come woe, whateer betide,  
An ye\'ll be aye my dawtie.'

\LBALLADS Child 280C.1

\N1 DOWN in yonder garden gay,  
Where many a ladie does repair,  
Where many a ladie does repair,  
Puing of flowers sae bonnie.

\SBALLADS Child 280C.2

\N1 `O do you see yon shepherd\'s son,  
Feeding his flocks in yonder loan,

Feeding his flocks in yonder loan?  
Vow but he feeds them bonnie!'  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.3  
\N1 `O laddie, laddie, what is your trade?  
Or by what means do you win your bread?  
Or by what means do you win your bread?  
O laddie, tell unto me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.4  
\N1 `By making spindles is my trade,  
Or whorles in the time o need,  
And by which ways I do win my bread:  
O lady, do you love me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.5  
\N1 `As Judas loved a piece of gold,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
O laddie, I do love thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.6  
\N1 `You must put off your robes of silk,  
You must put on my cloutit claes,  
And follow me hard at by back,  
And ye`ll be my beggar-lassie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.7  
\N1 She`s put aff her robes of silk,  
And sh`s put on his cloutit claes,  
And she`s followed him hard at his back,  
And she`s been his beggar-lassie.  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.8  
\N1 O when they cam to [the] borrowstoun,  
Vow but the lassie lookit doun!  
Vow but the lassie lookit doun!  
Following her beggar-laddie.  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.9  
\N1 O when they cam to Stirling toun,  
He coft a loaf and they baith sat doun,  
He coft a loaf and they baith sat doun,  
And she`s eaten wi her beggar-laddie.  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.10  
\N1 `O do you see yon hie, hie hill,  
Where the corn grows baith rank and tall?  
If I was ther, I would greet my f+ill,  
Where naebody wuld see me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.11  
\N1 When they came to his brother`s hall,  
Vow but he chappit loud and schill!  
`Don`t chap sea loud,' the lassie said,  
`For we may be fund faut wi.'  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.12  
Four-and-twenty gentlemen,  
And twice as many gay ladies,  
And twice as many gay ladies,  
Came to welcome in the lassie.  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.13  
\N1 His brother led her thro the hall,  
With laughter he was like to fall;  
He said, I think we should beg it all,  
For she is a bonnie lassie.  
\SBALLADS Child 280C.14  
\N1 `You must put aff your cloutit claes,  
You must put on your robes of silk,

You must put on your robes of silk,  
For ye are a young knicht\'s ladye.'

\LBALLADS Child 280D.1

\N1 \\'TWAS in the pleasant month of June,  
When woods and valleys a\' grow green,  
And valiant ladies walk alane,  
While Phoebus shines soe clearly.

And valiant ladies, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 280D.2

\N1 Out-ower yon den I spied a swain,  
Wi a shepherd\'s club into his han;  
He was driving ewes out-ower yon knowes,  
And said, Lassie, I could love you.

He was driving ewes, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 280D.3

\N1 `Oh, I could love you manifold,  
As Jacob lovd Rachel of old,  
As Jesse lovd the f+ields of gold,  
So dearly could I love you.

\SBALLADS Child 280D.4

\N1 `In ha\'s and chambers ye\'se be laid,  
In silks and cambrics ye\'se be clade,  
An wi the f+inest ye\'se be fed,  
My dear, gin ye would believe me.'

\SBALLADS Child 280D.5

\N1 `Your ha\'s and chambers ye\'ll soon sweep clean,  
Wi your f+lattering tongue now let me alane;  
You are designd to do me wrang,  
Awa, young man, and leave me.

\SBALLADS Child 280D.6

\N1 `But tell me now what is your trade,  
When you\'ve given over sheep and club?'

: : : : : : :  
: : : : : : :

\SBALLADS Child 280D.7

\N1 `By making besoms I win by bread,  
And spindles and whorles in time o need;  
Isn\'t that a gentle trade indeed?  
Bonnie lassie, can you loe me?

\SBALLADS Child 280D.8

\N1 `Will ye cast aff your mantle black  
And put on you a clouty cloak,  
And follow me close at the back,  
The gaberlunzie-laddie?'

\SBALLADS Child 280D.9

Then she coost aff her mantle black,  
And she put on a clouty cloak,  
And she followd him close at the back,  
Her gaberlunzie-laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 280D.10

\N1 As they gaed through youn borough-town,  
For shame the lassie lookit down,  
But they bought a loaf and they both sat down,  
And the lassie ate wi her laddie.

\SBALLADS Child 280D.11

\N1 When they came to his father\'s gate,  
Sae loudly as he rappd thereat;  
'My dear,' said she, 'ye\'ll be found in faut  
For rapping there sae loudly.'

\SBALLADS Child 280D.12

\N1 Then four-and-twenty gentlemen  
Convoyd the gentle beggar ben,  
And aye as mony gay ladies  
Convoyd the bonny lassie.  
\SBALLADS Child 280D.13  
When they were come into the ha,  
Wi laughter a\' were like to fa:  
'I wish, dear brother, we had begget+d a',  
For sic a bonnie lassie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 280D.14  
\N1 Then as he stood amang them a',  
He let his meal-pocks a\' down fa,  
And in red gowd he shone oer them a',  
And she was a young knight\'s lady.  
\SBALLADS Child 280D.15  
\N1 Yestreen she was the begger\'s bride,  
As his wife she now stood by his side,  
And for a\' the lassie\'s ill misguide,  
She\'s now the young knight\'s lady.  
\LBALLADS Child 280E.1  
\N1 \'TWAS in the merry month of June,  
When woods and gardens were all in bloom,  
When woods and gardens were all in bloom,  
And Ph'qbus shining clearly.  
\SBALLADS Child 280E.2  
\N1 Did you not see your shepherd-swain,  
Feeding his flocks upon the plain,  
Feeding his flocks all one by one,  
And keeping them together?  
\SBALLADS Child 280E.3  
\N1 Did you not see yon bonny green,  
Where dukes and lords and my love hath been,  
Where dukes and lords and my love hath been,  
And Ph'qbus shining clearly?  
\SBALLADS Child 280E.4  
\N1 'O shepherd, shepherd, tell me indeed  
Which is the way you dou win your bread,  
Which is the way you dou win your bread,  
When feeding you give over?'  
\SBALLADS Child 280E.5  
\N1 'By making spindles I win my bread,  
By turning whorles in time of need,  
By turning whorles in time of need,  
Say, lassy, can you love me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 280E.6  
\N1 'I could love you manifold,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
As Jacob loved Rachel of old,  
So dearly could I love you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 280E.7  
\N1 'You must cast off these robes of silk,  
And put about my shepherd\'s cloak,  
And you must walk down at my back,  
Like a shepherd\'s bonny lassie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 280E.8  
\N1 She has cast off her robes of silk,  
And put about his shepherd\'s cloak,  
And she has walkd down at his back,  
Like a shepherd\'s bonny lassie.  
\SBALLADS Child 280E.9

\N1 O they walked up, and they walked down,  
Till this fair maiden she\'s wearyed grown;  
Says she, My dear, we\'ll go to some town,  
And there tak up our lodgings.

\SBALLADS Child 280E.10

\N1 O whan they cam to his father\'s gate,  
Sae loudly, loudly as he did rap;  
Says she, My dear, we\'ll be found in fault  
For rapping here sae boldly.

\SBALLADS Child 280E.11

\N1 But whan they cam to his father\'s hall,  
O loud, loud laughter they laughed all,  
Saying, Brother, I wish we had herded all,  
Ye\'ve got sic an a bonny lassie.

\SBALLADS Child 280E.12

\N1 Now this young couple they were wed,  
And all the way the f+lowers were spread,  
For in disguise they were married;  
She\'s now the young squire\'s lady.

\LBALLADS Child 281A.1

\N1 A FAIR young may went up the street,  
Some white-f+ish for to buy,  
And a bonnie clerk\'s faen in love wi her,  
And he\'s followed her by and by, by,  
And he\'s followed her by and by.

\SBALLADS Child 281A.2

\N1 `O where live ye, my bonnie lass,  
I pray thee tell to me;  
For gin the nicht were ever sae mirk  
I wad come and visit thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 281A.3

\N1 `O my father he aye locks the door,  
My mither keeps the key;  
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wight  
Ye canna win in to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 281A.4

But the clerk he had ae true brother,  
And a wily wight was he;  
And he has made a lang ladder,  
Was thirty steps and three.

\SBALLADS Child 281A.5

\N1 He has made a cleek but and a creel,  
A creel but and a pin;  
And he\'s away to the chimley-top,  
And he\'s letten the bonnie clerk in.

\SBALLADS Child 281A.6

\N1 The auld wife, being not asleep,  
Heard something that was said;  
'I\'ll lay my life,' quo the silly auld wife,  
'There\'s a man i our dochter\'s bed.'

\SBALLADS Child 281A.7

\N1 The auld man he gat owre the bed,  
To see if the thing was true;  
But she\'s ta\'en the bonny clerk in her arms,  
And coverd him owre wi blue.

\SBALLADS Child 281A.8

\N1 `O where are ye gaun now, father?' she says,  
'And where are ye gaun sae late?  
Ye\'ve disturbd me in my evening prayers,  
And O but they were sweet!'



\SBALLADS Child 281A.9

\N1 `O ill betide ye, silly auld wife,  
And an ill death may ye die!  
She has the muckle buik in her arms,  
And she\'s prayin for you and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 281A.10

\N1 The auld wife being not asleep,  
Then something mair was said;  
'I\'ll lay my life,' quo the silly auld wife,  
'There\'s a man i our dochter\'s bed.'

\SBALLADS Child 281A.11

\N1 The auld wife she got owre the bed,  
To see if the thing was true;  
But what the wrack took the auld wife\'s f+it?  
For into the creel she f+lew.

\SBALLADS Child 281A.12

\N1 The man that was at the chimley-top,  
Finding the creel was fu,  
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,  
And fast to him he drew.

\SBALLADS Child 281A.13

\N1 `O help! O help! O hinny, now, help!  
O help, O hinny, now!  
For him that ye aye wished me to  
He\'s carryin me off just now.'

\SBALLADS Child 281A.14

\N1 `O if the foul thief\'s gotten ye,  
I wish he may keep his haud;  
For a\' the lee lang winter nicht  
Ye\'ll never lie in your bed.'

\SBALLADS Child 281A.15

\N1 He\'s towed her up, he\'s towed her down,  
He\'s towed her through an through;  
'O Gude assist!' quo the silly auld wife,  
'For I\'m just departin now.'

\SBALLADS Child 281A.16

\N1 He\'s towed her up, he\'s towed her down,  
He\'s gien her a richt down-fa,  
Till every rib i the auld wife\'s side  
Playd nick-nack on the wa.

\SBALLADS Child 281A.17

\N1 O the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,  
And I wish the blue may do weel!  
And every auld wife that\'s sae jealous o her dochter,  
May she get a good keach i the creel!

\LBALLADS Child 281B.1

\N1 As bonnie may went up the street,  
Some sweetmeats for to buy,  
There was a young clerk followed after her,  
And followed her by and by, by,  
And followed her by and by.

\SBALLADS Child 281B.2

\N1 `It\'s bonnie may, where do you stay?  
Or where is \'t that you be?  
Oh if the night be neer so dark,  
Awat I\'ll come and visit thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 281B.3

\N1 `My father locks the door at een,  
My mother keeps the key;  
Gin ye were neer sic a rovin blade,

Ye canna win in to me.'

\SBALLADS Child 281B.4

\N1 The young clerk has a young brither,  
And a wily wag was he;  
He\'s made to him a long ladder,  
Wi thirty steps and three.

\SBALLADS Child 281B.5

\N1 And he\'s put it to the chimney-top,  
And the creel he\'s put on a pin,  
And he\'s put it to the chimney-top,  
And he\'s let the young clerk in.

\SBALLADS Child 281B.6

\N1 The auld wife she was standing by,  
She heard a word was said;  
'I could lay my life,' said the silly auld wife,  
'There\'s a man in oor dochter\'s bed.'

\SBALLADS Child 281B.7

\N1 The auld man he cam down the stairs  
To see if it were true;  
The young clerk was lying in bonnie may\'s arms,  
And she\'s covered him oer wi blue.

\SBALLADS Child 281B.8

\N1 'Where are you goin, dear father?' she says,  
'Where are you going so late?  
You stopped me of my evening prayers,  
And oh, but they were sweet!'

\SBALLADS Child 281B.9

\N1 'The deil tak you, ye silly auld wife,  
And an ill death may ye dee!  
For your dochter was lyin wi the book in her arms,  
And she\'s praying for you and me.'

\SBALLADS Child 281B.10

\N1 The auld wife still standin no far by,  
Still hearin a word, she said,  
'Ye may say as ye like, ye silly auld man,  
There\'s a man in oor dochter\'s bed.'

\SBALLADS Child 281B.11

\N1 I dinna ken what\'s taen the auld wife\'s f+it,  
But into the creel she f+lew;  
The young clerk<\'s brither] being at the chimney-top,  
He found the creel was fu.

\SBALLADS Child 281B.12

\N1 He\'s thrown the rope out-owre his shouther,  
And to him he did draw;  
He\'s drawn her up, he\'s drawn her down,  
He\'s drawn her through and through.

\SBALLADS Child 281B.13

\N1 Till the auld wife she began to cry,  
I\'m just departin noo!  
But aye he drew her up and down,  
And drew her through and through.

\SBALLADS Child 281B.14

\N1 He\'s drawn her up, he\'s let her doun,  
He\'s gien her evendoun fall,  
Till every rib on the auld wife\'s side  
Played nick-nack on the wall.

\SBALLADS Child 281B.15

\N1 It\'s O the blue, the bonnie, bonnie blue,  
I wish the blue may do weel!  
For every auld wife that is jealous o her dochter

May be rockit to the d---l in a creel!  
 \LBALLADS Child 281C.1  
 \N1 As I gaed down to Collistown,  
 Some white-f+ish for to buy, buy,  
 The cunning clerk he followed me,  
 And he followed me speedily, ly,  
 And he followed me speedily.  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.2  
 \N1 Says, Faur ye gaun, my dearest dear?  
 O faur ye gaun, my dow?  
 There\'s naebody comes to my bedside,  
 And naebody wins to you.  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.3  
 \N1 `Your brother is a gallant square-wright,  
 A gallant square-wright is he;  
 Ye\'ll gar him make a lang ladder,  
 Wi thirty steps and three.  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.4  
 \N1 `And gar him big a deep, deep creel,  
 A deep creel and a string,  
 And ye\'ll come up to my bedside,  
 And come bonnily linken in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.5  
 \N1 The auld gudemand and auld gudewife,  
 To bed they went, to sleep;  
 But wae mat worth the auld gudewife!  
 A wink she coudna get.  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.6  
 \N1 `I dreamd a dreary dream this night,  
 I wish it binna true,  
 That the rottens had come thro the wa,  
 And cutted the coverin blue.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.7  
 \N1 Then up it raise the auld gudeman,  
 To see gin it was true;  
 And he\'s gane to his daughter dear,  
 Says, What are ye doing, my dow?  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.8  
 \N1 `What are ye doing, my daughter dear?  
 What are ye doing, my dow?'  
 `The prayer book\'s in my hand, father,  
 Praying for my auld minnie and you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.9  
 \N1 The auld gudeman and auld gudewife,  
 To bed they went, to sleep;  
 But wae mat worth the auld gudewife!  
 But aye she wakend yet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.10  
 \N1 `I dreamd a dreary dream this night,  
 I wish it binna true,  
 That the cunning clerk and your ae daughter  
 Were aneath the coverin blue'  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.11  
 \N1 `O rise yoursell, gudewife,' he says,  
 `The diel may had you fast!  
 Atween you and your ae daughter  
 I canno get ae night\'s rest.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 281C.12  
 \N1 Up then raise the auld gudewife,  
 To see gin it was true,

And she feel arselins in the creel,  
And up the string they drew.  
\SBALLADS Child 281C.13  
\N1 `Win up, win up, gudeman,' she says,  
`Win up and help me now!  
For he that ye gae me to last night,  
I think he\'s catchd me now.'  
\SBALLADS Child 281C.14  
\N1 `Gin Auld Nick he has catchd you now,  
I wish he may had you fast;  
As for you and your ae daughter,  
I never get kindly rest.'  
\SBALLADS Child 281C.15  
\N1 They howded her, and they showed her,  
Till the auld wife gat a fa,  
And three ribs o the auld wife\'s side  
Gaed knip-knap ower in twa.  
\LBALLADS Child 281D.1  
\N1 `MY father he locks the doors at nicht,  
My mither the keys carries ben, ben;  
There\'s naebody dare gae out,' she says,  
`And as few dare come in, in,  
And as few dare come in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 281D.2  
\N1 `I will mak a lang ladder,  
Wi f+iifty steps and three,  
I will mak a lang ladder,  
And lichtly come doun to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 281D.3  
\N1 He has made a lang ladder,  
Wi f+iifty steps and three,  
He has made a lang ladder,  
And lichtly come doun the lum.  
\SBALLADS Child 281D.4  
\N1 They had na kisss nor lang clappit,  
As lovers do whan they meet,  
Till the auld wife says to the auld man,  
I hear somebody speak.  
\SBALLADS Child 281D.5  
\N1 `I dreamed a dreem sin late yestreen,  
And I\'m feard my dream be true;  
I dreamd that the rottens cam thro the wa,  
And cuttit the covering blue.  
\SBALLADS Child 281D.6  
\N1 `Ye\'ll rise, ye\'ll rise, my auld gudeman,  
And see gin this be true;'  
`If ye\'re wanting rising, rise yoursel,  
For I wish the auld chiel ahd you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 281D.7  
\N1 `I dreamed a dream sin late yestreen,  
And I\'m feard my dream be true;  
I dreamd that the clerk and our ae dother  
War rowed in the covering blue.  
\SBALLADS Child 281D.8  
\N1 `Ye\'ll rise, ye\'ll rise, my auld gudeman,  
And see gin this be true: '  
`If ye\'re wanting rising, rise yoursel,  
For I wish the auld chiel had you.'  
\SBALLADS Child 281D.9  
\N1 But up she raise, and but she gaes,

And she fell into the gin;  
 He gied the tow a clever tit,  
 That brought her out at the lum.  
 \SBALLADS Child 281D.10  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll rise, ye\'ll rise, my auld gudeman,  
 Ye\'ll rise and come to me now,  
 For him that ye\'ve gien me sae lang till,  
 I fear he has gotten me now.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 281D.11  
 \N1 `The grip that he\'s gotten, I wish he may haud,  
 And never let it gae,  
 For atween you and your ae dother  
 I rest neither nicht nor day.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 282A.1  
 \N1 As Jock the Leg and the merry merchant  
 Came from yon borrow\'s town,  
 They took their budgets on their backs,  
 And f+iieldert they were boun.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.2  
 \N1 But they came to a tavern-house,  
 Where chapmen used to be:  
 `Provide, provide,' said Jock the Leg,  
 `A good supper for me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.3  
 \N1 `For the merry merchant shall pay it a\  
 Tho it were good merks three;  
 `But never a penny,' said the merry merchant,  
 `But shot, as it fa\'s me.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.4  
 \N1 `A bed, a bed,' said the merry merchant,  
 `It\'s time to go to rest;  
 `And that ye shall,' said the good goodwife,  
 `And your covrings o the best.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.5  
 \N1 Then Jock the Leg in one chamber was laid,  
 The merchant in another,  
 And lockfast door atween them twa,  
 That the one might not see the other.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.6  
 \N1 But the merchant was not well lain down,  
 Nor yet well fa\'en asleep,  
 Till up it starts him Jock the Leg,  
 Just at the merchant\'s feet.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.7  
 \N1 `Win up, win up,' said Jock the Leg,  
 `We might hae been miles three;  
 `But never a foot,' said the merry merchant,  
 `Till day that I do see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.8  
 \N1 `For I cannot go by Barnisdale,  
 Nor yet by Coventry;  
 For Jock the Leg, that common thief,  
 Would take my pack from me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.9  
 \N1 `I\'ll hae you in by Barnisdale,  
 And down by Coventry,  
 And I\'ll guard you frae Jock the Leg  
 Till day that ye do see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.10  
 \N1 When they were in by Barnisdale,

