


YOUNG BIECHAN,

AND

*SUSIE PYE.*

To which is added,

The poor Sailor Boy.



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Young Beichan and Susie Pye.

IN London was young Beichan born,  
And foreign nations he long'd to see,  
He pass'd thro' many kingdoms great  
till at length he came unto Turkey.  
He view'd the fashions of that land'  
their way of worship viewed he;  
But unto any of their stocks  
would not so much as bow the knee.  
Which made him to be taken straight,  
and brought before their jury;  
The savage Moor did speak outright  
bid him he us'd most cruelly  
In every shoulder they put a bore,  
and in every bore they put a tree,  
They made him for to trail the wine,  
and spices on his fair body.  
They put him into a deep dungeon,  
where he could neither hear nor see,  
For seven years they kept him there,  
till he for hunger was like to die.  
Stephens here King had a daughter fair,  
and they called her Susie Pye;  
Who every day as she took the air,  
neat to the prison pass'd by.  
But it fell out upon a day  
she heard young Beichan for to sing,  
And the song it pleased her so well,  
no rest she got till she came to him.

My hounds they all go masterleis,  
 My hawks they flee from tree to tree,  
 My youngest brother will heir my land,  
 My fair England again I'll never see.  
 But all that night, no rest she got,  
 For thinking on young Beichan's song.  
 She stole the keys from her dad's head  
 And to the prison she is gone,  
 She has opened the prison doer,  
 I wot she opened two or three,  
 Before she could come Beichan at,  
 He was locked up so curiously.  
 But when Beichan she came before,  
 He admired much her there to see,  
 He thought she'd been some pris'ner ta'en,  
 My fair lady I pray of what country?  
 Have you any lands, Beichan she said,  
 Or have you any buildings free,  
 That you would give to a lady fair,  
 That out of prison could set you free.  
 Near London town I have a hall,  
 With other buildings two or three,  
 Give them to that Lady fair,  
 That from this dungeon will set me free.  
 Give me the truth of your right hand,  
 The truth of it give unto me,  
 That for seven year, you'd no lady wed,  
 Unless it be along with me.  
 I give the truth of my right hand,  
 The truth of it I will freely give,

For seven years I'll stay unwed,  
 for the kindness you doth shew to me.  
 She's taen him from the dungeon deep,  
 and set him in a room so free,  
 She gave him the red wine to drink,  
 His meat was the spice cake so free.  
 She kept him safe in her chamber,  
 till it fell out upon a day,  
 A4 English merchant there did come,  
 with whom she sent young Biechan awa  
 She brake a ring from her finger,  
 one half to Biechan gave speedily,  
 To keep in remembrance of that love,  
 that lady bore that set him free,  
 But when he arriv'd in London town,  
 his friends they all came him to see,  
 And would needs have him chuse a wife  
 among the jolly company  
 O no, my friends, young Biechan said,  
 that would do me much injury,  
 Till seven years are almost gone.  
 I'll marry none in this country.  
 When seven years were almost gone,  
 this lady began for to think long,  
 She thought she heard a voice that said  
 young Biechan's broke his vows, mad  
 She packed up her gay clothing,  
 with rich jewels many a one.  
 She set her foot into a ship,  
 and away she's sail'd to see Biechan.

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-She linn'd fast she sail'd west,  
till to fair England's shore she came  
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,  
feeding his flock upon the plain,  
What news, what news, my bonny shepherd  
what news hast thou got to tell me,  
Such news I hear madam, he says,  
the like was ne'er in this country,  
There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
has held these thirty days and three,  
The bridegroom will not bed with the bride,  
for love of one that's beyond the sea,  
She put her hand in her pocket,  
I wat she gave him guineas three,  
Pray take that my bonny boy  
for the good news thou tellest me,  
When she came to Biechan's gate,  
she tirk'd softly at the pin,  
So ready was the proud porter,  
to open and let this lady in,  
Is this young Biechan's hall, she said,  
or is that noble Lord within?  
Yes, he's in the hall among them all,  
this very day was his wedding.  
She took the ring out of her pocket,  
and to the porter she gave it free,  
Run to young Biechan with all haste,  
deliver my message speedily.  
When that he came his lord before,  
he knee'd low down on his knee:

120 What aileth thee my proud porter,  
 thou art full of courtesy.

I have been porter at your gates,  
 these thirty long years and three,  
 Now there stands a lady at your gate,  
 the like of her I did never see;

For on every finger she has a ring,  
 and on her mid finger she has three,  
 She's as much gold above her brow,  
 as would buy an earldom to me.

Out bespoke the bride's mother,  
 ay, and an angry woman was she;

You might have excepted our bonny bride  
 and two or three of her company.

Hold your tongue, thou bride's mother,  
 of all your tolly let me be,

She's ten times fairer than your bride,  
 and all that's in your company.

She desires one sheaf of your wheat bread,  
 ay, and a glass of your red wine,

40 And to remember the Lady's love  
 which last reliev'd you out of pine.

O well a day! young Biechan said,  
 that I so soon have married thee,

For I do vow it is Susie Pye  
 has sail'd the seas for love of me.

He took the chair then with his foot,  
 the table with his knee took he,

The silver cop, and silver canns,  
 he made them all to finders gane.

Cu. then bespoke the forenoon bride,  
 my lord your love it changes soon,  
 This morning I was made your bride,  
 and another chase ere it be noon,  
 Hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride,  
 you're ne'er a whit the worse of me,  
 And for every penny I got with thee,  
 O here I give to the back three.  
 He took her by the milk white hand,  
 says the half of my lands I'll give to thee  
 If thou wilt marry brother Will,  
 who's a sprightly youth in a lady's eye,  
 I will not marry thy brother Will,  
 for all the land that I do see;  
 Give me my faith and truth Biechan,  
 and I wish, I were in my own country,  
 I have the bride's shoes on my feet,  
 likewise the bride's gloves on my hands,  
 For I will neither eat nor drink,  
 till I come unto my father's lands.  
 He's ta'en Susie Pye by the milk white hand  
 and gently led her up and down,  
 And ay he kiss'd her red rosy lips,  
 your welcome jewel to your own.  
 He's ta'en her by the milk white hand,  
 and he has left her to yonder green,  
 He's chang'd her name from Susie Pye,  
 and he's call'd her lovely Jean.

*The Poor Sailor Boy.*

'MIDST rocks and quicksands have we  
 fear'd,  
 rude storms and torrents brav'd, Sir,  
 The battle's rage nor death we fear'd,  
 we conquer'd, then we sav'd, Sir.  
 In distant climes Old England's foe  
 did every where annoy,  
 Then, meiss-mate like, some pity shew,  
 to a poor Sailor boy.

When midnight tempest roar'd around,  
 and seas roll'd o'er the deck, Sir,  
 Whenninety-two brave souls were drown'd  
 while nine escap'd the wreck, Sir,  
 Full fifteen days in open boat,  
 forlorn, and lost to joy,  
 O'er ocean's bosom doom'd to float,  
 was the poor Sailor boy.  
 First for our king and laws we fight,  
 next for our trade and beauty,  
 These to protect is our delight,  
 our pride, our boast, and duty:  
 Then now relieve a hapless tar,  
 nor pity's claim destroy,  
 Thus wreck'd, be you a friendly star,  
 to a poor Sailor boy.

F I N I S.