

SUSAN PY:

OR

Young Bichen's Garland.

SHEWING

How he went to a far Country, and was taken by a savage Moor, and cast into Prison and delivered by the Moor's Daughter, on promise of Marriage; and how he came to England and was going to be Wedded to another bride: With the happy Arrival of Susan, Py on the Wedding-day.



STIRLING:

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SUSAN PY,

OR

YOUNG BICHEN'S GARLAND.

IN London was young Bichen born,
he long'd strange lands to see,
He set his foot on good ship-board,
and he sailed ever the sea.
He had not been in a foreign land,
a day but only three,
Till he was taken by a savage Moor,
and they used him most cruelly.
In every shoulder they put a pin
to every pin they put a tree,
They made him draw the plough and cart
like horse and oxen in his own country.
He had not serv'd the savage Moor,
a week but only three,
Till he has casten him in prison strong,
till he with hunger was like to die.
It fell out once upon a day,
that young Bichen he made his moan,
As he lay bound in irons strong,
in a dark and deep dungeon,
An' I were again in fair England,
as many merry day I have been,

Then I would curb my roving youth,
 no more to see a strange land.
 O' an' I were free again now,
 and my feet well set on the sea,
 I would live in peace in my own land,
 and foreign lands no more would see.
 The savage Moor had but one daughter,
 I wot her name was Susan Py,
 She heard young Bichen make his moan,
 at the prison door as she past by,
 O have ye any lands she said,
 or have ye any money free,
 Or have you any revenues,
 to maintain a lady like me,
 O I have land in fair England,
 and I have estates two or three.
 And likewise I have revenues
 to maintain a lady like thee.
 O will you promise young man, she says,
 and keep your vow faithful to me,
 That at the end of seven years
 in fair England you'll marry me?
 I'll steal the keys from my father dear,
 though he keeps them most secretly,
 I'll risk my life for to save thine,
 and set thee safe upon the sea.
 She's stolen the keys from her father,
 from under the bed where he lay,

She opened the prison strong,
 and set young Bichen at liberty.
 She's gone to her father's coffer,
 where the gold was red and fair to see,
 She filled his pockets with good red gold,
 and she set him far upon the sea,
 O mind you well, young Bichen, she says,
 the vows and oaths you made to me,
 When you are come to your native land
 O then remember Susan Py.
 But when her father he came home,
 he miss'd the keys there where they lay,
 He went into the prison strong,
 but he saw young Bichen was away,
 Go bring your daughter madam he says,
 and bring her here unto me;
 Although I have no more but her,
 to morrow I'll gar hang her high!
 The lady call'd on the maiden fair,
 to come to her most speedily,
 Go up the country my child she says,
 stay with my brother two years or three
 I have a brother, he lives in the isles,
 he will keep thee most courteously,
 And stay with him my child she says,
 till thy father's wrath is turn'd from thee.
 Now will we leave young Susan Py,
 a while in her own country,

And will return to young Bichen,
 who is safe arriv'd in fair England.
 He had not been in fair England,
 above years scarcely three,
 Till he has courted another maid,
 and so forgot his Susan Py,
 The youth being young and in his prime,
 of Susan Py thought not upon,
 But his love was laid on another maid,
 and the marriage day it drew on,
 But e'er the seven years were run,
 Susan Py she thought full long,
 She set her foot on good ship-board,
 and she has sail'd for fair England,
 On every finger she put a ring,
 on her mid-finger she put three,
 She fill'd her trunks with good red gold,
 and she has sail'd over the sea.
 She had not been in fair England
 a day, a day, but on'y three.
 Till she heard young Bichen was a bride-
 groom,
 and the morrow was the wedding day.
 Since it is so, said young Susan,
 that he has prov'd so false to me,
 I'll hie me to young Bichen's gates,
 and see if he minds Susan Py.
 She has gone up through London town,
 where many a lady she did spy,

There was not a lady in all London
 young Susan that could outvie.
 She has called upon a waiting man,
 a waiting-man that stood hard by,
 Convey me to young Bichen's gate,
 and well rewarded thou shalt be,
 When she came to young Bichen's gate,
 she knocked loudly at the pin,
 Till down then came the proud porter,
 who's there, he says, that would be in?
 Open the gates, Porter, she says,
 open them to a lady gay,
 And tell your master, porter; she says,
 to speak a word or two with me,
 The porter he has open'd the gates,
 his eyes were dazzled to see
 A lady dress'd in gold and jewels,
 no page, nor waiting maid had she.
 O pardon me, madam, he cried,
 for this is his wedding day,
 He's up the stairs with his lovely bride,
 and a sight of him you cannot see.
 She put her hand in her pocket,
 and therefrom took guineas three,
 And gave to him, saying kind Sir,
 bring down your master straight to me,
 The porter up the stairs has gone,
 and he fell low down on his knee,

aying Master will you please come down,
to a lady who wais you to see?

A lady gay stands at your gates,
the like of her I ne'er did see,
she has more gold above her eye,
nor would buy a baron's land to me.

Out then spake the bride's mothe,
I'm sure an angry woman was she,
You're impudent and insolent,
ye might excepted the bride and me.

Ye lie, ye lie, ye proud woman,
sae loud as I hear ye lie,
she has more gold on her body [thee:
than would buy the lands, the bride and

Go down, go down, Porter, he says,
and tell the lady from me,

That I'm up stairs with my lovely bride,
and a sight of her I cannot see.

The Porter he goes down again,
the lady waited patiently,

My master's with his lovely bride,
and a sight of him you cannot see.

From off her finger she's taen a ring,
give that your master, she says, from me

And tell him now, young man, she says,
to bring down a cup of wine to me.

Here's a ring for you, master, he says,
on her mid finger she has three;

And you are desir'd, my lord, he says,
 to send down a cup of wine with me.
 He hit the table with his foot,
 he kep'd it with his knee,
 I'll lay my life and all my land,
 that is Susan Py come o'er the sea.
 He has gone unto the stair head
 a step he took but barely three,
 He open'd the gates most speedily,
 and Susan Py he there could see.
 Is this the way, yung Bichen, she says,
 is this the way that you've used me,
 I relieved you from prison strong,
 and ill have you rewarded me.
 O mind ye, young Bichen she says,
 the vows and oaths ye made to me,
 When ye lay bound in prison strong,
 in a deep dungeon of misery.
 He took her by the milkwhite hand,
 and led her into the palace fine,
 There was not a lady in all the palace
 but Susan Py did all outshine.
 The day concluded with joy and mirth,
 on every side there might you see,
 There was great joy in all England,
 for the wedding of Susan Py.

FINIS.