And in by Coventry,  
`Repeat, repeat,' said Jock the Leg,  
`The words ye ance tauld me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.11  
\N1 `I never said aught behind your back  
But what I\`ll say to thee;  
Are ye that robber, Jock the Leg,  
Will take my pack frae me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.12  
\N1 `O by my sooth,' said Jock the Leg,  
`You\`ll f+ind that man I be;  
Surrender that pack that\`s on your back,  
Or then be slain by me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.13  
\N1 He\`s ta\`en his pack down frae his back,  
Set it below yon tree;  
Says, I will f+ight for my good pack  
Till day that I may see.  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.14  
\N1 Then they fought there in good greenwood  
Till they were bloody men;  
The robber on his knees did fall,  
Said, Merchant, hold your hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.15  
\N1 `An asking, asking,' said Jock the Leg,  
`An asking ye\`ll grant me;'  
`Ask on, ask on,' said the merry merchant,  
`For men to asking are free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.16  
\N1 `I\`ve dune little harm to you,' he said,  
`More than you\`d been my brother;  
Give me a blast o my little wee horn,  
And I\`ll give you another.'  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.17  
\N1 `A blast o your little wee horn,' he said,  
`Of this I take no doubt;  
I hope you will take such a blast  
Ere both your eyes f+ly out.'  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.18  
\N1 He set his horn to his mouth,  
And he blew loud and shrill,  
And four-and-twenty bauld bowmen  
Came Jock the Leg until.  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.19  
\N1 `Ohon, alas!' said the merry merchant,  
`Alas! and woe is me!  
Sae many, a party o common theifs,  
But nane to party me!  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.20  
\N1 `Ye\`ll wile out six o your best bowmen,  
Yourself the seventh to be,  
And, put me one foot frae my pack,  
My pack ye shall have free.'  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.21  
\N1 He wiled six o his best bowmen,  
Himslef the seventh to be,  
But [him] frae his pack they couldna get,  
For all that they could dee.  
\SBALLADS Child 282A.22  
\N1 He\`s taen his pack into one hand,

His broadsword in the other,  
 And he slew f+ive o the best bowmen,  
 And the sixth he has dung over.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.23  
 \N1 Then all the rest they gae a shout,  
 As they stood by the tree;  
 Some said they would this merchant head,  
 Some said they\'d let him be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.24  
 \N1 But Jock the Leg he then replied,  
 To this I\'ll not agree;  
 He is the boldest broadsword-man  
 That ever I fought wi.  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.25  
 \N1 `If ye could wield the bow, the bow  
 As ye can do the brand,  
 I would hae you to good greenwood,  
 To be my master\'s man.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.26  
 \N1 `Tho I could wield the bow, the bow  
 As I can do the brand,  
 I would not gang to good greenwood,  
 To join a robber-band.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.27  
 \N1 `O give me some of your f+ine linen,  
 To cleathe my men and me,  
 And ye\'se hae some of my dun deers\' skins,  
 Below yon greenwood-tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.28  
 \N1 `Ye\'se hae nane o my f+ine linen,  
 To cleathe your men and thee,  
 And I\'ll hae nane o your stown deers\' skins,  
 Below yon greenwood-tree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.29  
 \N1 `Ye\'ll take your pack upon your back,  
 And travel by land or sea;  
 In brough or land, wherever we meet,  
 Good billies we shall be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 282A.30  
 \N1 `I\'ll take my pack upon my back,  
 And go by land or sea;  
 In brough or land, wherever we meet,  
 A rank theif I\'ll call thee.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 283A.1  
 \N1 THE song that I\'m going to sing,  
 I hope it will give you content,  
 Concerning a silly old man,  
 That was going to pay his rent.  
 \SBALLADS Child 283A.2  
 \N1 As he was riding along,  
 Along all on the highway,  
 A gentleman-thief overtook him,  
 And thus to him did say.  
 \SBALLADS Child 283A.3  
 \N1 `Well overtaken!' said the thief,  
 `Well overtaken!' said he;  
 And `Well overtaken!' said the old man,  
 `If thou be good company.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 283A.4  
 \N1 `How far are you going this way?'

Which made the old man for to smile;  
`By my faith,' said the old man,  
`I\'m just going two mile.  
\SBALLADS Child 283A.5  
\N1 `I am a poor farmer,' he said,  
`And I farm a piece of ground,  
And my half-year\'s rent, kind sir,  
Just come to forty pound.  
\SBALLADS Child 283A.6  
\N1 `And my landlord has not been at home,  
I\'ve not seen him this twelvemonth or more,  
Which makes my rent be large;  
I\'ve to pay him just fourscore.'  
\SBALLADS Child 283A.7  
\N1 `Thou shouldst not have told any body,  
For thieves there\'s ganging many;  
If any should light on thee,  
They\'ll rob thee of thy money.'  
\SBALLADS Child 283A.8  
\N1 `O never mind,' said the old man,  
`Thieves I fear on no side,  
For the money is safe in my bags,  
On the saddle on which I ride.'  
\SBALLADS Child 283A.9  
\N1 As they were riding along,  
The old man was thinking no ill,  
The thief he pulled out a pistol  
And bid the old man stand still.  
\SBALLADS Child 283A.10  
\N1 But the old man provd crafty,  
As in the world there\'s many;  
He threw his saddle oer the hedge,  
Saying, Fetch it, if thou\'lt have any.  
\Sballads Child 283A.11  
\N1 The thief got off his horse,  
With courage stout and bold,  
To search for the old man\'s bag,  
And gave him his horse to hold.  
\Sballads Child 283A.12  
\N1 The old man put \'s foot i the stirrup  
And he got on astride;  
To its side he clapt his spur up,  
You need not bid the old man ride.  
\Sballads Child 283A.13  
\N1 `O stay!' said the thief, `O stay!  
And half the share thou shalt have;'  
`Nay, by my faith,' said the old man,  
`For once I have bitten a knave.'  
\Sballads Child 283A.14  
\N1 The thief he was not content,  
But he thought there must be bags;  
He out with his rusty old sword  
And chopt the old saddle in rags.  
\Sballads Child 283A.15  
\N1 When he came to the landlord\'s house,  
This old man he was almost spent;  
Saying, Come, show me a private room  
And I\'ll pay you a whole year\'s rent.  
\Sballads Child 283A.16  
\N1 `I\'ve met a fond fool by the way,



I swapt horses and gave him no boot;  
 But never mind,' said the old man,  
 `For I got the fond fool by the foot.'  
 \Sballads Child 283A.17  
 \N1 He opend this rogue\'s portmantle,  
 It was glorious to behold;  
 There were three hundred pounds in silver,  
 And three hundred pounds in gold.  
 \Sballads Child 283A.18  
 \N1 And as he was riding home,  
 And down a narrow lane,  
 He espied his mare tied to a hedge,  
 Saying, Prithee, Tib, wilt thou gang hame?  
 \Sballads Child 283A.19  
 \N1 When he got home to his wife  
 And told her what he had done,  
 Up she rose and put on her clothes,  
 And about the house did run.  
 \Sballads Child 283A.20  
 \N1 She sung, and she sung, and she sung,  
 She sung with a merry devotion,  
 Saying, If ever our daughter gets wed,  
 It will help to enlarge her portion.  
 \LBALLADS Child 284A.1  
 \N1 As it fell on a holy-day,  
 And vpon an holy-tide-a,  
 Iohn Dory bought him an ambling nag,  
 To Paris for to ride-a.  
 \SBALLADS Child 284A.2  
 \N1 And when John Dory to Paris was come,  
 A little before the gate-a,  
 John Dory was f+itted, the porter was witted  
 To let him in thereat-a.  
 \SBALLADS Child 284A.3  
 \N1 The f+irst man that John Dory did meet  
 Was good king John of France-a;  
 John Dory could well of his courtesie,  
 But fell downe in a trance-a.  
 \SBALLADS Child 284A.4  
 \N1 `A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,  
 For my merie men and for me-a,  
 And all the churles in merie England,  
 I\'le bring them all bound to thee-a.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 284A.5  
 \N1 And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,  
 A little beside Bohide-a,  
 And he mande forth a good blacke barke,  
 With f+iftie good oares on a side-a.  
 \SBALLADS Child 284A.6  
 \N1 `Run vp, my boy, vnto the maine top,  
 And looke what thou canst spie-a:'  
 `Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do see,  
 I trow it be John Dory<-a']  
 \SBALLADS Child 284A.7  
 \N1 They hoist their sailes, both top and top,  
 The meisseine and all was tride-a,  
 And euery man stood to his lot,  
 What euer should betide-a.  
 \SBALLADS Child 284A.8  
 \N1 The roring cannons then were plide,

And dub-a-dub went the drumme-a;  
 The braying trumpets lowde they cride  
 To courage both all and some-a.  
 \SBALLADS Child 284A.9  
 \N1 The grappling-hooks were brought at length,  
 The browne bill and the sword-a,  
 John Dory at length, for all his strength,  
 Was clapt fast vnder board-a.  
 \LBALLADS Child 285A.1  
 \N1 THE George Aloe and the Sweepstakes too,  
 With hey, with ho, for and a nony no  
 They were two merchant-men, a sailing for Safee.  
 And along the course of Barbary  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.2  
 \N1 [The George Aloe to anchor came,  
 But the jolly Sweepstake kept on her way.]  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.3  
 \N1 They had not sayled leagues two or three  
 Before they spyed a sail upon the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.4  
 \N1 `O hail, O hail, you lusty gallants,  
 From whence is your good ship, and whither is she bound?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.5  
 \N1 `O we are some merchant-men, sailing for Safee:'  
 `And we be French rebels, a roving on the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.6  
 \N1 `O hail, O hail, you English dogs, [hail!]'  
 `The<n> come aboard, you French dogs, and strike down your sail!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.7  
 \N1 `Amain, amain, you gallant Englishmen!'  
 `Come, you French swades, and strike down your sails!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.8  
 \N1 They laid us aboard on the starboard side,  
 And they overthrew us into the sea so wide.  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.9  
 \N1 When tidings to the George Aloe came  
 That the jolly Sweepstakes by a Frenchman was tane,  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.10  
 \N1 `To top, to top, thou little ship-boy,  
 And see if this French man-of-war thou canst descry.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.11  
 \N1 `A sail, a sail, under your lee,  
 Yea, and another under her bough.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.12  
 \N1 `Weigh anchor, weigh anchor, O jolly boatswain,  
 We will take this Frenchman if we can.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.13  
 \N1 We had not sailed leagues two or three  
 But we met the French man-of-war upon the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.14  
 \N1 `All hail, all hail, you lusty gallants,  
 Of whence is your fair ship, and whither is she bound?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.15  
 \N1 `O we are merchant-men, and bound for Safee;'  
 `And we are Frenchmen, roving upon the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.16  
 \N1 `Amain, amain, you English dogs!'  
 `Come aboard, you French rogues, and strike your sails!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 285A.17  
 \N1 The f+irst good shot the George Aloe shot,

It made the Frenchmen\'s hearts sore afraid.  
\SBALLADS Child 285A.18  
\N1 The second shot the George Aloe did afford,  
He struck the main-mast over the board.  
\SBALLADS Child 285A.19  
\N1 `Have mercy, have mercy, you brave English<men].'  
`O what have you done with our brethren on [shore]?'  
As they sail<ed].  
\SBALLADS Child 285A.20  
\N1 `We laid them aboard on the starboard side,  
And we threw them into the sea so wide.'  
\SBALLADS Child 285A.21  
\N1 `Such mercy as you have shewed unto them,  
Even the like mercy shall you have again.'  
\SBALLADS Child 285A.22  
\N1 We laid them aboard on the larboard side,  
And we threw them into the sea so wide.  
\SBALLADS Child 285A.23  
\N1 Lord, how it grieved our hearts full sore  
To see the drowned Frenchmen f+loat along the shore!  
\SBALLADS Child 285A.24  
\N1 Now, gallant seamen all, adieu,  
With hey, with ho, for a nony no  
This is the last news that I can write to you.  
To England\'s coast from Barbary  
\LBALLADS Child 286A.1  
\N1 SIR WALTER RAWLEIGH has built a ship,  
In the Neatherlands  
Sir Walter Rawleigh has built a ship,  
In the Neather-lands  
And it is called The Sweet Trinity,  
And was taken by the false gallaly.  
Sailing in the Low-lands  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.2  
\N1 `Is there never a seaman bold  
In the Neather-lands  
Is there never a seaman bold  
In the Neather-lands  
That will go take this false gallaly,  
And to redeem The Sweet Trinity?'  
Sailing, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.3  
\N1 Then spoke the little ship-boy;  
In the Neather-lands  
Then spoke the little ship-boy;  
In the Neather-lands  
`Master, master, what will you give me  
And I will take this false gallaly,  
And release The Sweet Trinity?'  
Sailing, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.4  
\N1 `I\'ll give thee gold, and I\'le give thee fee,  
In the Neather-lands  
I\'ll give thee gold and I\'le give thee fee,  
In the Neather-lands  
And my eldest daughter thy wife shall be.'  
Sailing, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.5  
\N1 He set his breast, and away he did swim,  
Until he came to the false gallaly.

\SBALLADS Child 286A.6  
\N1 He had an augor f+it for the [n>once,  
The which will bore f+fifteen good holes at once.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.7  
\N1 Some ware at cards, and some at dice,  
Until the salt water f+lasht in their eyes.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.8  
\N1 Some cut their hats, and some cuth their caps,  
For to stop the salt-water gaps.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.9  
\N1 He set his breast, and away did swim,  
Until he came to his own ship again.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.10  
\N1 `I have done the work I promised to do,  
For I have sunk the false gallaly,  
And released The Sweet Trinity.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.11  
\N1 `You promised me gold, and you promised me fee,  
Your eldest daughter my wife she must be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.12  
\N1 `You shall have gold, and you shall have fee,  
But my eldest daughter you wife shall never be.'  
For sailing, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.13  
\N1 `Then fare you well, you cozening lord,  
Seeling you are not so good as your word.'  
For sailing, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286A.14  
\N1 And thus I shall conclude my song,  
Of the sailing in the Low-lands  
Wishing all happiness too all seamen both old and young.  
In their sailing in the Low-lands  
\LBALLADS Child 286B.1  
\N1 THERE was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship was she  
Eck iddle du, and the Lowlands low  
And she was called The Goulden Vanitie.  
As she sailed to the Lowlands low  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.2  
\N1 She had not sailed a league, a league but only three,  
Eck, etc.  
When she came up with a French gallee.  
As she sailed, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.3  
\N1 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he;  
`What will you give me if I sink that French gallee?'  
As ye sail, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.4  
\N1 Out spoke the captain, out spoke he;  
`We\'ll gie ye an estate in the North Countrie.'  
As we sail, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.5  
\N1 `Then row me up ticht in a black bull\'s skin,  
And throw me oer deck-buird, sink I or swim.'  
As ye sail, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.6  
\N1 So they\'ve rowed him up ticht in a black bull\'s skin,  
And have thrown him oer deck-buird, sink he or soom.  
As they sail, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.7  
\N1 About, and about, and about went he,

Until he cam up with the French gallee,  
As they sailed, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.8  
\N1 O some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,  
When he took out an instrument, bored thrity holes at twice.  
As they sailed, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.9  
\N1 Then some they ran with cloaks, and some they ran with caps,  
To try if they could stap the saut-water draps.  
As they sailed, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.10  
\N1 About, and about, and about went he,  
Until he cam back to The Goulden Vanitie.  
As they sailed, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.11  
\N1 `Now throw me oer a rope and pu me up on buird,  
And prove unto me as guid as your word.'  
As ye sail, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.12  
\N1 `We\`ll no throw you oer a rope, nor pu you up on buird,  
Nor prove unto you as guid as our word.'  
As we sail, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.13  
\N1 Out spoke the little cabin-boy, out spoke he;  
Then hang me, I\`ll sink ye as I sunk the French gallee.  
As ye sail, etc.  
\SBALLADS Child 286B.14  
\N1 But they\`ve thrown him oer a rope, and have pu\`d him up on buird,  
And have proved unto him far better than their word.  
As they sailed, etc.  
\LBALLADS Child 286C.1  
\N1 `I HAVE a ship in the North Countrie,  
And she goes by the name of the The Golden Vanity;  
I\`m afraid she will be taken by some Turkish gallee,  
As she sails on the Low Lands Low.'  
\SBALLADS Child 286C.2  
\N1 Then up starts our little cabin-boy,  
Saying, Master, what will you give me if I do them destroy?  
`I will give you gold, I will give you store,  
You shall have my daughter when I return on shore,  
If ye sink them in the Low Lands Low.'  
\SBALLADS Child 286C.3  
\N1 The boy bent his breast and away he jumpt in;  
He swam till he came to this Turkish galleon,  
As she laid on the Low Lands Low.  
\SBALLADS Child 286C.4  
\N1 The boy he had an auger to bore holes two at twice;  
While some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,  
He let the water in, and it dazzled in their eyes,  
And he sunk them in the Low Lands Low.  
\SBALLADS Child 286C.5  
\N1 The boy he bent his breast and away he swam back again,  
Saying, Master take me up, or I shall be slain,  
For I have sunk them in the Low Lands Low.  
\SBALLADS Child 286C.6  
\N1 `I\`ll not take you up,' the master he cried;  
`I\`ll not take you up,' the master replied;  
`I will kill you, I will shoot you, I will send you with the tide,  
I will sink you in the Low Lands Low.'  
\SBALLADS Child 286C.7

\N1 The boy he swam round all by the starboardside;  
They laid him on the deck, and it\ 's there he soon died;  
Then they sewed him up in an old cow\ 's-hide,  
And they threw him overboard, to go down with the tide,  
And they sunk him in the Low Lands Low.

\LBALLADS Child 287A.1

\N1 STRIKE up, you lusty gallants, with musick and sound of drum,  
For we have descryed a rover, upon the sea is come;  
His name is Captain Ward, right well it doth appear,  
There has not been such a rover found out this thousand year.

\SBALLADS Child 287A.2

\N1 For he hath sent unto our king, the sixth of January,  
Desiring that he might come in, with all his company:  
'And if your king will let me come till I my tale have told,  
I will bestow for my ransome full thirty tun of gold.'

\SBALLADS Child 287A.3

\N1 'O nay! O nay!' then said our king, 'O nay! this may not be,  
To yield to such a rover my self will not agree;  
He hath deceivd the French-man, likewise the King of Spain,  
And how can he be true to me that hath been false to twain?'

