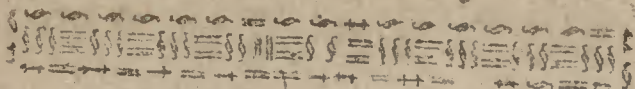


AN OLD
SCOTS SONG,
ENTITLED
Gill Morice.



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GLASGOW,
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Saltmarket, 1799.



G I L L M O R I C E.

G I L L Morice was an Earl's Son,
 his name it waxed wide,
 It was nae for his great riches,
 nor yet his meikle pride.

His face was fair. lang was his hair,
 in the wild wood he staid;

But his fame was by a fair Lady,
 that liv'd on Carron-side

Where will I get a bonny boy,
 that will win hose and shoon.

That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
 and bid his Lady come?

Ye maun rin this errand Willie,
 and ye may rin wi' pride.

When other boys gae on their feet,
 on horse-back ye shall ride.

O no! O no! my Master dear:
 I darna for my life:

I'll no gae to the Bold Barons,
 for to tryst forth his Wife.

My bird Willie. my boy Willie,
 my dear Willie, he said.

How can you strive against the stream,
 for I shall be obey'd.

But, Oh my Master dear! he cry'd,
in green wood ye're your lane,
Gi' o'er such thoughts. I wou'd you red,
for fear you shou'd be ta'en.

Haste, haste, I say gae to the-ha',
bid her come here wi' speed,
If ye refuse my high command,
I'll gar your body bleed.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantle,
'tis a gowd but the hem;
Bid her come to the good green wood,
and bring naue but her lane:

And there it is a silken sark,
her ain hand sew'd the sleeve,
And bid her come to Gill Morice,
speer nae bauld Baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae your black errand,
though it be to my coast,
Sin ye by me will nae be warn'd,
in it ye shall find frost.

The Baron he's a man of might,
he ne'er cou'd bide a taunt,
As ye will find before it's night,
how sma' ye hae to vaunt.

Now, sin I maun your errand rin,
sae fair against my will,
I'll mak a vow and keep it true,
it shall be done for ill.

And when he came to broken brigg,
 he bent his bow and swam ;
 And when he came to grass growing,
 let down his feet and ran.

And when he came to Barnard's ha',
 wou'd neither chap nor ca' ;
 But set his bent bow to his breast,
 and lightly lap the wa'.

He wou'd tell nae-man his errand,
 though twa stood at the gate,
 But straight into the ha' he came,
 whair great fouk sat at meat.

Hail ! hail ! my gentle Sire and Dame !
 my message winna wait :

Dame, ye maun to the green wood gang,
 before that it be late :

Ye're bidden tak this gay mantle,
 it's a gowd but the hem,
 Ye maun gae to the good green wood,
 e'en by yotirsell alane.

And there it is, a silken sark,
 your ain hand sew'd the sleeve,
 Ye maun gae speak with Gill Morice,
 speer nae bauld Baron's leave.

The Lady stamp'd with her foot,
 and winked with her eye ;
 But a' that she could say or do,
 forbidden be wadna be.

It's surely to my bow'r-woman,
it ne'er cou'd be to me.

I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady,
I true that ye be she.

Then up and spoke the wylie Nurse,
(the Bairn upon her knee)

If it be come from Gill Morice,
'tis dear welcome to me.

Ye lied, ye lied, ye filthy nurse,
fae loud's I hear you lie:

I brought it to Lord Barnard's Lady,
I trow ye be nae she.

Then up and spake the bauld Baron,
an angry man was he:

He's ta'en the table wi' his foot,
in flinders gart a' flee.

Gae bring a robe of yon chiding,
that hangs upon the pin,

And I'll gae to the good green wood,
and speak with your leman.

O bide at hame, now Lord Barnard,
I warn you bide at hame,

Ne'er wyte a man for violence,
that ne'er wyte ye wi' name.

Gill Morice sits in good green wood,
he whistl'd and he sang;

O what means a yon folk coming?
my Mother she tarries lang.

And when he came to good green wood,
wi' meikle dole and care,
It's there he saw brave Gill Morice,
kaiming his yellow hair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
my Lady loo'd thee weel,
The fairest part of my body
is blacker than thy heel;

Yet ne'ertheless, now Gill Morice,
for a' your great beauty,
Ye's rue the day e'er ye was born,
that head shall gae with me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
and slait it on the strae,
And through Gill Morice fair body,
he's gar'd cauld iron gae:

And he has ta'en Gill Morice head,
and set it on a speir,
The meanest man in a' his train,
has got that head to bear.

And he has ta'en Gill Morice up,
laid him acro's his steed,
And brought him to his painted bow'r,
and laid him on a bed.

The Lady sat down on the wa',
beheld both dale and down,
And there she saw Gill Morice head,
come trailing to the town.

Far mair I lo'e that bloody head,
 but an' that bloody hair.
 Than Lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
 as they ly here and there.

And she has ta'en her Gill Morice,
 and kiss'd baith mouth and chin,
 I once was fu' o' Gill Morice,
 as hip is o' the stane

I got thee in my Father's house,
 wi' muckle sin and shame
 And brought thee up in good green wood,
 under the heavy rain

Oft have I by thy cradle sat,
 and fondly seen thee sleep,
 But now I'll gang about thy grave,
 the sa't tears for to weep.

And first she kiss'd his bloody cheek,
 and syne his bloody chin;
 Better I lo'e my Gill Morice,
 than a' my kin and kin!

Awa', awa', ye ill woman!
 an' ill death may thou die,
 Gin I had kend he'd been your son,
 he'd ne'er been slain for me.

Upbraid me not, my Lord Barnard,
 upbraid me not for shame,
 Wi' that same speir, Oh pierce my heart!
 and put me out o' pain.

Since nothing but Gill Morice head,
 thy jealous rage could quell,
 Let that same hand now take her life,
 that ne'er to thee did ill.

To me no aiter days nor nights,
 will e'er be fast or kind.

I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
 and greet till I be blind.

Enough of blood by me's been spilt,
 seek not your death frae me,
 I rather it had been myself,
 than either him or thee.

With waefu' wae I hear your 'plaint,
 fae fair I rue the deed
 That e'er this cursed hand of mine,
 did gar his body bleed.

Dry up your tears my wisfome Dame,
 you ne'er can heal the wound :
 You see his head upon my speir,
 his heart's blood on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deed ;
 the heart that thought the ill ;
 The feet who bore me with such speed,
 the comely youth to kill.

I'll ay lament for Gill Morice,
 as gin he were my ain ;
 I'll ne'er forget the dreary day,
 on which the youth was slain.