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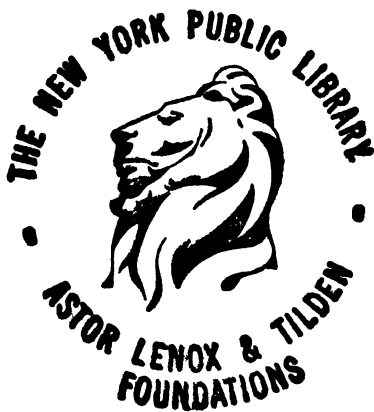


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OLD BALLADS

ECLECTIC ENGLISH  
CLASSICS

MORTON



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ECLECTIC ENGLISH CLASSICS

A BOOK OF  
OLD BALLADS

EDITED BY  
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NORWOOD, OHIO



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BALLADS

W. F. 5





## PREFACE

Teachers of English are generally agreed that the logical time to use ballads is in the early adolescent period—in the first years of the high school, or perhaps in the last year of the grammar grades—yet the standard ballad anthologies are too full and too unsifted for such use. From these larger collections not only the best known and the most typical examples have been chosen but also the best version of each.

As the ballads were unwritten in the beginning and were orally transmitted for many generations, the spelling of the early manuscripts is the spelling of the transcriber. The fifteenth and sixteenth century ballad-lovers knew the sounds of the words only, and the written forms in which they have been preserved are merely makeshift devices for visualizing those sounds. The more unobtrusive the makeshift, the less is the attention distracted from the sound and the sense, and the nearer are we to receiving the story as the early listeners received it. For this reason familiar words in the ballads in this book are printed in the familiar spelling of to-day except where rhyme or rhythm demanded the retention of an older form. After a student knows the content of a ballad, and appreciates it as a piece of good literature, if some quaint-appearing word rouses his interest in its philological side, he may readily find the older spelling of the same text in Francis James Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.

Unfamiliar words and phrases are explained in the glossary at the end of the book. Many of these are still in common use in England and Scotland, but are defined for the convenience of younger pupils who have not yet discovered them in the writings of Scott, Burns or other masters of English who used dialectal forms.

No one to-day can edit a ballad book without acknowledging overwhelming indebtedness to Professor Child. So far-reaching were his researches and so indisputable were the most of his decisions that all subsequent students in his field have grown accustomed to consult his volumes almost as a dictionary.

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## INTRODUCTION

Any one who has been privileged to listen to children's tales crooned by a southern mammy, or to stories of adventure told by some grizzled old lumberman in Canada, knows that the art of story-telling unlike most other arts is not wholly dependent upon education. Many a man who can neither read nor write can enliven a long evening about a camp fire with stories of the woods and thrilling accounts of his own hairbreadth escapes from the dangers of storm or flood or wild beast. The men who hear them repeat them to others perhaps, but very few of them are ever written down.

LITERATURE OF THE FOLK.—In medieval England there were few men who could read, fewer still who could write. Even men of rank could sometimes do no more than sign their names, and the common people often lived and died without seeing a book except in the hands of some priest or monk. Under such circumstances story-writing was practically unknown. Story-telling, however, was popular. The minds of the people were filled with belief in ghosts and elves and giants, and rarely was there a gathering where some sort of a story was not part of the entertainment. Professional story-tellers, or story-singers, were to be found in the houses of the nobles. Returned crusaders had marvelous tales of adventure to relate.

Most of these stories are lost, but some have come down through the long centuries to our own time, taught by fathers to their sons, and by mothers to their daughters, for many generations before they found their way into print. All such survivals from an earlier age—legends, songs, and tales—are called folk-literature, for, unwritten in the beginning, and unwritten for many, many years, they owe their preservation entirely to the memory of the *folk*, or people.

Every nation of Europe has its own folk tales. In many

instances these stories are prose, as in the familiar German fairy tales which are unsurpassed examples of folk literature. But we have old poetry as well. Everywhere, in England and among the continental peoples, there developed early a love of rhythm and the ability to make verses. When this rhythmic sense was coupled with the story-teller's art, the result was naturally a story cast in poetic form: a story that could be sung or chanted quite as easily as it was recited. Folk-literature is full of these combined song-stories. Ballads we call them; old ballads, or traditional ballads, to distinguish them from poems of the same general style that are written in our own day.

THE HISTORY OF THE BALLADS.—The very earliest English ballads date back to a time before the Norman invasion, to Anglo-Saxon England. We do not know what they were like for they were all forgotten long ago; but there is no doubt that they existed. Those of a slightly later period—from 1200 to about 1400—have for the most part been lost also, and the few that remain are difficult reading now, so greatly has our language changed. The fifteenth century—the period just before the introduction of printing—was the great ballad-epoch in England. Fifteenth century ballads, with those that followed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, make up a collection of more than three hundred, and to-day we call these the *Old Ballads* of England.

There is no record of the making of the first English ballads, yet no other form of our literature had so interesting a beginning. The word *ballad*, practically the same in every language of western Europe,<sup>1</sup> comes from the same root as *ball* (a dancing-party) and *ballet* (a company of people dancing on a stage). In the beginning, then, ballads had a close connection with dancing. Sometimes the dancers themselves sang, sometimes that was the part of the onlookers, who emphasized the rhythm by clapping their hands, much as we accent dance music by the beat of a drum to-day. The poorest of villagers could dance, and the music of their own voices cost them nothing.

<sup>1</sup> Ger. and Fr. *ballade*, Sp. and Port. *ballada*, It. *ballata*.

A ballad could never be very long, for the singing must last only as long as people cared to dance at one time. An epic (a poem telling in detail the deeds of some great hero) might contain a thousand lines or more, but a ballad seldom had a hundred. On the other hand, it had not the extreme brevity of a sonnet (fourteen lines), for when people began to dance they wanted to keep it up till they were weary or out of breath. Exclusive of the refrain, the average length of the oldest remaining English ballads is thirty-four lines. They are short lines, usually of eight syllables (four iambic feet), for dances on the village green were not stately, ceremonious affairs, but gay assemblages of untaught folk possessed of a few simple steps which they repeated over and over again. Moreover, ballad tunes were few and when one was once learned, any new verses that came into a community must be adapted to it. There is therefore little variety in the meter of the ballads.

BALLAD ORIGINS.—No one knows who made the ballads, any more than we can tell just who made the story of *Cinderella* or *Puss in Boots*. In all the five large volumes of English ballads collected by Professor Francis James Child—the most complete and most authoritative collection—there is but one that is known to be the work of any one man; and this is not one of the best nor one of the oldest. Our ignorance of the authorship of the others is due partly to their age and partly to the manner of their transmission. A piece of gossip in our own time passes from one person to another, and quickly becomes impossible to trace back to the one who originated it. It is vain to try to find a definite author for a story that has been told for hundreds of years and by thousands of people.

Though we cannot hope to find out who made any certain ballad, we may at least learn something of how ballads were made and what kind of people made them. A century and a half ago Bishop Percy thought he had solved the question by ascribing them to the medieval minstrels, who dwelt in the castles of the nobles but mingled with the simpler folk on public holidays. For more than a hundred years Bishop Percy's ex-

planation was accepted without dispute, but more recent investigators have shown them so different in form, in tone, and in subject-matter, from the known work of the minstrels, that the same type of mind could not have produced both. Students were then compelled to look for a more satisfactory explanation of the origin of the ballads. Both their methods and their discoveries are interesting.

**COMMUNAL AUTHORSHIP.**—Several localities have been found where the custom of community dancing to choral accompaniment is still continued. Of these communities the people nearest of kin to the English, and therefore most likely to have customs similar to those of our own ancestors of eight or nine hundred years ago, are the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands of the north Atlantic. These people, out in their fishing boats all summer and storm-bound all winter, have had little intercourse with the mainland of Europe and have changed very little in many generations. They still retain primitive customs carried from Norway in the ninth century—customs that were once prevalent in many of the European nations, but which have vanished before the march of progress in most places. What the Faroe Islanders do to-day we can reasonably suppose to have been the custom of our ancestors about the time when these islands were colonized. Community dancing is still a popular amusement in their villages, and the people sing while they dance. New ballads are made from time to time, and by studying the growth of these we gain a possible insight into the beginnings of our own.

A ballad always tells a story. But in the making it is never a new story, unfamiliar to the dancers. It is often a true account of something that actually happened. It has been told and retold around the evening fires until every one knows every detail of it. Then the community is ready to make a ballad. At the dance, one singer begins to improvise, to a well-known tune, a verse relating to the beginning of the adventure. Another takes up the theme, and another, and then another, until the whole story is told and the dance is over. The ballad is made.



If the subject is not an interesting one, or if the manner of telling proves dull, it will probably never be repeated, but if it is a success it will be sung over and over again until every one in the village knows it and it has become a genuine traditional ballad.

The earliest English ballads were made in the same way: not composed by any one man, but by the assembled efforts of practically every one in the community. Unquestionably they must have been very rough and crude in structure. After a good stanza improvised by a man with a natural sense of melody and rhythm, another one full of all sorts of faulty accents and lines too short or too long might follow. The short lines were dragged out or the long ones hurried along, under cover of the music to which they were sung. When every one knew the story this kind of composition was not difficult, and with all their crudity these songs were the basis for the next type of ballad.

**BALLAD REFRAINS.**—For after a while—two or three centuries, perhaps—there came a second stage in ballad making. Dancing continued to be the chief holiday amusement, and ballads were still sung at all such festivities. But gradually the participants, now knowing many ballads and therefore growing more critical, came to realize that some among them could make better verses than others. When repeating an old song, every man took his part vociferously; when making a new one, the people came to look, more and more, to these leaders, who were the more gifted among their number. They were not in any case professional minstrels. Perhaps, after the lapse of months, the news of some national event found its way, much garbled in the transmission, to the community; perhaps a sudden death awakened some old superstition; whatever the story to be told, it was now told by one man, and not piecemeal.

The change left the crowd unsatisfied. Accustomed to have a part in the singing, they were not content to keep silent, and so they began to insert a musical phrase between the lines or between the stanzas of the poem. As a rule, the words sung

to these additional notes were as meaningless as the *tra la la* of some of our modern choruses, but they gave every one a chance to take part. Even the little children dancing on the outskirts of the crowd could come in strongly on

*Hey down down and a down*

*With a hey ho and a lillie gay*

**DIFFERENT VERSIONS.**—When a ballad was once made it was not a fixed, unchangeable thing. The story was always so straightforward, and its manner of telling so direct, that no very great alterations were possible; and the people were like little children of to-day in that they expected to hear it exactly the same way every time, or it would not seem the same story. But many variations were sure to creep in. The singer himself might vary it the second time he sang it. He could neither read nor write, and the only means of preservation lay in oral transmission. His own generation learned it from his lips and taught it to the next. But some one's memory might play him false and, forgetting the wording of a line, he would substitute his own, which, answering just as well, would then be carried down by his children. Or in the course of time certain words and phrases might grow old-fashioned or even unintelligible to newer singers; and fresher ones were inserted in their stead. So, too, if the hero's or heroine's name was not popular in the next century, it was changed. Or if the thrilling adventure happened in far-off Brittany, some one transferred the scene of action to a cliff or a cavern or a castle in the neighborhood, and every one liked it so much the better.

**LATER HISTORY.**—In time community dancing died out, but the custom of ballad-singing continued, and the ballads, no longer compelled to share honors with the dancing, became an entertainment in themselves and increased in length. When printed books began to bring education to the poorer classes, printers began publishing some of these familiar songs, at first

as *broadsides* (that is, on single sheets of paper, usually printed on but one side), and later in pamphlets known as *chapbooks* (*cheap books*). The broadsides that are left to us are mostly of the latter half of the seventeenth century; the chapbooks, fewer in number, of the eighteenth. Both were popular with the common people, but literary critics of the time ignored them. Addison (1711) tried to awaken an interest in ballads, declaring that it is "impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude . . . that hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man"; but his praises fell on deaf ears. Fifty years more had to pass, and then, in 1765, Bishop Thomas Percy published the three volumes of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, in which he included a number of these old folk-ballads. It was the first time they had ever appeared vouched for as good literature, in all the dignity of clear type, fine paper and an expensive binding. The influence of this publication can hardly be overestimated. We date our modern interest in folk literature to Bishop Percy's enthusiastic presentation of its excellence.

STRUCTURE OF THE BALLADS.—Originally the ballad stanza consisted of but two unrimed lines of four feet each, but it soon developed into the rimed couplet. The introduction of the refrain after each line apparently increased the stanza length to four lines (cf. *The Cruel Brother*), but the second and fourth lines were nonsense syllables or a series of words absolutely unrelated to the story. Eventually these meaningless syllables gave way to a newer form, a real quatrain in which the first and third lines contained four, and the second and fourth (the chief rime-bearing lines) three, iambic feet. This gradually became the favorite ballad meter, and such a quatrain has come to be accepted as the standard ballad stanza. Of the twenty-seven ballads in this collection, twenty-two are of this type. It is the easiest English verse to write, and almost "sings itself."

Very simple also are the wording and plots of the ballads. They are stories of action only, and therefore form excellent

themes for tableau or pantomime. The ballad-singer tells the tale, but he does not comment on it in any way; his own opinions, his own preferences, have no place in it. In all other types of literature much of the reader's interest comes from the glimpses he gains from time to time of the author's personality, but a ballad has no author. This is doubtless one of the reasons why it is so hard to imitate; a modern author has rarely learned to hide himself so completely.

WHAT IS A BALLAD?—Many people have tried to formulate a short, expressive definition of a ballad, and have found it no easy task. The difficulty lies in the fact that a short definition invariably includes too much rather than too little. To say merely that a ballad is a song to dance music, or a song sung while dancing, gives little aid to a reader who finds his ballad in print, with no music and no dancers near. To define it as a short narrative poem might easily lead one to think of poems like Browning's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, which has a theme simple enough for a ballad, but is not written in ballad meter. Without attempting to make too short a definition, we may safely say that a ballad is a short narrative poem with a simple plot, usually in stanzas of four short lines, entirely impersonal in the manner of its telling, and easily fitted to music appropriate for dancing. To these characteristics we may add, in the case of the old ballads,—the best ballads, the belief now held by the great majority of students of medieval literature: that they were not the work of professedly literary men, but the product of an unlettered class whose native love of beauty and rhythm showed itself in this way. A just appreciation of the native ability of the men who untaught, could produce poetry of such real grace and charm, will tend to dispel the superiority with which we are too apt to look back upon these early centuries as crude and inartistic.

# A BOOK OF OLD BALLADS

## THE TWA SISTERS

1. There was twa sisters in a bower,  
Edinburgh, Edinburgh  
There was twa sisters in a bower,  
Stirling for ay  
There was twa sisters in a bower, 5  
There came a knight to be their wooer.  
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay
2. He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,  
Edinburgh, Edinburgh  
He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring, 10  
Stirling for ay  
He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,  
But he lov'd the youngest above a' thing.  
Bonny Saint Johnston stands upon Tay
3. He courted the eldest wi' brooch and knife, 15  
But lov'd the youngest as his life.
4. The eldest she was vexed sair,  
And much envied her sister fair.
5. Into her bower she could not rest,  
Wi' grief and spite she almost burst. 20
6. Upon a morning fair and clear,  
She cried unto her sister dear:

7. 'O sister, come to yon sea strand,  
And see our father's ships come to land.'
8. She's ta'en her by the milk-white hand, 25  
And led her down to yon sea strand.
9. The youngest stood upon a stane,  
The eldest came and threw her in.
10. She took her by the middle sma',  
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw. 30
11. 'O sister, sister, take my hand,  
And I'se make you heir to a' my land.
12. 'O sister, sister, take my middle,  
And ye'se get my goud and my gouden girdle.
13. 'O sister, sister, save my life, 35  
And I swear I'se never be nae man's wife.'
14. 'Foul fa' the hand that I should take,  
It twined me and my warldes make.
15. 'Your cherry cheeks and yellow hair  
Gars me gae maiden for evermair.' 40
16. Sometimes she sank, and sometimes she swam,  
Till she came down yon bonny mill-dam.
17. O out it came the miller's son,  
And saw the fair maid swimmin' in.
18. 'O father, father, draw your dam, 45  
Here's either a mermaid or a swan.'

*THE CRUEL BROTHER*

17

19. The miller quickly drew the dam,  
And there he found a drown'd woman.
20. You couldna see her yellow hair  
For gold and pearls that were so rare. 50
21. You couldna see her middle sma'  
For gouden girdle that was sae braw.
22. You couldna see her fingers white  
For gouden rings that was sae gryte.
23. And by there came a harper fine 55  
That harped to the king at dine.
24. When he did look that lady upon  
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan.
25. He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair  
And wi' them strung his harp sae fair. 60
26. The first tune he did play and sing  
Was, 'Farewell to my father the king.'
27. The nextin tune that he play'd syne  
Was, 'Farewell to my mother the queen.'
28. The lasten tune that he play'd then 65  
Was, 'Wae to my sister, fair Ellen.'

**THE CRUEL BROTHER**

1. There was three ladies play'd at the ba',  
With a hey ho and a lillie gay  
There came a knight and play'd o'er them a'.  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly

2. The eldest was both tall and fair,  
    With a hey ho and a lillie gay  
    But the youngest was beyond compare.  
    As the primrose spreads so sweetly 5
  
3. The midmost had a graceful mien,  
    But the youngest look'd like Beauty's queen. 10
  
4. The knight bow'd low to a' the three,  
    But to the youngest he bent his knee.
  
5. The lady turn'd her head aside,  
    The knight he woo'd her to be his bride.
  
6. The lady blush'd a rosy red,  
    And said, 'Sir knight, I'm too young to wed.' 15
  
7. 'O lady fair, give me your hand,  
    And I'll make you lady of a' my land.'
  
8. 'Sir knight, ere ye my favor win,  
    You maun get consent frae a' my kin.' 20
  
9. He's got consent frae her parents dear,  
    And likewise frae her sisters fair.
  
10. He's got consent frae her kin each one,  
    But forgot to speak to her brother John.
  
11. Now, when the wedding day was come,  
    The knight would take his bonny bride home. 25
  
12. And many a lord and many a knight  
    Came to behold that lady bright.



*THE CRUEL BROTHER*

19

13. And there was nae man that did her see,  
But wish'd himself bridegroom to be. 30
14. Her father dear led her down the stair,  
And her sisters twain they kissed her there.
15. Her mother dear led her through the close,  
And her brother John set her on her horse.
16. She lean'd her o'er the saddle-bow 35  
To give him a kiss ere she did go.
17. He has ta'en a knife, both long and sharp,  
And stabb'd that bonny bride to the heart.
18. She hadna ridden half through the town,  
Until her heart's blood stain'd her gown. 40
19. 'Ride softly on,' says the best young man,  
'For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan.'
20. 'O lead me gently up yon hill,  
And I'll there sit down, and make my will.'
21. 'O what will you leave to your father dear?' 45  
'The silver-shod steed that brought me here.'
22. 'What will you leave to your mother dear?'  
'My velvet pall and my silken gear.'
23. 'What will you leave to your sister Anne?' 50  
'My silken scarf and my gowden fan.'
24. 'What will you leave to your sister Grace?'  
'My bloody clothes to wash and dress.'

## HIND HORN

25. 'What will you leave to your brother John?'  
 'The gallows-tree to hang him on.'
26. 'What will you leave to your brother John's wife?' 55  
 'The wilderness to end her life.'
27. This lady fair in her grave was laid,  
 And many a mass was o'er her said.
28. But it would have made your heart right sair  
 To see the bridegroom rive his hair. 60

## HIND HORN

1. In Scotland there was a baby born,  
 And his name it was call'd young Hind Horn.
2. He sent a letter to our king  
 That he was in love with his daughter Jean.
3. He's gi'en to her a silver wand, 5  
 With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon.
4. She's gi'en to him a diamond ring,  
 With seven bright diamonds set therein
5. 'When this ring grows pale and wan,  
 You may know by it my love is gone.' 10
6. One day as he looked his ring upon,  
 He saw the diamonds pale and wan.
7. He left the sea and came to land,  
 And the first that he met was an old beggar man.

8. 'What news, what news?' said young Hind Horn. 15  
'No news, no news,' said the old beggar man.
9. 'No news,' said the beggar, 'no news at a',  
But there is a wedding in the king's ha'.
10. 'But there is a wedding in the king's ha'  
That has halden these forty days and twa.' 20
11. 'Will ye lend me your begging coat?  
And I'll lend you my scarlet cloak.
12. 'Will you lend me your beggar's rung?  
And I'll give you my steed to ride upon.
13. 'Will you lend me your wig of hair, 25  
To cover mine because it is fair?'
14. The old beggarman was bound for the mill,  
But young Hind Horn for the king's hall.
15. The old beggar man was bound for to ride,  
But young Hind Horn was bound for the bride. 30
16. When he came to the king's gate,  
He sought a drink for Hind Horn's sake.
17. The bride came down with a glass of wine,  
When he drank out the glass, and dropt in the ring.
18. 'O got ye this by sea or land? 35  
Or got ye it off a dead man's hand?'
19. 'I got not it by sea, I got it by land,  
And I got it, madam, out of your own hand.'

20. 'O I'll cast off my gowns of brown,  
And beg wi' you frae town to town. 40
21. 'O I'll cast off my gowns of red,  
And I'll beg wi' you to win my bread.'
22. 'Ye needna cast off your gowns of brown,  
For I'll make you lady o' many a town.
23. 'Ye needna cast off your gowns of red,  
It's only a sham, the begging o' my bread.' 45

## YOUNG BEICHAN

1. In London city was Beichan born,  
He long'd strange countries for to see,  
But he was ta'en by a savage Moor,  
Who handl'd him right cruelly.
2. For through his shoulder he put a bore, 5  
And through the bore has pitten a tree,  
And he's gard him draw the carts o' wine,  
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.
3. He's casten him in a dungeon deep,  
Where he could neither hear nor see; 10  
He's shut him up in a prison strong,  
And he's handl'd him right cruelly.
4. O this Moor he had but ae daughter,  
I wot her name was Susie Pye,  
She's doen her to the prison house, 15  
And she's call'd Young Beichan one word by:
5. 'O hae ye any lands or rents,  
Or cities in your ain country,  
Could free you out of prison strong,  
And could maintain a lady free?' 20

6. 'O London city is my own,  
And other cities twa or three,  
Could loose me out o' prison strong,  
And could maintain a lady free.'
7. O she has bribed her father's men 25  
Wi' mickle gold and white money,  
She's gotten the key o' the prison doors,  
And she has set Young Beichan free.
8. She's gi'n him a loaf o' good white bread,  
But an a flask o' Spanish wine, 30  
And she bade him mind on the lady's love  
That sae kindly freed him out o' pine.
9. 'Go set your foot on good ship-board,  
And haste you back to your ain country,  
And before that seven years has an end, 35  
Come back again, love, and marry me.'
10. It was long or seven years had an end  
She long'd fu' sair her love to see;  
She's set her foot on good ship-board,  
And turn'd her back on her ain country. 40
11. She's sailed up, so has she down,  
Till she came to the other side;  
She's landed at Young Beichan's gates,  
And I hope this day she shall be his bride.
12. 'Is this Young Beichan's gates?' says she, 45  
'Or is that noble prince within?'  
'He's up the stairs wi' his bonny bride,  
And many a lord and lady wi' him.'
13. 'O has he ta'en a bonny bride,  
And has he clean forgotten me!' 50  
And sighing said that gay lady,  
'I wish I were in my ain country!'