\SBALLADS Child 287A.4

\N1 With that our king provided a ship of worthy fame,  
Rainbow she is called, if you would know her name;  
Now the gallant Rainbow she rowes upon the sea,  
Five hundred gallant seamen to bear her company.

\SBALLADS Child 287A.5

\N1 The Dutch-man and the Spaniard she made them for to f+lye,  
Also the bonny French-man, as she met him on the sea:  
When as this gallant Rainbow did come where Ward did lye,  
'Where is the captain of this ship?' this gallant Rainbow did cry.

\SBALLADS Child 287A.6

\N1 'O that am I,' says Captain Ward, 'There\ 's no man bids me lye,  
And if thou art the king\ 's fair ship, thou art welcome unto me.'  
'I\ 'le tell thee what,' says Rainbow, 'our king is in great grief  
That thou shouldst lye upon the sea and play the arrant thief,

\SBALLADS Child 287A.7

\N1 'And will not let our merchants ships pass as they did before;  
Such tydings to our king is come, which grieves his heart full sore.'  
With that this gallant Rainbow she shot, out of her pride,  
Full f+ifty gallant brass pieces, charged on every side.

\SBALLADS Child 287A.8

\N1 And yet these gallant shooters prevailed not a pin,  
Though they were brass on the out-side, brave Ward was steel within;  
'Shoot on, shoot on,' says Captain Ward, 'your sport well pleaseth me,  
And he that f+irst gives over shall yield unto the sea.

\SBALLADS Child 287A.9

\N1 'I never wrongd an English ship, but Turk and King of Spain,  
For and the jovial Dutch-man as I met on the main.  
If I had known your king but one two years before,  
I would have savd brave Essex life, whose death did grieve me sore.

\SBALLADS Child 287A.10

\N1 'Go tell the King of England, go tell him thus from me,  
If he reign king of all the land, I will reign king at sea.'  
With that the gallant Rainbow shot, and shot, and shot in vain,  
And left the rover\ 's company, and returnd home again.

\SBALLADS Child 287A.11

\N1 'Our royal king of England, your ship\ 's returned again,  
For Ward\ 's ship is so strong it never will be tane:'  
'O everlasting!' says our king, 'I have lost jewels three,  
Which would have gone unto the seas and brought proud Ward to me.

\SBALLADS Child 287A.12

\N1 `The f+irst was Lord Clifford, Earl of Cumberland;  
The second was the lord Mountjoy, as you shall understand;  
The third was brave Essex, from f+ield would never f+lee;  
Which would a gone unto the seas and brought proud Ward to me.'

\LBALLADS Child 288A.1

\N1 COME, sound up your trumpets and beat up your drums,  
And let\'s go to sea with a valiant good cheer,  
In search of a mighty vast navy of ships,  
The like has not been for these f+ifty long year.  
Raderer two, tandaro te,  
Raderer, tandorer, tan do re.

\SBALLADS Child 288A.2

The queen she provided a navy of ships,  
With sweet f+lying streamers, so glorious to see,  
Rich top and top-gallants, captains and lieutenants,  
Some forty, some f+ifty, brass-pieces and three.

\SBALLADS Child 288A.3

\N1 They had not saild past a week on the seas,  
Not passing a week and days two or three,  
But they were aware of the proud emperor,  
Both him and all his proud company.

\SBALLADS Child 288A.4

\N1 When he beheld our powerful f+leet,  
Sailing along in their glory and pride,  
He was amazed at their valour and fame,  
Then to his warlike command<er>s he cry\'d.

\SBALLADS Child 288A.5

\N1 These were the words of the old emperor:  
Pray who is this that is sailing to me?  
If he be king that weareth a crown,  
Yet I am a better man than he.

\SBALLADS Child 288A.6

\N1 `It is not a king, nor lord of a crown,  
Which now to the seas with his navy is come,  
But the young Earl of Essex, the Queen\'s lieutenant,  
Who fears no foes in Christendom.'

\SBALLADS Child 288A.7

\N1 `Oh! is that lord then come to the seas?  
Let us tack about and be steering away;  
I have heard so much of his father before  
That I will not f+ight with young Essex today.'

\SBALLADS Child 288A.8

\N1 O then bespoke the emperor\'s son,  
As they were tacking and steering away,  
`Give me, royal father, this navy of s<h>ips,  
And I will go f+ight with Essex today.'

\SBALLADS Child 288A.9

\N1 `Take them with all my heart, loving son,  
Most of them are of a capital size;  
But should he do as his father has done,  
Farewel thine honour and mine likewise.'

\SBALLADS Child 288A.10

\N1 With cannons hot and thundering shot,  
These two gallants fought on the main,  
And as it was young Essex\'s lot,  
The emperor\'s son by him was taen.

\SBALLADS Child 288A.11

\N1 `Give me my son,' the emperor cry\'d,  
`Who you this day have taken from me,

And I'll give to thee three keys of gold,  
 The one shall be of High Germany.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 288A.12  
 \N1 `I care not for thy three keys of gold,  
 Which thou hast profferd to set him free,  
 But thy son he shall to England sail,  
 And go before the queen with me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 288A.13  
 \N1 `Then have I fifty good ships of the best,  
 As good as ever were sent to the sea,  
 And e'er my son into England sail,  
 They shall go all for good company.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 288A.14  
 \N1 They had not fought this famous battle,  
 They had not fought it hours three,  
 But some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
 And some lay tumbling in the sea.  
 \SBALLADS Child 288A.15  
 \N1 Essex he got this battle likewise,  
 Tho 'twas the hottest that ever was seen;  
 Home he returnd with a wonderful prize,  
 And brought the emperor's son to the queen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 288A.16  
 \N1 O then bespoke the prentices all,  
 Living in London, both proper and tall,  
 In a kind letter, sent straight to the queen,  
 For Essex's sake they would fight all.  
 \LBALLADS Child 288B.1  
 \N1 `T' R, old England, old England, I bid thee adieu,  
 The drums and the trumpets command me frae shore;  
 And you lusty fellows, both valiant and true,  
 Will you venture with me where loud cannons roar?'  
 \N1 `O Billy, O Billy, talk not of the seas,  
 But stay at home with me on the shore;  
 I'll do my endeavour thy fancy to please,  
 And there's others to go where loud cannons roar.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 288B.3  
 \N1 `O Nelly, O Nelly, I must to the seas,  
 For there is no gold to be had upon shore;  
 There's honour, and gold, and riches likewise,  
 To the man that doth die where loud cannons roar.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 288B.4  
 \N1 `Remember the winds, love, remember the waves,  
 Remember the dangers that are upon seas;  
 Remember there is neither coffin nor grave  
 To the man that doth die where loud cannons roar.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 288B.5  
 \N1 `Remember old Benbow, and think on his blows;  
 Remember the dangers he felt upon seas;  
 He lost both his legs by one shot of his foes;  
 He lost his sweet life, yet his honour's the more.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 288B.6  
 \N1 `Remember proud Shaftesbury, that honoured knight,  
 Who came with his navy to the Spanish shore;  
 At the rock of Salem his life took a flight,  
 And with him there died some hundreds more.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 288B.7  
 \N1 `Our queen she has builded a navy of ships,  
 And they are arrayed all right gloriously;  
 With top and top-gallant, with captain, lieutenant,



Some fifty, some sixty, brass pieces and three.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.8

\N1 'Well, since you'll go, may my blessing advance,  
And carry you safely from Flanders to Spain,  
And when you've conquered that tyrant in France,  
Then my blessing return you to old England again.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.9

\N1 They had not sailed one hour upon sea,  
Not one hour passing days two or three,  
Till up came the bold emperour,  
The bold emperour of High Germanie.

\SBALLADS Child 288B.10

\N1 'O who is this?' the bold emperour cries,  
'Who is this that comes sailing to me?  
I'm sure he's knight, or a king of crown,  
O I'm sure I am a far better fellow than he.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.11

\N1 'I am neither a knight, nor a king of a crown,  
But here, with my navy, on board I am come;  
For I am Lord Essex, the Queen's lieutenant,  
Who never feared foe in all Christendom.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.12

\N1 Out and spoke the bold emperour's son,  
All as they were mounting and hieing away;  
'O father, lend me your navy of ships,  
And I'll go fight with Lord Essex today.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.13

\N1 'O son, I'll lend thee my navy of ships,  
And they are all of a capable size;  
But if he be as good as his old father was,  
Adieu to your honour, and mine likewise.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.14

\N1 O they have fought on at a terrible rate,  
Until it drew nigh to the cool of the day,  
And as it fell in young Essex's lot,  
The bold emperour's son he's taen prisoner away.

\SBALLADS Child 288B.15

\N1 'O give me my son,' the bold emperour cried,  
'O give me my son thou hast taken from me,  
And you shall have three keys of gold,  
And one of them opens High Germanie.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.16

\N1 'What value I thy three keys of gold,  
Or any proud offer thou canst give to me?  
For up to old England thy son he must go,  
And stand before our queen's high majesty.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.17

\N1 'Tis I have fifteen ships of the best,  
And other fifteen distant on sea;  
Since up to old England my son he must go,  
Then we'll all go together for good companie.'

\LBALLADS Child 289A.1

\N1 AS we lay musing in our beds,  
So well and so warm at ease,  
I thought upon those lodging-beds  
Poor seamen have at seas.

\SBALLADS Child 289A.2

\N1 Last Easter day, in the morning fair,  
We was not far from land,  
Where we spied a mermaid on the rock,

With comb and glass in hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.3  
\N1 The f+irst came up the mate of our ship,  
With lead and line in hand,  
To sound and see how deep we was  
From any rock or sand.  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.4  
\N1 The next came up the boatswain of our ship,  
With courage stout and bold:  
'Stand fast, stand fast, my brave lively lads,  
Stand fast, my brave hearts of gold!'  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.5  
\N1 Our gallant ship is gone to wreck,  
Which was so lately trimmd;  
The raging seas has sprung a leak,  
And the salt water does run in.  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.6  
\N1 Our gold and silver, and all our cloths,  
And all that ever we had,  
We forced was to heave them overboard,  
Thinking our lives to save.  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.7  
\N1 In all, the number that was on board  
Was f+ive hundred and sixty-four,  
And all that ever came alive on shore  
There was but poor ninety-f+ive.  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.8  
\N1 The f+irst bespoke the captain of our ship,  
And a well-spoke man was he;  
'I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,  
And a widow I fear she must be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.9  
\N1 The next bespoke the mate of our ship,  
And a well-bespoke man was he;  
'I have a wife in fair Portsmouth,  
And a widow I fear she must be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.10  
\N1 The next bespoke the boatswain of our ship,  
And a well-bespoke man was he;  
'I have a wife in fair Exeter,  
And a widow I fear she must be.'  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.11  
\N1 The next bespoke the little cabbin-boy,  
And a well-bespoke boy was he;  
'I am as sorry for my mother dear  
As you are for your wives all three.  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.12  
\N1 'Last night, when the moon shin\'d bright,  
My mother had sons f+ive,  
But now she may look in the salt seas  
And f+ind but one alive.'  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.13  
\N1 'Call a boat, call a boat, you little Plymouth boys,  
Don\'t you hear how the trumpet<s] sound?  
[For] the want of our boat our gallant ship is lost,  
And the most of our merry men is drownd.'  
\SBALLADS Child 289A.14  
\N1 Whilst the raging seas do roar,  
And the lofty winds do blow,  
And we poor seamen do lie on the top,

Whilst the landmen lies below.

\LBALLADS Child 289B.1

\N1 ONE Friday morn when we set sail,  
Not very far from land,  
We there did espy a fair pretty maid  
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
While the raging seas did roar,  
And the stormy winds did blow,  
While we jolly sailor-boys were up into the top,  
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,  
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

\SBALLADS Child 288B.2

\N1 Then up starts the captain of our gallant ship,  
And a brave young man was he:  
'I've a wife and a child in fair Bristol town,  
But a widow I fear she will be.'  
For the raging seas, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 288B.3

\N1 Then up starts the mate of our gallant ship,  
And a bold young man was he:  
'Oh! I have a wife in fair Portsmouth town,  
But a widow I fear she will be.'  
For the raging seas, etc.

\SBALLADS Child 288B.4

\N1 Then up starts the cook of our gallant ship,  
And a gruff old soul was he:  
'Oh! I have a wife in fair Plymouth town,  
But a widow I fear she will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.5

\N1 And then up spoke the little cabin-boy,  
And a pretty little boy was he;  
'Oh! I am more grievd for my daddy and my mammy  
Than you for your wives all three.'

\SBALLADS Child 288B.6

\N1 Then three times round went our gallant ship,  
And three times round went she;  
For the want of a life-boat they all went down,  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

\LBALLADS Child 289C.1

\N1 ONE Friday morn as we'd set sail,  
And our ship not far from land,  
We there did espy a fair mermaid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
While the raging seas did roar,  
And the stormy winds did blow,  
And we jolly sailor-boys were up, up aloft,  
And the landsmen were lying down below,  
And the landlubbers all down below, below, below,  
And the landlubbers all down below.

\SBALLADS Child 289C.2

\N1 Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,  
Who at once did our peril see;  
I have married a wife in fair London town,  
And tonight she a widow will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 289C.3

\N1 And then up spoke the litel cabin-boy,  
And a fair-haired boy was he;  
'I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,

And this night she will weep for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 289C.4

\N1 Now three times round goes our gallant ship,  
And three times round went she;  
For the want of a life-boat they all were drownd,  
As she went to the bottom of the sea.

\LBALLADS Child 289D.1

\N1 TWAS a Friday morning when we set sail,  
And our ship was not far from land,  
When there we spied a fair pretty maid,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.  
Oh, the raging seas they did roar,  
And the stormy winds they did blow,  
While we poor sailor-boys were all up aloft,  
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,  
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

\SBALLADS Child 289D.2

\N1 Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,  
And a mariner good was he;  
'I have married a wife in fair London town,  
And this night a widow she will be.'

\SBALLADS Child 289D.3

\N1 Then up spoke the cabin-boy of our gallant ship,  
And a brave little boy was he;  
'I've a father and a mother in old Portsmouth town,  
And this night they will both weep for me.'

\SBALLADS Child 289D.4

\N1 Then up spoke a seaman of our gallant ship,  
And a well-spoken man was he;  
'For want of a long-boat we shall all be drowned,  
And shall sink to the bottom of the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 289D.5

\N1 Then three times round went that gallant ship,  
And down like a stone sank she;  
The moon shone bright, and the stars gave their light,  
But they were all at the bottom of the sea.

\LBALLADS Child 289E.1

\N1 UP and spoke the bonny mermaid,  
Wi the comb and the glass in her hand;  
Says, Cheer up your hearts, my mariners all,  
You are not very far from the land.  
And the raging seas do foam, foam,  
And the stormy winds do blow,  
While we poor sailors must mount to the top,  
When the landsmen they lye low.

\SBALLADS Child 289E.2

\N1 Out and spoke the captain of our ship,  
And a fine little man was he;  
'O I've a wife in fair London town,  
And a widow this night she shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 289E.3

\N1 Out and spoke the mate of our ship,  
And a tight little man was he;  
'O I've a wife in Dublin city,  
And a widow this night she shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 289E.4

\N1 Out and spoke our second mate,  
And a clever little man was he;  
'Oh I have a wife in Greenoch town,  
And a widow this night she shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 289E.5

\SBALLADS Child 289E.5

\N1 Out and spoke our little prentice boy,  
And a fine little boy was he;  
'Oh I am sorry for my mother,' he said,  
'As you are for your wives all three.'

\SBALLADS Child 289E.6

\N1 Out and spoke the cook of our ship,  
And a rusty old dog was he;  
Says, I am as sorry for my pats and my pans  
As you are for your wives all three.

\LBALLADS Child 289F.1

\N1 GREENLAND, Greenland, is a bonny, bonny place,  
Where there's neither grief nor flowr,  
Where there's neither grief nor tier to be seen,  
But hills and frost and snow.

\SBALLADS Child 289F.2

\N1 Up starts the kemp o the ship,  
Wi a psalm-book in his hand:  
'Swoom away, swoom away, my merry old boys,  
For you'll never see dry land.'

\SBALLADS Child 289F.3

\N1 Up starts the gaucy cook,  
And a weil gaucy cook was he;  
'I wad na gie aw my pans and my kettles  
For aw the lords in the sea.'

\SBALLADS Child 289F.4

\N1 Up starts the kemp o the ship,  
Wi a bottle and a glass intil his hand;  
'Swoom away, swoom away, my merry old sailors,  
For you'll never see dry land.'

\SBALLADS Child 289F.5

\N1 O the raging seas they row, row, row,  
The stormy winds do blow,  
As sune as he had gane up to the tap,  
As . . . low.

\LBALLADS Child 290A.1

\N1 IT fell about the Martinmas,  
When the gentlemen were drinking there wine,  
And a' the discourse that they had  
Was about the ladies they gude fine.

\SBALLADS Child 290A.2

\N1 It's up an spake a tall young man,  
The tallest o the companie;  
'The bonniest lass that I ken off  
She lives into the hee town hee.

\SBALLADS Child 290A.3

\N1 'O I would give a guinea of gold,  
A guinea and a pint of wine,  
I would give it to the hostler's wife,  
For to wile that bonny lassie in.'

\SBALLADS Child 290A.4

\N1 The hostler's wife gaed down the stair,  
And she's looked hersell round near by,  
And there she spied the bonny handsom girl,  
Coming walking down the hee town high.

