

THE

# BLACKAMOR

23 IN THE WOOD.

OR  
A Lamentable Ballad

On the tragical end of a gallant Lord and his  
virtuous Lady:

*Together with the untimely death of their*  
TWO CHILDREN,

Wickedly performed by a blood-thirsty villain  
their servant

*The like of which Cruelty was*  
*never heard of.*



Stirling—Printed and Sold by M. Randall

The BLACKAMOOR in the Wood.

**I**N Rome a Nobleman did wed  
a virgin of great fame ;  
A fairer creature never did  
dame nature ever frame.

By whom he had two children fair,  
whose beauty did excel,  
And were their parents only joy,  
they lov'd them both so well.

This Lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,  
the tyger and the boar :  
And still for swiftness always took  
with him a Blackamoor :

Which Blackamoor within the wood,  
his Lord he did offend  
But there he did him then correct,  
in hopes he would amend.

The day it drew unto an end,  
when homeward they did haste,  
When with his Lady he did rest,  
until the night was past.

Then in the morning he did rise,  
and both his servants call,  
A hunting to provide to go,  
Araight they were ready all.

Cause of his toil, his lady did  
intreat him not to go;  
Alas I good Lady, (then quoth he)  
why art thou grieved so?

Content thyself, I will return  
with speed to thee again;  
Good father, quoth the little babes,  
with us still here remain.

arewel dear children, I will go  
a fine thing you to buy;  
but they therewith no whit content,  
aloud began to cry,

Their mother takes them by the hand,  
saying, come and go with me,  
into the highest tower, where  
your father you shall see.

The blackamoore perceived now  
who then did stay behind,  
his Lord a hunting to be gone,  
began to call to mind,

My master he did me correct,  
my fault not being great;  
now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,  
she shall not me intreat.

The place was moated round about,  
the bridge he up did draw;  
the gates he bolted very strong,  
of none he stood in awe.

He up into the tower went,  
 the Lady being there,  
 Who when she saw his count'nance grim,  
 the straight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart it quakes,  
 to think what I must write;  
 My senses all begin to faint,  
 my soul it doth aſright.

Yet I must make an end of this,  
 which here I have begun,  
 Which will make sad the hardest heart  
 before that I have done.

The wretch unto the lady went  
 and there with speed did will  
 His lust forthwith to ſatisfy,  
 his mind for to fulfil.

The lady ſhe amazed was  
 to hear the villain ſpeak;  
 Alas! quoth ſhe, what ſhall I do!  
 with grief my heart will break.

With that he took her in his arms,  
 ſhe ſtraight for help did cry:  
 Content yourſelf, Lady, quoth he,  
 your huſband is not nigh.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is ſhut,  
 therefore come lie with me,  
 Or elſe I do proteſt and vow  
 thy butcher I will be.

The chryſtal tears ran from her cheeks,  
 her children cry'd amain,  
 And fought to help their mother dear  
 but alas ! 'twas all in vain.

For the egregious filthy rogue  
 her hands behind her bound,  
 And then by force with all his ſtrength  
 he threw her on the ground.

With that ſhe ſhriek'd, her children cry'd,  
 and ſuch a noiſe did make,  
 The townſmen hearing their lament,  
 did ſeek their part to take;

But all in vain, no way was found  
 to aid the lady's need,  
 Who cried to them moſt piteouſly,  
 oh help, oh help with ſpeed.

Some did run to the foreſt wide,  
 her lord home for to call;  
 And they that ſtood did ſore lament  
 the gallant lady's fall.

With ſpeed the lord came poſſing home,  
 but could not enter in;  
 His lady's cries did pierce his heart:  
 to call he did begin.

Hold thy rude hand, thou ſavage Moor,  
 to hurt her do forbear.  
 Or-else as ſure as that I live  
 wild horſes ſhall thee tear.

With that the rogue ran to the wall,  
 he having had his well,  
 And brought one child under his arm,  
 his dearest blood to spill

The child seeing his father there,  
 to him for help did call,  
 O Father, help my mother dear,  
 we shall be killed all.

Then fell the lord upon his knees,  
 and did the Moor intreat,  
 To save the life of his poor child,  
 whose fear was then so great.

But the sad wretch, the little child  
 by both the heels did take,  
 And dash'd his head against the wall  
 while parents heart did quake.

But being dead, he quickly ran  
 the other child to fetch,  
 And pluck't it from the Mother's breast,  
 like a most cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,  
 the child into the other,  
 And holding it over the wall,  
 said, This way shall die the mother.

With that he cut the thro' of it,  
 then on the father calls  
 To see how he the head had cut  
 that down the brains did fall.

This done, he threw it o'er the wall  
 into the moat so deep,  
 Which made his father wring his hands,  
 and grievously to weep.

Then to the Lady this rogue went,  
 who was near dead with fear,  
 Yet the wild wretch most cruelly  
 did drag her by the hair.

And drew her to the the very wall,  
 which there his lord did see;  
 Then presently he called out  
 and fell upon his knee.

Quoth he, If thou wilt save her life,  
 whom I do hold so dear,  
 will forgive thee all that's past,  
 tho' they concern me near.

Save her life, I thee beseech,  
 O save her life I pray,  
 and I will give thee what thou wilt  
 demand of me this day.

Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard  
 the moan that thou dost make,  
 thou wilt grant what I request,  
 I'll save her for thy sake.

Save her life, and now demand  
 of me then what thou wilt:  
 It off thy nose, and not one drop  
 of her blood shall be spilt.

With that the noble lord did take,  
 a knife into his hand,  
 And there his nose did quite cut off,  
 in place where he did stand.

Now I have bought my lady's life,  
 he to the Moor did call :  
 Then take her quoth the wicked rogue,  
 and down he let her fall.

Which when his lordship he did see,  
 his senses all did fail ;  
 Yet many sought to save his life,  
 but they could not avail.

When as the Moor did see him dead,  
 then he did laugh amain  
 At them, who for this gallant lord  
 and lady did complain.

Quoth he, I know you'll torture me  
 if that you could me get,  
 But all your threats I do not fear,  
 nor do regard one whit :

Wild horses would my body tear,  
 I know it to be true ;  
 But I'll prevent you of that pair,  
 then down himself he threw.

Too good a death for such a wretch,  
 a villain void of fear :  
 And thus doth end as sad a tale  
 as ever you did hear.