14. But she's pitten her hand in her pocket,  
 And gi'n the porter guineas three;  
 Says, 'Take ye that, ye proud porter,  
 And bid the bridegroom speak to me.' 55
15. O when the porter came up the stair,  
 He's fa'n low down upon his knee:  
 'Won up, won up, ye proud porter,  
 And what makes all this courtesy?' 60
16. 'O I've been porter at your gates  
 This mair nor seven years and three,  
 But there is a lady at them now  
 The like of whom I never did see.
17. 'For on every finger she has a ring, 65  
 And on the mid-finger she has three,  
 And there's as mickle goud aboon her brow  
 As would buy an earldom o' land to me.'
18. Then up it started Young Beichan,  
 And sware so loud by Our Lady, 70  
 'It can be none but Susie Pye,  
 That has come o'er the sea to me.'
19. O quickly ran he down the stair,  
 O' fifteen steps he has made but three;  
 He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms 75  
 And I wot he kiss'd her tenderly.
20. 'O hae you ta'en a bonny bride?  
 And hae you quite forsaken me?  
 And hae you quite forgotten her  
 That gave you life and liberty?' 80
21. She's lookit o'er her left shoulder  
 To hide the tears stood in her ee;  
 'Now fare thee well, Young Beichan,' she says,  
 'I'll strive to think nae mair on thee.'

## EDWARD

25

22. 'Take back your daughter, madam,' he says, 85  
 'And a double dowry I'll gi' her wi';  
 For I maun marry my first truelove,  
 That's done and suffer'd so much for me.'
23. He's ta'en his bonny love by the hand,  
 And led her to yon fountain stane; 90  
 He's chang'd her name frae Susie Pye,  
 And he's call'd her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

## EDWARD

1. 'Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
 Edward, Edward,  
 Why does your brand sae drop wi' bluid,  
 And why sae sad gang ye O?'  
 'O I hae kill'd my hawk sae guid, 5  
 Mither, mither,  
 O I hae kill'd my hawk sae guid,  
 And I had nae mair but he O.'
2. 'Your hawkis bluid was never sae red,  
 Edward, Edward, 10  
 Your hawkis bluid was never sae red,  
 My dear son I tell thee O.'  
 'O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,  
 Mither, mither,  
 O I hae kill'd my red-roan steed, 15  
 That erst was sae fair and free O.'
3. 'Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,  
 Edward, Edward,  
 Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,  
 Some other dule ye dree O.' 20  
 'O I hae kill'd my father dear,  
 Mither, mither,  
 O I hae kill'd my father dear,  
 Alas, and wae is me O!'

4. 'And whatten penance will ye dree for that, 25  
     Edward, Edward,  
 And whatten penance will ye dree for that?  
     My dear son, now tell me O.'  
 'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
     Mither, mither, 30  
 I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
     And I'll fare over the sea O.'
5. 'And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',  
     Edward, Edward,  
 And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha', 35  
     That were sae fair to see O?'  
 'I'll let them stand till down they fa',  
     Mither, mither,  
 I'll let them stand till down they fa',  
     For here never mair maun I be O'. 40
6. 'And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
     Edward, Edward,  
 And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
     When ye gang over the sea O?'  
 'The warldis room, let them beg through life, 45  
     Mither, mither,  
 The warldis room, let them beg through life,  
     For them never mair will I see O,'
7. 'And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
     Edward, Edward, 50  
 And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear?  
     My dear son, now tell me O.'  
 'The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear,  
     Mither, mither,  
 The curse of hell frae me shall ye bear, 55  
     Sic counsels ye gave to me O.'



## KING ESTMERE

1. Hearken to me, gentlemen,  
Come and you shall hear;  
I'll tell you of two of the boldest brothers  
That ever bornë were.
2. The tone of them was Adler Younge, 5  
The tother was King Estmere;  
They were as bold men in their deeds  
As any were, far and near.
3. As they were drinking ale and wine 10  
Within his brother's hall,  
'When will ye marry a wife, brother,  
A wife to glad us all?'
4. Then bespake him King Estmere, 15  
And answer'd him heartily,  
'I know not that lady in any land,  
That's able to marry with me.'
5. 'King Adland hath a daughter, brother, 20  
Men call her bright and sheen;  
If I were king here in your stead,  
That lady should be my queen.'
6. Says, 'Read me, read me, dear brother, 25  
Throughout merry England,  
Where we might find a messenger,  
Betwixt us two to send.'
7. Says, 'You shall ride yourself, brother, 25  
I'll bear you company;  
Many a man through false messengers is deceiv'd,  
And I fear lest so should we.'

8. Thus they renisht them to ride,  
Of two good renisht steeds, 30  
And when they came to King Adland's hall,  
Of red gold shone their weeds.
9. And when they came to King Adland's hall,  
Before the goodly gate,  
There they found good King Adland 35  
Rearing himself thereat.
10. 'Now Christ thee save, good King Adland;  
Now Christ you save and see.'  
Said, 'You be welcome, King Estmere,  
Right heartily to me.' 40
11. 'You have a daughter,' said Adler Younge,  
'Men call her bright and sheen;  
My brother would marry her to his wife,  
Of England to be queen.'
12. 'Yesterday was at my dear daughter 45  
The king his son of Spain,  
And then she nicked him of nay,  
And I doubt she'll do you the same'
13. 'The king of Spain is a foul paynim,  
And 'lieveth on Mahound,  
And pity it were that fair lady 50  
Should marry a heathen hound.'
14. 'But grant to me,' says King Estmere,  
'For my love I you pray,  
That I may see your daughter dear 55  
Before I go hence away.'

15. 'Although it is seven years and more  
Since my daughter was in hall,  
She shall come once down for your sake,  
To glad my guestes all.' 60
16. Down then came that maiden fair,  
With ladies lac'd in pall,  
And half a hundred of bold knights,  
To bring her from bower to hall,  
And as many gentle squires, 65  
To tend upon them all.
17. The talents of gold were on her head set  
Hang'd low down to her knee,  
And every ring on her small finger  
Shone of the crystal free. 70
18. Says, 'God you save, my dear madam,'  
Says, 'God you save and see.'  
Said, 'You be welcome, King Estmere,  
Right welcome unto me.
19. 'And if you love me, as you say, 75  
So well and heartily,  
All that ever you are comen about  
Soon sped now it shall be.'
20. Then bespake her father dear:  
My daughter, 'I say nay; 80  
Remember well the king of Spain,  
What he said yesterday.
21. 'He would pull down my halls and castles,  
And reave me of my life;  
I cannot blame him if he do, 85  
If I reave him of his wife.'

22. 'Your castles and your towers, father,  
Are strongly built about,  
And therefore of the king his son of Spain  
We need not stand in doubt. 90
23. 'Plight me your troth now, King Estmere,  
By heaven and your right hand,  
That you will marry me to your wife,  
And make me queen of your land.'
24. Then King Estmere he plight his troth, 95  
By heaven and his right hand,  
That he would marry her to his wife,  
And make her queen of his land.
25. And he took leave of that lady fair, 100  
To go to his own countree,  
To fetch him dukes and lords and knights,  
That married they might be.
26. They had not ridden scant a mile,  
A mile forth of the town,  
But in did come the king of Spain, 105  
With kempes many one.
27. But in did come the king of Spain,  
With many a bold barone,  
Tone day to marry King Adland's daughter,  
Tother day to carry her home. 110
28. She sent one after King Estmere,  
In all the speed might be,  
That he must either turn again and fight,  
Or go home and lose his ladye.

29. One while then the page he went, 115  
Another while he ran;  
Till he had o'ertaken King Estmere,  
I-wis he never blan.
30. 'Tidings, tidings, King Estmere!'  
'What tidings now, my boy?' 120  
'O tidings I can tell to you,  
That will you sore annoy.
31. 'You had not ridden scant a mile,  
A mile out of the town,  
But in did come the king of Spain, 125  
With kempes many a one.
32. 'But in did come the king of Spain,  
With many a bold barone,  
Tone day to marry King Adland's daughter,  
Tother day to carry her home. 130
33. 'My lady fair she greets you well,  
And evermore well by me;  
You must either turn again and fight,  
Or go home and lose your ladye.'
34. Says, 'Read me, read me, dear brother, 135  
My reade shall rise at thee,  
Whether it is better to turn and fight,  
Or go home and lose my ladye.'
35. 'Now hearken to me,' says Adler Younge,  
'And your reade must rise at me; 140  
I quickly will devise a way  
To set thy lady free.

36. 'My mother was a western woman,  
And learn'd in gramarye,  
And when I learned at the school,  
Something she taught it me. 145
37. 'There grows an herb within this field,  
And if it were but known,  
His color, which is white and red,  
It will make black and brown. 150
38. 'His color, which is brown and black,  
It will make red and white;  
That sword is not in all England  
Upon his coat will bite.
39. 'And you shall be a harper, brother, 155  
Out of the north countree,  
And I'll be your boy, so fain of fight,  
And bear your harp by your knee.
40. 'And you shall be the best harper 160  
That ever took harp in hand,  
And I will be the best singer  
That ever sung in this land.
41. 'It shall be written in our foreheads,  
All and in gramarye,  
That we two are the boldest men 165  
That are in all Christentye.'
42. And thus they renisht them to ride,  
Of two good renisht steeds,  
And when they came to King Adland's hall,  
Of red gold shone their weeds. 170

43. And when they came to King Adland's hall  
Untill the fair hall-gate,  
There they found a proud porter,  
Rearing himself thereat.
44. Says, 'Christ thee save, thou proud porter,' 175  
Says, 'Christ thee save and see.'  
'Now you be welcome,' said the porter,  
'Of what land soever ye be.'
45. 'We be harpers,' said Adler Younge,  
'Come out of the north countree: 180  
We be come hither until this place  
This proud wedding for to see.'
46. Said, 'An your color were red and white,  
As it is black and brown,  
I would say King Estmere and his brother 185  
Were comen until this town.'
47. Then they pull'd out a ring of gold,  
Laid it on the porter's arm:  
'And ever we will thee, proud porter,  
Thou wilt say us no harm.' 190
48. Sore he look'd on King Estmere,  
And sore he handl'd the ring,  
Then open'd to them the fair hall gates,  
He let for no kind of thing.
49. King Estmere he stabl'd his steed 195  
So fair at the hall-board;  
The froth that came from his bridle bit  
Light in King Bremor's beard.

50. Says, 'Stable thy steed, thou proud harper,'  
Says, 'Stable him in the stall; 200  
It doth not beseem a proud harper  
To stable his steed in a king's hall.'
51. 'My lad he is so lither,' he said,  
'He will do nought that's meet;  
And is there any man in this hall 205  
Were able him to beat?'
52. 'Thou speakest proud words,' says the king of Spain,  
'Thou harper, here to me;  
There is a man within this hall  
Will beat thy lad and thee.' 210
53. 'O let that man come down,' he said,  
'A sight of him would I see;  
And when he hath beaten well my lad,  
Then he shall beat of me.'
54. Down then came the kempery man, 215  
And look'd him in the ear;  
For all the gold that was under heaven,  
He durst not neigh him near.
55. 'And how now, kempe,' said the king of Spain,  
'And how, what aileth thee?' 220  
He says, 'It is writ in his forehead,  
All and in gramarye,  
That for all the gold that is under heaven,  
I dare not neigh him nigh.'
56. Then King Estmere pull'd forth his harp, 225  
And play'd a pretty thing;  
The lady upstart from the board,  
And would have gone from the king.



57. 'Stay thy harp, thou proud harper,  
For God's love I pray thee;  
For an thou plays as thou begins,  
Thou'lt till my bride from me.' 230
58. He struck upon his harp again,  
And play'd a pretty thing;  
The lady laugh'd a loud laughter,  
As she sat by the king. 235
59. Says, 'Sell me thy harp, thou proud harper,  
And thy stringes all;  
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have,  
As here be rings in the hall.' 240
60. 'What would ye do with my harp,' he said,  
'If I did sell it ye?'  
'To play my wife and me a fitt,  
When alone together we be.'
61. 'Now sell me,' quoth he, 'thy bride so gay, 245  
As she sits by thy knee;  
And as many gold nobles I will give  
As leaves be on a tree.'
62. 'And what would ye do with my bride so gay,  
If I did sell her thee? 250  
More seemly it is for this fair ladye  
To abide with me than thee.'
63. He play'd again both loud and shrill,  
And Adler he did sing,  
'O lady, this is thy own true love, 255  
No harper, but a king.'

64. 'O lady, this is thy own true love,  
As plainly thou may'st see,  
And I'll rid thee of that foul paynim  
Who parts thy love and thee.' 260
65. The lady look'd, the lady blush'd,  
And blush'd and look'd again,  
While Adler he hath drawn his brand,  
And hath the sowdan slain.
66. Up then rose the kempery men, 265  
And loud they 'gan to cry:  
'Ah! traitors, ye have slain our king,  
And therefore ye shall die.'
67. King Estmere threw the harp aside,  
And swith he drew his brand, 270  
And Estmere he and Adler Younge  
Right stiff in stour can stand.
68. And aye their swords so sore can bite,  
Through help of gramarye,  
That soon they have slain the kempery men, 275  
Or forc'd them forth to flee.
69. King Estmere took that fair ladye,  
And married her to his wife,  
And brought her home to merry England,  
With her to lead his life. 280

## SIR PATRICK SPENCE

1. The king sits in Dumferline town,  
Drinking the blood-red wine:  
'O where will I get a good sailor  
To sail this ship of mine?'

*SIR PATRICK SPENCE*

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2. Up and spake an eldern knight, 5  
Sat at the king's right knee;  
'Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor  
That sails upon the sea.'
3. The king has written a broad letter, 10  
And sign'd it wi' his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.
4. The first line that Sir Patrick read, 15  
A loud laugh laughed he;  
The next line that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded his ee.
5. 'O wha is this has done this deed, 20  
This ill deed done to me,  
To send me out this time o' the year,  
To sail upon the sea!
6. 'Make haste, make haste, my merrymen all, 25  
Our good ship sails the morn.'  
'O say na sae, my master dear,  
For I fear a deadly storm.
7. 'Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon 25  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm,  
And I fear, I fear, my dear master,  
That we will come to harm.'
8. O our Scots nobles were right loath 30  
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;  
But lang or a' the play were play'd,  
Their hats they swam aboon.

## SIR PATRICK SPENS

9. O lang, lang may their ladies sit,  
 Wi' their fans into their hand,  
 Or e'er they see Sir Patrick Spence 35  
 Come sailing to the land.
10. O lang, lang may the ladies stand,  
 Wi' their gold kembs in their hair,  
 Waiting for their ain dear lords,  
 For they'll see them na mair. 40
11. Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,  
 It's fifty fathom deep,  
 And there lies good Sir Patrick Spence,  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

## SCOTT'S VERSION OF SIR PATRICK SPENS

1. The king sits in Dunfermline town,  
 Drinking the blude-red wine;  
 'O where will I get a skeely skipper  
 To sail this new ship of mine?'
2. O up and spake an eldern knight, 5  
 Sat at the king's right knee:  
 'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
 That ever sail'd the sea.'
3. Our king has written a braid letter,  
 And seal'd it with his hand, 10  
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens  
 Was walking on the strand.
4. 'To Noroway, to Noroway,  
 To Noroway o'er the faem,  
 The king's daughter of Noroway, 15  
 'T is thou maun bring her hame.'

5. The first word that Sir Patrick read,  
Sae loud, loud laughed he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blinded his ee. 20
6. '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?
7. 'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet, 25  
Our ship must sail the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'T is we must fetch her hame.'
8. They hoys'd their sails on Monenday morn,  
Wi' a' the speed that they may; 30  
They hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday.
9. They hadna been a week, a week  
In Noroway but twae,  
When that the lords o' Noroway 35  
Began aloud to say:
10. 'Ye Scottish men spend a' our king's goud,  
And a' our queenis fee!  
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,  
Fu' loud I hear ye liel 40
11. 'For I brought as much white money  
As gain my men and me,  
And I brought a half-fou o' gude red goud  
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

12. 'Make ready, make ready, my merry-men a', 45  
Our gude ship sails the morn.'  
'Now ever alack! my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm.'
13. 'I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm; 50  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm.'
14. They hadna sail'd a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud, 55  
And gurly grew the sea.
15. The anchors brake, and the topmasts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm,  
And the waves came o'er the broken ship  
Till a' her sides were torn. 60
16. '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?'
17. 'O here am I, a sailor gude, 65  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till you go up to the tall topmast;  
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'
18. He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane, 70  
When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it came in.

19. 'Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
Anither o' the twine,  
And wap them unto our ship's side,  
And let nae the sea come in!' 75
20. They fetched a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,  
But still the sea came in. 80
21. O loath, loath, were our gude Scots lords  
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon!  
But lang or a' the play was play'd,  
They wet their hats aboon.
22. And mony was the feather-bed 85  
That flatter'd on the faem,  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair cam hame.
23. The ladies wrang their fingers white,  
The maidens tore their hair,  
A' for the sake of their trueloves,  
For them they'll see na mair. 90
24. O lang, lang may the ladies sit,  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand! 95
25. 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. 100

## THE GAY GOSHAWK

26. O forty miles off Aberdeen  
 'T is fifty fathoms deep,  
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

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## THE GAY GOSHAWK

1. 'O well's me o' my gay goshawk  
 That he can speak and flee;  
 He'll carry a letter to my love,  
 Bring back another to me.'
2. 'O how can I your truelove ken, 5  
 Or how can I her know?  
 When frae her mouth I never heard couth,  
 Nor wi' my eyes her saw.'
3. 'O well shall ye my truelove ken, 10  
 As soon as you her see;  
 For of a' the flow'rs in fair England,  
 The fairest flow'r is she.
4. 'At even at my love's bow'r-door 15  
 There grows a bowing birk,  
 And sit ye down and sing thereon  
 As she gangs to the kirk.
5. 'And four-and-twenty ladies fair 20  
 Will wash and go to kirk,  
 But well shall ye my truelove ken,  
 For she wears goud on her skirt.
6. 'And four and twenty gay ladies  
 Will to the mass repair,  
 But well shall ye my truelove ken,  
 For she wears goud on her hair.'



*THE GAY GOSHAWK*

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7. O even at that lady's bow'r-door  
There grows a bowing birk,  
And he sat down and sang thereon,  
As she gaed to the kirk. 25
8. 'O eat and drink, my marys a'  
The wine flows you among,  
Till I gang to my shot-window  
And hear yon bonny bird's song. 30
9. 'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,  
The song ye sang the streen,  
For I ken by your sweet singing  
You're frae my truelove sen.' 35
10. O first he sang a merry song,  
And then he sang a grave,  
And then he pick'd his feathers gray,  
To her the letter gave. 40
11. '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 dee.
12. 'He bids you write a letter to him,  
He says he's sent you five;  
He canna wait your love langer,  
Tho you're the fairest woman alive.' 45
13. 'Ye bid him bake his bridal-bread,  
And brew his bridal ale,  
And I'll meet him in fair Scotland  
Lang, lang or it be stale.' 50

14. 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.' 55
15. 'Ask on, ask on, my daughter,  
And granted it shall be;  
Except ae squire in fair Scotland,  
And him you shall never see.' 60
16. 'The only boon, my father dear,  
That I do crave of thee,  
Is, gin I die in southern lands,  
In Scotland to bury me.
17. 'And the firstin kirk that ye come till, 65  
Ye gar the bells be rung,  
And the nextin kirk that ye come till,  
Ye gar the mass be sung.
18. 'And the thirdin kirk that ye come till,  
You deal gold for my sake, 70  
And the fourthin kirk that ye come till  
You tarry there till night.'
19. She is doen her to her bigly bow'r,  
As fast as she could fare,  
And she has ta'en a sleepy draught, 75  
That she had mix'd wi' care.
20. She's laid her down upon her bed,  
And soon she's fa'n asleep,  
And soon o'er every tender limb  
Cauld death began to creep. 80

21. When night was flown, and day was come,  
Nae one that did her see  
But thought she was as surely dead  
As any lady could be.
22. Her father and her brothers dear 85  
Gard make to her a bier;  
The tae half was o' guid red gold,  
The tither o' silver clear.
23. Her mither and her sisters fair  
Gard work for her a sark; 90  
The tae half was o' cambric fine,  
Tither o' needle wark.
24. The firstin kirk that they came till,  
They gard the bells be rung,  
And the nextin kirk that they came till, 95  
They gard the mass be sung.
25. The thirdin kirk that they came till,  
They dealt gold for her sake,  
And the fourthin kirk that they came till,  
Lo, there they met her make! 100
26. 'Lay down, lay down, the bigly bier,  
Let me the dead look on.'  
Wi' cherry cheeks and ruby lips  
She lay and smil'd on him.
27. 'O ae sheave o' your bread, truelove, 105  
And ae glass of your wine,  
For I hae fasted for your sake  
These fully days is nine.

28. 'Gang hame, gang hame, my seven bold brothers,  
 Gang hame and sound your horn; 110  
 And ye may boast in southern lands  
 Your sister's play'd you scorn.'

## THE WEE WEE MAN

1. 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 e'er I saw.
2. His legs were scarce a shathmont's length, 5  
 And thick and thimber was his thigh;  
 Between his brows there was a span,  
 And between his shoulders there was three.
3. He took up a mickle stane,  
 And he flang 't as far as I could see; 10  
 Though I had been a Wallace wight,  
 I couldna liften 't to my knee.
4. 'O wee wee man, but thou be strang!  
 O tell me where thy dwelling be?'  
 'My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower; 15  
 O will you go with me and see?'
5. 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 fine. 20
6. 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 hae been his queen.

*LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET* 47

7. On we lap, and awa we rade, 25  
Till we came to yon bonny ha',  
Where the roof was o' the beaten gold,  
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.
8. When we came to the stair-foot,  
Ladies were dancing, jimp and sma', 30  
But in the twinkling of an eye,  
My wee wee man was clean awa.

**LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET**

1. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet  
Sat a' day on a hill;  
When night was come, and sun was set,  
They had not talk'd their fill.
2. Lord Thomas said a word in jest, 5  
Fair Annet took it ill;  
'A, I will never wed a wife  
Against my ain friends' will.'
3. 'If ye will never wed a wife,  
A wife will ne'er wed ye.' 10  
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
And knelt upon his knee.
4. 'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,  
'A good rede gi'e to me:  
O shall I take the nut-brown bride, 15  
And let Fair Annet be?'
5. 'The nut-brown bride has goud and gear,  
Fair Annet she has got none;  
And the little beauty Fair Annet has,  
O it will soon be gone.' 20

6. And he has to his brother gone:  
 'Now, brother, rede ye me;  
 A, shall I marry the nut-brown bride,  
 And let Fair Annet be?'
7. 'The nut-brown bride has oxen, brother,                    25  
 The nut-brown bride has kye;  
 I wad hae ye marry the nut-brown bride,  
 And cast Fair Annet by.'
8. 'Her oxen may die i' the house, billie,  
 And her kye into the byre,    30  
 And I shall hae nothing to mysel'  
 But a fat fadge by the fire.'
9. And he has to his sister gone:  
 'Now, sister, rede ye me;  
 O shall I marry the nut-brown bride,                                35  
 And set Fair Annet free?'
10. 'I'se rede ye tak' Fair Annet, Thomas,  
 And let the brown bride alane;  
 Lest ye should sigh, and say, "Alas,  
 Who is this we brought hame?"                                        40
11. 'No, I will tak' my mither's counsel,  
 And marry me out o' hand;  
 And I will tak' the nut-brown bride,  
 Fair Annet may leave the land.'
12. Up then rose Fair Annet's father,                                45  
 Twa hours or it were day,  
 And he is gone into the bower  
 Wherein Fair Annet lay.

- LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET* 49
13. 'Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says,  
     'Put on your silken sheen; 50  
 Let us go to Saint Mary's kirk,  
     And see that rich weddeen.'
14. 'My maids, go to my dressing-room,  
     And dress to me my hair;  
 Where'er ye laid a plait before, 55  
     See ye lay ten times mair.
15. 'My maids, go to my dressing-room,  
     And dress to me my smock;  
 The one half is o' the holland fine,  
     The other o' needle-work.' 60
16. The horse Fair Annet rode upon,  
     He ambled like the wind;  
 Wi' siller he was shod before,  
     Wi' burning goud behind.
17. Four and twenty siller bells, 65  
     Were a' tied to his mane,  
 And yae tift o' the nor' land wind,  
     They tinkled ane by ane.
18. Four and twenty gay gude knights  
     Rode by Fair Annet's side, 70  
 And four and twenty fair ladies,  
     As gin she had been a bride.
19. And when she came to Mary's kirk,  
     She sat on Mary's stean;  
 The cleading that Fair Annet had on, 75  
     It skinkled in their een.

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

20. And when she cam' into the kirk,  
 She shimmer'd like the sun;  
 The belt that was about her waist,  
 Was a' wi' pearls bedone. 80
21. She sat her by the nut-brown bride,  
 And her een they were sae clear,  
 Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,  
 When Fair Annet drew near.
22. He had a rose into his hand, 85  
 He ga'e it kisses three,  
 And reaching by the nut-brown bride,  
 Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.
23. Up then spak' the nut-brown bride,  
 She spak' wi' mickle spite: 90  
 'And where got ye that rose-water  
 That does mak' ye so white?'
24. 'O I did get that rose-water  
 Where ye will ne'er get nane,  
 For I got that very rose-water 95  
 Aneath yon marble stane.'
25. The bride she drew a long bodkin  
 Frae out her gay head-gear,  
 And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,  
 That word she spak' never mair. 100
26. Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wax pale,  
 And marvelled what mote be;  
 But when he saw her dear heart's blude,  
 A' wood-wroth waxed he.



## LIZIE LINDSAY

51

27. He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave it into the nut-brown bride,  
That fell dead at his feet. 105
28. 'Now stay for me, Fair Annet,' he said,  
'Now stay, my dear,' he cried; 110  
Then strake the dagger until his heart,  
And fell dead by her side.
29. Lord Thomas was buried without kirk wa',  
Fair Annet within the quier,  
And o' the tane there grew a birk, 115  
The other a bonny brier.
30. And ay they grew, and ay they grew,  
As they wad fain be near;  
And by this ye may ken right well,  
They were twa lovers dear. 120

## LIZIE LINDSAY

## (DONALD OF THE ISLES)

1. It's of a young lord o' the Hielands,  
A bonnie braw castle had he,  
And he says to his lady mither,  
'My bonny ye will grant to me:  
Shall I gae to Edinburgh city, 5  
And fetch hame a lady wi' me?'
2. 'Ye may gae to Edinburgh city,  
And fetch hame a lady wi' thee,  
But see that ye bring her but flattrie,  
And court her in great povertie.' 10

## LIZIE LINDSAY

3. 'My coat, mither, shall be o' the plaiden,  
A tartan kilt over my knee,  
Wi' hosen and brogues and the bonnet;  
I'll court her wi' nae flatterie.'
4. When he cam' to Edinburgh city, 15  
He play'd at the ring and the ba',  
And saw mony a bonnie young lady,  
But Lizie Lindsay was first o' them a'.
5. Syne, dress'd in his hieland grey plaiden,  
His bonnet aboon his ee-bree, 20  
He call'd on fair Lizie Lindsay,  
Says, 'Lizie, will ye fancy me?'
6. 'And gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
And gae, gae wi' me?  
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay, 25  
I'll feed ye on curds and green whey.'
7. '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.' 30
8. 'O how can I gae to the Hielands,  
Or how can I gae wi' thee,  
When I dinna ken where I am gaing,  
Nor wha I hae to gae wi'?''
9. 'My father, he is an auld shepherd, 35  
My mither, she is an auld dey;  
My name it is Donald Macdonald,  
My name I'll never deny.'

## LIZIE LINDSAY

- 53
10. 'O Donald, I'll gi'e ye five guineas  
To sit ae hour in my room,  
Till I tak aff your ruddy picture;  
When I hae it, I'll never think lang.' 40
11. 'I dinna care for your five 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.' 45
12. 'And ye'se get a bonnie blue plaidie,  
Wi' red and green stripes thro it a';  
And I'll be the lord o' your dwelling,  
And that's the best picture ava.' 50
13. 'And I am laird o' a' my possessions;  
The king canna boast o' na mare;  
And ye'se hae my true heart in keeping;  
There'll be na ither e'en has a share.
14. 'Sae gae to the Hielands, my lassie,  
O gae awa' happy wi' me;  
O gae to the Hielands, Lizie Lindsay,  
And herd the wee lambies wi' me.' 55
15. 'O how can I gae wi' a stranger,  
Ower hills and o'er glens frae my hame?' 60  
'I tell ye I'm Donald Macdonald;  
I'll ever be proud o' my name.'
16. Down cam' Lizie Lindsay's ain father,  
A knight o' a noble degree;  
Says, 'If ye do steal my dear daughter,  
It's hangit ye quickly shall be.' 65

17. On his heel he turn'd round wi' a bouncie,  
 And a light laugh he did gi'e:  
 'There's nae law in Edinburgh city  
 This day that can dare to hang me.' 70
18. Then up bespak' Lizie's best woman,  
 And a bonnie young lassie was she;  
 'Had I but a mark in my pouchie,  
 It's Donald that I wad gae wi'.'
19. 'O Helen, wad ye leave your coffer,  
 And a' your silk kirtles sae braw,  
 And gang wi' a bare-hough'd poor laddie,  
 And leave father, mither, and a'?' 75
20. '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.' 80
21. Then Lizie laid down her silk mantle,  
 And put on her waiting-maid's gown,  
 And aff and awa to the hielands  
 She's gone wi' this young shepherd lown. 85
22. Through glens and o'er mountains they wander'd,  
 Till Lizie had scantlie a shoe;  
 'Alas and ohone!' says fair Lizie,  
 'Sad was the first day I saw you!  
 I wish I were in Edinburgh city;  
 Fu' sair, sair this pastime I rue.' 90
23. '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.' 95

24. 'O ye're welcome, ye're welcome, Sir Donald,  
Ye're welcome back 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 might not understand. 100
25. The day being weetie and daggie,  
They lay till 't was lang o' the day:  
'Win up, win up, bonnie Lizie,  
And help at the milking the kye.' 105
26. O slowly rais'd up Lizie Lindsay:  
The saut tear blindit her ee:  
'O, were I in Edinburgh city,  
The Hielands should never see me!' 110
27. 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.
28. 'Sae rue na ye've come to the Hielands, 115  
Sae rue na ye've come off wi' me,  
For ye're great Macdonald's braw lady,  
And will be to the day that ye dee.'

## BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

1. In Scarlet Town, where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwellin',  
Made every youth cry, 'Wellaway!'  
Her name was Barbara Allen.
2. All in the merry month of May, 5  
When green buds they are swellin',  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
For love of Barbara Allen.

3. He sent his man unto her then,  
To the town where she was dwellin';  
'You must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen. 10
4. 'For death is printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealin';  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbara Allen.' 15
5. 'Though death be printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealin',  
Yet little better shall he be  
For bonny Barbara Allen.' 20
6. So slowly, slowly, she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him;  
And all she said, when there she came,  
'Young man, I think you're dying.'
7. He turn'd his face unto her straight, 25  
With deadly sorrow sighing;  
'O lovely maid, come pity me,  
I'm on my death-bed lying.'
8. 'If on your death-bed you do lie,  
What needs the tale you are tellin'; 30  
I cannot keep you from your death;  
Farewell,' said Barbara Allen.
9. He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
As deadly pangs he fell in:  
'Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,  
Adieu to Barbara Allen!' 35

*BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY*

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10. As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the bell a-knellin';  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
'Unworthy Barbara Allen!' 40
11. She turn'd her body round about,  
And spied the corpse a-coming:  
'Lay down, lay down the corpse,' she said,  
'That I may look upon him.'
12. With scornful eye she looked down,  
Her cheek with laughter swellin',  
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,  
'Unworthy Barbara Allen.' 45
13. When he was dead, and laid in grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow:  
'O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die to-morrow. 50
14. 'Hard-hearted creature him to slight,  
Who loved me so dearly;  
O that I had been more kind to him,  
When he was alive and near me!' 55
15. She, on her death-bed as she lay,  
Beg'd to be buried by him;  
And sore repented of the day  
That she did e'er deny him. 60
16. 'Farewell,' she said, 'ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in;  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen.'

## LORD LOVEL

1. '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.'
2. 'That is a long time, Lord Lovel,' said she, 5  
'To live in fair Scotland.'  
'And so it is, Lady Ouncebell,  
To leave a fair lady alone.'
3. He had not been in fair Scotland 10  
Not half above half a year,  
But a longing mind came into his head,  
Lady Ouncebell he would go see her.
4. He called up his stable-groom,  
To saddle his milk-white steed;  
Dey down, dey down, dey down dery down, 15  
I wish Lord Lovel good speed.
5. 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. 20
6. He asked of a gentleman,  
That sat there all alone,  
What made the bells of the high chapel ring,  
The ladies make all their moan.
7. 'One of the king's daughters is dead,' said he, 25  
'Lady Ouncebell was her name;  
She died for love of a courteous young knight,  
Lord Lovel he was the same.'



THOMAS RHYMER

59

8. He caused her corpse to be set down,  
 And her winding sheet undone, 30  
 And he made a vow before them all  
 He'd never kiss woman again.
9. Lady Ouncebell died on the yesterday,  
 Lord Lovel on the morrow;  
 Lady Ouncebell died for pure true love, 35  
 Lord Lovel died for sorrow.
10. Lady Ouncebell was buried in the high chancel,  
 Lord Lovel in the choir;  
 Lady Ouncebell's breast sprung out a sweet rose,  
 Lord Lovel's a bunch of sweet brier. 40
11. 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 truelover's knot,  
 And then they tied both together.
12. An old woman coming by that way, 45  
 And a blessing she did crave,  
 To cut off a bunch of that truelover's knot,  
 And buried them both in one grave.

THOMAS RHYMER

1. True Thomas lay o'er yond grassy bank,  
 And he beheld a lady gay,  
 A lady that was brisk and bold,  
 Come riding o'er the ferny brae.
2. Her skirt was of the grass-green silk, 5  
 Her mantle of the velvet fine,  
 At ilka tett of her horse's mane  
 Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

3. True Thomas he took off his hat,  
 And bow'd him low down till his knee: 10  
 'All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
 For your peer on earth I never did see.'
4. 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
 'That name does not belong to me;  
 I am but the queen of fair Elfland, 15  
 And I'm come here for to visit thee.
5. 'But ye maun go wi' me now, Thomas,  
 True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me,  
 But ye maun serve me seven years,  
 Through weal or woe as may chance to be.' 20
6. She turn'd about her milk-white steed,  
 And took True Thomas up behind,  
 And aye whene'er her bridle rang,  
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.
7. For forty days and forty nights 25  
 He wade thro red blood to the knee,  
 And he saw neither sun nor moon,  
 But heard the roaring of the sea.
8. O they rode on, and further on,  
 Until they came to garden green: 30  
 'Light down, light down, ye lady free,  
 Some of that fruit let me pull to thee.'
9. 'O no, O no, True Thomas,' she says,  
 'That fruit maun not be touch'd by thee,  
 For a' the plagues that are in hell 35  
 Light on the fruit of this countrie.

10. '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.' 40
11. When he had eaten and drunk his fill,  
'Lay down your head upon my knee,'  
The lady said, 'ere we climb yon hill,  
And I will show you fairlies three.
12. 'O see ye not yon narrow road,  
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers? 45  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Though after it but few enquires.
13. 'And see ye not that broad broad road,  
That lies across yon lily leven? 50  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Though some call it the road to heaven.
14. 'And see ye not that bonny road,  
Which winds about the ferny brae?  
That is the road to fair Elfland, 55  
Where you and I this night maun gae.
15. 'But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,  
Whatever you may hear or see,  
For gin ae word you should chance to speak,  
You will ne'er get back to your ain countrie.' 60
16. 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.

## FAIR MARGRET

1. Fair Margret was a young ladye,  
And come of high degree;  
Fair Margret was a young ladye,  
And proud as proud could be.
2. Fair Margret was a rich ladye, 5  
The king's cousin was she;  
Fair Margret was a rich ladye,  
And vain as vain could be.
3. She war'd her wealth on the gay cleedin 10  
That comes frae yont the sea,  
She spent her time frae morning till night  
Adorning her fair bodye.
4. Ae night she sate in her stately ha',  
Kaimin' her yellow hair,  
When in there came like a gentle knight, 15  
And a white scarf he did wear.
5. '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. 20
6. 'You're the likest to my ae brother  
That ever I hae seen,  
But he's buried in Dunfermline kirk,  
A month and mair bygane.'
7. 'I'm the likest to your ae brother 25  
That ever ye did see,  
For I canna get rest into my grave,  
A' for the pride of thee.

*THE JOVIAL HUNTER OF BROMSGROVE* 63

8. 'Leave pride, Margret, leave pride, Margret,  
Leave pride and vanity; 30  
Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,  
Sair altered ye maun be.
9. 'O ye come in at the kirk door  
Wi' the gowd plaits in your hair;  
But wad ye see what I hae seen, 35  
Ye maun them a' forbear.
10. '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. 40
11. 'Leave pride, Margret, leave pride, Margret,  
Leave pride and vanity;  
Ere ye see the sights that I hae seen,  
Sair alter'd ye maun be.'
12. He got her in her stately ha', 45  
Kaimin' her yellow hair,  
He left her on her sick sick bed,  
Shedding the saut saut tear.

**THE JOVIAL HUNTER OF BROMSGROVE**

(VERSION OF SIR LIONEL)

1. Sir Robert Bolton had three sons,  
Wind well thy horn, good hunter  
And one of them was call'd Sir Ryalas;  
For he was a jovial hunter.
2. He rang'd all round by the woodside, 5  
Wind well thy horn good hunter  
Till up in the top of a tree a gay lady he spied;  
For he was a jovial hunter.

3. 'O what dost thou mean, fair lady?' said he;  
'O the wild boar has kill'd my lord and his men thirty, 10  
As thou beest a jovial hunter.'
4. 'O what shall I do this wild boar to see?'  
'O thee blow a blast, and he'll come unto thee,  
As thou beest a jovial hunter.'
5. Then he put his horn unto his mouth 15  
Then he blow'd a blast full north, east, west and south,  
As he was a jovial hunter.
6. And the wild boar heard him full into his den,  
Then he made the best of his speed unto him,  
To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter. 20
7. Then the wild boar, being so stout and so strong,  
He thrash'd down the trees as he came along  
To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.
8. 'O what dost thou want of me?' the wild boar said he;  
'O I think in my heart I can do enough for thee, 25  
For I am a jovial hunter.'
9. Then they fought four hours in a long summer's day,  
Till the wild boar fain would have gotten away  
From Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.
10. Then Sir Ryalas draw'd his broadsword with might, 30  
And he fairly cut his head off quite;  
For he was a jovial hunter.
11. Then out of the wood the wild woman flew:  
'Oh thou hast kill'd my pretty spotted pig!  
As thou beest a jovial hunter. 35

*KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY* 25

12. 'There are three things I do demand of thee,  
It's thy horn and thy hound and thy gay lady,  
As thou beest a jovial hunter.'
13. 'If these three things thou dost demand of me,  
It's just as my sword and thy neck can agree: 40  
For I am a jovial hunter.'
14. Then into his locks the wild woman flew,  
Till she thought in her heart she had torn him through;  
As he was a jovial hunter.
15. Then Sir Ryalas draw'd his broadsword again, 45  
And he fairly split her head in twain;  
For he was a jovial hunter.
16. In Bromsgrove church they both do lie;  
There the wild boar's head is pictured by  
Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter. 50

**KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY**

1. I'll 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.  
Derry down, down hey, derry down. 5
2. 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.
3. 'How now, father abbot? 'T is told unto me 10  
That thou keepest a far better house than I;  
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,  
I fear thou hast treason against my crown.'

4. 'I hope, my liege, that you owe me no grudge  
For spending of my true-gotten goods.' 15  
'If thou dost not answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be taken from thy body.
5. '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, 20  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.
6. 'And the next question you must not flout,  
How long I shall be riding the world about;  
And the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me truly what I do think,' 25
7. '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.'
8. 'O three days space I will thee give, 30  
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.'
9. And as the shepherd was going to his fold,  
He spy'd the old abbot come riding along; 35  
'How now, master abbot? You're welcome home;  
What news have you brought from good King John?'
10. '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.



11. '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. 45
12. 'And the next question I must not flout,  
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.'
13. 'O master, did you never hear it yet, 50  
That a fool may learn a wise man wit?  
Lend me but your horse and your apparel,  
I'll ride to fair London and answer the quarrel.'
14. 'Now I am set so high on my steed,  
With my crown of gold upon my head, 55  
Amongst all my nobility, with joy and much mirth,  
Now tell me to one penny what I am worth.'
15. '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, 60  
For I think thou art one penny worser than He.'
16. 'And the next question thou mayst not flout;  
How long shall I be riding the world about?'  
'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
Until the next morning he rises again, 65  
And then I am sure you will make no doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.'
17. 'And the third question you must not shrink,  
But tell me truly what I do think.'

- 'All that I can do, and 't will make you merry; 70  
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.'
18. The king he turn'd him about and did smile,  
Saying, 'Thou shalt be the abbot the other while.' 75  
'O no, my grace, there is no such need,  
For I can neither write nor read.'
19. '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, 80  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.'

## THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS

THE ROBIN HOOD LEGENDS.—While it is impossible to accept as true all the tales that are told of Robin Hood, it is quite as difficult to prove that his story is altogether a myth. Two localities, Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire and a wooded district in the West-riding of Yorkshire, lay claim to him as an actual, historic personage. Reference to the map will show that these sections are not so far apart as to force us to decide upon either one to the exclusion of the other. A forest-dweller had nothing to hold him in one place. In truth, after some particularly aggressive act on his part he might find it necessary to shift his abode, and a thirty or forty mile removal at a time when communication was slow and difficult, would effectually cut off pursuit and capture.

Legend says that Robin Hood was born in Nottinghamshire at Locksley, or, as it is sometimes spelled, Loxley, and died in Yorkshire in the nunnery of Kirklees. As there were vast forests in both districts not more than a two-days' journey apart, it is quite possible that he haunted each by turn, moving from one to the other as necessity or preference determined. When we find references to other places in the Robin Hood ballads, places remote from these regions, they are instances of transferring a popular hero from a distant place to one more familiar to the ballad singer or his audience.

English history written in England at the time when Robin Hood is supposed to have lived, unfortunately makes no mention of him. Nevertheless, the belief has been growing steadily for the last hundred years or more, that the folk tales are at least partly true. The discovery that an early Scotch historian, John of Fordun,<sup>1</sup> speaks of the outlaw hero in no uncertain

<sup>1</sup> About the year 1390.

terms, did much to strengthen this belief; so also did the testimony of Joseph Ritson (1791), and of Robert Southey, John Mathew Gutch, Augustin Thierry, and other eminent scholars of the nineteenth century. Those who know and love the legend may feel assured of excellent company should they choose to believe that Robin Hood really headed a band of forest-dwellers and robbed the rich and helped the poor somewhere in the north of England seven or eight hundred years ago.

THE TIME OF ROBIN HOOD.—As to his exact date, we find a great difference of opinion even among those who have the strongest faith in him. Sir Walter Scott, in *Ivanhoe*, makes him out a Saxon yeoman of the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, and describes him as practically driven into the forest and to his thieving mode of life by the oppression and injustice of the Normans. *Ivanhoe* is, it is true, only fiction, but Scott was very careful of details in his work, and if he put Robin Hood into a story of King Richard's reign it was because he believed that that was where he belonged. John of Fordun, on the other hand, writes of him as being at the height of his activity about 1265. If we accept this later date, we cannot be content to consider him merely a dispossessed Saxon, for by this time the Saxons and the Normans were beginning to be pretty well intermingled. A very possible story, quite reconcilable with English history, declares him to have been attached in his early manhood to some baron (perhaps Simon de Montfort, perhaps the Earl of Lancaster) who tried, but failed, to bring about certain reforms in the English government. On the downfall of the leader, punishment was inflicted upon many of his followers, but some escaped to the depths of the woods and were proclaimed outlaws. Outlawry was the sentence pronounced upon any man who failed to appear when summoned to court to defend himself against a charge. Many a man preferred outlawry and a fighting chance for freedom to an unfair trial before a judge who was almost sure to condemn him to death or to long imprisonment.

RELICS OF ROBIN HOOD.—Few travelers can pass through

the wooded regions of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire without imagining the glades and thickets peopled with "bold Robin's band." To this day, visitors to Sherwood Forest are shown an immense oak, centuries old, known as Robin Hood's larder, and in another part of the forest a great rock called Robin Hood's whetstone. Farther north, in the West-riding of Yorkshire, in a place now called Kirkless Park, but formerly known as Kirklees, Kyrkesey or even Bircklies, is Robin Hood's grave. The ballad on *Robin Hood's Death and Burial* tells how the outlaw came to die there, but the prose account in an old manuscript is also full of interest. The writer of this says that:

"being dystempered with cold and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloude being corrupted; therefore, to be eased of his payne by letting bloude, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesey, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique and surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robin Hood, and waying <sup>1</sup> how fel an enemy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne howse and all others by letting him bleed to death."

The same manuscript goes on to say that after letting him bleed to death, she buried him under a great stone "by the Hywayes side." Another writer says that:

"the cause why she buryed him there was, for that the common passengers and travailers, knowyng and seeyng him there buryed, might more safely and without feare take their journeyes that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayde outlaw."

The grave that is now shown as Robin Hood's cannot be said to be strictly "by the Hywayes side," but perhaps the course of the highway has changed in the lapse of time. A flat stone, without an inscription, but marked with a cross, is over it. If the grave is genuine, and if the stone is the original one, it bears no trace of the epitaphs said to have been carved on it—either of the English (some say Latin) verse telling how he "robbed

<sup>1</sup> realizing, perceiving.

the rich to feed the poor," or of the one that ended with the pious hope that England might never again know such an outlaw.