\SBALLADS Child 290A.5

\N1 'Come in, come in, my bonny handsom girl,  
Come speak one word with me;  
Come taste a little of our wine,

For it\'s new come out of Italie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290A.6  
\N1 So willillie she wil\'d her up,  
And so willillie she wil\'d her in,  
And so cunningly she\'s locked the door,  
And she\'s comd down the stair again.  
\SBALLADS Child 290A.7  
\N1 One of them took her by the milk-white hand,  
And he\'s laid her body on the ground,  
And aye she sightd, and said, Alass,  
\'Tis a sin to do me wrong!  
\SBALLADS Child 290A.8  
\N1 `But since ye hae done sae muckle to me,  
And brought me to so muckle shame,  
O wad ye be so kind to me  
As to tell to me your name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290A.9  
\N1 `Of if I tell to you my name,  
It\'s a thing I never did to none;  
But I will tell to the, my dear;  
I am the Earl of Beaton\'s son.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290A.10  
\N1 When two years were past and gone,  
This gentleman came walking by,  
And there he spied the bonny handsome girl,  
Coming walking down the hie town high.  
\SBALLADS Child 290A.11  
\N1 `To whom belongs that pretty child,  
That blinks with its pretty eye?'  
`His father\'s from home and has left me alone,  
And I have been at the fold milking my ky.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290A.12  
\N1 `You lie, you lie, my bonny handsome girl,  
So loudlie I hear you lie;  
O do not you mind that happie day  
When ye was drinking the wine wi me?'  
\SBALLADS Child 290A.13  
\N1 He\'s lighted off his milk-white steed,  
He\'s kisssd her both cheeck and chin;  
He\'s made a\' the servants in Beaton castle  
To welcome this fair lady in.  
\LBALLADS Child 290B.1  
\N1 IT fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the nobles were drinking wine,  
And the matter of their discourse it was,  
`O the ladies they go f+ine:'  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.2  
\N1 Up then spake a brave gentleman,  
The best in the companie;  
`The bonniest lass that eer I saw,  
She dwells in the hie town hie.  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.3  
\N1 `I wad give a guinea of red gold,  
Sae wad I a pint of wine,  
To onie of the hostler-wives  
That wad wyle to me the bonnie lassie in.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.4  
\N1 Up then spake the hoslter\'s wife,  
And an ill death may she die!  
`An ye\'ll gie me a guinea of gold,

I will wyle the bonnie lassie in to thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.5  
\N1 The hostler\'s wife stood on the stair-head,  
To see what she could see,  
And there she saw this fair creature,  
Coming down frae the hie town hie.  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.6  
\N1 `Come in, come in, my bonnie, bonnie lass,  
Come in and speak with me;  
Come in and drink a glass of wine,  
That\'s new come aff the raging sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.7  
\N1 `My father\'s out upon the plain,  
And I am waiting his incoming;  
And I\'m a girl so neat and trim  
That I\'m afraid of your merry men.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.8  
\N1 `My merry men are all gone out,  
And they will not be in till nine,  
And, if ye would my favour win,  
Come in and drink a glass of wine.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.9  
\N1 Sae cunningly she wyld her in,  
And sae cunningly she led her round,  
Till she wyld her to the room where he was,  
And she locked the door the bonnie lass behind.  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.10  
\N1 First he kisssd her cherry cheeks,  
And than he kisssd her cherry chin,  
And than he kisssd her ruby lips,  
Saying, Indeed ye\'re a weel-faurd thing.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.11  
\N1 `O since ye\'ve got your will o me,  
And brought me unto public shame,  
I pray, kind sir, ye\'ll marry me,  
Or that ye\'ll tell me what\'s your name.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.12  
\N1 `If I tell my name to you, bonnie lassie,  
It\'s mair than ever I telld ane;  
But I will tell to you, bonnie lassie;  
I am an earl\'s second son.  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.13  
\N1 `I am an earl\'s second son,  
My father has more children than me;  
My eldest brother he heirs the land,  
And my father he sent me to the sea.'  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.14  
\N1 He put his hand into his pocket,  
And he gave her sixty guineas and three,  
Saying, Fare thee well, my lovely young creature,  
Ye\'ll never get mair of me.  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.15  
\N1 As she went down through Edinburgh streets,  
The bonnie bells as they did ring,  
`Farewell, fareweel, my bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
Ye\'ve got the clod that winna cling.'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\SBALLADS Child 290B.16  
\N1 He hadna been ae week at the sea,

Not a week but only f+ive,  
 Till the king made him a captain sae brave,  
 And he made the bonnie lassie his wife.  
 \LBALLADS Child 290C.1  
 \N1 IN Edinburgh, on a summer evening,  
 Our gentlemen sat drinking wine,  
 And every one to the window went,  
 To view the ladies, they went so f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.2  
 \N1 They drank the wine, and they spilt the beer,  
 So merrily as the reel went round,  
 And a\' the healths that was drucken there  
 Was to the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.3  
 \N1 Up then spoke a young squire\'s son,  
 And as he spoke it all alone;  
 `Oh, I would give a guinea of gold,  
 And so would I a pint of wine,  
 And I would make them their licence free  
 That would welcome this bonnie lassie in.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.4  
 \N1 The ostler\'s wife, on hearin this,  
 So nimbly down the stairs she ran,  
 And the f+irst toun\'s-body that she met  
 Was the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.5  
 \N1 `Mistress, ye maun gang wi me  
 And get a cup o oor claret wine;  
 It\'s new come oer the ragin sea,  
 Awat it is baith gude and f+ine.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.6  
 \N1 `To gang wi you I daurna stay,  
 My mither\'s wearyin for me in;  
 I am so beautiful and f+ine  
 I am a prey to all young men.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.7  
 \N1 Wi sattin slippers on her feet,  
 So nimbly up the stair she ran,  
 And wha so ready as this young squire  
 To welcome the bonny lassie in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.8  
 \N1 He<\'s] taen her by the milk-white hand,  
 He\'s gently led her through the room,  
 And aye she sighed, and aye she said,  
 It would be a pity to do me wrong.  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.9  
 \N1 `Now, since you\'ve taken your will o me,  
 I pray, kind sir, tell me your name;'  
 `Oh yes, my dear, indeed,' he said  
 `But it\'s more than I ever did to one.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.10  
 \N1 `I am a squire and a squire\'s son,  
 My faither has f+ifty ploughs o land,  
 And I\'m a man in the militrie,  
 And I must away and rank up my men.  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.11  
 \N1 `And Jamie Lumsdaine is my name,  
 From the North Countrie, love, I really came.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 290C.12  
 \N1 About a twelvemonth after that,



He sent a letter owre the main,  
And muckle writin was therein,  
To the bonnie lass o the hie toun end.

\SBALLADS Child 290C.13

\N1 About a twelvemonth after that,  
He himsel cam owre the main;  
He made her Duchess o Douglas Dale,  
And to him she\'s had a f+ine young son.

\LBALLADS Child 290D.1

\N1 ALL the soldiers in Edinburgh town  
Were sitting drinking at the wine,  
An all the toasts that were among them  
Was a health to the lassie that goes sae f+ine.

\SBALLADS Child 290D.2

\N1 Up then spake an off+icier,  
The bravest in the company;  
`To every one I will give a guinea,  
A guinea and a pint of wine,  
To the ostler\'s wife I wald double it a\`,  
If she\'d entice that young lassie in.'

\SBALLADS Child 290D.3

\N1 The old wife tripped down the stair,  
And aye she said, `A good morrow, dame!'  
And aye she said, an the maid replied,  
`What is your will wi me, madam?'

\SBALLADS Child 290D.4

\N1 `It\'s not to do you any harm,  
Or yet your body any ill,  
But, if you would my favour gain,  
Come up an taste one glass of wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 290D.5

\N1 `My father stands on the stair-head,  
Just lookin for me to come in;  
I am so proper and so tall  
I\'m much afraid of your merry men.'

\SBALLADS Child 290D.6

\N1 `My merry men, they are all gone out,  
An they will not be in till dine;  
So, if you would my favour gain,  
Come up an taste a glass of wine.'

\SBALLADS Child 290D.7

\N1 The fair maid tripped up the stair,  
The old wife bolted the door behind;  
He\'s tane her in his armstwa,  
Says, O but ye are a bonny thing!

\SBALLADS Child 290D.8

\N1 Twenty times he kissed her cheek,  
An twenty times her bonny chin,  
An twenty times her ruby lips!  
`O but ye are a bonny thing!'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 290D.9

\N1 `Noo, since ye\'ve got your wills o me,  
What is your name, I pray you tell;

. . . . .  
. . . . . where you dwell.'

\SBALLADS Child 290D.10

\N1 . . . . .  
`My eldest brother, he heirs the land;  
I was forced to be a highwayman,

Or else a soldier, as I am.'

\SBALLADS Child 290D.11

\N1 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
 An aye thae words spak them atween,  
 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
 And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

\SBALLADS Child 290D.12

\N1 They had na been in Edinburgh  
 A month, a month but only nine,  
 When they have got the royal commission  
 For to march to Aberdeen.

\SBALLADS Child 290D.13

\N1 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
 An aye thae words spak them atween,  
 An aye the lassie she sat an grat,  
 And cursed the auld wife that brocht her in.

\SBALLADS Child 290D.14

\N1 They had na been in Aberdeen  
 A month, a month but only one,  
 When he got on the captain\'s coat,  
 An made her lady o his land.

\SBALLADS Child 290D.15

\N1 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,  
 An aye thae words spak them atween,  
 An aye the lassie she sat an sang,  
 An hersed the auld wife that brocht her in.

\LBALLADS Child 291A.1

\N1 LADY ERSKINE sits in her chamber,  
 Sewing at her silken seam,  
 A chain of gold for Childe Owlet,  
 As he goes out and in.

\SBALLADS Child 291A.2

\N1 But it fell ance upon a day  
 She unto him did say,  
 Ye must cuckold Lord Ronald,  
 For a\' his lands and ley.

\SBALLADS Child 291A.3

\N1 `O cease! forbid, madam,' he says,  
 `That this shoud eer be done!  
 How would I cuckold Lord Ronald,  
 And me his sister\'s son?'

\SBALLADS Child 291A.4

\N1 Then she\'s ta\'en out a little penknife,  
 That lay below her bed,  
 Put it below her green stay\'s cord,  
 Which made her body bleed.

\SBALLADS Child 291A.5

\N1 Then in it came him Lord Ronald,  
 Hearing his lady\'s moan;  
 `What blood is this, my dear,' he says,  
 `That sparks on the f+ire-stone?'

\SBALLADS Child 291A.6

`Young Childe Owlet, your sister\'s son,  
 Is now gane frae my bower;  
 If I hadna been a good woman,  
 I\'d been Childe Owlet\'s whore.'

\SBALLADS Child 291A.7

\N1 Then he has taen him Childe Owlet,  
 Laid him in prison strong,  
 And all his men a council held

How they woud work him wrong.  
\SBALLADS Child 291A.8  
\N1 Some said they woud Childe Owlet hang,  
Some said they woud him burn;  
Some said they woud have Childe Owlet  
Bewteen wild horses torn.  
\SBALLADS Child 291A.9  
'There are horses in your stables stand  
Can run right speedilie,  
And ye will to your stable go,  
And wile out four for me.'  
\SBALLADS Child 291A.10  
\N1 They put a foal to ilka foot,  
And ane to ilka hand,  
And sent them down to Darling muir,  
As fast as they coud gang.  
\SBALLADS Child 291A.11  
\N1 There was not a kow in Darling muir,  
Nor ae piece o a rind,  
But drappit o Child Owlet\'s blude  
And pieces o his skin.  
\SBALLADS Child 291A.12  
\N1 There was not a kow in Darling muir,  
Nor ae piece o a rash,  
But drappit o Childe Owlet\'s blude  
And pieces o his f+lesh.  
\LBALLADS Child 292A.1  
\N1 `WHEN will your marry me, William,  
And make me your wedded wife?  
Or take you your keen bright sword  
And rid me out of my life.'  
\SBALLADS Child 292A.2  
\N1 `Say no more so then, lady,  
Say you no more then so,  
For you shall into the wild forrest,  
And amongst the buck and doe.  
\SBALLADS Child 292A.3  
\N1 `Where thou shalt eat of the hips and haws,  
And the roots that are so sweet,  
And thou shalt drink of the cold water,  
That runs underneath [thy] feet.'  
\SBALLADS Child 292A.4  
\N1 Now she had not been in the wild forrest  
Passing three months and aday  
But with hunger and cold she had her f+ill,  
Till she was quite worn away.  
\SBALLADS Child 292A.5  
\N1 At last she saw a fair tyl\'d-house,  
And there she swore by the rood  
That she would to that fair tyl\'d-house,  
There for to get her some food.  
\SBALLADS Child 292A.6  
\N1 But when she came unto the gates,  
Aloud, aloud she cry\'d,  
An alms, an alms, my own sister!  
I ask you for no pride.  
\SBALLADS Child 292A.7  
\N1 Her sister calld up her merry men all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
And bid them hunt away that wild doe,

As far as ere they could see.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.8

\N1 They hunted her ore hill and dale,  
And they hunted her so sore  
That they hunted her into the forrest,  
Where her sorrows grew more and more.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.9

\N1 She laid a stone all at her head,  
And another all at her feet,  
And down she lay between these two,  
Till death had lulld her asleep.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.10

\N1 When sweet Will came and stood at her head,  
And likewise stood at her feet,  
A thousand times he kist he<r] cold lips,  
Her body being fast asleep.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.11

\N1 Yea, seaven times he stood at her feet,  
And seaven times at her head,  
A thousand times he shook her hand,  
Although her body was dead.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.12

\N1 `Ah wretched me!' he loudly cry\`d,  
`What is it that I have done?  
O woud to the powers above I\`de dy\`d,  
When thus I left her alone!

\SBALLADS Child 292A.13

\N1 `Come, come, you gentle red-breast now,  
And prepare for us a tomb,  
Whilst unto cruel Death I bow,  
And sing like a swan my doom.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.14

\N1 `Why could I ever cruel be  
Unto so fair a creature?  
Alas! she dy\`d for love of me,  
The loveliest she in nature!

\SBALLADS Child 292A.15

\N1 `For me she left her home so fair  
To wander in ths wild grove,  
And there with sighs and pensive care  
She ended her life for love.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.16

\N1 `O constancy, in her thou\`rt lost!  
Now let women boast no more;  
She\`s f+led unto the Elizium coast,  
And with her carryd the store.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.17

\N1 `O break, my heart, with sorrow f+illd,  
Come, swell, you strong tides of grief!  
You that my dear love have killd,  
Come, yield in death to me relief.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.18

\N1 `Cruel her sister, was\`t for me  
That to her she was unkind?  
Her hunband I will never be,  
But with this my love be joynd.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.19

\N1 `Grim Death shall tye the marriage-bands,  
Which jealousy shan\`t divide;  
Together shall tye our cold hands,

Whilst here we lye side by side.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.20

\N1 `Witness, ye groves, and chrystial streams,  
How faithless I late have been,  
But do repent with dying leaves  
Of that my ungrateful sin;

\SBALLADS Child 292A.21

\N1 `And wish a thousand times that I  
Had been but to her more kind,  
And not have let a virgin dye  
Whose equal there\'s none can find.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.22

\N1 `Now heaps of sorrow press my soul;  
Now, now \'tis she takes her way;  
I come, my love, without controule,  
Nor from thee will longer stay.'

\SBALLADS Child 292A.23

\N1 With that he fetchd a heavy groar  
Which rent his tender breast,  
And then by her he laid him down,  
When as death did give him rest.

\SBALLADS Child 292A.24

\N1 Whilst mournful birds, with leavy boughs,  
To them a kind burial gave,  
And warbled out their love-sick vows,  
Whilst they both slept in their grave.

\LBALLADS Child 293A.1

\N1 INTO a sweet May morning,  
As the sun clearly shone,  
I heard a proper damsell  
Making a heavy moan;  
Making a heavy moan,  
I marvelled what she did mean,  
And it was for a gentleman,  
Sir John of Hasillgreen.

\SBALLADS Child 293A.2

\N1 `What aileth thee now, bony maid  
To mourn so sore into the tide?  
O happy were the man,' he sayes,  
'That had thee to his bride,  
To ly down by his side;  
Then he were not to mean;'  
But still she let the tears down fall  
For pleasant Hasilgreen.

\SBALLADS Child 293A.3

\N1 `Oh what for a man is Hasilgreen?  
Sweet heart, pray tell to me.'  
'He is a proper gentleman,  
Dwels in the South Countrie;  
With shoulders broad and arms long,  
And comely to be seen;  
His hairs are like the threds of gold,  
My pleasant Hasilgreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 293A.4

\N1 `Now Hasilgreen is married,  
Let all this talking be.'  
'If Hasilgreen be married,  
This day then woe to me;  
For I may sigh and sob no more,  
But close my weeping een,

And hold my peace and cry no more,  
 But dy for Hasilgreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 293A.5  
 \N1 `Will you let Hasilgreen alone,  
 And go along with me?  
 I`ll marry you on my eldest son,  
 Make you a gay lady.'  
 `Make me a gay lady?' she sayes,  
 `I am a maid too mean;  
 I`ll rather stay at home,' she cries,  
 `And dy for Hasilgreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 293A.6  
 \N1 He takes this pretty maid him behind  
 And fast he spurred the horse,  
 And they`re away to Bigger toun,  
 The in to Biggar Cross.  
 Their lodging was far sought,  
 And so was it foreseen;  
 But still she let the tears doun fall  
 For pleasant Hasillgreen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 293A.7  
 \N1 He`s ta`en this pretty maid by the hand,  
 And he is doun the toun;  
 He bought for her a pettycoat,  
 Yea, and a trailing gown;  
 A silken kell f+itt for her head,  
 Laid oer with silver sheen;  
 But still she let the tears doun fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 293A.8  
 \N1 He`s taen this bony mey him behind,  
 And he is to the Place,  
 Where there was mirth and merryness,  
 And ladyes fair of face;  
 And ladyes fair of face,  
 Right seemly to be seen,  
 But still she let the tears doun fall  
 For pleasant Hasilgreen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 293A.9  
 \N1 Young Hasilgreen ran hastilie  
 To welcome his father dear;  
 He`s ta`en that pretty maid in his arms,  
 And kist off her falling tear:  
 `O bony mey, now for thy sake  
 I would be rent and rien;  
 I would give all my father`s lands  
 To have thee in Hasilgreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 293A.10  
 \N1 `O hold your tongue now, son,' he sayes,  
 `Let no more talking be;  
 This maid has come right far from home  
 This day to visit thee.  
 This day should been your wedding-day,  
 It shall be thy bridall-een,  
 And thou `s get all thy father`s lands,  
 And dwell in Hasillgreen.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 293B.1  
 \N1 IT was on a morning early,  
 Before day-licht did appear,  
 I heard a pretty damsel

Making a heavy bier;  
 Making a heavy bier,  
 I wonderd what she did mean;  
 But ay the tears they rappit doun,  
 Crying, O Jock o Hazelgreen!  
 \SBALLADS Child 293B.2  
 \N1 `O whare is this Hazelgreen, maid?  
 That I may him see.'  
 `He is a ticht and a proper man,  
 Lives in the South Cuntree.  
 His shoulders broad, his arms lang,  
 O he\'s comely to be seen!'-+---+-  
 But ay the tears they drappit doun  
 For Jock o Hazelgreen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 293B.3  
 \N1 `Will ye gang wi me, fair maid?  
 . . . . .  
 And I\'ll marry ye on my son,'  
 . . . . .  
 `Afore I\'d go along wi you,  
 To be married on your son,  
 I\'d rather choose to stay at hame,  
 And die for Hazelgreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 293B.4  
 \N1 But he has tane her up behind,  
 And spurred on his horse,  
 Till ance he cam to Embro toun,  
 And lichted at the corss.  
 He bought to her a petticoat,  
 Besides a handsome gown;  
 He tied a silver belt about her waist,  
 Worth thrice three hunder pund.  
 \SBALLADS Child 293B.5  
 \N1 And whan he cam to Hazelyetts,  
 He lichted doun therein;  
 Monie war the brave ladies there,  
 Monie ane to be seen.  
 She lichted doun amang them aw,  
 She seemed to be the queen;  
 But ay the tears they rappit doun  
 For Jock o Hazelgreen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 293B.6  
 \N1 Young Hazelgreen took her by the hand  
 And led her out and in:  
 Said, Bonnie lady, for your sake,  
 I could be baith rent and rien;  
 I wad gie aw my lands and rents,  
 Tho I had kingdoms three,  
 If I could hae the great pleasure  
 To enjoy thy fair bodie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 293B.7  
 \N1 `No more of this,' his father said,  
 `Of your mourning let abee;  
 I brought the damsel far frae hame,  
 She\'s thrice as wae for thee.  
 The morn is your bridal-day,  
 The nicht is your bridal-een,  
 And I\'ll gie you aw my lands and rents,  
 My pleasing son, Hazelgreen.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 293C.1

\N1 As I gaed out in a may morning,  
Afore that I could see,  
And there I heard a pretty fair may  
Making sweet melodie.