Robin Hood enthusiasts find other relics scattered over the north of England. In Sherwood Forest there is a spring called Robin Hood's well, and in Yorkshire there is another. The forest well is inconspicuous, but the other was famous in stage-coach days for it was close to the post-road, and the coach between York and Doncaster frequently stopped there to let the passengers drink of the "fair water." At Fountains Abbey they show a bow said to have been used by Robin Hood, and in the park the stream where the curtal friar gave him his famous ducking. Farther to the east there is an indentation on the sea-coast known as Robin Hood's Bay. Returning to Sherwood Forest, we find also a peculiar rock, not far from the well, where, it is said, the robber chieftain was accustomed to sit when deciding how much toll was to be exacted from the coffers of unwary travelers, or when distributing booty among his men. All these places of interest may be visited in a four-days' stay in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire.

THE CHARACTER OF ROBIN HOOD.—The most jovial of outlaws was Robin, and the kindest and most courteous of thieves, committing his robberies upon the fixed principle that he would take only from those who could afford to lose, and that he would give to the poor a share of all that he took. The rich may have feared and condemned him, but in the eyes of the great mass of the English poor of the Middle Ages he stood for an ideal. To appreciate him properly we must see him through their eyes, measure him by their standards. Fortunately, most of us do this unconsciously, carried by the charm of the ballads into the atmosphere and spirit of medieval England. There we find Robin Hood the perfect yeoman, as truly as King Arthur was the ideal knight in an earlier age and a different rank of society. He was a matchless archer and a lover of the greenwood. He delighted in practical jokes and in disguises of all kinds. He was generous to the needy, and was therefore

beloved of widows and poor farmers. He loved fair play and was ready to own when he had met his match. He was reverent of women and a devout worshipper of the Virgin. He hated hypocrisy, especially when joined to religion, and was in consequence a bitter and relentless enemy, not of monks and abbots as such, but of rich monks and abbots. He was brave to rashness, full of expedients in trying circumstances, always gay, always genial. Modern writers have found in him an interesting figure for drama and opera as well as tale.

## ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

1. When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,  
     With a hey down down and a down  
     He happen'd to meet Little John,  
     A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,  
     For he was a lusty young man. 5
2. Tho he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,  
     And his stature was seven foot high;  
     Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,  
     For soon he would make them to fly.
3. How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief, 10  
     If you will but listen awhile;  
     For this very jest, among all the rest,  
     I think it may cause you to smile.
4. Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,  
     'Pray tarry you here in this grove; 15  
     And see that you all observe well my call,  
     While thorough the forest I rove.
5. 'We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,  
     Therefore now abroad will I go;  
     Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat, 20  
     My horn I will presently blow.'

6. 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 chanc'd to espy. 25
7. They happen'd 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.'
8. With that from his quiver an arrow he drew, 30  
A broad arrow with a goose-wing:  
The stranger replied, 'I'll liquor thy hide,  
If thou offerst to touch the string.'
9. Quoth bold Robin Hood, 'Thou dost prate like an ass,  
For were I to bend but my bow, 35  
I could send a dart quite thro' thy proud heart,  
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.'
10. '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, 40  
Have nought but a staff in my hand.'
11. '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.' 45
12. Then Robin Hood step'd 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:



- 75
13. 'Lo! see my staff, it is lusty and tough, 50  
 Now here on the bridge we will play;  
 Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
 The battle, and so we'll away.'
14. 'With all my whole heart,' the stranger reply'd;  
 'I scorn in the least to give out;' 55  
 This said, they fell to 't without more dispute,  
 And their staffs they did flourish about.
15. And first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,  
 So hard that it made his bones ring;  
 The stranger he said, 'This must be repaid, 60  
 I'll give you as good as you bring.
16. 'So long as I'm able to handle my staff,  
 To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.'  
 Then to it each goes, and follow'd their blows,  
 As if they had been threshing of corn. 65
17. The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,  
 Which caused the blood to appear;  
 Then Robin, enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,  
 And follow'd his blows more severe.
18. So thick and so fast did he lay it on him, 70  
 With a passionate fury and ire,  
 At every stroke, he made him to smoke,  
 As if he had been all on fire.
19. O then into fury the stranger he grew,  
 And gave him a terrible look, 75  
 And with it a blow that laid him full low,  
 And tumb'd him into the brook.

20. 'I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?'  
 The stranger, in laughter, he cried;  
 Quoth bold Robin Hood, 'Good faith, in the flood, 80  
 And floating along with the tide.
21. '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 battle shall be at an end.' 85
22. Then unto the bank he did presently wade,  
 And pull'd himself out by a thorn;  
 Which done, at the last, he blew a loud blast  
 Straightway on his fine bugle-horn.
23. The echo of which through the valley did fly, 90  
 At which his stout bowmen appear'd,  
 All clothed in green, most gay to be seen;  
 So up to their master they steer'd.
24. 'O what's the matter?' quoth William Stutely;  
 'Good master, you are wet to the skin:' 95  
 'No matter,' quoth he; 'the lad which you see,  
 In fighting, hath tumb'l'd me in.'
25. 'He shall not go scot-free,' the others replied;  
 So straight they were seizing him there,  
 To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries, 100  
 'He is a stout fellow, forbear.
26. '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 straight. 105

27. 'And other accouterments 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.'
28. 'O here is my hand,' the stranger replied, 110  
'I'll serve you with all my whole heart;  
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;  
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part.'
29. 'His name shall be alter'd,' quoth William Stutely, 115  
'And I will his godfather be;  
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,  
For we will be merry,' quoth he.
30. They presently fetch'd in a brace of fat does,  
With humming strong liquor likewise;  
They lov'd what was good; so, in the greenwood, 120  
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.
31. He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,  
And, maybe, an ell in the waist;  
A pretty sweet lad; much feasting they had;  
Bold Robin the christening grac'd, 125
32. With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,  
And were of the Nottingham breed;  
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,  
And did in this manner proceed:
33. 'This infant was called John Little,' quoth he, 130  
'Which name shall be changed anon;  
The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,  
His name shall be call'd Little John.'

34. Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,  
 And cloth'd him from top to the toe 135  
 In garments of green, most gay to be seen,  
 And gave him a curious long bow.
35. '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, 140  
 While bishops have ought in their purse.
36. '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 ev'rything at our command.' 145
37. Then music 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.
38. And so ever after, as long as he liv'd, 150  
 Although he was proper and tall,  
 Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,  
 Still Little John they did him call.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW

1. When as the sheriff of Nottingham  
 Was come, with mickle grief,  
 He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,  
 That strong and sturdy thief.  
 Fal lal dal de 5

2. So unto London-road he past,  
 His losses to unfold  
 To King Richard, who did regard  
 The tale that he had told.

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3. 'Why,' quoth the king, 'what shall I do? 10  
Art thou not sheriff for me?  
The law is in force, go take thy course  
Of them that injure thee.
4. 'Go get thee gone, and by thyself 15  
Devise some tricking game  
For to enthrall yon rebels all;  
Go take thy course with them.'
5. So away the sheriff he return'd,  
And by the way he thought 20  
Of the words of the king, and how the thing  
To pass might well be brought.
6. For within his mind he imagin'd  
That when such matches were,  
Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,  
Would be the bowmen there. 25
7. So an arrow with a golden head  
And shaft of silver white,  
Who won the day should bear away  
For his own proper right.
8. Tidings came to brave Robin Hood, 30  
Under the greenwood tree:  
'Come prepare you then, my merry men,  
We'll go yon sport to see.'
9. With that step'd forth a brave young man,  
David of Doncaster: 35  
'Master,' said he, 'be rul'd by me,  
From the greenwood we'll not stir.

10. 'To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd  
Yon match is a wile;  
The sheriff, I-wiss, devises this  
Us archers to beguile.' 40
11. '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.' 45
12. 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.
13. 'Our mantles, all of Lincoln green,  
Behind us we will leave;  
We'll dress us all so several  
They shall not us perceive.' 50
14. 'One shall wear white, another red,  
One yellow, another blue;  
Thus in disguise, to the exercise  
We'll gang, whate'er ensue.' 55
15. Forth from the greenwood they are gone,  
With hearts all firm and stout,  
Resolving then with the sheriff's men  
To have a hearty bout. 60
16. So themselves they mixed with the rest,  
To prevent all suspicion;  
For if they should together hold  
They thought it no discretion. 65

17. So the sheriff looking round about,  
 Amongst eight hundred men,  
 But could not see the sight that he  
 Had long expected then.
18. 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.' 70
19. 'Ay,' quoth the sheriff and scratched his head,  
 'I thought he would have been here;  
 I thought he would, but, though he's bold,  
 He durst not now appear.' 75
20. O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart;  
 He vexed in his blood;  
 'Ere long,' thought he, 'thou shalt well see  
 That here was Robin Hood.' 80
21. 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.' 85
22. For that was Robin Hood himself,  
 For he was cloth'd in red;  
 At every shot the prize he got,  
 For he was both sure and dead.
23. 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. 90

24. 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. 95
25. Until they all assembl'd were  
    Under the greenwood shade,  
Where they report, in pleasant sport,  
    What brave pastime they made. 100
26. Says Robin Hood, 'All my care is,  
    How that yon sheriff may  
Know certainly, that it was I  
    That bore his arrow away.' 105
27. Says Little John, 'My counsel good  
    Did take effect before,  
So therefore now, if you'll allow,  
    I will advise once more.'
28. '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.' 110
29. 'This I advise,' said Little John,  
    'That a letter shall be pen'd,  
And when it is done, to Nottingham  
    You to the sheriff shall send.' 115
30. 'That is well advis'd,' said Robin Hood,  
    'But how must it be sent?'  
'Pugh! when you please, it's done with ease,  
    Master, be you content. 120



31. '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.' 125
32. The project it was full perform'd;  
 The sheriff that letter had;  
 Which when he read, he scratch'd his head,  
 And rav'd like one that's mad.

**ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR**

1. In summer time, when leaves grow green,  
 And flowers are fresh and gay,  
 Robin Hood and his merry men  
 Were dispos'd to play.
2. Then some would leap, and some would run, 5  
 And some would use artillery:  
 'Which of you can a good bow draw,  
 A good archer to be?'
3. 'Which of you can kill a buck?  
 Or who can kill a doe? 10  
 Or who can kill a hart of grece,  
 Five hundred feet him fro?'
4. Will Scadlock he kill'd a buck,  
 And Midge he kill'd a doe,  
 And Little John kill'd a hart of grece, 15  
 Five hundred feet him fro'.
5. '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 find one could match with thee.' 20

6. That caused Will Scadlock to laugh,  
He laugh'd full heartily:  
'There lives a curtal friar in Fountains Abbey  
Will beat both him and thee.
7. 'That curtal friar in Fountains Abbey 25  
Well can a strong bow draw;  
He will beat you and your yeomen,  
Set them all on a row.'
8. Robin Hood took a solemn oath,  
It was by Mary free, 30  
That he would neither eat nor drink  
Till the friar he did see.
9. Robin Hood put on his harness good,  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
Broadsword and buckler by his side, 35  
And they became him weel.
10. 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. 40
11. And coming unto Fountains Dale,  
No further would he ride;  
There was he aware of a curtal friar,  
Walking by the waterside.
12. The friar had on a harness good, 45  
And on his head a cap of steel,  
Broadsword and buckler by his side,  
And they became him weel.

- ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR* 85
13. Robin Hood lighted off his horse,  
And tied him to a thorn: 50  
'Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,  
Or else thy life's forlorn.'
14. The friar took Robin Hood on his back,  
Deep water he did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad, 55  
Till he came at the other side.
15. Lightly leap'd Robin Hood off the friar's back;  
The friar said to him again,  
'Carry me over this water, fine fellow,  
Or it shall breed thy pain.' 60
16. Robin Hood took the friar on's back,  
Deep water he did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till he came to the other side.
17. Lightly leap'd the friar off Robin Hood's back; 65  
Robin Hood said to him again,  
'Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,  
Or it shall breed thy pain.'
18. The friar took Robin Hood on's back again,  
And step'd up to the knee; 70  
Till he came at the middle of the stream,  
Neither good nor bad spake he.
19. And coming to the middle stream,  
There he threw Robin in:  
'And choose thee, choose thee, fine fellow, 75  
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.'

20. Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,  
The friar to a wicker wand;  
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,  
And took his bow in hand. 80
21. One of his best arrows under his belt  
To the friar he let fly;  
The curtal friar, with his steel buckler,  
He put that arrow by.
22. 'Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow, 85  
Shoot on as thou hast begun;  
If thou shoot here a summer's day,  
Thy mark I will not shun.'
23. Robin Hood shot passing well,  
Till his arrows were all gone; 90  
They took their swords and steel bucklers,  
And fought with might and main.
24. From ten o' th' clock that day  
Till four i' th' afternoon,  
Then Robin Hood came to his knees, 95  
Of the friar to beg a boon.
25. 'A boon, a boon, thou curtal friar,  
I beg it on my knee;  
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,  
And to blow blasts three.' 100
26. 'That will I do,' said the curtal friar,  
'Of thy blasts I have no doubt;  
I hope thou'lt blow so passing well  
Till both thy eyes fall out.'

- ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR* 87
27. Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth, 105  
 He blew but blasts three;  
 Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,  
 Came raking over the lee.
28. 'Whose men are these,' said the friar,  
 'That come so hastily?' 110  
 'These men are mine,' said Robin Hood;  
 'Friar, what is that to thee?'
29. 'A boon, a boon,' said the curtal friar,  
 'The like I gave to thee;  
 Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth, 115  
 And to whute whutes three.'
30. 'That will I do,' said Robin Hood,  
 'Or else I were to blame;  
 Three whutes on a friar's fist  
 Would make me glad and fain.' 120
31. The friar he set his fist to his mouth,  
 And whuted whutes three;  
 Half a hundred good bandogs  
 Came running the friar unto.
32. 'Here's for every man of thine a dog, 125  
 And I myself for thee.'  
 'Nay, by my faith,' quoth Robin Hood,  
 'Friar, that may not be.'
33. Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,  
 The one behind, the other before; 130  
 Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green  
 Off from his back they tore.

34. 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. 135
35. 'Take up thy dogs,' said Little John,  
'Friar, at my bidding be.'  
'Whose man art thou,' said the curtal friar,  
'Comes here to prate to me?' 140
36. 'I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,  
Friar, I will not lie;  
If thou take not up thy dogs soon,  
I'll take up them and thee.'
37. Little John had a bow in his hand, 145  
He shot with might and main;  
Soon half a score of the friar's dogs  
Lay dead upon the plain.
38. 'Hold thy hand, good fellow,' said the curtal friar,  
'Thy master and I will agree; 150  
And we will have new orders taken,  
With all the haste that may be.'
39. 'If thou wilt forsake fair Fountains Dale,  
And Fountains Abbey free,  
Every Sunday throughout the year, 155  
A noble shall be thy fee.
40. 'And every holy day throughout the year,  
Changed shall thy garment be,  
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,  
And there remain with me.' 160

41. This curtal friar had kept Fountains Dale  
Seven long years or more;  
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl  
Could make him yield before.

## ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE

1. Come listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All you that love mirth for to hear,  
And I will you tell of a bold outlaw,  
That lived in Nottinghamshire  
That lived in Nottinghamshire. 5
2. As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
All under the greenwood tree,  
There was he 'ware of a brave young man,  
As fine as fine might be.
3. The youngster was clothed in scarlet red, 10  
In scarlet fine and gay,  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a foundelay.
4. As Robin Hood next morning stood,  
Amongst the leaves so gay, 15  
There did he espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way.
5. The scarlet he wore the day before,  
It was clean cast away;  
And every step he fetch'd a sigh, 20  
'Alack and a-well-a-day!'
6. Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
And Nick the miller's son,  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
When as he see them come. 25

7. 'Stand off, stand off,' the young man said,  
'What is your will with me?'  
'You must come before our master straight,  
Under yon greenwood tree.'
8. And when he came bold Robin before, 30  
Robin ask'd him courteously,  
'O hast thou any money to spare  
For my merry men and me?'
9. 'I have no money,' the young man said, 35  
'But five shillings and a ring;  
And that I have kept this seven long years,  
To have it at my wedding.'
10. 'Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But she is now from me ta'en,  
And chosen to be an old knight's delight, 40  
Whereby my poor heart is slain.'
11. '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.' 45
12. 'What wilt thou give me,' said Robin Hood,  
'In ready gold or fee,  
To help thee to thy truelove again,  
And deliver her unto thee?'
13. 'I have no money,' then quoth the young man, 50  
'No ready gold nor fee,  
But I will swear upon a book  
Thy true servant for to be.'



14. 'How many miles is it to thy truelove?  
Come tell me without any guile:' 55  
'By the faith of my body,' then said the young man,  
'It is but five little mile.'
15. Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor lin,  
Until he came unto the church 60  
Where Allin should keep his wedding.
16. 'What dost thou do here?' the bishop he said,  
'I prithee now tell to me:'  
'I am a bold harper,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'And the best in the north countree.' 65
17. 'O welcome, O welcome,' the bishop he said,  
'That music best pleaseth me;'  
'You shall have no music,' quoth Robin Hood,  
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.'
18. With that came in a wealthy knight, 70  
Which was both grave and old,  
And after him a finikin lass,  
Did shine like glistering gold.
19. 'This is no fit match,' quoth bold Robin Hood,  
'That you do seem to make here; 75  
For since we are come unto the church,  
The bride she shall choose her own dear.'
20. Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew blasts two or three;  
When four and twenty bowmen bold 80  
Came leaping over the lee.

21. And when they came into the churchyard,  
 Marching all on a row,  
 The first man was Allin a Dale,  
 To give bold Robin his bow. 85
22. 'This is thy truelove,' Robin he said,  
 'Young Allin, as I hear say;  
 And you shall be married, at this same time,  
 Before we depart away.'
23. 'That shall not be,' the bishop he said, 90  
 'For thy word shall not stand;  
 They shall be three times ask'd in the church,  
 As the law is of our land.'
24. Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,  
 And put it upon Little John;  
 'By the faith of my body,' then Robin said,  
 'This cloth doth make thee a man.' 95
25. When Little John went into the quire,  
 The people began for to laugh;  
 He ask'd them seven times in the church, 100  
 Lest three times should not be enough.
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.' 105
27. And thus having ended this merry wedding,  
 The bride look'd as fresh as a queen,  
 And so they return'd to the merry greenwood,  
 Amongst the leaves so green.

## ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

1. When Robin Hood and Little John  
Down a down a down a down  
Went o'er yon bank of broom,  
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,  
'We have shot for many a pound. . . . .'  
Hey down a down a down a down 5
2. 'But I am not able to shoot one shot more,  
My broad arrows will not flee;  
But I have a cousin lives down below,  
Please God, she will bleed me.' 10
3. 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.
4. And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall, 15  
He knocked all at the ring,  
But none was so ready as his cousin herself  
For to let bold Robin in.
5. 'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,  
'And drink some beer with me?' 20  
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,  
Till I am blooded by thee.'
6. 'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,  
'Which you did never see,  
And if you please to walk therein, 25  
You blooded by me shall be.'
7. 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. 30

8. She blooded him in a vein of the arm,  
 And lock'd him up in the room;  
 Then did he bleed all the livelong day,  
 Until the next day at noon.
9. He then bethought him of a casement there, 35  
 Thinking for to get down;  
 But he was so weak he could not leap,  
 He could not get him down.
10. He then bethought him of his bugle horn,  
 Which hung low down to his knee; 40  
 He set his horn unto his mouth,  
 And blew out weak blasts three.
11. Then Little John, when hearing him,  
 As he sat under a tree,  
 'I fear my master is now near dead,  
 He blows so wearily.' 45
12. 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: 50
13. 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.'
14. 'What is that boon,' said Robin Hood, 55  
 'Little John, thou begs of me?'  
 'It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,  
 And all their nunnery.'

*ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL* 95

15. '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. 60
16. '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 flee 65  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
    There let my grave digged be.
17. 'Lay me a green sod under my head,  
    And another at my feet; 70  
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.
18. 'Let have length and breadth enough, 75  
    With a green sod under my head;  
That they may say, when I am dead,  
    Here lies bold Robin Hood.'
19. These words they readily granted him,  
    Which did bold Robin please: 80  
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,  
    Within the fair Kirkleys.

## THE BORDER BALLADS

**BORDER FEUDS.**—Another favorite theme of the ballad singers was the story of the long centuries of struggle between the English and the Scotch. The frontier between the two countries was the scene of more than a score of recorded battles and of uncounted petty skirmishes, and from these there sprang a series of ballads, partly historical, partly imaginative, but wholly sturdy and valiant.

The boundary line between the two countries was shifted several times, and the disputed territory—parts of Berwickshire, Northumberland, Roxburgh and Cumberland—subject now to the rule of the Scotch and now to that of the English, became at last an almost lawless district. Even in the intervals when there was no outwardly declared war between the two nations, fighting did not cease entirely on the Border. The great barons on either side had personal injuries, real or imaginary, to be avenged, and the Scots raided the English territory and the English made incursions upon the Scotch. For three hundred years the struggle lasted, blazing up fiercely at times, and again dying down almost to extinction. It was not until the union of the two kingdoms under James Stuart (1603) that the last vestiges of the trouble were crushed and order was permanently established.

**THE LAW OF THE BORDER.**—Yet it must not be imagined that the kings of the two countries made no efforts to curb their own subjects and to check the invasions. English laws were made to regulate the English Border, Scotch laws to control the proud Scottish chieftains. The Border was marked off into East, Middle and West Marches,<sup>1</sup> and wardens, or keepers, appointed on either side to enforce the laws and to keep order. But though

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *marshes*.

Border raids might be forbidden by parliaments sitting in Edinburgh and London, in Roxburgh and Northumberland they were held proper and necessary. Cattle-driving might be called theft by people who had never tried it, but the Marchmen considered it good sport for a moonlight night and the easiest way of replenishing an empty larder. The laws of both nations gave to the victim of a robbery the right to pursue the marauders into their own country for the purpose of recovering stolen property. If a loser made use of this right, the result was naturally a skirmish. If he let vengeance go from his own hands and reported his loss to the warden, it was never from any desire to sit idly by while justice took its course, but rather with the hope that he would thereby get into a keener fight. The warden would demand redress for him, and the offenders would not reply. Then the warden would gather together a party of men, with the complainant in the honored position of chief lieutenant, and there would follow a "warden-raid," led by the warden himself, to retaliate on the offending district. What would have taken place in a small way in the absence of the king's officer was only advanced to greater dignity and importance by his being called upon.

**BORDER LIFE.**—These Border clans felt no shame over their exploits; they gloried in them. Hospitality was one of their strong traits, and at a feast in a Border castle the story of the latest raid would be told and any particular deed of daring that had accompanied it rehearsed. They were as quick to applaud courage in a foe as in one of their own number. Physical bravery, truthfulness, and fidelity to a clansman were the greatest of virtues in their eyes; these were the ideals they taught their children; these the themes around which they wove their ballads. Cowardice they despised, and for inefficiency they had only contempt. They knew nothing of culture, or even of comfort, but lived, the poorer of them, in rude stone huts, the richer in larger, but equally cheerless towers or *peels*, where thick walls and narrow window-slits made the vaulted rooms cold and dark. English or Scotch, a landowner received no rent from his tenants.

He could call upon them for aid and they were bound to obey his call, but in actual fact he was often no richer than they, and the plunder brought home from a sally was as welcome at the peel as in the humblest cottage. No one tilled the land, for a field of ripened grain was only an invitation to the enemy's torch. Cattle formed the chief item of wealth, and cattle, as may readily be seen, were an easy prey. Bodily strength, his own and his clansmen's, was a Marchman's sole reliance; unceasing watchfulness was the price of his security.

BALLADS OF THE BORDER.—The Border ballads reflect the life and ideals of a time and a people long passed away, but they rank among the finest specimens of ballad literature in the language. They were not written about these hardy clansmen but by them, and every ballad breathes the firm belief of the Border people in themselves. *The Battle of Otterburn*, Professor Child tells us, has been modernized from a ballad current as early as 1400, and *The Huntis of Chevet*, popularly *Chevy Chase*, was called a "song of antiquity" in 1549. The historian may quarrel with *Chevy Chase* because one or two details are inaccurate, but from a literary standpoint it is typical of all that is best in a ballad. This old song, to quote Addison, "cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance."

### KINMONT WILLIE

1. O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?  
     O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroop?  
     How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,  
     On Haribee to hang him up?
  
2. Had Willie had but twenty men, 5  
     But twenty men as stout as he,  
     Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,  
     Wi' eight score men in his companie.



3. They bound his legs beneath his steed,  
 They tied his hands behind his back; 10  
 They guarded him, fivesome on each side;  
 And they brought him over the Liddel-rack.
4. They led him through the Liddel-rack,  
 And also through the Carlisle sands;  
 They brought him to Carlisle castle, 15  
 To be at my Lord Scoop's commands.
5. 'My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,  
 And wha will dare this deed avow?  
 Or answer by the Border law?  
 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?' 20
6. 'Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!  
 There's never a Scot shall set ye free;  
 Before ye cross my castle-gate,  
 I trow ye shall take farewell o' me.'
7. 'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo' Willie; 25  
 'By the faith o' my body, Lord Scoop,' he said,  
 'I never yet lodg'd in a hostelrie  
 But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'
8. Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,  
 In Branksome Ha' where that he lay, 30  
 That Lord Scoop has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,  
 Between the hours of night and day.
9. He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,  
 He gard the red wine spring on hie;  
 'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he said, 35  
 'But avenged of Lord Scoop I'll be!

10. 'O is my basnet a widow's curch?  
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree,  
Or my arm a lady's lily hand,  
That an English lord should lightly me? 43
11. 'And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,  
Against the truce of Border tide,  
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch  
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?
12. 'And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie, 45  
Withouten either dread or fear,  
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch  
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?
13. 'O were there war between the lands,  
As well I wot that there is none, 50  
I would slight Carlisle castle high,  
Tho' it were builded of marble stone.
14. 'I would set that castle in a low,  
And sloken it with English blood;  
There's never a man in Cumberland 55  
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.
15. '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! 60
16. He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,  
I trow they were of his ain name,  
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd  
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

17. He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,  
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,  
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,  
And gloves of green, and feathers blue. 65
18. There were five and five before them a',  
Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright; 70  
And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,  
Like Warden's men, arrayed for fight.
19. And five and five like a mason gang,  
That carried the ladders lang and hie;  
And five and five like broken men; 75  
And so they reached the Woodhouse-lee.
20. And as we crossed the 'Bateable Land,  
When to the English side we held,  
The first o' men that we met wi',  
Wha' should it be but fause Sakelde? 80
21. 'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'  
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'  
'We go to hunt an English stag,  
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie.'
22. 'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?' 85  
Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell me true!'  
'We go to catch a rank reiver,  
Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch.'
23. 'Where are ye gaun, ye mason-lads,  
Wi' a' your ladders lang and hie?' 90  
'We gang to harry a corby's nest,  
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

24. 'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'  
 Quo' fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'  
 Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band, 95  
 And the never a word o' lear had he.
25. 'Why trespass ye on the English side?  
 Raw-footed outlaws, stand!' quo' he;  
 The ne'er a word had Dickie to say,  
 Sae he thrust the lance thro his fause bodie. 100
26. Then on we held for Carlisle town,  
 And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossed;  
 The water was great, and mickle of spait,  
 But the never a horse nor man we lost.
27. And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank, 105  
 The wind was rising loud and hie;  
 And there the laird gard leave our steeds,  
 For fear that they should stamp and neigh.
28. And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
 The wind began full loud to blow; 110  
 But 'twas wind and weat, and fire and sleet,  
 When we came beneath the castle-wa'.
29. We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
 Till we plac'd the ladders against the wa';  
 And sae ready was Buccleuch himsel' 115  
 To mount the first before us a'.
30. He has ta'en 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 hast gaed. 120

31. 'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo' Buccleuch;  
'Let's waken Lord Scroop right merrilie!'  
Then loud the Warden's trumpets blew  
'O wha dare meddle wi' me?'
32. Then speedilie to wark we gaed, 125  
And rais'd the slogan ane and a',  
And cut a hole thro' a sheet of lead,  
And so we wan to the castle-ha'.
33. They thought King James and a' his men 130  
Had won the house wi' bow and spear;  
It was but twenty Scots and ten  
That put a thousand in sic a stear!
34. Wi' coulter and wi' forehammers, 135  
We gard the bars bang merrilie,  
Until we came to the inner prison,  
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.
35. And when we cam' to the lower prison, 140  
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie,  
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,  
Upon the morn that thou's to die?'
36. 'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,  
It's lang since sleeping was fleyd frae me;  
Gi'e my service back to my wife and bairns,  
And a' gude fellows that speir for me.'
37. Then Red Rowan has hent him up, 145  
The starkest man in Teviotdale:  
'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,  
Till of my Lord Scroop I take farewell.

38. 'Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scoop!  
My gude Lord Scoop, farewell!' he cried; 150  
'I'll pay you for my lodging-maill  
When first we meet on the Border-side.'
39. Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,  
We bore him down the ladder lang;  
At every stride Red Rowan made, 155  
I wot the Kinmont's irons play'd clang.
40. '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 ne'er bestrode. 160
41. 'And mony a time,' quo' Kinmont Willie,  
'I've pricked a horse out o'er the furs;  
But since the day I back'd a steed  
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs.'
42. We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank, 165  
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,  
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,  
Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scoop along.
43. Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,  
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim, 170  
And he has plung'd in wi' a' his band,  
And safely swam them thro' the stream.
44. He turn'd him on the other side,  
And at Lord Scoop his glove flung he:  
'If ye like na my visit in merry England, 175  
In fair Scotland come visit me!'

*JOHNNY ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT* 105

45. All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroop,  
He stood as still as a rock of stane;  
He scarcely dared to true his eyes  
When through the water they had gane. 180

46. 'He is either himsel' a devil frae hell,  
Or else his mother a witch maun be;  
I wad na have ridden that wan water  
For a' the goud in Christiantie.'

**JOHNNY ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT**

1. Is there never a man in all Scotland,  
From the highest state to the lowest degree,  
That can show himself now before the king?  
Scotland is so full of their traitery.
2. Yes, there is a man in Westmoreland, 5  
And John Armstrong some do him call;  
He has no lands nor rents coming in,  
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.
3. He has horse and harness for them all, 10  
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,  
With their goodly belts about their necks,  
With hats and feathers all alike.
4. The king he writ a lovely letter,  
With his own hand so tenderly,  
And has sent it unto John Armstrong 15  
To come and speak with him speedily.
5. When John he looked the letter upon,  
Then he was as blithe as a bird in a tree:  
'I was never before a king in my life,  
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three. 20

6. '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.
7. 'And you shall every one have a scarlet cloak,      25  
    Laid down with silver laces five,  
With your golden belts about your necks,  
    With hats and brave feathers all alike.'
8. But when he went from Guiltknock Hall,  
    The wind it blew hard, and full sore it did rain:      30  
'Now fare you well, brave Guiltknock Hall!  
    I fear I shall never see thee again.'
9. Now John he is to Edinborough gone,  
    And his eightscore men so gallantly,  
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,      35  
    With their bucklers and swords hanging down to the knee.
10. But when John he came the king before,  
    With his eightscore men so gallant to see,  
The king he mov'd his bonnet to him;  
    He thought he had been a king as well as he      40
11. 'O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,  
    Pardon for my eightscore men and me!  
For my name it is John Armstrong,  
    And a subject of yours, my liege,' said he.
12. '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.'



13. O how John look'd over his left shoulder!  
And to his merry men thus said he: 50  
'I have asked grace of a graceless face,  
No pardon here is for you nor me.'
14. Then John pull'd out a nut-brown sword,  
And it was made of metal so free;  
Had not the king moved his foot as he did, 55  
John had taken his head from his body.
15. 'Come, follow me, my merry men all,  
We will scorn one foot away to fly;  
It never shall be said we were hung like dogs;  
No, we'll fight it out most manfully.' 60
16. Then they fought on like champions bold—  
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free—  
Till they had killed all the king's good guard;  
There was none left alive but only three.
17. But then rose up all Edinborough, 65  
They rose up by thousands three;  
Then a cowardly Scot came John behind,  
And run him thorough the fair body.
18. Said John, 'Fight on, my merry men all,  
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain; 70  
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,  
Then I'll rise and fight with you again.'
19. Then they fought on like madmen all,  
Till many a man lay dead on the plain;  
For they were resolv'd, before they would yield, 75  
That every man would there be slain.

20. So there they fought courageously,  
 Till most of them lay dead there and slain,  
 But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,  
 With his bonny grissel got away unta'en. 80
21. But when he came up to Guiltknock Hall,  
 The lady spied him presently:  
 'What news, what news, thou little foot-page?  
 What news from thy master and his company?'
22. 'My news is bad, lady,' he said, 85  
 'Which I do bring, as you may see;  
 My master, John Armstrong, he is slain,  
 And all his gallant company.'
23. 'Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny grissel!  
 Full oft thou hast fed at the corn and hay, 90  
 But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,  
 And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say.'
24. O then bespoke his little son,  
 As he was set on his nurse's knee:  
 'If ever I live for to be a man, 95  
 My father's blood revenged shall be.'

## BEWICK AND GRAHAME

1. Old Grahame he is to Carlisle gone,  
 Where Sir Robert Bewick there met he;  
 In arms to the wine they are gone,  
 And drank till they were both merry.
2. Old Grahame he took up the cup, 5  
 And said, 'Brother Bewick, here's to thee;  
 And here's to our two sons at home,  
 For they live best in our country.'



10. 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?' 40
11. 'Nay, I have been in Carlisle town,  
 Where Sir Robert Bewick there met me;  
 He said thou was bad, and call'd thee a lad,  
 And a baffled man by thou I be.
12. 'He said thou was bad, and call'd thee a lad, 45  
 And bully to his son cannot be;  
 For his son Bewick can both write and read,  
 And sure I am that cannot thee.
13. 'I put thee to school, but thou would not learn,  
 I bought thee books, but thou would not read; 50  
 But my blessing thou's never have  
 Till I see with Bewick thou can save thy head.'
14. 'Oh, pray forbear, my father dear;  
 That ever such a thing should be!  
 Shall I venture my body in field to fight 55  
 With a man that's faith and troth to me?'
15. 'What's that thou say'st, 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 fight me.' 60
16. Christy stooped 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.'

17. 'What's that thou say'st, 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 fight me.' 65
18. Christy Grahame is to his chamber gone,  
And for to study, as well might be,  
Whether to fight with his father dear,  
Or with his bully Bewick he. 70
19. '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!" 75
20. '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 ne'er shall win. 80
21. '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 ne'er come home alive.'
22. 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! 85
23. '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 never eat bread again.' 90

24. Now we'll leave talking of Christy Grahame,  
 And talk of him again belive;  
 But we will talk of bonny Bewick, 95  
 Where he was teaching his scholars five.
25. Now when he had learn'd them well to fence,  
 To handle their swords without any doubt,  
 He's taken his own sword under his arm,  
 And walk'd his father's close about. 100
26. He look'd between him and the sun,  
 To see what farleys he could see;  
 There he spy'd a man with armor on,  
 As he came riding over the lee.
27. 'I wonder much what man yon be 105  
 That so boldly this way does come;  
 I think it is my nighest friend,  
 I think it is my bully Grahame.
28. 'O welcome, O welcome, bully Grahame!  
 O man, thou art my dear, welcome! 110  
 O man, thou art my dear, welcome!  
 For I love thee best in Christendom.'
29. 'Away, away, O bully Bewick,  
 And of thy bullyship let me be!  
 The day is come I never thought on; 115  
 Bully, I'm come here to fight with thee.'
30. 'O no! not so, O bully Grahame!  
 That e'er such a word should spoken be!  
 I was thy master, thou was my scholar,  
 So well as I have learn'd thee.' 120

31. 'My father he was in Carlisle town,  
Where thy father Bewick there met he;  
He said I was bad, and he call'd me a lad,  
And a baffled man by thou I be.'
32. '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.' 125
33. '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 fight with me.' 130
34. 'O no! not so, my bully Grahame!  
That e'er such a word should spoken be!  
Shall I venture my body in field to fight  
With a man that's faith and troth to me?' 135
35. '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 fight with me.' 140
36. 'Now if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,  
As God wills, man, it all must be;  
But if it be my fortune thee, Grahame, to kill,  
'T is home again I'll never gae.'
37. '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 fight with me.' 145

38. He flang his coat from his shoulders,  
His psalm-book out of his hand flang he,      150  
He clap'd his hand upon the hedge,  
And o'er lap he right wantonly.
39. 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,      155  
That dare venture thy body to fight with me.
40. '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.'      160
41. He flang his jack from off his back,  
His steel cap from his head flang he;  
He's taken his sword into his hand,  
He's tied his horse unto a tree.
42. How they fell to it with two broad swords,      165  
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.
43. Now Grahame gave Bewick an ackward stroke  
An ackward stroke surely struck he;      170  
He struck him now under the left breast,  
Then down to the ground as dead fell he.
44. 'Arise, arise, O bully Bewick,  
Arise, and speak three words to me!  
Whether this be thy deadly wound,      175  
Or God and good surgeons will mend thee.'



45. '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. 180
46. '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!
47. 'O if this be true, my bully dear, 185  
The words that thou dost tell to me,  
The vow I made, and the vow I'll keep;  
I swear I'll be the first that die.'
48. Then he stuck his sword in a moody-hill,  
Where he lap thirty good foot and three; 190  
First he bequeathed his soul to God,  
And upon his own sword-point lap he.
49. Now Grahame he was the first that died,  
And then came Robin Bewick to see;  
'Arise, arise, O son!' he said, 195  
'For I see thou's won the victory.'
50. 'Arise, arise, O son!' he said,  
'For I see thou's won the victory;'  
'Father, could ye not drunk your wine at home,  
And letten me and my brother be? 200
51. 'Now 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.'

52. Now we'll leave talking of these two brethren, 205  
 In Carlisle town where they lie slain,  
 And talk of these two good old men,  
 Where they were making a pitiful moan.
53. With that bespoke now Robin Bewick: 210  
 'O man, was I not much to blame?  
 I have lost one of the liveliest lads  
 That ever was born unto my name.'
54. With that then bespoke my good Lord Grahame: 215  
 '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.
55. 'Had I gone through all Ladderdale, 220  
 And forty horse had set on me,  
 Had Christy Grahame been at my back,  
 So well he would have guarded me.'
56. I have no more of my song to sing,  
 But two or three words to you I'll name;  
 But 't will be talk'd in Carlisle town  
 That these two old men were all the blame.

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

1. It fell about the Lammas tide,  
 When the muir-men win their hay,  
 The doughty Douglas bound him to ride  
 Into England, to drive a prey.
2. He chose the Gordons and the Graemes, 5  
 With them the Lindsays, light and gay;  
 But the Jardines wad na with him ride,  
 And they rue it to this day.

*THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN*

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3. And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,  
And part of Bambrough shire, 10  
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,  
He left them all on fire.
4. And he march'd up to Newcastle,  
And rode it round about:  
'O wha's the lord of this castle?  
Or wha's the lady o't?' 15
5. 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.' 20
6. '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.'
7. He took a lang spear in his hand. 25  
Shod with the metal free,  
And for to meet the Douglas there  
He rode right furiouslie.
8. But O how pale his lady look'd,  
Frae aff the castle-wa', 30  
When down before the Scottish spear  
She saw proud Percy fa'.
9. 'Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to see,  
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell; 35  
But your sword shall gae wi' me.'

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

10. 'But gae ye up to Otterburn,  
And wait there dayis three,  
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,  
A fause knight ca' ye me.' 40
11. 'The Otterburn's a bonnie burn;  
'T is pleasant there to be;  
But there is nought at Otterburn  
To feed my men and me.
12. 'The deer rins wild on hill and dale, 45  
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;  
But there is neither bread nor kale  
To fend my men and me.
13. 'Yet will I stay at Otterburn,  
Where you shall welcome be; 50  
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,  
A fause lord I'll ca' thee.'
14. 'Thither will I come,' proud Percy said,  
'By the might of Our Ladye.'  
'There will I bide thee,' said the Douglas, 55  
'My troth I plight to thee.'
15. They lighted high on Otterburn,  
Upon the bent sae brown;  
They lighted high on Otterburn,  
And threw their pallions down. 60
16. 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.

*THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN*

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17. 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.' 65
18. 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
Sae loud I hear ye lie: 70  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.
19. 'But I have dream'd a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Skye,  
I saw a dead man win a fight, 75  
And I think that man was I.'
20. He belted on his gude braid sword,  
And to the field he ran,  
But he forgot the helmet good,  
That should have kept his brain. 80
21. When Percy wi' the Douglas met,  
I wot he was fu' fain;  
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.
22. But Percy with his good broad sword, 85  
That could so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.
23. Then he call'd on his little foot-page,  
And said, 'Run speedily, 90  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery,

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

24. 'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,  
 'What recks the death of ane!  
 Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,  
 And I ken the day's thy ain. 95
25. 'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;  
 Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
 And hide me by the bracken-bush,  
 That grows on yonder lily lee. 100
26. 'O bury me by the bracken-bush,  
 Beneath the blooming brier;  
 Let never living mortal ken  
 There ere a kindly Scot lies here.'
27. He lifted up that noble lord, 105  
 Wi' the saut tear in his ee;  
 He hid him in the bracken-bush,  
 That his merrymen might not see.
28. The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
 The spears in flinders flew, 110  
 But mony a gallant Englishman  
 Ere day the Scotsmen slew.
29. The Gordons good, in English blood,  
 They steep'd their hose and shoon;  
 The Lindsays flew like fire about, 115  
 Till all the fray was done.
30. The Percy and Montgomery met,  
 That either of other were fain;  
 They swakked swords, and they twa swat,  
 And aye the blood ran down between. 120

*THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT*

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31. '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 it must be so?'
32. 'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
    Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
    But yield thee to the bracken-bush  
    That grows upon yon lily lee.' 125
33. 'I will not yield to a bracken-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.' 130
34. As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
    He struck his sword's point in the ground;  
    The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
    And quickly took him by the hand. 135
35. This deed was done at the Otterburn,  
    About the breaking of the day;  
    Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken-bush,  
    And the Percy led captive away. 140

*THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT*

(CHEVY CHASE)

1. The Percy out of Northumberland,  
    An avow to God made he  
    That he would hunt in the mountains  
    Of Cheviot within days three,  
    In the maugre of doughty Douglas, 5  
    And all that ever with him be.

## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

2. The fattest harts in all Cheviot,  
 He said he would kill and carry them away:  
 'By my faith,' said the doughty Douglas again,  
 'I will let that hunting if that I may.' 10
3. Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,  
 With him a mighty meany,  
 With fifteen hundred archers bold;  
 They were chosen out of shires three.
4. This began on a Monday at morn,  
 In Cheviot the hills so hie; 15  
 The child may rue that is unborn,  
 It was the more pitye.
5. The drivers thorough the woodes went,  
 For to raise the deer; 20  
 Bowmen bickered upon the bent  
 With their broad arrows clear.
6. Then the wyld thorough the woodes went,  
 On every side shear;  
 Greyhounds thorough the grovës glent 25  
 For to kill their deer.
7. This began in Cheviot the hills aboon,  
 Early on a Monynday;  
 By that it drew to the hour of noon,  
 A hundred fat harts dead there lay. 30
8. They blew a mort upon the bent,  
 They 'sembled on sidës shear;  
 To the quarry then the Percy went,  
 To see the brittling of the deer.



9. He said, 'It was the Douglas' promise  
This day to meet me here;  
But I wist he would fail, verament;  
A great oath the Percy sware. 35
10. At the last a squire of Northumberland  
Look'd at his hand full nigh;  
He was 'ware of the doughty Douglas' coming,  
With him a mighty meany. 40
11. Both with spear, bill, and brand,  
It was a mighty sight to see;  
Hardier men, both of heart and hand,  
Were not in Christianie. 45
12. They were twenty hundred spearmen good,  
Without any fail;  
They were born along by the water o' Tweed,  
I' the bounds of Tividale. 50
13. 'Leave off your brittling of the deer,' he said,  
'And to your bows look ye take good heed;  
For never sith ye were of your mothers born  
Had ye ever so mickle need.'
14. The doughty Douglas on a steed 55  
He rode all his men befor;  
His armor glittered as did a glede;  
A bolder bairn was never born.
15. 'Tell me whose men ye are,' he says,  
'Or whose men that ye be: 60  
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot chase,  
In spite of mine and of me?'

16. The first man that ever him an answer made,  
 It was the good Lord Percy;  
 'We will not tell thee whose men we are,' he says, 65  
 'Nor those men that we be;  
 But we will hunt here in this chase  
 In spite of thine and of thee.
17. 'The fattest harts in all Cheviot  
 We have killed, and cast to carry them away.' 70  
 'By my troth,' said the doughty Douglas again,  
 'Therefor the tone of us shall die this day.'
18. Then said the doughty Douglas  
 Unto the Lord Percy,  
 'To kill all these guiltless men, 75  
 Alas, it were great pity!
19. 'But, Percy, thou art a man of land,  
 I am an earl called within my countree;  
 Let all our men upon a part stand,  
 And do the battle of thee and of me.' 80
20. 'Now Christ's curse on his crown,' said the Lord Percy,  
 'Whosoever thereto says nay!  
 By my troth, doughty Douglas,' he says,  
 'Thou shalt never see that day,
21. 'Neither in England, Scotland, nor France, 85  
 Nor for no man of a woman born,  
 But, an fortune be my chance,  
 I dare meet him, one man for one.'
22. Then bespake a squire of Northumberland,  
 Richard Witherington was his name; 90  
 'It shall never be told in South England,' he says,  
 'To King Harry the Fourth for shame.