She was making sic melodie,  
I wonderd what she could mean;  
But ay she sang and sang about  
Sweet John o Hazelgreen.

\SBALLADS Child 293C.2

\N1 `O what na man is Hazelgreen?

Fair may, pray tell to me.'

`He is a stout and a tall young man  
As in a\' the South Countrie.

He is a stout and a tall young man,  
And comely to be seen;

But still O I maun weep and wail

For John o Hazelgreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 293C.3

\N1 `Hold your tongue, fair maid,' he says,

`And let your weeping alane;

I\'ll marry you to my eldest son,

And you shall be ca\'d my dame.'

\SBALLADS Child 293C.4

\N1 He has tane her on ahint him,

And fast he spurred the steed;

For Edinbro town he there was bound,

Where they soon came wi speed.

\SBALLADS Child 293C.7

\N1 He\'s tane her to the Luckenbooths,

Coft her a braw new gown,

A handsome feather for her hat,

And a pair o silken shoon.

\SBALLADS Child 293C.8

\N1 He has tane the fair may up again,

And fast awa rode he;

For Hazelgreen now he was bound,

Her lodging there to be.

\SBALLADS Child 293C.9

\N1 She jumped aff frae ahint him,

As fair as any queen;

`Come down, come down, Lord John,' he says,

`And welcome your lady hame.

\SBALLADS Child 293C.10

\N1 `It is the tall and comely youth,

Sweet John o Hazelgreen;

If we canna see it bridal-day,

It shall be bridal-een'

\LBALLADS Child 293D.1

\N1 As I went forth to take the air

Intill an evening clear,

And there I spied a lady fair,

Making a heavy bier;

Making a heavy bier, I say,

But and a piteous meen,

And aye she sighd, and said, Alas,

For John o Hazelgreen!

\SBALLADS Child 293D.2

\N1 The sun was sinking in the west,

The stars were shining clear,

When thro the thickets o the wood,



A gentleman did appear.  
 Says, Who has done you the wrong, fair maid,  
 And left you here alane?  
 Or who has kissd your lovely lips,  
 That ye ca Hazelgreen?  
 \SBALLADS Child 293D.3  
 \N1 `Hold your tongue, kind sir,' she said,  
 `And do not banter so;  
 How will ye add aff+liction  
 Unto a lover\'s woe?  
 For none\'s done me the wrong,' she said,  
 `Nor left me here alane;  
 Nor none has kissd my lovely lips,  
 That I ca Hazelgreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 293D.4  
 \N1 `Why weep ye by the tide, lady?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 How blythe and happy might he be  
 Gets you to be his bride!  
 Gets you to be his bride, fair maid,  
 And him I\'ll no bemean;  
 But when I take my words again,  
 Whom call ye Hazelgreen?  
 \SBALLADS Child 293D.5  
 \N1 `What like a man was Hazelgreen?  
 Will ye show him to me?'  
 `He is a comely, proper youth  
 I in my sleep did see;  
 Wi arms tall, and f+ingers small,  
 He\'s comely to be seen;'  
 And aye she loot the tears down fall  
 For John o Hazelgreen.  
 \SBALLADS Child 293D.6  
 \N1 `If ye\'ll forsake young Hazelgreen,  
 And go along with me,  
 I\'ll wed you to my eldest son,  
 Make you a lady free.'  
 `It\'s for to wed your eldest son  
 I am a maid oer mean;  
 I\'ll rather stay at home,' she says  
 `And die for Hazelgreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 293D.7  
 \N1 `If ye\'ll forsake young Hazelgreen,  
 And go along with me,  
 I\'ll wed you to my second son,  
 And your weight o gowd I\'ll gie.'  
 `It\'s for to wed your second son  
 I am a maid oer mean;  
 I\'ll rather stay at home,' she says,  
 `And die for Hazelgreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 293D.8  
 \N1 Then he\'s taen out a siller comb,  
 Combd down her yellow hair;  
 And looke+:d in a diamond bright,  
 To see if she were fair.  
 `My girl, ye do all maids surpass  
 That ever I have seen;  
 Cheer up your heart, my lovely lass,  
 And hate young Hazelgreen.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 293D.9

\N1 `Young Hazelgreen he is my love,  
And ever mair shall be;  
I\'ll nae forsake young Hazelgreen  
For a\' the gowd ye\'ll gie.'  
But aye she sighd, and said, Alas!  
And made a piteous meen,  
And aye she loot the tears down fa  
For John o Hazelgreen.

\SBALLADS Child 293D.10

\N1 He looke+:d high, and lighted low,  
Set her upon his horse;  
And they rode on the Edinburgh,  
To Edinburgh\'s own cross.  
And when she in that city was,  
She lookd like ony queen:

`Tis a pity such a lovely lass  
Shoud love young Hazelgreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 293D.11

\N1 `Young Hazelgreen, he is my love,  
And ever mair shall be;  
I\'ll nae forsake young Hazelgreen  
For a\' the gowd ye\'ll gie.'  
And aye she sighd, and said, Alas!  
And made a piteous meen,  
And aye she loot the tears down fa  
For John o Hazelgreen.

\SBALLADS Child 293D.12

\N1 `Now hold your tongue, my well-fard maid,  
Lat a\' your mourning be,  
And a\' endeavours I shall try  
To bring that youth to thee,  
If ye\'ll tell me where your love stays,  
His stile and proper name.'

`He\'s laird o Taperbank,' she says,  
`His stile, Young Hazelgreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 293D.13

\N1 Then he has coft for that lady  
A f+ine silk riding-gown,  
Likewise he coft for that lady  
A steed, and set her on;  
Wi menji feathers in her hat,  
Silk stockings and siller sheen,  
And they are on to Taperbank,  
Seeking young Hazelgreen.

\SBALLADS Child 293D.14

\N1 They nimbly rode along the way,  
And gently spurrd their horse,  
Till they rode on to Hazelgreen,  
To Hazelgreen\'s own close.

Then forth he came, young Hazelgreen,  
To welcome his father free:

`You\'re welcome here, my father dear,  
And a\' your companie.'

\SBALLADS Child 293D.15

\N1 But when he lookd oer his shoulder,  
A light laugh then gae he;  
Says, If I getna this lady,  
It\'s for her I must die.  
I must confess this is the maid  
I ance saw in a dream,

A walking thro a pleasant shade,  
As fair\'s a cypress queen.  
\SBALLADS Child 293D.16  
\N1 `Now hold your tongue, young Hazelgreen,  
Lat a\' your folly be;  
If ye be wae for that lady,  
She\'s thrice as wae for thee.  
She\'s thrice as wae for thee, my son,  
As bitter doth complain;  
Well is she worthy o the rigs  
That lie on Hazelgreen.'

\SBALLADS Child 293D.17  
\N1 He\'s taen her in his arms twa,  
Led her thro bower and ha:  
`Cheer up your heart, my dearest dear,  
Ye\'re f+lower out-oer them a\'.  
This night shall be our wedding-een,  
The morn we\'ll say, Amen;  
Ye\'se never mair hae cause to mourn,  
Ye\'re lady o Hazelgreen.'

\LBALLADS Child 293E.1  
\N1 `WHY weep ye by the tide, ladye?  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I\'ll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye sall be his bride.  
And ye sall be his bride, ladye,  
Sae comely to be seen;'  
But aye she loot the tears down fa  
For John o Hazelgreen.

\SBALLADS Child 293E.2  
\N1 `O whaten a man is Hazelgreen?  
I pray thee tell to me.'  
`O there\'s not a handsomer gentleman  
In a\' the South Countrie.  
His arms are long, his shoulder broad,  
Sae comely to be seen!'  
And aye she loot the tears down fa  
For John o Hazelgreen.

\LBALLADS Child 294A.1  
\N1 DUGALL QUIN came to the toun,  
An he\'s ben lang awaa,  
An he is one to Lissie\'s bed,  
Tartan, trues, an a\'.  
\SBALLADS Child 294A.2

\N1 `Hou wad ye leak me, Lisie,' he says,  
`Gin that I war yer ain,  
We raged cot apon my back,  
An singel-soled sheen,  
A littel we bonnet on my head,  
An tua merry wenking ean?'

\SBALLADS Child 294A.3  
\N1 `Well wad I leak ye, Dugall,' she says,  
`Gin that ye war my ain,  
We ragged coat upon yer back,  
An singel-soled sheen,  
A littel we bonnet on yer head,  
An tua merry wenking eyn.

\SBALLADS Child 294A.4  
\N1 `Hou wad ye leak me, Dugall,' she says,  
`Gin I wer yer ain,

We silken sneed upon my head,  
 An gold fann in my hand,  
 An madins ning, a\' clead in green,  
 To be att my comand?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.5  
 \N1 `Well wad I leak ye, Lisie,' he says,  
 `Gin ye wer my ain,  
 We silken sneed upon yer head,  
 An a goud fan in yer hand,  
 An madins nine, a\' clad in green,  
 To be att yer command.  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.6  
 \N1 `Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,  
 `Follou me throu Farie,  
 An reap the boddoms of my pakets,  
 An ye\'ll gett tempeng chiss of farei.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.7  
 \N1 Outspak her father, says,  
 Lissie, I widna wish ye,  
 For gin ye gay we this young man  
 They will say I ha bat lost ye.  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.8  
 \N1 `O had yer toung, my father dear,  
 For a\' that winne brake me;  
 For I will gaa we this young man,  
 Since it\'s his will to take me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.9  
 \N1 `Follou me nou, Lisse+:,' he says,  
 `An follou me throu Farie,  
 An reap the boddom of my poket,  
 An ye\'ll gett tempeng chess of farie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.10  
 \N1 `Wea matt worth yer well-fared face,  
 Alas that ever I saa ye!  
 The f+irst an thing that ever ye gaa to me  
 Was the tempen chess of farie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.11  
 \N1 Dugall Quin read doun the toun,  
 Upon Dumfarling\'s horses,  
 An Lisie Meanes folloued him,  
 For a\' her father\'s forces.  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.12  
 \N1 `Follou me nou, Lisie,' he says,  
 `An follou me our Boggie;  
 I ill make ye lady of ning mills,  
 An lady of bonny Garloge+:.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 294A.13  
 \N1 She has folloued her trou-love  
 [An folloued him] our Boggie,  
 An she has marred Dugall Quin,  
 An lives belou Strathbogy.  
 \LBALLADS Child 295A.1  
 \N1 `I am as brown as brown can be,  
 My eyes as black as a sloe;  
 I am as brisk as a nightingale,  
 And as wilde as any doe.  
 \SBALLADS Child 295A.2  
 \N1 `My love has sent me a love-letter,  
 Not far from yonder town,  
 That he could not fancy me,

Because I was so brown.

\SBALLADS Child 295A.3

\N1 `I sent him his letter back again,  
For his love I valu\'d not,  
Whether that he could fancy me  
Or whether he could not.

\SBALLADS Child 295A.4

\N1 `He sent me his letter back again,  
That he lay dangerous sick,  
That I might then go speedily  
To give him up his faith.'

\SBALLADS Child 295A.5

\N1 Now you shall hear what love she had  
Then for this love-sick man;  
She was a whole long summer\'s day  
In a mile a going on.

\SBALLADS Child 295A.6

\N1 When she came to her love\'s bed-side,  
Where he lay dangerous sick,  
She could not for laughing stand  
Upright upon her feet.

\SBALLADS Child 295A.7

\N1 She had a white wand all in her hand,  
And smoothd it all on his breast;  
`In faith and troth come pardon me,  
I hope your soul\'s at rest.

\SBALLADS Child 295A.8

\N1 `I\'ll do as much for my true-love  
As other maidens may;  
I\'ll dance and sing on my love\'s grave  
A whole twelvemonth and a day.'

\LBALLADS Child 295B.1

\N1 `I am as brown as brown can be,  
And my eyes as black as sloe;  
I am as brisk as brisk can be,  
And wild as forest doe.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.2

\N1 `My love he was so high and proud,  
His fortune too so high,  
He for another fair pretty maid  
Me left and passed me by.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.3

\N1 `Me did he send a love-letter,  
He sent it from the town,  
Saying no more he loved me,  
For that I was so brown.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.4

\N1 `I sent his letter back again,  
Saying his love I valued not,  
Whether that he would fancy me,  
Whether that he would not.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.5

\N1 `When that six months were overpassd,  
Were overpassd and gone,  
Then did my lover, once so bold,  
Lie on his bed and groan.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.6

\N1 `When that six months were overpassd,  
Were gone and overpassd,  
O then my lover, once so bold,

With love was sick at last.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.7

\N1 `First sent he for the doctor-man:

`You, doctor, me must cure;

The pains that now do torture me

I can not long endure.'

\SBALLADS Child 295B.8

\N1 `Next did he send from out the town,

O next did send for me;

He sent for me, the brown, brown girl

Who once his wife should be.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.9

\N1 `O neer a bit the doctor-man

His sufferings could relieve;

O never an one but the brown, brown girl

Who could his life reprove.'

\SBALLADS Child 295B.10

\N1 Now you shall hear what love she had

For this poor love-sick man,

How all one day, a summer\'s day,

She walked and never ran.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.11

\N1 When that she came to his bedside,

Where he lay sick and weak,

O then for laughing she could not stand

Upright upon her feet.

\SBALLADS Child 295B.12

\N1 `You flouted me, you scouted me,

And many another one;

Now the reward is come at last,

For all that you have done.'

\SBALLADS Child 295B.13

\N1 The rings she took from off her hands,

The rings by two and three:

`O take, O take these golden rings,

By them remember me.'

\SBALLADS Child 295B.14

\N1 She had a white wand in her hand,

She strake him on the breast:

`My faith and troth I give back to thee,

So may thy soul have rest.'

\SBALLADS Child 295B.15

\N1 `Prithee,' said he, 'Forget, forget,

Prithee forget, forgive;

O grant me yet a little space,

That I may be well and live.'

\SBALLADS Child 295B.16

\N1 `O never will I forget, forgive,

So long as I have breath;

I\'ll dance above your green, green grave

Where you do lie beneath.'

\LBALLADS Child 296A.1

\N1 On the second of October, a Monday at noon,

In came Walter Lesly, to see his proper one;

He sent a chair down by her side, and gently sat her by,

Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?

\SBALLADS Child 296A.2

\N1 He\'s taen a glass into his hand, inviting her to drink,

But little knew she his meaning, or what the rogue did think;

Nor what the rogue did think, to steal the maid away;

`Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

\SBALLADS Child 296A.3

\N1 When they had taen a glass or two, and all were making merry,  
In came Geordy Lesly, and forth he did her carry;  
Then upon high horseback sae hard\ 's he did her tye,  
'Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

\SBALLADS Child 296A.4

\N1 Her mother she came to the door, the saut tears on her cheek,  
She coudna see her daughter, it was for dust and reek;  
It was for dust and reek, the swords they glancd sae high;  
'And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

\SBALLADS Child 296A.5

\N1 When they came to the ale-house, the people there were busy;  
A bridal-bed it was well made, and supper well made ready;  
When the supper down was set, baith plum-pudding and pie,  
'And will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?'

\SBALLADS Child 296A.6

\N1 When they had eaten and well drunken, and a\ ' man bound for bed,  
The laddie and the lassie in ae chamber were laid;  
He quickly stript her to the smock, and gently laid her bye,  
Says, Will ye go to Conland, this winter-time to lye?

\SBALLADS Child 296A.7

\N1 But Walter being weary, he fell fast asleep,  
And then the lassie thought it f+it to start up till her feet;  
To start up till her feet, and her petticoats to tye,  
'We\ 'll go no more to Conland, the winter-time to lye.'

\SBALLADS Child 296A.8

\N1 Then over moss and over muir sae cleverly she ran,  
And over hill and over dale, without stockings or shoon;  
The men pursued her full fast, wi mony shout and cry,  
Says, Will ye go to Conland, the winter-time to lye.

\SBALLADS Child 296A.9

\N1 `Wae to the dubs o Duffus land, that eer they were sae deep;  
They\ 've trachled a\ ' our horsemen and gart our captain sleep;  
And gart our captain sleep, and the lassie win away,  
And she\ 'll go no more to Conland, the winter-time to lye.'

\SBALLADS Child 296A.10

\N1 `I\ 'd rather be in Duffus land, selling at the ale,  
Before I was wi Lesly, for a\ ' his auld meal;  
For a\ ' his auld meal, and sae mony comes to buy;  
I\ 'll go no more to Conland the winter-time to lye.

\SBALLADS Child 296A.11

\N1 `I\ 'd rather be in Duffus land, draggin at the ware,  
Before I was wi Lesly, for a\ ' his yellow hair;  
For a\ ' his yellow hair, and sae well\ 's he can it tye;  
I\ 'll go no more to Conland, this winter-time to lye.'

\SBALLADS Child 296A.12

\N1 It was not for her beauty, nor yet her gentle bluid,  
But for her mither\ 's dollars, of them he had great need;  
Of them he had great need, now he maun do them by,  
For she\ 'll go no more to Conland, this winter-time to lye.

\LBALLADS Child 297A.1

\N1 `O EARL Rothes, an thou wert mine,  
And I were to be thy ladie,  
I wad drink at the beer, and tippie at the wine,  
And be my bottle with any.'

\SBALLADS Child 297A.2

\N1 `Hold thy tongue, sister Ann,' he says,  
'Thy words they are too many;  
What wad ye do wi sae noble a lord,

When he has so noble a ladie?

\SBALLADS Child 297A.3

\N1 `O I\`ll pay you your tocher, Lady Ann,  
Both in gear and money,  
If ye\`ll forsake Earl Rothes\`s companie,  
And mind that he has a ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 297A.4

\N1 `I do not value your gold,' she says,  
`Your gear it\`s no sae readie;  
I\`ll neer forsake Earl Rothes\`s companie,  
And I don\`t gie a f+ig for his ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 297A.5

\N1 `I\`ll keep ye i the caslte, Lady Ann,  
O servants ye shall hae monie;  
I\`ll keep ye till ye\`re safely brocht to bed,  
And I\`ll mak you a marquis\`s ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 297A.6

\N1 `I do not value your castle,' she says,  
`Your servants are no sae readie;  
Earl Rothes will keep me till I\`m brocht to bed,  
And he\`ll mak me a marquis\`s ladie.'

\SBALLADS Child 297A.7

\N1 `Woe be to thee, Earl Rothes,' he says,  
`And the mark o the judge be upon thee,  
For the using o this poor thing sae,  
For the using my sister so badly.

\SBALLADS Child 297A.8

\N1 `When I\`m come to the years of a man,  
And able a sword to carry,  
I\`ll thrust it thro Earl Rothes\` bodie  
For the using my sister sae basely.

\SBALLADS Child 297A.9

\N1 `Fare thee well, Lady Ann,' he says,  
`No longer will I tarry;  
You and I will never meet again,  
Till we meet at the bonny town o Torry.'

\LBALLADS Child 298A.1

\N1 `O WHARE hae ye been, Peggy?  
O whare hae ye been?'

`I the garden amang the gilly-f+lowrs,  
Atween twal hours and een.'

\SBALLADS Child 298A.2

\N1 `Ye\`ve na been there your leen, Peggy,  
Ye\`ve na been there your leen;  
Your father saw you in Jamie\`s arms,  
Atween twal hours and een.'