29. The Englishmen let their bowes be,  
And pull'd out brands that were bright; 120  
It was a heavy sight to see  
Bright swords on basnets light.
30. Thorough rich mail and myneyeple,  
Many stern they stroke down straight;  
Many a freke that was full free, 125  
There under foot did light.
31. At last the Douglas and the Percy met,  
Like two captains of might and of main;  
They swap'd together till they both swat,  
With swords that were of fine Milan. 130
32. These worthy frekës for to fight,  
Thereto they were full fain,  
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent,  
As ever did hail or rain.
33. 'Yield thee, Percy,' said the Douglas, 135  
'And i' faith I shall thee bring  
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages  
Of Jamie, our Scottish king.
34. 'Thou shalt have thy ransom free,  
I hight thee here this thing; 140  
For the manfullest man yet art thou  
That ever I conquer'd in field fighting.'
35. 'Nay,' said the Lord Percy,  
'I told it thee befor,  
That I would never yielded be 145  
To no man of a woman born.'

36. With that there came an arrow hastily,  
Forth of a mighty wane;  
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas  
In at the breast-bane. 150
37. Through liver and lunges both  
The sharp arrow is gone,  
That never after in all his life-days  
He spake mo' words but one:  
That was, 'Fight ye, my merry-men, while ye may,  
For my life-days be gone.' 155
38. The Percy lean'd on his brand,  
And saw the Douglas die;  
He took the dead man by the hand,  
And said, 'Woe is me for thee! 160
39. 'To have sav'd thy life I would have parted with  
My landes for years three,  
For a better man, of heart and of hand,  
Was not in all the north countree.'
40. Of all that saw a Scottish knight,  
Was call'd Sir Hugh the Montgomery,  
He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,  
He spended a spear, a trusty tree. 165
41. He rode upon a courser  
Through a hundred archery;  
He never stinted, nor never blane,  
Till he came to the good Lord Percy. 170
42. He set upon the Lord Percy  
A dint that was full sore;  
With a sure spear of a mighty tree  
Clean through the body he the Percy bore, 175

43. O' the tother side that a man might see  
 A large cloth yard and mare:  
 Two better captains were not in Christiantie  
 Than that day slain were there. 180
44. An archer of Northumberland  
 Saw slain was the Lord Percy;  
 He bare a bent bow in his hand  
 Was made of trusty tree.
45. An arrow that a cloth yard was long 185  
 To the hard steel haulëd he;  
 A dint that was both sad and sore  
 He sat on Sir Hugh the Montgomery.
46. The dint it was both sad and sore  
 That he on Montgomery set; 190  
 The swan feathers that his arrow bore  
 With his heart blood they were wet.
47. There was never a freke one foot would flee,  
 But still in stour did stand,  
 Hewing on each other, while they might dree, 195  
 With many a baleful brand.
48. This battle began in Cheviot  
 An hour before the noon,  
 And when evensong bell was rung  
 The battle was not half done. 200
49. They took on either hand  
 By the light of the moon;  
 Many had no strength for to stand,  
 In Cheviot the hills aboon.

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50. Of fifteen hundred archers of England 205  
 Went away but seventy and three;  
 Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,  
 But even five and fifty.
51. But all were slain Cheviot within;  
 They had no strength to stand on by; 210  
 The child may rue that is unborn,  
 It was the more pitye.
52. There was slain, with the Lord Percy,  
 Sir John of Agerstone,  
 Sir Roger, the hind Hartley, 215  
 Sir William, the bold Heron.
53. Sir George, the worthy Lumley,  
 A knight of great renown,  
 Sir Ralph, the rich Rugby,  
 With dints were beaten down. 220
54. For Witherington my heart was woe,  
 That ever he slain should be;  
 For when both his legs were hewn in two,  
 Yet he kneel'd and fought on his knee.
55. There was slain, with the doughty Douglas, 225  
 Sir Hugh the Montgomery,  
 Sir David Liddel, that worthy was,  
 His sister's son was he.
56. Sir Charles of Murray in that place,  
 That never a foot would flee; 230  
 Sir Hugh Maxwell, a Lord he was,  
 With the Douglas did he die.

57. So on the morrow they made them biers  
 Of birch and hazel so gray;  
 Many widows, with weeping tears,  
 Came to fetch their mates away. 235
58. Tividale may carp of care,  
 Northumberland may make great moan,  
 For two such captains as slain were there  
 On the March-party shall never be known. 240
59. Word is comen to Edinborough,  
 To Jamie, the Scottish king,  
 That doughty Douglas, lyff-tenant of the Marches,  
 He lay slain Cheviot within.
60. His handes did he weal and wring,  
 He said, 'Alas, and woe is me!'  
 Such another captain Scotland within,  
 He said, i' faith should never be. 245
61. Word is comen to lovely London,  
 Till the fourth Harry our king,  
 That Lord Percy, Lyff-tenant of the Marches,  
 He lay slain Cheviot within. 250
62. 'God have mercy on his soul,' said King Harry,  
 'Good Lord, if thy will it be!  
 I have a hundred captains in England,' he said,  
 'As good as ever was he; 255  
 But, Percy, an I brook my life,  
 Thy death well quit shall be.'
63. As our noble king made his avow,  
 Like a noble prince of renown,  
 For the death of the Lord Percy  
 He did the battle of Homildon; 260



64. Where six and thirty Scottish knights  
On a day were beaten down;  
Glendale glittered on their armor bright,      265  
Over castle, tower and town.
65. This was the hunting of the Cheviot,  
That e'er began this spurn!  
Old men that know the ground well enough  
Call it the battle of Otterburn.      270
66. At Otterburn began this spurn,  
Upon a Monynday;  
There was the doughty Douglas slain,  
The Percy never went away.
67. There was never a time on the March-parties      275  
Since the Douglas and the Percy met,  
But it is marvel an the red blood run not  
As the rain does in the street.
68. Jesus Christ our balës bete,  
And to the bliss us bring!      280  
Thus was the hunting of the Cheviot:  
God send us all good ending!



## NOTES

(Numbers in boldface refer to pages, others to lines, except where stanzas are specified)

### THE TWA SISTERS (Page 15)

This story is told among all the nations of northern Europe. The English and the Norse versions show remarkable similarity till we come to the end of the tale, where the Norse is the more dramatic, making the harper carry his song to the wedding of the elder sister and the knight who was to have married the drowned girl. The version given here was taken down from the recitation of a Mrs. Brown of Falkland, and appears in three manuscript collections and in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (1806).

**15:13.** *Lov'd*: cf. *dash'd* in stanza 10, *sigh'd* in stanza 24, and *play'd* in stanza 27. Such contractions of the past tense are very common in the ballads; where we do find *loved*, *dashed*, *sighed*, etc., it usually means that the final *ed* forms a syllable of itself. Cf. *vered* in stanza 4 and *harped* in stanza 23.

**16:32.** *I'se*. I shall. Where 's or 'se forms a future tense the 's or 'se is always an abbreviation of the word *shall*. In past tenses, as in stanza 8, 's = *has*, as in present-day use.

**16:37.** *Foul fa' the hand that I should take*. It would ill suit me to take your hand.

**16:38.** *It twined me and my warides make*. It parted me and my world's mate, — my lover.

**16:41.** The ballads are strikingly realistic in some places, but the imagination of the time seemed to accept without question the fact of the lady's body floating down a mill stream after she was drowned in the sea.

**17:61-66.** In another version we find

Then bespake the treble string,  
'O yonder is my father the king.'

Then bespake the second string,  
 'O yonder sits my mother the queen.'

And then bespake the strings all three,  
 'O yonder is my sister that drowned me.'

### THE CRUEL BROTHER. (Page 17)

It is probable that this ballad is still sung in some of the more remote districts in Scotland; it was formerly one of the best-known of the Scottish songs. The story is based upon the belief current in ballad times, not only in England but on the continent as well, that to neglect asking a brother's assent to his sister's marriage was to commit an unpardonable offense. A number of Scandinavian ballads have the same theme. . . . There are fifteen known versions of this ballad. The one given here was first printed in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*.

19:46. **Silver-shod steed.** Common objects made from gold or silver are characteristic features in all folk literature, and the ballads are full of such descriptions. The lavish use of precious metals in these old tales shows how simple and child-like was the mediæval idea of grandeur. Young Ronald, the hero of a ballad of that name, has a horse whose saddle is "o' the guid red gowd." In *The High Banks of Yarrow* we even hear of a coffin made "o' the gowd sae yellow."

### HIND HORN (Page 20)

From Motherwell's Manuscript (about 1825). The story of Hind Horn is a very old one, and is told at great length in three manuscript romances (*King Horn*, *Horn et Rymenhild* and *Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild*), the earliest of which dates back to the latter part of the thirteenth century. The ballad gives only the culmination of this long story. The incidents used—the jewels of changing hue, the long absence and unexpected timely return, the disguise assumed by the hero, even the dropping of the ring into the empty cup—are familiar devices in the romantic literature of all nations. The student who is well read in the *Odyssey* of Homer will not fail to find a striking parallel between the return of Hind Horn and the home-coming of Ulysses. Ballads essentially the same are preserved in Danish and in Swedish.

**20:6. Seven living lavrocks.** Two versions have three singing lavrocks—a better conception, as the description undoubtedly refers to the ornamentation of either the wand itself or of its handle. In some versions it is a gold wand and a silver ring.

**21:34. Drank out. Drained.**

**21:35.** Evidently the ring had not told the truth. The king's daughter had not ceased to love Horn; but perhaps she had given him up as dead because of his long absence, or perhaps she was being forced into this other marriage against her will. Neither chance had been provided for when the ring was given; it could carry but one message. Its false alarm, however, brings Hind home in time to prevent a tragedy.

### YOUNG BEICHAN (Page 22)

There are fifteen versions of this ballad; the one chosen is from the Jamieson-Brown Manuscript (1783).

There are many likenesses between *Young Beichan* and *Hind Horn*, yet the two stories are not the same. Practically every nation of Europe has a tale that is a counterpart of this, each with a different name for the hero. In some instances the incident is related of some definite historic personage—as Henry of Brunswick, or Alexander von Metz—and is accepted by the common people as history, but historians know that it is only a folk tale whose origin cannot be traced.

**22:1. Beichan.** The hero's name is variously spelled in different versions,—Bicham, Bekie, Bichet, and in other ways; Beichan is, however, the most familiar spelling.

In one version he goes no farther than to France which was a hostile country through most of the Middle Ages, there to serve in the king's court, and to fall in love with the king's daughter.

**22:3. Moor.** The Moors, a Mohammedan people half-Arab, half-Berber, began their invasion of Spain in 711, and for twenty years gained steadily in power till all Europe grew alarmed lest Christianity was doomed. Charles Martel in 732 defeated the Mohammedan army in the fields between Tours and Poitiers, and dealt a death-blow to the Moorish hope of further conquests in Europe. Nevertheless, this dark-skinned race maintained itself in Spain for more than seven hundred years longer, hated and feared by all the

Christian nations. Any tale of cruelty or deceit that might be told of them found ready belief.

**22:14. Susie Pye.** Spelled *Shusy-Pye* in the manuscript; a strange name for a Moorish princess, but found in ten of the fifteen versions.

**23:26. White money** is silver.

**23:44. I hope.** In the earlier ballads the ballad-singer never introduces his own thoughts into the story, never makes any comment on the tale he is telling. The use of the personal "I" (repeated in line 76), marks this version as of comparatively late date.

**25:90.** It must not be forgotten that Susie Pye was a heathen princess. In this stanza she changes her religion at "yon fountain stane," and is baptized "the Lady Jane." Naturally, there is no such ending in that version where Beichan's truelove is the French king's daughter.

#### EDWARD (Page 25)

This famous old ballad has been taken from Percy's *Reliques*. Percy calls it "a curious song transmitted to the editor by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., late Lord Hailes."

**25:9. Hawkis.** English was once an inflected language, and in the so-called "strong declension" the genitive case was formed by adding *es* (*is*) to the nominative, as here. But in speech the word was frequently contracted by the dropping of the vowel and the sounding of only the *s* of the case sign. In writing, the apostrophe had already come into use to indicate the omission of a letter from a word, so the contracted genitives were written *hawk's*, *man's*, etc. Genitives were so much more common than any other contractions that the apostrophe came to be considered the sign of that tense, and to be used in the plural as well as the singular: Older forms survive longer in the speech—and hence in the orally transmitted literature—of the common people than in the speech or writings of the educated classes. Ballads of comparatively late date retain these old genitives. In many lines the spelling of these could not be modernized as the additional syllable is needed for the metre.

**25:20. Some other dule ye dree.** There is some other cause for your grief. See *dule* and *dree* in the glossary.

**26:29.** The only other complete version of this ballad has:

I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
And ye'll never see mair o' me.

26:33. The making of a will, especially by this method of question and answer, was a favorite incident with the ballad-makers. The last three stanzas here are identical in theme with the concluding stanzas of *The Cruel Brother*.

26:53. Tragic ballads frequently end with the calling down of a curse upon a guilty person—cf. *The Two Sisters* and *The Cruel Brother*—but commonly we know beforehand just where the curse will fall. The last line here, with its implication that the mother instigated the murder, comes as a complete surprise, changes the whole situation, and marks a step away from the traditional ballad simplicity.

### KING ESTMERE (Page 27)

The ballad is taken from Percy's *Reliques*.

Percy says: "This old Romantic Legend bears marks of considerable antiquity. . . . It would seem to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors, whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491."

27:11. It is Adler who speaks. In many places in this ballad the speaker must be inferred from the context.

27:16. Able. Of suitable rank and disposition.

28:32. Weeds. The use of this word in the sense of clothing still survives in the expression *widow's weeds*.

28:36. "That the Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the greatest painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians leaning at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own." (Percy.) The reference is to Book I of *The Odyssey*.

28:46. King his son. (For the usual Middle English formation of the genitive case and the origin of the present possessive, see note to page 25:9.) The similarity of sound between the *is* of the genitive ending and the personal pronoun *his* led to much confusion. *The king his son* is a corruption of *the kingis son*, which in modern English would be *the king's son*. Such a use was common in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Ben Jonson wrote a play called *Sejanus his Fall*.

**31:136. My reade shall rise at thee.** I must look to thee for advice.

**32:156.** "Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find Minstrels and Heralds mentioned together, as those who might securely go into an enemy's country." (Percy.)

**32:164. All and in.** And all in, or simply in.

**32:167.** Notice the exact repetition in this stanza, of stanza 8. Compare also stanzas 23 and 24, 26 and 31, 27 and 32, 28 and 33, 9 and 43.

**33:173. Proud porter.** Compare with page 24, line 55.

**33:195.** "As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the days of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of the custom kept up in the champion's riding into Westminster-Hall during the coronation dinner." (Percy.)

**34:216. Look'd him in the ear.** The ballad-maker is certainly not at his best in this line; ear rhymes with near in the fourth line, but no other reason can be found for its use.

**34:218. Neigh him near.** Approach near him.

**36:272. Right stiff in stour can stand.** Bore themselves bravely in the contest.

### SIR PATRICK SPENCE (Page 36)

These two versions of this ballad—the one from Percy's *Reliques*, the other from Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*—are chosen from eighteen forms, some fragmentary, printed by Professor Child. Percy's copy is generally conceded to be the best in poetic form and spirit, but the added details in the other version are interesting. For an amusing account of the dramatic possibilities of this latter version, read Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Penelope's Progress*, chapter XVII.

The ballad is an old one. Both Percy and Scott believed it to be founded on fact, though neither of them could adduce much evidence to support his belief, for Scottish history makes no mention of any Sir Patrick Spence. William Motherwell (1826) discovered that in 1281 Alexander the Third of Scotland fitted out an expedition to conduct his daughter Margaret to Norway, where she was to marry the Norwegian Eric; an escort of the best of Scotland's knight-hood attended the young princess and remained in Norway throughout the long and ceremonious celebration of the nuptials. Storms



arose on their return and the fleet was wrecked. A closer parallel could scarcely be wished, and the great majority of students of the ballad since Motherwell's day have accepted his explanation that it was this expedition which, almost lost sight of in authentic history, is nevertheless recorded with remarkable accuracy in this song of the people.

**36:1. Dumferline.** A Scottish town not far from Edinburgh. "The Scottish monarchs were much addicted to 'sit in Dunfermline town,' previous to the accession of the Bruce dynasty. It was a favorite abode of Alexander himself, who was killed by a fall from his horse, in the vicinity, and was buried in the Abbey of Dunfermline." (Scott.)

**37:9. A broad letter.** Either a letter on a broad sheet, or a long letter.

**37:21. Merry-men.** A frequent ballad word, meaning simply followers or companions.

**37:26.** Among many people this is believed to foretell a storm.

**37:32. Their hats they swam aboon.** The water was over their heads.

### SCOTT'S VERSION OF SIR PATRICK SPENS (Page 38)

**38:2.** "In singing, the interjection O is added to the second and fourth lines." (Scott.)

**38:15. Of Norway** should read *to Norway*, a repetition of the phrase found in the first and second lines of the stanza. So also in stanza 7.

**38:16. 'T is thou maun bring her hame.** The phrase to bring home a bride means to conduct her with ceremony to her new home. The expression is still used in this sense in some parts of Scotland.

**39:33.** This kind of repetition is a favorite form; cf. stanzas 14 and 18. See also *King Estmere*, stanza 26.

**39:38. Queenis.** See note on 25:9. **White money:** see note on 23:26.

**42:101. Aberdeen** was an important seaport as early as the twelfth century. According to this version it, and not the smaller Aberdour, was the ship's destination. The question is not worth arguing, for the wreck occurred before the Scottish coast was sighted.

## THE GAY GOSHAWK (Page 42)

From the Jamieson-Brown Manuscript. There are eight versions known in English, and the ballad seems to belong exclusively to the English-speaking people. The incident of the message carried by the bird is not unknown in continental literature, and that of the maiden's feigning death in order to join her lover had long been popular, but the uniting of the two, as here, has not been found in any foreign ballad.

42:1. **Well's me o' my gay goshawk.** I am fortunate to possess my gay goshawk.

43:29. **Marys.** The word is not capitalized in the manuscript. Used as a common noun, *mary* means an attendant maid, a maid-of-honor.

43:31. **Shot-window.** A projecting window; an oriel or bay window. In the west of Scotland such a window is called an out-shot window.

43:34. **The streen.** Yestreen, (yester e'en) last evening.

44:70. **Deal gold.** Distribute alms. *Dole*, the noun from the same root as *deal*, means money or food given in charity. It was long a custom to give to the poor at the time of a funeral, for it was believed that such gifts would buy rest and peace for the soul of the deceased.

44:75. **Sleepy draught.** A sleeping draught.

45:87. **Guid red gold . . . silver clear.** See note to 19:46.

46:110. **Sound your horn.** Scott's version has *blaw your horn*. The expression was evidently a common taunt on the failure of a scheme.

## THE WEE WEE MAN (Page 46)

This little ballad is one of the shortest in the language. It is a true ballad, but so much lighter, more delicate, more fanciful, than the usual form that it stands in a class quite apart, and one searches in vain for another like it. The seven known versions show only slight variations. This one was first printed in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* (second edition, 1776).

46:7. **Span.** The use of this word is confusing. Such a brow and such breadth of shoulder are ridiculously out of accord with legs "of a shathmont's length," and under no circumstances could they be-

long to a "wee wee man." We have perhaps lost an older meaning of the word which would conform better to the meaning of the stanza.

**46:11. Wallace wight.** Sir William Wallace (1270-1305), the most beloved of Scottish heroes, is said to have been of gigantic stature and of superhuman strength.

**46:15. Yon.** The word is used very vaguely, and the expressions yon bonny bower, you bonny green, are equivalent to no more than a bonny bower, a bonny green.

**46:19. Lighted down.** Alighted.

**47:27. Beaten gold.** See note to 19:46. Compare with page 45, line 87.

### LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET (Page 47)

This ballad occurs in ten English versions. This version was first printed by Percy in 1765. The same story is told among other European peoples; especially close is the resemblance between certain Norse ballads and the different versions in English.

**48:29. Billie.** The word is not capitalized for it is not a proper name but merely a word meaning brother. See also bully in *Bewick and Graham*, page 110, line 46.

**49:50. Sheen** is really an adjective, and its use here as a noun is unusual.

**49:59. Holland.** Fine white linen. Holland was formerly famous for bleaching linen.

**49:64.** See page 19, line 46, and note. Compare also page 45, lines 87 and 88.

**49:61-80.** The maker of the ballad is evidently carried away by the charm of his own imagination, forgetting that it was the nut-brown bride who had "goud and gear," while Fair Annet "has got none," in stanza 5.

**49:74.** In another version this line reads

She lightit on a stane.

This would seem more reasonable than the line given here. It is hardly to be believed that she sat upon a stone, even a gravestone in the churchyard, at such a time.

**50:96.** Annet points to her mother's grave; her fair skin is her inheritance from her dead mother.

**51:113.** Note how carefully justice is mingled with sentiment. Annet, as the innocent victim, is buried within the church. Lord Thomas, as a murderer, outside the walls; but true love survives crime and death and brings them together in the birch and brier.

### LIZIE LINDSAY (Page 51)

(Donald of the Isles)

This ballad is known under both titles, this version being given by Kinloch (1826) under the latter name. In his introduction to it he says that it was very popular even as late as his own time in the north of Scotland, where there were few milk-maids but could "chaunt it to a very pleasing tune." There are nine versions in all.

**51:10. In great povertie.** The "lady mither" is afraid her son will be married for his wealth and rank unless he hides his true position.

**52:14. Wi' nae flatterie.** Donald has the same idea, and promises to go clad as a poor Highlander.

**52:16. The ring and the ba'.** A game in which a ring was thrown up into the air and a ball was to be thrown through the ring before it fell.

**52:18. Lizie:** pronounced Leezie.

**53:42. Think lang.** Grow weary or discontented.

**54:67. Bouncie.** Much more expressive than a little bounce.

**54:75. Coffe.** Commonly a chest for valuables, but here used in the sense of a receptacle for both clothing and ornaments.

**54:86. Lown.** The literal meaning of the word is nothing more than a person of low rank.

**54:94.** Donald is trying her to the utmost. He points out a lowly hut as his home, and an old peasant woman as his mother. The deception is easy to manage, for the old woman addresses him in Erse, the language of the Highlands, which Lizie does not understand.

**55:113. Thae isles.** If the words occurred nowhere else it would be impossible to locate the scene more closely than in the Highlands, but the Isles in the second title can mean only the islands to the west of Scotland. These include the large island of Mull, Ulva (the scene of Campbell's poem *Lord Ullin's Daughter*), Iona (the "blessed isle" of St. Columba), and many others. The Lord of the Isles was

a petty monarch and much feared by the remaining Scottish chieftains. Read Scott's romantic poem, *The Lord of the Isles*.

### BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY (Page 55)

The version is Percy's, which he gave "with some corrections, from an old black-letter copy, entitled *Barbara Allen's Cruelty*, or *The Young Man's Tragedy*." That this ballad was a favorite in the seventeenth century, and had lost but little of its appeal in the eighteenth, is evidenced by these two quotations:

"In perfect pleasure I was to hear her (Mrs. Knipp, an actress) sing, and especially her little Scotch song of Barbary Allen."—*Pepys Diary*, January 2, 1666.

"The music of the finest singers is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with *Johny Armstrong's Last Good-night*, or *The Cruelty of Barbara Allen*."—Goldsmith, 1765.

57:51. **Make my bed.** Wherever we find this expression in the ballads it foretells the death of the speaker.