\SBALLADS Child 298A.3

\N1 `Tho my father saw me in Jamie\`s arms,  
He\`ll see me there again;  
For I will sleep in Jamie\`s arms  
When his grave\`s growin green.'

\SBALLADS Child 298A.4

\N1 `Your Jamie is a rogue, Peggy,  
Your Jamie is a loun,  
For trysting out our ae dochter,  
And her sae very young.'

\SBALLADS Child 298A.5

\N1 `Lay no the wyte on Jamie, mither,  
The blame a\` lies on me;  
For I will sleep in Jamie\`s arms



When your een winna see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 298A.6  
 \N1 Now she has to her ain bouer gane;  
 He was waiting there him leen:  
 `I\'m blythe to see ye, Jamie, here,  
 For we maunna meet again.'

\SBALLADS Child 298A.7  
 \N1 She\'s tane the wine-glass in her hand,  
 Poured out the wine sae clear;  
 Says, Here\'s your health and mine, Jamie,  
 And we maun meet na mair.

\SBALLADS Child 298A.8  
 \N1 She has tane him in her arms twa,  
 And gien him kisses f+ive;  
 Says, Here\'s your health and mine, Jamie,  
 I wish weel mote ye thrive.

\SBALLADS Child 298A.9  
 \N1 `Your father has a bonnie cock,  
 Divides the nicht and day,  
 And at the middle watch o the nicht  
 In greenwud ye\'ll meet me.'

\SBALLADS Child 298A.10  
 \N1 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,  
 And a\' men boun for bed,  
 She\'s kilted up her green claithing,  
 And met Jamie in the wud.

\SBALLADS Child 298A.11  
 \N1 Whan bells war rung, and mass was sung,  
 About the hour o twa,  
 It\'s up bespak her auld father,  
 Says, Peggy is awa!

\SBALLADS Child 298A.12  
 \N1 `Ga saddle to me the black, the black,  
 Ga saddle to me the grey;'  
 But ere they wan to the tap o the hill  
 The wedding was a\' bye.

\LBALLADS Child 299A.1  
 \N1 One evening as a maid did walk,  
 The moon was shining clearly,  
 She heard a trooper at the gates,  
 She thought it was her dearie.  
 She\'s taen his horse then by the head,  
 And led him to the stable,  
 And gien to him baith corn and hay,  
 To eat what he was able.  
 Bonny lass, gin I come near you,  
 Bonny lass, gin I come near you,  
 I\'ll gar a\' your ribbons reel,  
 Bonny lass, or eer I lea you.

\SBALLADS Child 299A.2  
 \N1 She\'s taen the trooper by the hand,  
 And led him to the table,  
 And furnishd him wi bread and cheese,  
 To eat what he was able.  
 She\'s taen the wine-glass in her hand,  
 Poured out the wine sae clearly;  
 `Here is your health an mine,' she cried,  
 `And ye\'re welcome hame, my deary!'

\SBALLADS Child 299A.3  
 \N1 `A glass o wine for gentlemen,

And bonny lads for lasses,  
 And bread and cheese for cavaliers,  
 And corn and hay for asses.'  
 Then she went but and made his bed,  
 She made it like a lady,  
 And she coost aff her mankie gown,  
 Says, Laddie, are you ready?  
 \SBALLADS Child 299A.4  
 \N1 Then he coost aff his big watch-coat,  
 But and his silken beaver,  
 A pair o pistols frae his side,  
 And he lay down beside her.  
 `Bonny lassie, I am wi you now,  
 Bonny lassie I am wi you,  
 But I'll gar a\' your ribbons reel,  
 Bonny lassie, ere I lea you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 299A.5  
 \N1 The trumpet sounds thro Birlsdale,  
 Says, Men and horse, make ready;  
 The drums do beat at Staneman hill,  
 `Lads, leave your mam and daddie.'  
 The f+fifes did play at Cromley banks,  
 `Lads, leave the lewes o Fyvie;'  
 And then the trooper he got up,  
 Says, Lassie, I must lea you.  
 \SBALLADS Child 299A.6  
 \N1 `Bonny lassie, I maun lea you now,  
 Bonny lassie, I maun lea you;  
 But if ever I come this road again,  
 I will come in and see you.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 299A.7  
 \N1 She\'s taen her gown out-ower her arms,  
 And followed him to Stirling,  
 And aye the trooper he did say,  
 O turn ye back, my darling.  
 `O when will we twa meet again?  
 Or when will you me marry?'  
 `When rashin rinds grow gay gowd rings,  
 I winna langer tarry.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 299A.8  
 \N1 `O when will we twa meet again?  
 Or when will you me marry?'  
 `When heather-knaps grow siller taps,  
 I winna langer tarry.'  
 `O when will we twa meet again?  
 Or when will you me marry?'  
 `When heather-cows grow owsen-bows,  
 I winna langer tarry.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 299A.9  
 \N1 `O when will we twa meet again?  
 Or when will you me marry?'  
 `When cockle-shells grow siller bells,  
 I winna langer tarry.'  
 `O when will we twa meet again?  
 Or when will you me marry?'  
 `When apple-trees grow in the seas,  
 I winna langer tarry.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 299A.10  
 \N1 `O when will we twa meet again?  
 Or when will you me marry?'

`When f+ishes f+ly, and seas gang dry,  
I winna langer tarry.'  
`O when will we twa meet again?  
Or when will you me marry?'  
`When frost and snaw shall warm us a\`,  
I winna langer tarry.'

\SBALLADS Child 299A.11

\N1 `Yestreen I was my daddie\'s dow,  
But an my mamy\'s dawtie;  
This night I gang wi bairn to you,  
Wae\'s me that I eer saw thee!'  
`Yestreen ye were your daddie\'s dow,  
But an your mammie\'s dawtie;  
But gin ye gang wi bairn to me,  
Ye may rue that eer ye saw me.

\SBALLADS Child 299A.12

\N1 `O turn back, my bonny lass,  
And turn back, my dearie;  
For the Highland hills are ill to climb,  
And the bluidy swords woud fear ye.'

\LBALLADS Child 299B.1

\N1 There cam a trooper frae the West,  
And of riding he was weary;  
He rappit at and clappit at,  
In calling for his dearie.  
By chance the maid was in the close,  
The moon was shining clearly,  
She opened the gates and let him in,  
Says, Ye\'re welcome hame, my dearie.

\SBALLADS Child 299B.2

\N1 She took the horse by the bridle-reins  
And led him to the stable;  
She gave him corn and hay to eat,  
As much as he was able.  
She up the stair and made the bed,  
She made it f+it for a lady,  
Then she coost aff her petticoat,  
Said, Trooper, are ye ready?

\SBALLADS Child 299B.3

\N1 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

`There\'s bread and cheese for musqueteers,  
And corn and hay for hor<s>es,  
Sack and sugar for auld wives,  
And lads for bonnie lasses.'

\SBALLADS Child 299B.4

\N1 He coost aff his gude buff coat,  
His boots, likewise his beaver,  
He drew his rapier frae his side,  
And streekit him down beside her.  
`Bonnie lass, I trew I\'m near the<e] now,  
Bonnie lass, I trew I\'m near thee,  
And I\'ll gar a\' thy ribbons reel,  
Bonnie lassie, or I lea thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 299B.5

\N1 They had but spoken little a while  
Till of speaking they were weary;  
They slept together in each other\'s arms

Till the sun was shining clearly.  
The very first sound the trumpet gave  
Was, Troopers, are ye ready?  
Away you must to London town,  
Or else for Londonderry.

\SBALLADS Child 299B.6

\N1 She took the bottle in her hand,  
The glass into the other,  
She filled it up with blood-red wine,  
Until it ran quite over.  
She drank a health to her love on the stair,  
Saying, When shall we two marry?  
Or when shall we two meet again,  
On purpose for to marry?

\SBALLADS Child 299B.7

\N1 `O when shall we two meet again?  
Or when shall we two marry?'  
`Whem cockle-shells grow siller bells;  
No longer must I tarry.'

\LBALLADS Child 299C.1

\N1 THERE cam a trooper frae the west,  
And he's ridden till his deary;  
`It's open and lat me in,' he says,  
For I am wet and weary.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 299C.2

\N1 `O whan sall we be married, love?  
O whan sall we be married?'  
`Whan heather-cows turn owsen-bows,  
It's then that we'll be married.'

\SBALLADS Child 299C.3

\N1 `O whan sall we be married, love?  
O when sall we be married?'  
`When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
It's then that we'll be married.'

\SBALLADS Child 299C.4

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

`Whan the sun and moon dance on the green,  
It's then that we'll be married.'

\LBALLADS Child 299[D.1]

\N1 The trooper lad cam to oor gate,  
And oh! but he was weary,  
He rapped at and chapped at,  
Syne called for his kind deary.

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.2]

\N1 The bonnie lass being in the close,  
The moon was shining clearly,+-  
`Ye'r welcome here, my trooper lad,  
Ye'r welcome, my kind deary.'

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.3]

\N1 She's taen his horse by the bridle-reins,  
And led him to the stable,  
She's gien him corn and hay to eat,  
As much as he was able.

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.4]

\N1 She's taen the knight by the milk-white hand,  
And led him to her chamber,  
And gied him bread and cheese to eat,  
And wine to drink his pleasure.

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.5]

\N1 `Bonnie lassie, I\'ll lie near ye noo,  
Bonnie lassie, I\'ll lie near ye,  
An I\'ll gar a\' your ribbons reel  
In the morning or I leave ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.6]

\N1 . . . . .

. . . . .

And she put off her wee white smock,  
Crying, `Laddie, are ye ready?'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.7]

\N1 The first time that the trumpet played  
Was, Up, up and awa, man!  
The next time that the trumpet played  
Was, The morn\'s the battle-day, man!

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.8]

\N1 `Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ye noo,  
Bonnie lassie, I maun leave ye;  
But, if e\'er I come this way again  
I will ca in an see ye.'

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.9]

\N1 Bread and cheese for gentlemen,  
An corn and hay for horses;  
Pipes and tobacco for auld wives,  
And bonnie lads for lasses.

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.10]

\N1 `When will us twa meet again?  
When will we meet and marry?'  
`When cockle-shells turn silver bells,  
Nae langer, love, we\'ll tarry.'

\SBALLADS Child 299[D.11]

\N1 So he\'s taen his auld grey cloak about him noo,  
An he\'s ower the mountains fairly,  
Crying, `Fare ye weel, my bonnie lass,  
Farewell, my ain kind deary.'

\LBALLADS Child 300A.1

\N1 THERE was a maid, richly arrayd,  
In robes were rare to see,  
For seven years and something mair  
She servd a gay ladie.

\SBALLADS Child 300A.2

\N1 But being fond o a higher place,  
In service she thought lang;  
She took her mantle her about,  
Her coffer by the band.

\SBALLADS Child 300A.3

\N1 And as she walkd by the shore-side,  
As blythe\'s a bird on tree,  
Yet still she gaz\'d her round about,  
To see what she could see.

\SBALLADS Child 300A.4

\N1 At last she spied a little castle,  
That stood near by the sea;  
She spied it far and drew it near,  
To that castle went she.

\SBALLADS Child 300A.5

\N1 And when she came to that castle  
She tirlid at the pin,  
And ready stood a little wee boy

To lat this fair maid in.  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.6  
 \N1 `O who\'s the owner of this place,  
 O porter-boy, tell me;'  
 `This place belongs unto a queen  
 O birth and high degree.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.7  
 \N1 She put her hand in her pocket,  
 And gae him shillings three:  
 `O porter, bear my message well  
 Unto the queen frae me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.8  
 \N1 The porter\'s gane before the queen,  
 Fell low down on his knee:  
 `Win up, win up, my porter-boy,  
 What makes this courtesie?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.9  
 \N1 `I hae been porter at your yetts,  
 My dame, these years full three,  
 But see a ladie at your yetts  
 The fairest my eyes did see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.10  
 \N1 `Cast up my yetts baith wide and braid,  
 Lat her come in to me,  
 And I\'ll know by her courtesie  
 Lord\'s daughter if she be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.11  
 \N1 When she came in before the queen,  
 Fell low down on her knee:  
 `Service frae you, my dame the queen,  
 I pray you grant it me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.12  
 \N1 `If that service ye now do want,  
 What station will ye be?  
 Can ye card wool, or spin, fair maid,  
 Or milk the cows to me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.13  
 \N1 `No, I can neither card nor spin,  
 Nor cows I canno milk,  
 But sit into a lady\'s bower  
 And sew the seams o silk.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.14  
 \N1 `What is your name, ye comely dame?  
 Pray tell this unto me:'  
 `O Blanchef+lour, that is my name,  
 Born in a strange countrie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.15  
 \N1 `O keep ye well frae Jellyf+lorice-+---+  
 My ain dear son is he-+---+  
 When other ladies get a gift,  
 O that ye shall get three.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.16  
 \N1 It wasna tald into the bower  
 Till it went thro the ha,  
 That Jellyf+lorice and Blanchef+lour  
 Were grown ower great witha.  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.17  
 \N1 When the queen\'s maids their visits paid,  
 Upo the gude Yule-day,  
 When other ladies got horse to ride,

She boud take foot and gae.  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.18  
 \N1 The queen she calld her stable-groom,  
 To come to her right seen;  
 Says, Ye'll take out yon wild waith steed  
 And bring him to the green.  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.19  
 \N1 `Ye'll take the bridle frae his head,  
 The lighters frae his een;  
 Ere she ride three times roun the cross,  
 Her weel-days will be dune.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.20  
 \N1 Jellyf+lorice his true-love spy'd  
 As she rade roun the cross,  
 And thrice he kisssd her lovely lips,  
 And took her frae her horse.  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.21  
 \N1 `Gang to your bower, my lily-f+lower,  
 For a' my mother's spite;  
 There's nae other amang her maids,  
 In whom I take delight.  
 \SBALLADS Child 300A.22  
 \N1 `Ye are my jewel, and only ane,  
 Nane 's do you injury;  
 For ere this-day-month come and gang  
 My wedded wife ye'se be.'  
 \LBALLADS Child 301A.1  
 \N1 `O TROY MUIR, my lily-f+lower,  
 An asking I'll ask thee;  
 Will ye come to my bigley bower  
 And drink the wine wi me?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.2  
 \N1 `My dame, this is too much honour  
 You have conferrd on me;  
 I'm sure it's mair than I've deservd  
 Frae sic a one as thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.3  
 \N1 `In Reekie's towers I hae a bower,  
 And pictures round it set;  
 There is a bed that is well made,  
 Where you and I shall sleep.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.4  
 \N1 `O God forbid,' this youth then said,  
 `That ever I drie sic blame  
 As ever to touch the queen's bodie,  
 Altho the king's frae hame.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.5  
 \N1 When that he had these words spoken,  
 She secretly did say,  
 Some evil I shall work this man,  
 Before that it be day.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.6  
 \N1 Whan a' her maids were gane to bed,  
 And knights were gane frae hame,  
 She calld upon young Troy Muir,  
 To put f+ire in her room.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.7  
 \N1 `An asking, asking, Troy Muir,  
 An asking ye'll grant me;  
 `O, if it be a lawful thing,

My dame it\'s granted be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.8  
 \N1 `There is a stane in yon garden,  
 Nae ane lifts it for me;  
 But if that ye woud lift the same,  
 A brave man I\'ll ca thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.9  
 \N1 `Under yon stane there is a pit,  
 Most dreary for to see,  
 And in it there\'s as much red gowd  
 As buy a dukedom to thee.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.10  
 \N1 `O if I had ae sleep in bed,  
 And saw the morning sun,  
 As soon \'s I rise and see the skies,  
 Your will it shall be done.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.11  
 \N1 When birds did sing, and sun did rise,  
 And sweetly sang the lark,  
 Troy Muir to the garden went,  
 To work this dreary wark.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.12  
 \N1 He\'s taen the stane then by a ring,  
 And lifted manfullie;  
 A serpent that lang wanted meat  
 Round Troy Muir\'s middle did f+lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.13  
 \N1 `How shall I get rid o this foul beast?  
 It\'s by it I must dee;  
 I never thought the queen, my friend,  
 Woud work this mischief to me.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.14  
 \N1 But by there came a weelfaird may,  
 As Troy Muir did tauk,  
 The serpent\'s furious rage to lay,  
 Cut aff her fair white pap.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.15  
 \N1 As soon as she the same had done,  
 Young Troy Muir was set free,  
 And in ane hour the wound was heald,  
 That nae mair pain had she.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.16  
 \N1 Says Troy Muir, My lily-f+lower,  
 Ye hae release+:d me;  
 But before I see another day,  
 My wedded wife ye\'se be.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.17  
 \N1 He married her on that same day,  
 Brought her to his ain hame;  
 A lovely son to him she bare,  
 When full nine months were gane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 301A.18  
 \N1 As heaven was pleasd, in a short time,  
 To ease her f+irst sad pain,  
 Sae was it pleasd, when she\'d a son,  
 To hae a pap again.  
 \LBALLADS Child 302A.1  
 \N1 WHEN two lovers love each other well,  
 Great sin it were them to twinn;  
 And this I speak from Young Bearwell;



He loved a lady young,  
 The Mayor\'s daughter of Birkoun-brae,  
 That lovely, leesome thing.  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.2  
 \N1 One day when she was looking out,  
 When washing her milk-white hands,  
 That she beheld him Young Bearwell,  
 As he came in the sands.  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.3  
 \N1 Says, Wae\'s me for you, Young Bearwell,  
 Such tales of you are tauld;  
 They\'ll cause you sail the salt sea so far  
 As beyond Yorkisfauld.  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.4  
 \N1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 `O shall I bide in good greenwood,  
 Or stay in bower with thee?'  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.5  
 \N1 `The leaves are thick in good greenwood,  
 Would hold you from the rain;  
 And if you stay in bower with me  
 You will be taken and slain.  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.6  
 \N1 `But I caused build a ship for you  
 Upon Saint Innocent\'s day;  
 I\'ll bid Saint Innocent be your guide,  
 And Our Lady, that meikle may.  
 You are a lady\'s first true-love,  
 God carry you well away!'  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.7  
 \N1 Then he sailed east, and he sailed west,  
 By many a comely strand;  
 At length a puff of northern wind  
 Did blow him to the land.  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.8  
 \N1 When he did see the king and court,  
 Were playing at the ba;  
 Gave him a harp into his hand,  
 Says, Stay, Bearwell, and play.  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.9  
 He had not been in the king\'s court  
 A twelvemonth and a day,  
 Till there came lairds and lords anew  
 To court that lady gay.  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.10  
 \N1 They wooed her with brooch and ring,  
 They nothing could keep back;  
 The very charters of their lands  
 Into her hands they pat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.11  
 \N1 She\'s done her down to Heyvalin,  
 With the light of the moon;  
 Says, Will ye do this deed for me,  
 And will ye do it soon?  
 \SBALLADS Child 302A.12  
 \N1 `Will ye go seek him Young Bearwell,  
 On seas wherever he be?  
 And if I live and bruik my life  
 Rewarded ye shall be.'

\SBALLADS Child 302A.13

\N1 `Alas, I am too young a skipper,  
So far to sail the faem;  
Bit if I live and bruik my life  
I\'ll strive to bring him hame.'

\SBALLADS Child 302A.14

\N1 So he has saild east and then saild west,  
By many a comely strand,  
Till there came a blast of northern wind  
And blew him to the land.

\SBALLADS Child 302A.15

\N1 And there the king and all his court  
Were playing at the ba;  
Gave him a harp into his hand,  
Says, Stay, Heyvalin, and play.

\SBALLADS Child 302A.16

\N1 He has tane up the harp in hand,  
And unto play went he,  
And Young Bearwell was the f+irst man  
In all that companie.

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 303A.1

\N1 FAIR ANNIE had a costly bower,  
Well built wi lime and stane,  
And Willie came to visit her,  
Wit the light o the meen.

\SBALLADS Child 303A.2

\N1 When he came to Annie\'s bower-door,  
He tirlid at the pin:  
`Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Fair Annie,  
Ye\'ll open, lat me come in.'

\SBALLADS Child 303A.3

\N1 `O never a f+it,' says Fair Annie,  
`Till I your errand ken;'  
`My father\'s vowed a vow, Annie,  
I\'ll tell you when I\'m in.

\SBALLADS Child 303A.4

\N1 `My father\'s vowed a rash vow,  
I darena marry thee;  
My mither\'s vowed anither vow,  
My bride ye\'se never be.'

\SBALLADS Child 303A.5

\N1 `If ye had tauld me that, Willie,  
When we began to woo,  
There was naithing in this warld wide  
Shoud drawn my love to you.

\SBALLADS Child 303A.6

\N1 `A nun, a nun,' said Fair Annie,  
`A nun will I be then;'  
`A priest, a priest,' said Sweet Willie,  
`A priest will I be syne.'

\SBALLADS Child 303A.7

\N1 She is gane to her father,  
For mither she had nane;  
And she is on to her father,  
To see if she\'d be a nun.

\SBALLADS Child 303A.8

\N1 `An asking, asking, father dear,  
An asking ye\'ll grant me;  
That\'s to get to the holy nunnery,

And there to live or die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.9  
\N1 `Your asking\'s nae sae great, daughter,  
But granted it shall be;  
For ye\'se won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.10  
\N1 Then they gaed on, and farther on,  
Till they came to the yate;  
And there they spied a maiden porter,  
Wi gowd upon her hat.  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.11  
\N1 `An asking, asking, maiden porter,  
An asking ye\'ll grant me;  
If I\'ll won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.'  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.12  
\N1 `Your asking\'s nae sae great, lady,  
But granted it shall be;  
For ye\'se won to the holy nunnery,  
There to live or die.  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.13  
\N1 `But ye maun vow a vow, lady,  
Before that ye seek in;  
Never to kiss a young man\'s mouth  
That goes upon the grun.  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.14  
\N1 `And ye must vow anither vow,  
Severely ye must work;  
The well-warst vow that ye\'re to vow,  
Is never to gang to kirk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.15  
\N1 `I will vow a vow,' she said,  
`Before that I seek in;  
I neer shall kiss a young man\'s mouth  
That goes upon the grun.  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.16  
\N1 `And I will vow anither vow,  
Severly I will work;  
The well-warst vow that I\'m to vow  
Is never to gang to kirk.'  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.17  
\N1 For seven years now Fair Annie,  
In the holy nunnery lay she,  
And seven years Sweet Willie lay,  
In languish like to die.  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.18  
\N1 `Is there nae duke no lord\'s daughter,  
My son, can comfort thee,  
And save thee frae the gates o death?  
Is there nae remedie?'  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.19  
\N1 `There is nae duke nor lord\'s daughter,  
Mother, can cofort me,  
Except it be my love, Annie,  
In the holy nunnery lies she.'  
\SBALLADS Child 303A.20  
\N1 They\'ve dressd Sweet Willie up in silk,  
Wi gowd his gown did shine,  
And nane coud ken by his pale face

But he was a lady f+ine.  
 \SBALLADS Child 303A.21  
 \N1 So they gaed on, and farther on,  
 Till they came to the yate,  
 And there they spied a maiden porter,  
 Wi gowd upon her hat.  
 \SBALLADS Child 303A.22  
 \N1 `An asking, an asking, maiden porter,  
 An asking ye\'ll grant me;  
 For to win in to the holy nunnery,  
 Fair Annie for to see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 303A.23  
 \N1 `Your asking\'s nae sae great, lady,  
 But granted it shall be;  
 Ye\'se won into the holy nunnery,  
 Fair Annie for to see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 303A.24  
 \N1 `Be she duke\'s or lord\'s daughter,  
 It\'s lang sin she came here:'  
 Fair Annie kent her true love\'s face;  
 Says, Come up, my sister dear.  
 \SBALLADS Child 303A.25  
 \N1 Sweet Willie went to kiss her lips,  
 As he had wont to do;  
 But she softly whispered him,  
 I darena this avow.  
 \LBALLADS Child 304A.1  
 \N1 IT fell upon the Lammas time,  
 When f+lowers were fresh and green,  
 And craig and cleugh was covered ower  
 With cloathing that was clean.  
 \SBALLADS Child 304A.2  
 \N1 \\'Twas at that time a noble squire,  
 Sprung from an ancient line,  
 Laid his love on a lady fair,  
 The king\'s daughter o Linne.  
 \SBALLADS Child 304A.3  
 \N1 When cocks did craw, and day did daw,  
 And mint in meadows sprang,  
 Young Ronald and his little wee boy  
 They rode the way alang.  
 \SBALLADS Child 304A.4  
 \N1 So they rode on, and farther on,  
 To yonder pleasant green,  
 And there he spied that lady fair,  
 In her garden alane.  
 \SBALLADS Child 304A.5  
 \N1 These two together lang they stood,  
 And love\'s tale there they taul;  
 The glancing o her fair color  
 Did Ronald\'s own impale.  
 \SBALLADS Child 304A.6  
 \N1 He lifted \'s hat, and thus he spake;  
 O pity have on me!  
 For I could pledge what is my right,  
 All for the sake of thee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 304A.7  
 \N1 `Ye\'re young amo your mirth, kind sir,  
 And fair o your dull hours;  
 There\'s nae a lady in a\' London

But might be your paramour.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.8  
\N1 `But I\'m too young to wed, kind sir,  
You must not take it ill;  
Whate\'er my father bids me do,  
I maun be at his will.'  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.9  
\N1 He kisssd her then and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And he is on to Windsor gone,  
And his boy by his side.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.10  
\N1 And when he unto Windsor came,  
And lighted on the green,  
There he spied his mother dear,  
Was walking there alane.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.11  
\N1 `Where have ye been, my son, Ronald,  
From gude school-house, this day?'  
`I hae been at Linne, mother,  
Seeing yon bonny may.'  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.12  
\N1 `O wae\'s me for you now, Ronald,  
For she will not you hae;  
For mony a knight and bauld baron  
She\'s nickd them a\' wi nae.'  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.13  
\N1 Young Ronald\'s done him to his bower,  
And he took bed and lay;  
Nae woman could come in his sight,  
For the thoughts o this well-fard may.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.14  
\N1 Then in it came his father dear,  
Well belted in a brand;  
The tears ran frae his twa gray eyes,  
All for his lovely son.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.15  
\N1 Then Ronald calld his stable-groom  
To come right speedilie;  
Says, Ye\'ll gang to yon stable, boy,  
And saddle a steed for me.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.16  
\N1 `His saddle o the guid red gowd,  
His bits be o the steel,  
His bridle o a glittering hue;  
See that ye saddle him weel.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.17  
\N1 `For I\'ve heard greeters at your school-house,  
Near thirty in a day;  
But for to hear an auld man greet,  
It passes bairns\' play.'  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.18  
\N1 When cocks did crawl, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows sprang,  
Young Ronald and his little wee boy  
The way they rode alang.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.19  
\N1 So they rode on, and further on,  
To younder pleasant green,  
And there they saw that lady fair,

In her garden alane.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.20

\N1 And twenty times before he ceasd  
He kisssd her lips sae clear,  
And said, Dear lady, for your sake,  
I'll f+ight fell lang and sair.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.21

\N1 `Full haste, nae speed, for me, kind sir,'  
Replied the lady clear;  
`Far better bucklings ye maun bide  
Or ye gain my love by weir.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.22

\N1 `King Honour is my father\'s name,  
The morn to war maun fare,  
And that\'s to f+ight a proud giant,  
That\'s wrought him muckle care.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.23

\N1 `Along wi him he is to take  
Baith noble knights and squires,  
I woud wish you as well-dressd a knight  
As ony will be there.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.24

\N1 `And I\'ll gie you a thousand crowns,  
To part amang your men;  
A robe upon your ain body,  
Weel sewd wi my ain hand.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.25

\N1 `Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
The virtue it is gude;  
If ony o your men be hurt,  
It soon will stem their blude.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.26

\N1 `Another ring, a royal thing,  
Whose virtue is well known;  
As lang\'s this ring your body\'s on,  
Your bluid shall neer be drawn.'

\SBALLADS Child 304A.27

\N1 He kisssd her then, and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And he is on to Windsor gone,  
And his boy by his side.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.28

\N1 And when he unto Windsor came,  
And lighted on the green,  
There he saw his auld father,  
Was walking him alane.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.29

\N1 `Where hae ye been, my son, Ronald,  
From gude school-house the day?'  
`O I hae been at Linne, father,  
Seeking yon bonny may.'

\SBALLADS Child 304A.30

\N1 `O wae\'s me for you now, Ronald,  
For she will not you hae;  
Mony a knight and bauld baron  
She\'s nickd them a\' wi nay.'

\SBALLADS Child 304A.31

\N1 `O had your tongue, my father dear,  
Lat a\' your folly be;  
The last words that I wi her spake,

Her love was granted me.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.32  
\N1 `King Honour is her father\'s name,  
The morn to war maun fare,  
And that\'s to fight a proud giant,  
That\'s wrought him muckle care.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.33  
\N1 `Alang wi him he means to take  
Baith knights and noble squires;  
And she wishes me as well drest a knight  
As ony will be there.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.34  
\N1 `And she\'s gaen me a thousand crowns,  
To part amang my men;  
A robe upon my ain body,  
Weel sewd wi her ain hand.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.35  
\N1 `Likewise a ring, a royal thing,  
The virtue it is gude;  
If ony o my men be hurt,  
It soon will stem their blude.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.36  
\N1 `Another ring, a royal thing,  
Whose virtue is unknown;  
As lang\'s this ring my body\'s on,  
My blude will neer be drawn.'  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.37  
\N1 `If that be true, my son, Ronald,  
That ye hae tauld to me,  
I\'ll gie to you an hundred men,  
To bear you companie.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.38  
\N1 `Besides as muckle gude harness  
As carry them on the lee;  
It is a company gude enough  
For sic a squire as thee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.39  
\N1 When cocks did craw, and day did daw,  
And mint in meadows spread,  
Young Ronald and his merry young men  
Were ready for to ride.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.40  
\N1 So they rode on, and farther on,  
To yonder pleasant green,  
And there they spied that lady fair,  
In her garden, sair mourning.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.41  
\N1 These twa together lang they stood,  
And love\'s tale there they taul,  
Till her father and his merry young men  
Ahd ridden seven mile.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.42  
\N1 He kisssd her then, and took his leave,  
His heart was all in pride,  
And then he sprang alang the road  
As sparks do frae the glead.  
\SBALLADS Child 304A.43  
\N1 Then to his great steed he set spur;  
He being swift o feet,  
They soon arrived on the plain,

Where all the rest did meet.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.44

\N1 Then f+lew the foul thief frae the west,  
His make was never seen;  
He had three heads upon ae hause,  
Three heads on ae breast-bane.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.45

\N1 He bauldly stept up to the king,  
Seiz\'d \'s steed in his right hand;  
Says, Here I am, a valiant man,  
Fight me now if ye can.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.46

\N1 `Where is the man in a\' my train  
Will take this deed in hand?  
And he shall hae my daughter dear,  
And third part o my land.'

\SBALLADS Child 304A.47

\N1 `O here am I,' said young Ronald,  
`Will take the deed in hand;  
And ye\'ll gie me your daughter dear,  
I\'ll seek nane o your land.'

\SBALLADS Child 304A.48

\N1 `I woudna for my life, Ronald,  
This day I left you here;  
Remember ye yon lady gay  
For you shed mony a tear.'

\SBALLADS Child 304A.49

\N1 Fan he did mind on that lady  
That he left him behind,  
He hadna mair fear to f+ight  
Nor a lion frae a chain.

\SBALLADS Child 304A.50

\N1 Then he cut aff the giant\'s heads  
Wi ae sweep o his hand,  
Gaed hame and married that lady,  
And heird her father\'s land.

\LBALLADS Child 305A.1

\N1 ETRICK FOREST is a fair foreste,  
In it grows manie a semelie trie;  
The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,  
And of a\' [wylde] beastis grete plentie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.2

\N1 There\'s a castell biggit with lime and stane,  
O gin it stands not pleasantlie!  
In the fore front o that castell fair  
Twa unicorns are bra to see.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.3

\N1 There\'s the picture of a knight and a ladye bright,  
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
There an Outlaw keepis f+ive hundred men,  
He keepis a royalle companie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.4

\N1 His merrie men are in [ae] liverie clad,  
Of the Lincoln grene so fair to see;  
He and his ladie in purple clad,  
O if they live not royallie!

\SBALLADS Child 305A.5

\N1 Word is gane to our nobell king,  
In Edinburgh where that he lay,  
That there was an Outlaw in Etterick forest



Counted him nought and all his courtrie gay.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.6  
\N1 `I mak a vowe,' then the goode king said,  
`Unto the man that dear bought me,  
I\'se either be king of Etrick forest,  
Or king of Scotland that Outlaw\'s bee.'  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.7  
\N1 Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,  
And to the noble king said he;  
My sovereign prince, sum counsell tak,  
First of your nobles, syne of me.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.8  
\N1 `I redd you send yon bra Outlaw till  
And see gif your man cum will he;  
Desire him cum and be your man,  
And hald of you yon forest frie.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.9  
\N1 `And gif he refuses to do that,  
We\'ll conquess both his lands and he,  
Or else we\'ll throw his castell down,  
And mak a widowe of his gaye ladie.'  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.10  
\N1 The king called on a gentleman,  
James Boyd, Erle of Arran, his brother was he;  
When James he came before the king  
He fell before him on his knie.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.11  
\N1 `Welcum James Boyd,' said our nobil king,  
`A message ye maun gang for me;  
Ye maun hie to Etrick forrest,  
To yon Outlaw, where dwelleth he.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.12  
\N1 `Ask hym of quhom he haldis his lands,  
Or, man, wha may his master be;  
Desyre him come and be my man,  
And hald of me yon forrest frie.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.13  
\N1 `To Edinburgh to cum and gang  
His safe-warrant I sall be;  
And, gif he refuses to do that,  
We\'ll conquess baith his lands and he.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.14  
\N1 `Thou mayst vow I\'ll cast his castell doun,  
And mak a widow of his gayladie;  
I\'ll hang his merrie men pair by pair  
In ony frith where I may them see.'  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.15  
\N1 James Boyd took his leave of the nobill king,  
To Etrick forrest fair came he;  
Down Birkendale brae when that he cam,  
He saw the fair forest with his ee.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.16  
\N1 Baith dae and rae and hart and hynd,  
And of all wylde beastis grete plentie;  
He heard the bows that bauldly ring,  
And arrows whidderand near him by.  
\SBALLADS Child 305A.17  
\N1 Of the fair castell he got a sight,  
The like he nere saw with his ee;  
On the fore front of that castell

Twa unicorns were bra to see.  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.18  
 \N1 The picture of a knight and a ladie bright,  
 And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
 Thereat he spy\'d f+ive hundred men,  
 Shuting with bows upon the lee.  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.19  
 \N1 They a\' were in ae liverie clad,  
 Of the Lincoln grene, sae fair to see;  
 The knight and his ladye in purple clad;  
 O gif they lived right royallie!  
 Therefore he kend he was master-man,  
 And served him in his ain degree.  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.20  
 \N1 `God mot thee save, brave Outlaw Murray,  
 Thy ladie and a\' they chivalrie!'  
 `Marry, thou\'s wellcum, gentleman,  
 Sum king\'s-messenger thou seems to be.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.21  
 \N1 `The King of Scotland sent me hier,  
 And, gude Outlaw, I\'m sent to thee;  
 I wad wat of whom ye hald your lands,  
 Or, man, wha may thy master be'  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.22  
 \N1 `Thir landis are mine,' the Outlaw said,  
 `I own na king in Christentie;  
 Frae Soudron I this forest wan,  
 When the king nor\'s knights were not to see.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.23  
 \N1 `He desires you\'l come to Edinburgh,  
 And hald of him this forest frie;  
 And gif you refuse to do this,  
 He\'ll conqess both thy landis and thee;  
 He has vovd to cast thy castell down,  
 And make a widow of thy gaye ladie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.24  
 \N1 `He\'ll hang thy merrie men pair by pair,  
 In ony frith where he may them f+inde;'  
 `Aye, by my troth,' the Outlaw said,  
 `Then wad I think me far behinde.  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.25  
 \N1 `Eere the king my fair countrie get,  
 This land that\'s nativest to me,  
 Mony of his nobils sall becauld,  
 Their ladies sall be right wearie.'  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.26  
 \N1 Then spak his ladye fair of face,  
 She said, Without consent of me  
 That an outlaw shuld come before the king:  
 I am right rad of treasonrie.  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.27  
 \N1 `Bid him be gude to his lordis at hame,  
 For Edinburgh my lord sall never see:'  
 James take his leave of the Outlaw keene,  
 To Edinburgh boun is he.  
 \SBALLADS Child 305A.28  
 \N1 And when he came before the king,  
 He fell before him on his knie:  
 `Wellcum, James Boyd,' said the nobil king,  
 `What foreste is Etrick forest frie?'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.29

\N1 `Etrick forest is the fairest forest  
That ever man saw with his ee;  
There\'s the dae, the rae, the hart, the hynde,  
And of all wild beastis great plentie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.30

\N1 `There\'s a prittie castell of lime and stone,  
O gif it stands not pleasauntlie!  
There\'s on the fore side of that castell  
Twa unicorns sae bra to see.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.31

\N1 `There\'s the picture of a knight and [a] ladie bright,  
And the grene hollin aboon their brie;  
There the Outlaw keepis f+ive hundred men,  
O gif they live not royallie!

\SBALLADS Child 305A.32

\N1 `His merry men in [ae] liverie clad,  
O the Lincoln grene, so fair to see;  
He and his ladye in purple clad,  
O gif they live not royallie!

\SBALLADS Child 305A.33

\N1 `He says yon forest is his ain,  
He wan it from the Soudronie;  
Sae as he won it, sae will he keep it,  
Contrair all kings in Christentie.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.34

\N1 `Gar ray my horse,' said the nobil king,  
'To Etrick [forest] hie will I me;'  
Then he gard graith f+ive thousand men,  
And sent them on for the forest frie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.35

\N1 Then word is gane the Outlaw till,  
In Etrick forest where dwelleth he,  
That the king was cumand to his cuntrie,  
To conqness baith his lands and he.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.36

\N1 `I mak a vow,' the Outlaw said,  
'I mak a vow, and that trulie,  
Were there but three men to tak my part,  
Yon king\'s cuming full deir suld be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.37

\N1 Then messengers he called forth,  
And bade them haste them speedilie:  
'Ane of you go to Halliday,  
The laird of the Corehead is he.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.38

\N1 `He certain is my sister\'s son,  
Bid him cum quick and succour me;  
Tell Halliday with thee to cum,  
And shaw him a\' the veritie.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.39

\N1 `What news? what news,' said Halliday,  
'Man, frae thy master unto me?'  
'Not as ye wad; seeking your aid;  
The king\'s his mortal enemie.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.40

\N1 `Aye, by my troth,' quoth Halliday,  
'Even for that it repenteth me;  
For, gif he lose fair Etrick forest,  
He\'ll take fair Moffatdale frae me.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.41

\N1 `I\`ll meet him wi f+ive hundred men,  
And surely mae, if mae may be:'  
[The Outlaw calld a messenger,  
And bid him hie him speedily.]