57:61. It is most unusual to find any moralizing in a ballad, either in the words of the ballad-maker himself or from the lips of a character in the story. Some versions end with the fifteenth stanza.

### LORD LOVEL (Page 58)

In this version of the ballad (Bishop Percy's), Lady Ouncebell is an English princess whose lover journeys to Scotland to be gone two years; in a Scottish version the heroine—called Fair Nancybelle—is Scotch, and Lord Lovel leaves her to enjoy himself in England.

58:1. **I fare you well.** I bid you farewell.

59:37-48. Compare with *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*, page 51, lines 113-120. This idea of the intertwining of the vines that grow from the bodies of dead lovers is repeated in many ballads.

### THOMAS RHYMER (Page 59)

Thomas Rhymer (or Rymour) of Erceldoune, who lived in the thirteenth century, occupies a unique position in Scottish history. Of his life very little is known, but his fame as a prophet and sooth-

sayer spread through Scotland and England very early, and endured for more than six hundred years. It is not yet wholly extinguished. In the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, his sayings were quoted in castles and halls as well as in the humbler cottages, and statesmen were not averse to studying his prophecies before deciding upon national issues. In 1603 there was published an interesting little book entitled "*The Whole Prophecie of Merlin, Thomas Rymour, and Others,*" which became so popular that it was printed and reprinted in cheap form, until, as Professor Child declares, there were few Scottish farmhouses in the early nineteenth century without it.

All this is fact, but in addition we have many legends. Both the ballad and a long poem bearing his name and dating from about the year 1450 tell of Thomas Rhymer's finding favor with the Queen of the Elves and of his being carried away to dwell in Elfland for seven years—years that passed so quickly that they seemed to him but as so many days. The longer poem goes on to tell that when the time came for him to return to the earth he felt that no one would believe his tale of what had happened to him, and he begged the Fairy Queen to give him some token. As the greatest gift in her power she bestowed upon him the gift of soothsaying. There is a tradition also that even after his return to mortal life he was still subject to the beck and call of the elf queen, and that one day as he was merrymaking among his friends some one came up and reported that a hart and hind from a near-by forest were walking quietly down the village street. Immediately Thomas left the company, and, together with the deer, disappeared from view over the brow of a neighboring ridge. He was never seen again. It was a fairy summons, the good folk of the country say, and Thomas Rhymer has dwelt in fairyland from that day to this.

There are five versions of the ballad. The one first printed in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads* (1806) is given here.

59:1. **True Thomas.** Thomas Rhymer is frequently so called; occasionally also he is designated as Thomas the Rhymer. Yond: see page 46, line 15, and note.

61:57. **Ye maun hold your tongue.** Seven years (see stanzas 5 and 16) would be a long time to refrain from talking.

61:61. **Even cloth.** Smoothly finished cloth, as distinguished from the familiar homespun.

## FAIR MARGRET (Page 62)

Under the general title of *Proud Lady Margaret* Professor Child prints five versions of this ballad. He was the first to publish *Fair Margret*, which he found, with two other ballads, in a manuscript made by Alexander Laing of Brechin (1829). Laing prefaced his manuscript with the statement that the ballads were taken down from the recitation of old people.

## THE JOVIAL HUNTER OF BROMSGROVE (Page 63)

*The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove* was taken down by Jabez Allies from the recitation of an old man named Benjamin Brown, and was first published in 1845 in a pamphlet bearing the title *The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove, Horne the Hunter, and Robin Hood*. Later Allies incorporated it in a work called *The British, Roman, and Saxon Antiquities and Folk-lore of Worcestershire*, Bromsgrove being a parish and ancient market town of that county. There are five other ballad versions of the story. Sir Lionel and Hugh the Græme are other knights of whom the story is told.

64:18. Full into. Far within.

64:33. A wild woman who lives in a forest and makes pets of dangerous beasts is a favorite terror in medieval folk-lore. In some variations of the story there is a giant in place of the wild woman.

65:48. They both. Sir Ryalas and his "gay lady." There is no intimation given that Sir Ryalas married the lady of the tree-top, but the imagination easily leaps to that conclusion. In memory of the encounter Sir Ryalas has adopted the boar's head as part of his coat of arms and it is carved on his tomb.

## KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY (Page 65)

This ballad, while not old in this form, found its way into print comparatively early, appearing as a broadside some time between 1672 and 1683. The theme of the story is very old, coming originally from the far east and being known in one guise or another in all literatures. Sometimes it is a sultan who propounds the riddles to a subject, sometimes a bishop demands the answers from a minor priest of whom he is jealous; but always it is a man of power who

puts them to one of lower rank. In many instances, as here, the latter is completely baffled, and is forced to trust to the native wit of some peasant or servant for deliverance from his predicament. There is no historical foundation for the ballad; King John and the Abbot of Canterbury were merely convenient and familiar names to use in an old and popular tale.

**65:12.** The king is jealous of the abbot's wealth and influence. Though the story is pure fiction as applied to King John and this nameless abbot, yet that a king could fear the power of a wealthy churchman is well shown in the story of Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey and of the latter's propitiatory gift to his sovereign of the great palace of Hampton Court.

**66:23.** How long . . . the world about. Not, as it might seem at first reading, how long I shall live, but how long it would take me to ride around the earth.

**66:40-41.** Notice these lines repeat lines 16 and 17. Compare stanza 11 with 5, and 12 with 6. This repetition is common in the ballads. See *Young Beichan* and *King Estmere* for other examples.

**67:51.** Learn, in the sense of teach, now considered incorrect, was once accepted by all classes of society. Shakespeare uses it in many places, throughout his plays. Perhaps the best known passage is:

Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act IV., Scene 1, line 30.

**67:45.** In a German story the answer to a similar question is eight and twenty pence. The riddles and answers in this ballad are types of those to be found in all such tales. In one story the questioner asks "How many days have elapsed from Adam to our time?" and the answer is "Seven, for as soon as seven are gone they begin again." Another question was "How far is it from earth to heaven?" and its answer "One leap, as proved by Satan's fall." To the query "Of what am I thinking?" one impertinent wit replied "More of your own interest than of mine!"

## ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN (Page 73)

*Robin Hood and Little John* and *Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow* differ in form from other ballads in this collection in that they



have middle rhyme in the third line of the stanza. Ballads in this style lack not only the simplicity but much of the dignity of the older form; nevertheless they have an indisputable swing, and the lightness of their rhythm seems peculiarly appropriate to their half-serious, half-ludicrous content. The earliest known version of this ballad dates from about 1680; the version given here is taken from *A Collection of Old Ballads* (1723). Its story bears out most fully the statement in the Sloane Manuscript, which declares of Robin Hood that "wheresoever he heard of any that were of unusual strength or 'hardines', he would desgyse himself, and rather than fayle, go lyke a beggar to become acquainted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting, never give them over tyl he had used means to draw (them) to lyve after his fashion." See *Robin Hood and The Curtal Friar*.

**74:23. Good b'w'ye.** Good (or God) be with ye: good-by.

**74:28. Quoth.** Past tense of the obsolete verb *quethe* meaning to say or to speak. Though the subject of the original form could either precede or follow the verb; the subject of quoth as used for several centuries, invariably follows it. We never find he quoth, or the stranger quoth; it is always quoth he, or quoth the stranger.

**74:29. Right Nottingham play.** I'll show you how we do this thing in Nottinghamshire. Nottingham (the old Saxon Snodengahame) is the county seat of Nottinghamshire, one of the Midland counties of England. Sherwood Forest lies some ten miles to the north of Nottingham, and the sheriff of Nottingham (see *Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow* and *Robin Hood and the Butcher*) is Robin's natural foe.

**74:31. Goose-wing.** Surely not more that a feather from a goose-wing.

**76:87. Thorn.** Hawthorn bush or tree. The word would need no explanation in England or Scotland, where it commonly carries this meaning. Cf. Burns' line

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

**76:98. Scot-free.** The dictionary says that a scot is a tax or a fine. To go scot-free therefore means literally to go untaxed, but in ordinary usage, as here, it means to go unpunished.

**76:105. My livery.** Robin Hood's band commonly went clad in "Lincoln green."

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW (Page 78)

The date of this ballad is uncertain. It is taken from an old collection entitled *Robin Hood's Garland*, printed in London without a date.

**79:35. David of Doncaster.** Not one of the better-known of Robin Hood's followers. Doncaster is an old town about thirty-five miles due north of Nottingham, lying between Sherwood Forest and that region in Yorkshire where Robin Hood is supposed to have had a second "trystell-tree."

**80:50. Lincoln green.** Lincoln, the county seat of Lincolnshire, is only about twenty miles east of Sherwood Forest. It was formerly noted for dyestuffs, especially for green. Robin Hood and his band wore this color as least likely to betray them in the forest. See page 76, line 105, and note.

**80:52. Several.** Differently.

**80:53. Perceive.** Recognize.

**81:85. Fellow.** Equal or match.

**81:89. Dead.** Certain, as sure as death. After sure, dead gives no additional idea, yet we still talk occasionally of something being dead-sure.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR (Page 83)

In an old manuscript the title of this ballad is *Robin Hood and Friar Tuck*. The jolly friar has a very small part in the ballads—none at all in the older ones,—though we usually think of him as one of the band in Sherwood. This version dates from the latter part of the seventeenth century.

**83:6. Some would use artillery.** Some would try their skill at shooting. **Artillery:** bows and arrows.

**83:13. Will Scadlock.** Will Scarlet (sometimes written Scathlock).

**84:23. A curtal friar.** The vegetable garden of a monastery was frequently called a curtile, and the monk in charge of it was a curtiler, or curtilarius. Our curtal friar means then a curtiler friar, that is, a monk who serves as kitchen-gardener for his convent. **Fountains Abbey.** A Cistercian monastery near Ripon in Yorkshire, now "the most extensive and the most picturesque monastic ruin in England." (Baedeker.)

**84:30.** By **Mary free.** Robin Hood's devotion to the Virgin is conspicuous in the older ballads and in the *Gest of Robyn Hode*. In this latter poem we are told that he was accustomed to hear three masses daily:

The one in the worship of the Fader,  
And another of the Holy Gost,  
The thirde of our dere Lady,  
That he loved allther most.

**84:45-47.** A strange costume for a curtal friar!

**86:89.** **Passing well.** Surpassingly well, with surpassing skill.

**88:136.** **Kept.** Caught.

**88:159.** **Nottingham.** Nottinghamshire (i. e., Sherwood Forest), not the town of Nottingham.

### ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE (Page 89)

In an old *Life* of Robin Hood belonging to the end of the sixteenth or the beginning of the seventeenth century (Sloane MS.), this story is told, not of Allin a Dale, but of Will Scarlet. There are various spellings of Allin a Dale. The ballad is copied from a broadside of the latter part of the seventeenth century.

**89:23.** **Nick the miller's son.** Presumably Midge.

**92:92.** **Ask'd in the church.** That is, the banns (the notice of the intended marriage) must be read three times, in accordance with the law. Of course, it is meant that they shall be read at three different services, on three successive Sundays, so that every one in the parish may know of the approaching ceremony, and, if there be any just cause why it should not take place, there may be time to have this cause made known. But Little John asked them, or published the banns, seven times in as many minutes.

**92:98.** **Quire.** An old spelling of choir. It is still permissible, but rarely used. Cf. quier, page 51, line 114.

### ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL (Page 93)

There is no reason assigned, in this account of Robin Hood's death, for his cousin's treacherous action. There is another version, more fragmentary, but based more closely on the story as told in the *Gest*,

that tells of a knight, Sir Roger of Denkesly (or Doncaster), commonly called Red Roger, who had great influence over the prioress, and who persuaded her to her evil act. In the ballad given here, Robin dies quietly within Kirkly-Hall; in the other he tries to escape through a shot-window, when Red Roger, too cowardly to attack him while he had his strength, comes up and "thrusts him through the milk-white side." Robin does not die at once, however, but manages to cut Red Roger's head from his shoulders. Then Little John, who arrives too late to defend his master, begs, as here, to be allowed to burn Kirkly, but Robin refuses to countenance such a revenge.

Martin Parker, in the ballad that he calls *A True Tale of Robin Hood*, agrees that Robin went

Unto a nunnery, with intent  
For his health's sake to bleed,

but takes the blame for his death off the prioress' shoulders and ascribes it to a "faithless fryer," a "treacherous leech." Yet the prioress is not left entirely out of the story, for we are that told that

His corpes the priores of the place,  
The next day that he dy'd,  
Caused to be buried, in mean case,  
Close by the highway side.

And over him she caused a stone  
To be fixed on the ground,  
An epitaph was set thereon,  
Wherein his name was found.

. . . . .  
This woman, though she did him hate,  
Yet loved his memory;  
And thought it wondrous pittty that  
His fame should with him dye.

This epitaph, as records tell,  
Within this hundred years,  
By many was discerned well,  
But time all things outweares.

## KINMONT WILLIE (Page 98)

Scott alone of the early ballad collectors gives us Kinmont Willie, and his zeal for its preservation was unquestionably due to the fact that its hero—Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm, the Laird of Buccleuch—belonged to his own family of Scotts, though he was not the poet's direct ancestor.

Kinmont Willie was a notorious Border raider, some fifty years of age at the time of this exploit. The English had often sought to take him, but he had never been captured in fair fight. Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign the English Warden of the West Marches was Lord Scroop; the Scottish, Sir Walter Scott, Laird of Buccleuch. Many wrongs came before these wardens for settlement, and minor disputes were in many instances referred to deputies when the wardens themselves were busied "in regard to their Princes' service, or their ain private distractions." On one occasion Robert Scott of Hanyng, deputy for Buccleuch, and a Mr. Sakelde (or Salkelde) of Cumberland, deputy for Lord Scroop, met on the boundary line between the two countries for the transaction of business. According to custom, a truce was proclaimed to cover the actual time of meeting and enough time thereafter to enable both the principals and their respective followers to gain their homes. Relying upon this truce, Kinmont Willie (whose real name was William Armstrong of Kinmouth), after attending upon Scott at the conference, rode towards home with only three or four companions. Sakelde—the "fause Sakelde" of the ballad—seeing this much-wanted man so unguarded, broke the truce, and pursuing him with some two hundred horsemen, made him prisoner and carried him to Carlisle. The outrage was at once reported to Buccleuch, who demanded of Sakelde that he release his prisoner. Sakelde replied that so important a captive could not be given over at the will of a deputy, but that the question must be decided by the English warden. Buccleuch appealed to Lord Scroop, setting forth the case very clearly and proving that Sakelde had been at fault and had captured Armstrong through a dishonorable breach of the truce. Scroop regretted the mode of capture, but refused to free the prisoner without an express order from his queen. Buccleuch then took the matter up with the English ambassador to Scotland, who "wrote furiously to the Lord Scroop for the redress of the matter." At length, when all other

methods of procedure had failed, Scotland's king made demand of the English queen for Armstrong's release, but the issue hung fire for so long that Buccleuch, weary of waiting, and learning that Carlisle was surprisable, decided to effect a rescue. The ballad tells the story.

98:4. **Haribee.** A place just outside of Carlisle used by the English wardens as the official scene of execution for Border trespassers. In *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* William of Deloraine says, when asked if he can read,

Letter nor line know I never a one,  
Were 't my neck-verse at Hairibee.

99:12. **Liddel-rack.** The ford of the river Liddel, which here forms part of the boundary between England and Scotland.

99:29. **Keeper.** Warden; in this case Lord Buccleuch of Branhholm. Branhholm (or Branksome) is near Hawick in Roxburghshire, and still belongs to the Buccleuch family.

99:33. **Ta'en the table.** Struck the table a blow.

100:64. **Stobs.** A Border castle not far from Branhholm. The Elliots, the Armstrongs and the Scotts were in many enterprises together.

101:65. **Marchmen.** Dwellers on the Border.

101:75. **Broken men.** Men of no clan; outlaws; vagabonds.

101:76. **Woodhouse-lee, or Woodhouselee.** A Border estate belonging to Buccleuch.

101:77. **'Bateable land.** A small tract on the extreme western Border, claimed by both England and Scotland. Without settled government, its inhabitants were, for the most part, wild and lawless. The land was parted between the two countries in 1552.

102:95. **Dickie of Dryhope.** Richard Armstrong of Dryhope, a relative of Kinmont Willie.

102:102. **Staneshaw-bank.** See *haw* in the glossary. Staneshaw-bank would mean a low, stony bank, and was probably the name given to a certain ford of the river Eden.

102:111. **Fire.** Lightning.

102:118. **Lead.** The lead roof; frequently written *leads*.

103:124. "O wha dare meddle wi' me?" a well-known Border tune.

103:145. **Red Rowan.** One of the Armstrongs of Rowanburne.

**103:146. Teviotdale.** The Teviot is a tributary of the Tweed. Hawick is the chief town on its bank. Branxholm is in Teviotdale.

**104:156. I wot.** Compare with page 22, line 14; page 24, line 76, and note to 23:44.

**104:170. The storm** had swollen the stream beyond its banks.

**105:179. True.** Trust.

**105:183. Wan water.** Treacherous water.

## JOHNNY ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT (Page 105)

There are three versions of this ballad known, the one chosen being taken from an old broadside. Johnny Armstrong of Gilnockie is noted in history as well as in ballad. The Armstrongs were a family powerful from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century in Liddesdale and the Debatable Land. Their chiefs raided the Scotch as well as the English border, and their large numbers—they controlled three thousand horsemen—placed them beyond the reach of the law. James V. of Scotland in 1530 undertook the pacifying of his own Borders, and imprisoned or executed many of the defiant leaders. Among others he sought John Armstrong of Gilnockie. The story as told in the ballad is strictly in accordance with the facts: Armstrong foolishly flaunted his power before the king and was ordered to instant death, and his property was confiscated. He was hanged, and all his retinue with him, on growing trees along the highroad from Hawick to Langholm. "The country people," Scott writes, "believe that, to manifest the injustice of the execution, the trees withered away."

**105:4.** Vaguely accusatory of the king and court.

**105:5. Westmoreland.** Probably corrupted from "west moor land." Westmorland is an English county, and could not be meant here.

**106:29. Guiltknock Hall.** Armstrong's border tower in Eskdale. Cf. Gilnockie above.

**106:39. Mov'd.** Removed, doffed.

**106:41.** "John Armstrong made great offers to the King. That he would sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready at his service, on their own cost, without wronging any Scottishman; Secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl or baron, but, within a certain day, he should bring him to his majesty, either quick or dead." It was all of no avail. "At length he, seeing no

hope of favor, said very proudly, 'It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face.'" (Pittscottie's *Chronicles of Scotland*.)

107:69. The same stanza occurs in *Sir Andrew Barton*:

Fight on, my men, sayes Sir Andrew Barton,  
I am hurt, but I am not slain;  
I'll lay me down and bleed awhile,  
And then I'll rise and fight again.

### BEWICK AND GRAHAME (Page 108)

The story centers about an interesting custom of the days of chivalry, whereby two knights became "sworn brothers," or "brothers in arms," by the taking of a solemn oath of affection and support. Such a bond was held peculiarly sacred, and to break it was an unmitigated disgrace; hence Christy Grahame's dilemma when called upon to fight either his sworn brother or his father. The ballad has long been a favorite. There are numerous broadside and stall-copies of about the year 1700.

108:1. Grahame or Graham (Graeme in the Scottish copies). The family was a numerous and powerful one, first heard of in Menteith. The older branch of the family remained in that locality, but certain Graemes settled in the Debatable Land, where they were by turns English and Scotch, but always wild and ungovernable. When at last the two countries were united under one king and the power of the Border chieftains was broken forever, these Graemes were banished to Ireland and their return forbidden under pain of death. The incident in this ballad (which Scott places late in the sixteenth century) must have taken place at a time when the Graemes were on friendly terms with the English and at enmity with the Scotch. Cf. stanza 55.

108:2. **Sir Robert Bewick.** "Bewick is an ancient name in Cumberland and Northumberland" (Scott).

109:18. **Bully.** Comrade, brother, equal in rank. Cf. billie, page 48, line 29.

109:23. **He's never have.** See page 16, line 32 and note.

109:27. **A crown** was a large sum in those days.

109:32. **Wantonly.** Easily, carelessly. Old Grahame's mind is so full of the quarrel that he gives no heed to his horsemanship.



**110:44. A baffled man by thou I be.** I am brought to shame on your account.

**110:51. Thou's.** Note the use of the contracted future again.

**110:56. Faith and troth to me.** To whom I have given my oath; who is my sworn brother.

**110:57. Limmer loon.** Contemptible rascal.

**112:97. Learn'd them well.** Compare with page 67, line 51, and note.

**112:114. Of thy bullyship let me be.** Say no more of our bullyship; put aside the question of our relationship.

**113:135.** Compare this stanza with 14. See note to 66:40.

**114:170. An ackward stroke.** A back-handed stroke. Cf. our modern word *awkward*.

**116:217. Ladderdale.** Scott has Liddesdale. Either Lauderdale or Liddesdale would be on the Scottish side of the Border, Liddesdale close to the English side, Lauderdale only about twenty miles south of Edinburgh. With either reading, Lord Grahame's meaning is that he and his son together would have been more than a match for forty Scotchmen.

### THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN (Page 116)

In 1388 the Scots, having been long observant of the unsettled conditions prevailing in the northern counties of England, crossed the Border in two parties, the larger directed towards Carlisle, the smaller moving down towards the east. This latter force, composed of some three thousand men under the command of James, the second Earl of Douglas, harried the country until it reached Durham, and then, returning, surrounded Newcastle, where a sharp skirmish took place. The Scots were unable to take the castle, but Douglas succeeded in gaining possession of a lance and pennon belonging to Sir Henry Percy (nicknamed Hotspur), the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland. Tauntingly, he shook it aloft, crying that he would carry it home to adorn his own tower of Dalkeith. Percy retorted that he would win it back before Douglas could cross the Border—that he would take it from Douglas's tent that very night. But word was brought in that there were forty thousand Scots in England, and a rumor spread that Douglas's band was only a decoy to draw the Percy forces from the castle out to the open fields, where, under the cover of darkness, they would be set upon by the whole

Scottish force. Hotspur's friends, therefore, would not permit him to attempt the fulfilling of his word; the night passed, and Douglas remained the possessor of the pennon, moving onward about noon. Percy made no move until he had learned through messengers that the larger part of the Scottish army was occupied at Carlisle and little likely to send any reinforcements to the Douglas; then he collected a large force (some say ten thousand men) and marched northward. By this time Douglas was encamped at Otterburn, where a castle and its dependent village gave promise of rich plunder. Percy attacked him there, and the battle was fought at night. At times one side, at times the other, seemed to have the advantage. During a part of the engagement, it is told, the darkness was so deep that the contestants did not know whether they were striking down friends or foes. At length Douglas, armed with a heavy iron mace, rushed into the thickest of the fight, shouting "Douglas! Douglas!" and calling his men to follow him. He was struck down by three spears at once, and fell mortally wounded. "I die like my forefathers," he said, "in a field of battle, not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, advance my standard, and avenge my fall!" Had it been daylight, the first of those orders could hardly have been carried out, but under cover of the darkness few knew what had happened. Raising the rallying cry these few instilled new fire into their countrymen, and pressed harder against the English, who had joined battle wearied by a long day's march and who now began to give way. By daybreak they were in full retreat, leaving behind them both Harry Percy and his brother Ralph as prisoners of war.

There are six ballad versions of *The Battle of Otterburn*. The one given here is taken from *Scott's Border Minstrelsy*.

**116:1. Lammas tide.** Lammas is a corruption of loaf-mass, a harvest festival, or festival of first fruits, formerly celebrated about the first of August.

**116:3. Doughty Douglas.** From the time of Robert Bruce who, dying, commanded Sir James Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land—a command which was not fulfilled though Sir James died trying to obey it—the Douglas family plays a prominent part in Scottish history. In connection with the Border troubles we find one William Douglas, Sir James's nephew, made Warden of the Marches about 1356; it was William's son, another James Douglas, who figures in this battle.

**116:5. The Gordons** were an illustrious family, belonging originally to the Border but later settling in Aberdeenshire and Inverness. The Gordon of this ballad is Sir John of Gordon. He had fought in many Border battles and lost his life in this one. **The Graemes.** One branch of this family has already been referred to in *Bewick and Grahame*. The Graemes of this ballad are not the Graemes of the Debatable Land, but the elder branch of the districts of Lennox and Menteith; these never swerved from their Scottish allegiance.

**116:6. The Lindsays.** Another ancient Scottish family. According to Froissart, there were three Lindsays at Otterburn—Sir William, Sir James and Sir Alexander.

**116:7. The Jardines wad na with him ride.** "The Jardines were a clan of hardy West-Border men. Their refusal to ride with Douglas was probably the result of one of those perpetual feuds which usually rent to pieces a Scottish army." (Scott.)

**117:9. The dales of Tyne.** The Tyne is a river of northeastern England.

**117:10. Bambrough shire.** One of the three districts of Northumberland.

**117:11. Reidswire fells.** "Swair, or swire, signifies the descent of a hill; and the epithet Red is derived from the color of the heath." (Scott.) The Reidswire fells were on the way to Newcastle, being in southern Roxburgh. Roxburgh was at this time in the hands of the English.

**117:13. Newcastle.** The chief city of Northumberland. It was called Monkchester in the Saxon period, from the number of monasteries it contained. Its present name dates from the building there of a New Castle in the eleventh century, by Robert Curthose.

**117:17. Lord Percy.** William and Serlo de Percy came to England with William the Conqueror, who gave to the elder brother vast estates in different parts of the country; especially in the north and east do we find the family exercising great power throughout English history. The Percy of the battle of Otterburn was Sir Henry Percy (not Lord Percy, for an earl's son was not called Lord at this time), the son of Henry Percy, the first Earl of Northumberland. As told above, he was called Hotspur, a name bestowed upon him by the Scots with whom he was engaged in numerous contests. He fought his first battle at the age of twelve, and from that time on his spur was said to be never cold. His impetuous nature is well known from Shake-

speare's portrayal of him in *King Henry the Fourth* and *King Richard the Second*.

117:35. **Flesh and fell.** Flesh and skin.

117:36. **Your sword.** The lance mentioned above.

118:37. **Otterburn.** A small stream about thirty miles northwest of Newcastle.

118:39. Percy intends to follow Douglas and win back the sword.

118:57. **High on Otterburn.** Fawdon Hill, near the castle of Otterburn, is an eminence "on which may yet be discerned the vestiges of the Scottish camp." (Scott.)

119:71. **Yestreen.** As a matter of fact, several days elapsed between the siege of Newcastle and the battle of Otterburn.

119:73. **A dreary dream.** Scott transcribes Godscroft's account of the battle, making Douglas say, just before his death, "It is an old prophecy that a dead man shall gain a field, and I hope it will be accomplished this night."

119:74. **The Isle of Skye.** A rocky island to the west of Scotland.

119:92. **Sir Hugh Montgomery.** The eldest son of John, Lord Montgomery. Both father and son fought at Otterburn, and according to Froissart it was the father and not the son who made Hotspur prisoner. That Sir Hugh was slain in the battle, and in the manner described in the next ballad, is attested by Crawford's *Peerage*, quoted by Percy.

121:123. **Earl Percy.** Not the earl, but the earl's son. (Cf. stanza 5.)

121:139. A poetic conception, but not true to fact. Douglas's body was carried back to Scotland and buried in Melrose Abbey.

121:140. Percy's captivity was not of long duration. He was free again and back in command of the English Marches before July, 1389, and in October of that year he received a new royal commission greatly enlarging his powers. The money paid for his ransom enabled Lord Montgomery to build the castle of Polnoon at Eaglesham in Ayrshire.

## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT (Page 121)

### (Chevy Chase)

"The old song of Chevy Chase is the favorite ballad of the common people of England; and Ben Jonson used to say, he had rather have

been the author of it than of all his works." (Addison, in *The Spectator*, No. 70, on *The Ballad of Chevy Chase*.)

This version of the ballad is from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and was printed in Percy's *Reliques*. Obviously, *The Battle of Otterburn* and *Chevy Chase* have much in common. From the standpoint of historic accuracy, the former is to be preferred; but in bold simplicity, and in vivid picturing of the days of Border warfare, *Chevy Chase* is unsurpassed.

**121:1.** Percy. See note 117:17.

**121:4.** Cheviot hills cross the Border, being partly in Northumberland and partly in Roxburghshire. The game was more abundant in the Scottish range. Hunting was permitted across the border providing the warden on the other side consented. Very often the consent was not asked; the risk of being caught added to the lure of the sport.

**121:5.** Doughty Douglas. See note 116:3.

**122:10.** Let that hunting. Prevent that hunting.

**122:14.** Shires three. "Three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of shires and are all in the neighborhood of Cheviot. They are Islandshire, Norehamshire, and Bamboroughshire." (Percy.)

**122:17-18.** These lines are unnecessary to the sense of the story and serve merely as padding to complete the stanza. They are stock phrases, often repeated. Cf. stanza 51.

**123:40.** Look'd at his hand full nigh. He was the first to see what was nigh at hand; i. e., the approach of Douglas and his men.

**123:49.** Tweed. A river forming part of the boundary between England and Scotland.

**123:50.** Tividale. A contraction for Teviotdale, just as Chevy means Cheviot.

**123:61.** Chase. Hunt.

**124:79.** Upon a part. Apart, aside.

**124:92.** The ballad here first grows confused as to facts. Henry IV. did not ascend the throne until 1399, while this incident presumably took place in 1388.

**126:124.** Many stern they stroke. Many a strong blow they struck down straight.

**126:130.** Of fine Milan. Of fine Milan workmanship. The cutlery of Milan was famous in the Middle Ages.

**126:138. Jamie our Scottish king.** Another error. The Scottish king at this time was Robert III.; no James had as yet sat upon the throne. But the five kings who ruled Scotland from 1406 to 1542—through the heart of the ballad period—were all called James. The name was applied indiscriminately to any Scottish king.

**127:148. Of a mighty wane.** Wane here means ane, a man. The whole expression means an arrow shot by a strong man, an arrow shot with terrific force.

**127:159.** "That beautiful line, 'taking the dead man by the hand,' will put the reader in mind of Æneas' behavior towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father." (Addison, in *The Spectator*, No. 70, on *The Ballad of Chevy Chase*.)

**127:176.** Hotspur was not killed in this battle, but lived to experience high favor from Henry IV., and later to rebel against that monarch and fall in the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403.

**128:186. To the hard steel.** To the steel head.

**128:201. Took here means strove,** see *take* in the Glossary.

**129:214.** Bishop Percy vouches for the correctness of the names that follow as belonging to prominent Border families on either side.

**130:262. Battle of Homildon.** Homildon is in Glendale, one of the six wards of Northumberland. The battle fought here in 1402 had no connection with the battle of Otterburn. The statement that Homildon was fought to avenge Percy's death is odd as both Percy and his father fought there, taking prisoner Archibald Douglas, a first cousin of the James Douglas killed at Otterburn.

**131:268. That e'er began this spurn!** This line is merely a lament to pad out the rhyme.

**131:270.** As Otterburn is about thirty miles from Newcastle in England, and Percy was on a foray in Teviotdale, Scotland, the old men apparently did not know the ground well enough.

## GLOSSARY

**A**, surely, certainly, verily  
**a'**, all  
**able**, suitable, of suitable rank  
**aboon**, above  
**ackward**, backward, backhanded  
**ae**, one  
**aff**, off  
**aft**, oft, often  
**ain**, one, own  
**alane**, alone  
**amain**, with force, quickly  
**amang**, among  
**an**, if  
**an**, but **an**, and also  
**ane**, one  
**aneath**, beneath, underneath  
**auld**, old  
**ava**, if all, at all, of all  
**avow**, vow  
**awa**, away

**ba'**, ball  
**bairn**, child  
**bale**, trouble, infirmity, misfortune  
**bandogs**, dogs kept chained because of their fierceness  
**bane**, bone  
**bare-houghed**, bare-kneed  
**basnet**, helmet  
**bauld**, bold  
**bedone**, adorned, wrought

**beforn**, before  
**belive**, straightway, at once, in a short time  
**bent**, field, field covered with bent grass  
**bete**, abate, relieve, amend  
**bickered**, hastened about  
**bigly**, commodious, comfortable, pleasant to live in  
**bill**, battle-ax  
**billie**, brother, comrade; see **bully**  
**birk**, birch  
**bite**, pierce, penetrate  
**blan**, blane, paused, rested, lingered, stopped  
**blaw**, blow  
**blee**, tint, hue, color  
**blindit**, blinded  
**blude**, bluid, blood  
**blyve**, same as **belive**  
**bonnet**, the cap worn by the Scottish Highlanders  
**bonnie**, bonny, pretty, pleasant, handsome, goodly  
**bore**, a hole made by boring  
**boun**, prepare, make ready, go  
**bound**, going  
**bower**, bedchamber, house, home  
**bracken**, a kind of coarse fern  
**brae**, hillside, river bank  
**brand**, sword

brash, illness  
 braw, brave, fine, handsome  
 brayde, at a brayde, at one movement, suddenly  
 brittling, dismembering, cutting up  
 brogues, rough shoes of deer-hide  
 brook, enjoy, endure  
 bully, brother, companion, equal  
 burn, a small stream, brook  
 but an, and also  
 butt, target  
 bygane, ago, gone by  
 byre, cow house

ca', call  
 can, did  
 canna, cannot  
 carp, talk, sing, tell tales  
 cast, intend  
 casten, cast, hurled  
 cauld, cold  
 ceserera, an imitation of the sound of bells  
 Christenye, Christendom  
 claith, cloth  
 clave, split, slit  
 cleading, cleedin, clothing  
 close, enclosure, private grounds, courtyard  
 cloutie, patched garment  
 coffer, a chest for holding either clothing or valuables  
 comen, come, arrived  
 corby, crow  
 couldna, could not  
 coulter, plowshare  
 couth, saying, word

curch, kerchief, covering for the head  
 curtal, belonging to a kitchen-garden

daggie, drizzling  
 dee, die  
 dey, dairywoman  
 dight, doomed, ordained, ready  
 dight, oppose, contend with  
 dinna, do not  
 dint, blow, strike  
 doen, betaken one's self  
 doughty, brave, valiant  
 drave, drove  
 dree, hold out, hasten, suffer, endure  
 dule, grief

ee, eye; een, eyes  
 ee-bree, eyebrow  
 eldern, old  
 Erse, the language of the Gaels in the Highlands of Scotland  
 erst, first, once  
 even, smooth, well-finished  
 evermair, evermore

fa', fall  
 fadge, a clumsy, unpleasing woman  
 faem, foam, sea  
 fain, glad, pleased, gladly  
 fairlies, wonders, marvels; see farley  
 fall, suit, become  
 fa'n, fallen  
 fare, go  
 farley, new thing, novelty, curiosity; see fairlies



- fause**, false, untrustworthy, dishonorable  
**fay**, faith, honor  
**fee**, wealth, property, pay  
**fell**, hillside  
**fell**, skin  
**fend**, find, feed, provision  
**finikin**, handsomely dressed  
**firsten**, first  
**fit, fitt**, a division of a song, ballad or story  
**flang**, flung  
**flee**, fly  
**fleyd**, frightened, driven away by fear  
**flottered**, fluttered, floated  
**flout**, pass by carelessly, mock  
**fore-hammer**, sledge hammer  
**forlorn**, lost, forfeited  
**fou**, a Scottish bushel  
**frae**, from  
**free**, spirited, beautiful, noble, gracious, excellent in any way  
**freke**, bold man; valiant fighter  
**fu'**, full  
**furs**, furrows, rough ground  
**fynde**, end, close  
  
**gae**, go  
**gain**, serve, be needful for, suffice  
**gane**, gone  
**gang**, go  
**gar**, make, cause, force  
**gat**, got  
**gaun**, going  
**gear**, property, clothes  
**gest**, a tale of adventure, a romance  
**gin**, if, but  
  
**gi'n**, given  
**glede**, a glowing coal  
**glent**, glanced, went quickly  
**goshawk**, a short-winged hawk  
**goud**, gowd, gold  
**gouden**, gowden, golden  
**graithed**, dressed, decked out  
**gramarye**, magic, the formulas of magic  
**grece**, fat  
**grind**, adorn, deck out  
**grissel**, gray horse  
**gryte**, great, large, fine  
**gurly**, angry, tempestuous  
  
**hadna**, had not  
**hae**, have  
**halden**, held, celebrated  
**half-fou**, half-bushel  
**hame**, home  
**hangit**, hanged  
**hap**, cover  
**harry**, to plunder  
**hart of grece**, fat hart  
**haud**, hold, keep  
**hauled**, drew  
**haw**, haugh, a low river bank  
**hent**, caught up, seized  
**hie**, high  
**hight**, was called, was named  
**hight**, promise  
**hind**, courteous, knightly  
**hind**, noble youth  
**hosen**, hose, stockings  
**hough**, knee  
**hoys**, hoisted, raised  
  
**ilka**, each, every  
**intill**, in, into

- into**, in, within  
**ither**, other  
**I-wis, I-wiss, i-wys**, surely, assuredly, verily  
**jaw**, wave  
**jimp**, slender, slim  
**kaim**, comb; **kaimin'**, combing  
**keep**, protect, guard, catch  
**kell**, a woman's headdress made of net  
**kemb**, comb  
**kempe**, fighting man, champion  
**kempery**, fighting  
**ken**, know; **kend**, known  
**kilt**, a close-plaited skirt reaching to the knees  
**kirk**, church  
**kirtle**, an undergarment, a shirt; a woman's gown; a man's garment like a doublet  
**knicht**, knight  
**kye**, cattle  
**laird**, the owner of a home, a landholder, a lord  
**Lammas**, loaf-mass: a harvest festival about August first  
**lane**, alone; **my lane**, myself alone, **her lane**, herself alone  
**lang**, long; **think lang**, grow weary, be discontented  
**lap**, leaped, leaped over  
**lasten**, last  
**lavrock**, lark  
**lawing**, reckoning, account, bill  
**lawnde**, an open glade in a forest  
**lear**, learning, information, readiness of resource  
**lease**, falsehood, lies  
**lee**, open plain, uncultivated ground  
**let**, hinder, prevent, forbid  
**letna**, let not  
**leven**, lawn, glade, open space  
**licht**, light  
**lift**, sky  
**liften**, lift, raise  
**light**, alight  
**lightly**, set lightly by, set at naught, disdain  
**limmer**, low, base, contemptible  
**lin**, stop, stopped, lingered  
**liquor**, to moisten, drench; **liquor thy hide**, to draw blood  
**lith**, give heed, hearken  
**lither**, lazy, good-for-nothing  
**lookit**, looked, glanced  
**loon**, **lown**, a person of low rank; a general term of disapprobation; a rascal, a rogue  
**low**, blaze, flame, fire  
**lown**, see loon  
**lyff-tenant**, lieutenant  
**Mahound**, Mohammed  
**mair**, **mare**, more  
**make**, mate, consort  
**Marches**, frontiers or boundaries; especially, the districts along the Border between England and Scotland  
**marchmen**, dwellers in the Marches; especially those who took part in the Border raids  
**march-parties**, the Marches  
**mark**, a sum of money (not a coin) equivalent to 160 pennies

- maugre**, in spite of, in defiance of  
**maun**, must  
**meany, meyne**, crowd, troop,  
 following, retinue  
**meet**, in good condition  
**merrymen**, followers, compan-  
 ions  
**meyne**, see **meany**  
**mickle**, much, great, many  
**middle**, waist  
**mind on**, remember, bear in  
 mind  
**mirth**, a good story  
**mithr**, mother  
**moanfu'**, moaning, miserable  
**Monenday, Monynday**, Monday  
**monie**, money  
**moody-hill**, molehill  
**mort**, note blown on a horn to  
 announce the death of a deer  
**mote**, might, may  
**muir**, moor  
**muir-men**, dwellers upon a moor  
**myneyeple**, a mailed gauntlet  
**myrthes**, good stories  
  
**na**, not  
**nae**, no  
**needna**, need not  
**neigh**, approach, draw near  
**neist**, next  
**nextin**, next  
**nicked him nay**, **nicked him of  
 nay**, refused him  
**no**, not  
**noble**, a gold coin worth about  
 a third of a pound  
**o'**, of  
**o'erword**, chorus, refrain, burden
- ohone**, o hone! or och hone! an  
 interjection of lamentation  
**ony**, any  
**or**, before  
**ower, owre**, over  
  
**pall**, fine cloth, cloak  
**pallions**, pavilions, tents  
**paughty**, haughty, proud  
**paynim**, pagan, heathen  
**pine**, pain, suffering, distress  
**pitten**, put, thrust  
**plaid, plaidie**, a large rectangular  
 piece of woolen cloth, often  
 having a tartan pattern, worn  
 by both sexes in Scotland  
**plaiden**, coarse woolen cloth  
 diagonally woven  
**plate-jack**, armor for the upper  
 body, made of overlapping  
 plates  
**plight**, pledge, promise  
**poll-axe**, battle-ax  
**pouchie**, pouch, purse  
**prestly**, quickly, in haste  
**pricked**, spurred, sped  
**prins**, pins  
  
**quarry**, dead game  
**quier**, quire, choir  
**quit**, avenged, requited  
  
**rack**, ford  
**rade**, rode  
**raking**, moving hastily, hasten-  
 ing  
**raw**, row  
**read**, reade, rede, advice, advise  
**reave**, reive, rob, plunder

- reiver, robber**  
**renisht, accoutered**  
**richt, right**  
**rin, run**  
**rise at, spring from, come from**  
**rive, tear**  
**roundelay, a song with an oft repeated refrain**  
**rout, a crowd; a noisy or disorderly crowd**  
**rung, staff**
- \*s, a sign of the past tense, abbreviation for has**  
**'s, 'se, a sign of the future tense; an abbreviation for shall**  
**sae, so**  
**saft, soft, light**  
**sair, sore, sorely**  
**sang, song**  
**sark, a loose-fitting shirt**  
**sat, set**  
**saut, salt**  
**scantlie, scarcely, hardly**  
**scot-free, unpunished**  
**sea-maw, sea gull**  
**several, differently, variously**  
**see, protect, care for**  
**shathmont, the measure from the tip of the extended thumb to the extremity of the palm; a space of about six inches**  
**shear, several, more than a few**  
**sheare, slice**  
**sheen, shining, beautiful; beautiful garments**  
**shent, hurt**  
**shieling, a herdsman's hut**  
**shoon, shoes**
- shot, charge, cost**  
**shot-window, a projecting window, a bay window, an oriel window**  
**sic, such**  
**siller, silver**  
**sine, syne, since, then, afterwards**  
**sith, since**  
**skaith, scathe, harm, injury**  
**skeely, skillful**  
**skinkled, shone, sparkled, glittered**  
**slight, raze to the ground**  
**slogan, a battle cry or gathering cry of a Scottish clan**  
**sloken, slake, slaked**  
**slough, slew**  
**smock, an undergarment, usually of linen**  
**snaw, snow**  
**sowdan, sultan**  
**spait, flood; especially, a sudden flood or freshet**  
**spauld, shoulder**  
**sped, carried to completion**  
**speir, ask, inquire**  
**spend, to span, to measure, hence to get ready**  
**splent, armor**  
**sprent, spurted**  
**spurn, a kick**  
**stane, stone**  
**stark, strong**  
**stean, stone**  
**stear, fright**  
**steek, stitch**  
**stint, stop, loiter**  
**stound, a short time, a moment**  
**stour, tumult, conflict, battle**

**stoun**, stolen  
**strake**, struck  
**swak**, swap, smite  
**swat**, sweat  
**swith**, quickly  
**syne**, since, afterwards, then  
  
**tae**, one (t'ae)  
**take**, strike, deliver a blow  
**talent**, a coin, or the worth of the coin  
**tane**, one, the one  
**tauld**, told  
**tear**, pull  
**teen**, sorrow, danger  
**tett**, lock of hair  
**thae**, those, these  
**than**, else  
**thee**, thrive, prosper  
**thimber**, thick, gross  
**thorough**, through  
**tift**, puff, gust  
**till**, to  
**till**, coax, entice  
**tint**, lost  
**tither**, the other (t'ither)  
**tone**, the one, one  
**took**: see take  
**tother**, other, the other (t'other)  
**traitery**, treachery  
**tree**, straight piece of rough wood  
**troth**, faith  
**trow**, think, believe, know  
**true**, trust, put faith in  
**twa**, tawe, two  
**twain**, two  
**twine**, coarse cloth, sailcloth  
**twine**, part, separate

**until**, untill, unto, into  
**upstart**, started up  
  
**verament**, surely, verily, truly  
**void**, make way, get out of the way  
  
**wad**, would  
**wae**, woe  
**waly**, an interjection  
**wan**, pale, colorless  
**wan**, past tense of win  
**wane**, one  
**wantonly**, gayly, merrily, carelessly, easily  
**wap**, wrap, fit closely  
**war**, spend  
**wark**, work  
**warlock**, wizard  
**warld**, world  
**warst**, worst  
**wat**, wet  
**weal**, to clench so as to leave marks, or wales  
**weddeen**, wedding  
**weeds**, clothing  
**weel**, well  
**ween**, think  
**weet**, wet  
**weetie**, rainy  
**wel**, very, right  
**wend**, go  
**wha**, who  
**whar**, where  
**whatten**, what  
**whute**, whistle  
**wi'**, with  
**wight**, strong, sturdy, valiant; a strong young man  
**win**, get

<b>win, go, come, make one's way</b>	<b>wot, know, knows</b>
<b>win, to dry or season by exposure to the air</b>	<b>wouche, evil, harm, injury</b>
<b>winna, will not</b>	<b>wrang, wrong</b>
<b>wiss: see I-wis</b>	<b>wrang, wrung</b>
<b>wist, knew</b>	<b>wyld, wild animals, game</b>
<b>withouten, without</b>	<b>yae, each, every, only, one</b>
<b>Wodensday, Wednesday</b>	<b>y-bent, bent</b>
<b>won, get, dwell</b>	<b>yestreen, yestereven, last even- ing</b>
<b>wonderly, wonderfully</b>	<b>yont, beyond</b>
<b>wood-wroth, angry to the extent of madness</b>	<b>y-slaw, slain</b>



















Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
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