\SBALLADS Child 305A.42

\N1 `To Andrew Murray of Cockpool,  
That man\`s a deir cousin to me;  
Desire him cum and make me aid,  
With all the power that he may be.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.43

\N1 `The king has vovd to cast my castell down,  
And mak a widow of my gay ladye;  
He\`ll hang my merry men pair by pair  
I<n] ony place where he may them see.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.44

\N1 `It stands me hard,' quoth Andrew Murray,  
`Judge if it stands not hard with me,  
To enter against a king with crown,  
And put my lands in jeopardie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.45

\N1 `Yet, gif I cum not on the daye,  
Surelie at night he sall me see:'  
To Sir James Murray, laird of Traquair,  
A message came right speedilie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.46

\N1 `What news? what news,' James Murray said,  
`Man, frae thy master unto me?'  
`What needs I tell? for well ye ken  
The king\`s his mortal enemie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.47

\N1 `He desires ye\`ll cum and make him aid,  
With all the powers that ye may be:'  
`And, by my troth,' James Murray said,  
`With that Outlaw I\`ll live and die.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.48

\N1 `The king has gifted my lands lang syne,  
It can not be nae war with me;'

: : : : : : :  
: : : : : : :

\SBALLADS Child 305A.49

\N1 The king was cumand thro Cadden ford,  
And f+iftene thousand men was he;  
They saw the forest them before,  
They thought it awsom for to see.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.50

\N1 Then spak the erle hight Hamilton,  
And to the nobil king said he,  
My sovereign prince, sum counsell take,  
First at your nobles, syne at me.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.51

\N1 `Desyre him meet you at Penman\`s Core,  
And bring four in his cumpanie;  
Fyve erles sall gang yoursell before,  
Gude cause that you suld honord be.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.52

\N1 `And, if he refuses to do that,  
Wi f+ire and sword we\`ll follow thee;  
There sall never a Murray after him  
Have land in Etrick forest frie.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.53

\N1 The king then called a gentleman,  
Royal-banner-bearer then was he,  
James Hope Pringle of Torsonse by name;  
He came and knelit upon his knie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.54

\N1 `Welcum, James Pringle of Torsonse;  
Ye man a message gae for me;  
Ye man gae to yon Outlaw Murray,  
Surely where bauldly bideth he.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.55

\N1 `Bid him meet me at Penman\'s Core,  
And bring four of his companie;  
Five erles sall cum wi mysell,  
Gude reason I suld honord be.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.56

\N1 `And if he refuses to do that,  
Bid him look for nae gude o me;  
There sall never a Murray after him  
Have land in Etric forest frie.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.57

\N1 James came before the Outlaw keene,  
And served him in his ain degree:  
`Wellcum, James Pringle of Torsonse,  
What tidings frae the king to me?'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.58

\N1 `He bids you meet him at Penman\'s Core,  
And bring four of your companie;  
Five erles will cum with the king,  
Nae more in number will he be.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.59

\N1 `And gif you refuse to do that,  
I freely here upgive with thee,  
There will never a Murray after thee  
Have land in Etrick forest frie.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.60

\N1 `He\'ll cast your bonny castell down,  
And make a widow of your gay ladie,  
He\'ll hang your merry men pair by pair  
In any place where he may them see.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.61

\N1 `It stands me hard,' the Outlaw said,  
`Judge if it stands not hard with me;  
I reck not of losing of mysell,  
But all my offspring after me.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.62

\N1 `Auld Haliday, young Haliday,  
Ye sall be twa to gang wi me;  
Andrew Murray and Sir James Murray,  
We\'ll be nae mae in cumpanie.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.63

\N1 When that they came before the king,  
They fell before him on their knee:  
`Grant mercy, mercy, royal king,  
Een for his sake who died on tre!'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.64

\N1 `Sicken-like mercy sall ye have,  
On gallows ye sall hangit be;'  
`God forbid!' quo the Outlaw then,  
`I hope your Grace will better be.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.65

\N1 `These lands of Etrick forest fair,  
I wan them frae the enemie;  
Like as I wan them, sae will I keep them,  
Contrair all kings in Christentie.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.66

\N1 All the nobilis said, the king about,  
Pitye it were to see him die:  
`Yet graunt me mercye, sovereign prince,  
Extend your favour unto me!

\SBALLADS Child 305A.67

\N1 `I\`ll give you the keys of my castell,  
With the blessing of my fair ladie;  
Mak me the sheriff of the forest,  
And all my offspring after me.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.68

`Wilt thou give me the keys of thy castell,  
With the blessing of thy fair ladye?  
I\`ll mak the shiryff of the forest,  
Surely while upwards grows the trie;  
If you be not traytour to the king,  
Forfaulted sall ye never be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.69

\N1 `But, prince, what sall cum o my men?  
When I go back, traitour they\`ll ca me;  
I had rather lose my life and land,  
Eer my merry men rebuke+d me.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.70

`Will your merry men amend their lives  
And all their pardouns I grant thee:  
Now name thy landes whe\`ere they be,  
And here I render them to thee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.71

\N1 `Fair Philiphaugh, prince, is my awin,  
I biggit it wi lime and stane;  
The Tinnies and the Hangingshaw,  
My leige, are native steeds of mine.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.72

\N1 '. . . . .  
. . . . .

I have mony steeds in the forest shaw,  
But them by name I dinna know.'

\SBALLADS Child 305A.73

\N1 The keys of the castell he gave the king,  
With the blessing of his fair ladye;  
He was made sheryff of Etrick forest,  
Surely while upward grows the trie;  
And, if he was not traytour to the king,  
Forfaulted he suld never be.

\SBALLADS Child 305A.74

\N1 Wha ever heard, in ony tymes,  
Sicken an outlaw in his degree  
Sic favour get before a king  
As did the Outlaw Murray of the forest frie?

\LBALLADS Child 305B.1

\N1 ETTERICK FOREST\`s pleasant land,  
And it grows mony a bonny tree;  
With buck and doe and a\` wild beast,  
As castle stands right bonnilie.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.2

\N1 Yon castle has twa unicorns,  
The like I never saw wi my ee,  
The picture of a knight and lady bright,  
And the green hollin\'s aboon her [bree].

\SBALLADS Child 305B.3

\N1 Word is gane to Edinbro town

. . . . .  
That there\'s an Outlaw in Etterick forest  
That keeps as f+ine a court as he.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.4

\N1 The king has sworn a solemn oath,  
And he has sworn by [the Virgin Mary],  
He would either be king of Etterick forest,  
Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.5

\N1 He has ca\'d up Mr James Boyd,  
A highland laird I\'m sure was he:  
'Ye must gae to Etterick forest  
And see of wha he had his land,  
And wha pays yon men meat and fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.6

\N1 He\'s tane his leave o the king and court,  
Een as hard as he may dree;  
When he came in O\'er London edge,  
He viewed the forest wi his eee.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.7

\N1 He thought it was as pleasant a land  
As ever his two eyes did see,  
But when he came in oer . . .',  
They were a\' ranked on Newark lee.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.8

\N1 O waly, but they were bonny to see!  
Five hundred men playing at the ba;  
They were a\' clad in the Lincoln green,  
And the Outlaw\'s sell in taffety.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.9

\N1 'Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,  
'You and your brave companie;  
The King of Scotland hath sent me here,  
To see whom on you hold your lands,  
Or who pays thir men meat and fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.10

\N1 The f+irst ae man the answer made,  
It was the Outlaw he:

'The lands they are all mine,  
And I pay thir men meat and fee,  
And as I wan them so will I lose them,  
Contrair the kings o Cristendie.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.11

\N1 'I never was a king\'s subject,  
And a king\'s subject I\'ll never be;  
For I wan them i the f+ields f+ighting,  
Where him and his nobles durst not come and see.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.12

\N1 O out bespeaks the Outlaw\'s lady,  
I wot she spake right wisely;  
'Be good unto your nobles at home,  
For Edinbro mine shall never see;'  
But meat and drink o the best I\'m sure got he.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.13

\N1 He has taen his leave o the Outlaw free,  
And een as hard as he may dree,  
While he came to the king\'s court,  
Where he kneeld low down on his knee.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.14

\N1 `What news? what news, James,' he says,  
`Frae yon Outlaw and his company?'

`Yon forest is as f+ine a land  
As ever I did see.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.15

\N1 `Yon Outlaw keeps as f+ine a court  
As any king in Cristendie;  
Yon lands they are here all his own,  
And he pays yon men meat and fee,  
And as he wan them so will he lose them,  
Contrair the kings of Cristendie.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.16

\N1 `He never was a king\'s subject,  
And a king\'s subject he\'ll never be;  
For he wan them in the f+ields f+ighting,  
Where the king and his nobles durst not come to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.17

\N1 The king has sworn a solemn oath,  
And he has sworn by the Virgin Mary,  
He would either be king of Etterick forest,  
Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.18

\N1 The king has ca\'d up Mr James Pringle,  
Laird of Torson<s>e at the time was he:  
`Ye must gae to Etterick forest,  
And see wha of he hads his land,  
And wha pays yon men meat and fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.19

\N1 He\'s tane his leave o the king and court,  
Een as hard as he may dree;  
When he came in O\'er London edge,  
He viewed the forest wi his eee.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.20

\N1 He thought it was as pleasant a land  
As ever his two eyes did see,  
But when he came in oer . . .',  
They were a\' ranked on Newark lee.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.21

\N1 O waly, but they were bonny to see!  
Five hundred men playing at the ba;  
They were a\' clad in the Lincoln green,  
And the Outlaw\'s sell in taffety.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.22

\N1 `Weel met you save, Outlaw,' he says,  
`You and your brave companie;  
The King of Scotland hath sent me here,  
To see whom on you hold your lands,  
Or who pays thir men meat and fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.23

\N1 The f+irst ae man the answer made,  
It was the Outlaw he:

`The lands they are all mine,  
And I pay thir men meat and fee,  
And as I wan them so will I lose them,  
Contrair the kings o Cristendie.



\SBALLADS Child 305B.24

\N1 `I never was a king\'s subject,  
And a king\'s subject I\'ll never be;  
For I wan them i the f+ielsds f+ighting,  
Where him and his nobles durst not come and see.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.25

\N1 O out bespeaks the Outlaw\'s lady,  
I wot she spake right wisely;  
`Be good unto your nobles at home,  
For Edinbro mine shall never see;'  
But meat and drink o the best I\'m sure got he.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.26

\N1 `And as I wan them so will I lose them,  
Contrair the kings o Cristendie;  
I wan them frae the Soudan Turk,  
Whem their cuckold king durst not come to see;  
For I wan them in the f+ielsds f+ighting,  
Where him and his nobles durst not come to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.27

\N1 O out bespeaks the Outlaw\'s lady,  
I wot she spake right wisely;  
`Be good unto your nobles at home,  
For Edinbro mine shall never see;'  
But meat and drink o the best I\'m sure got he.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.28

\N1 He has taen his leave o the Outlaw free,  
And een as hard as he may dree,  
While he came to the king\'s court,  
Where he kneeld low down on his knee.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.29

\N1 `What news? what news, James,' he says,  
`Frae yon Outlaw and his company?'  
`Yon forest is as f+iine a land  
As ever I did see.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.30

\N1 `Yon Outlaw keeps as f+iine a court  
As any king in Cristendie;  
Yon lands they are here all his own,  
And he pays yon men meat and fee,  
And as he wan them so will he lose them,  
Contrair the kings of Cristendie.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.31

\N1 `He hever was a king\'s subject,  
And a king\'s subject he\'ll never be;  
For he wan them in the f+ielsds f+ighting,  
Where the king and his nobles durst not come to see.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.32

\N1 The king has sworn a solemn oath,  
And he has sworn by the Virgin Mary,  
He would either be king of Etterick forest,  
Or king of Scotland the Outlaw should be.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.33

\N1 `Gar warn me Perthshire and Angus both,  
Fifeshire up and down, and Loudons three,  
For I fear of them we hae great need,

. . . . .'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.34

\N1 Then word is come to the Outlaw then,  
`Our noble king comes o the morn,  
Landless men ye will a\' be;'

He\'s called up his little foot-page,  
His sister\'s son I trow was he.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.35

\N1 `Ye must tak Etterick head  
Een as hard as ye can drie;  
Ye must gae to the Corhead and tell  
Andrew Brown this frae me.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.36

\N1 `The noble king comes in the morn,  
And landless men we will a\' be;

. . . . .

And tell him to send me some supply.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.37

\N1 The boy has taen Etterick head,  
And een has hard as he may drie,  
Till he came to the Corhead,  
And he shouted out and cry\'d well he.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.38

\N1 `What news? what news, my little boy?  
What news has thy master to me?'

`The noble king comes in the morn,  
And landless then ye will a\' be.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.39

\N1 `Ye must meet him on the morn,  
And mak him some supply;'

`For if he get the forest fair frae him,  
He\'ll hae Moffat-dale frae me.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.40

\N1 `I\'ll meet him the morn wi f+ive hundred men,  
And f+ifty mair, if they may be;  
And if he get the forest fair  
We\'ll a\' die on the Newark lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.41

\N1 Word is gane to the Border then,  
To . . . , the country-keeper I\'m sure was he:

`The noble king comes in the morn,  
And landless me ye will a\' be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.42

\N1 `I\'ll meet him the morn wi f+ive hundred men,  
And f+ifty mair, if they may be;  
And if he get the forest fair,  
We\'ll a\' die on the Newark lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.43

\N1 Word is gane to Philiphaugh,  
His sister\'s son I\'m sure was he,  
To meet him the morn wi some supply,  
`For the noble king comes in the morn,  
And landless men ye will a\' be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.44

\N1 `In the day I daur not be seen,  
For he took a\' my lands frae me  
And gifted me them back again;  
Therefore against him I must not be;  
For if I be found against him rebel,  
It will be counted great treason<rie].

\SBALLADS Child 305B.45

\N1 `In the day I daur not be seen,  
But in the night he shall me f+ind  
With f+ive hundred men and f+ifty, if they may be,  
And before he get the forest fair

We\`ll a\` die on the Newark lee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.46

When the king came in oer Loudon edge,  
 Wi three thousand weel teld was he,  
 And when he came in oer . . .  
 He viewd that forest wi his ee.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.47

\N1 The Outlaw and his men were a\  
 Ranked on the Newark lee;  
 They were a\  
 clad in the Lincoln green,  
 And he himsell in the taffety.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.48

\N1 An auld grey-haired knight has taen aff his cap,  
 . . . . .  
 `Pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,  
 Two or three words to speak wi you.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.49

\N1 `If you please to send for the Outlaw,  
 To see if he could with you agree,  
 There\`s not a man yon Outlaw has  
 But of yours he\`ll choose to be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.50

\N1 The king he has taen af his cap,  
 He held it on his majesty;  
 `I\`ll meet him the morn at the poor man\`s house,  
 In number not above two or three;'  
 The Outlaw says, I\`ll hae as few as thee.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.51

\N1 `There\`s Andrew Brown, and Andrew Murray,  
 And Mess James Murray shall gang wi me,  
 . . . . .  
 And nae mae shall my number be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.52

\N1 And when they came to the poor man\`s core  
 They waited two lang hours or three,  
 And they were aware of the noble king coming,  
 And hundreds three in his company.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.53

\N1 `I wonder what the muckle Deel  
 He\`ll learned kings to lie,  
 For to fetch me here frae amang my men  
 Even like a dog for to die;  
 But before I gang to Edinbro town  
 Monny toom saddles shall there be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.54

\N1 The king he has taen aff his cap;  
 . . . . .  
 `It [were] great offence here,' he says,  
 `And great pity to see thee die.

\SBALLADS Child 305B.55

\N1 `For thou shalt be laerd o this forest fair  
 As lang as upwards grows the tree  
 and downward the twa rivers run,  
 If the steads thou can but rightly name to me'

\SBALLADS Child 305B.56

\N1 `There\`s Hangingshaw high and Hangingshaw laigh,  
 . . . . .  
 The Tinis and the Tinis-burn,  
 The Newark and the Newark lee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\LBALLADS Child 305C.1

\N1 `GAE fetch to me James Pringle wi hast,  
An see that he come speedilie,  
For he maun on to Ettrick forest,  
An see whae pays yon men meat and fee.'

\SBALLADS Child 305C.2

\N1 When James Pringle cam down oer Birkendalee,  
The hawks war yellin right loudlie,  
The hunds war rinnin oer hill and dale,  
As the bugle-horn soundit bonnilie.

\SBALLADS Child 305C.3

\N1 `Gae tell yer king this land\'s my ain,  
An to thir men I pay meat and fee;  
I took it thrae the Souden Turk,  
When nae sic cuckold king might be.

\SBALLADS Child 305C.4

\N1 `Sae as I wan, sae will I lose,  
Spite o the kings in Christendie;  
I never was a king\'s subject,  
Nor a king\'s subject will I ever be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305C.5

\N1 `Outlaw Murray says yon land\'s his ain,  
And to yon men he pays meat and fee;  
He took it frae the Souden Turk,  
When you and your men durstna come and see.'

\SBALLADS Child 305C.6

\N1 It was than the king he gat up in hast,  
An wow an angrie man was he!  
'I\'se either be king o Ettrick forest,  
Or king o Scotland sal he be.

\SBALLADS Child 305C.7

\N1 `Gar warn me Fife an a\' Lothian land,  
An Perth an Angus, to ride wi me,  
For gin we war f+ive thousan strang  
Master and mair I fear he\'ll be.'

\SBALLADS Child 305C.8

\N1 When the king came oer be Birkendalee,  
He spy\'d the forest wi his ee;  
There war daes an raes an monie wild beast,  
An a castle stannin right bonnilie.

\SBALLADS Child 305C.9

\N1 An in that caslte a unicorn,  
An, waly, but they war fair to see!  
A warlike knight and a lady bright,  
An the green halleen aboon her bree.

\SBALLADS Child 305C.10

\N1 An Outlaw Murray an his merry men  
War a\' rankit up i the Newark lee,  
Well mountit on a milk-white steed;  
Waly, he rankit them bonnilie!

\SBALLADS Child 305C.11

\N1 His men war a clad oer wi green,  
An he was clad i the taffatie,  
Wi belt an pistle by his side;  
O waly, but they war fair to see!

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 305C.12

\N1 `Haliday young an Halliday auld,  
Ye ir the men that man ride wi me;  
But gin we war f+ive hunder strang

Master an mair I fear they\'ll be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 305C.13

\N1 `Philliphaugh it is my ain,

An Newark it belongs to me;

Lewinshope an Hanginshaw

Nae mortal man can claim thrae me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

\SBALLADS Child 305C.14

\N1 It was than James Boyd got up in hast,

An to his merry men a\' spak he;

. . . . .

. . . . .