

THE

# BLACKAMOR

IN

*The Wood;*

LAMENTABLE BALLAD,


ON

The Tragical End of a gallant Lord and virtuous Lady, together with the untimely Death of their Two Children, wickedly performed by a heathenish and blood-thirsty Villain, their Servant, the like of which, for cruelty, is scarcely to be equalled.



GREENOCK:

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THE BLACKAMOOR IN THE WOOD.

**I**N Rome a nobleman did wed  
A virgin of great fame;  
A fairer creature never did  
Dame Nature ever frame;

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

This Lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,  
The tiger, and the boar;  
And still for swiftness always took  
With him a Blackamoor;

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

The day it drew unto an end,  
Then homewards they did haste,  
When with his Lady he did rest,  
Until the night was past.

Then in the morning he did rise,  
And both his seryants call,  
A hunting to provide to go,  
Straight they were ready all.

Cause of his toil, his Lady did  
 Intreat him not to go;  
 Alas! good Lady, then quoth he,  
 Why art thou grieved so?

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

Farewell, dear children, I will go,  
 A fine thing you to buy;  
 But they therewith no whit content,  
 Aloud began to cry.

Their mother takes them by the hand,  
 Saying, Come go with me,  
 Unto the highest tower, where  
 Your father you shall see.

The Blackamoor perceived now,  
 Who then did stay behind,  
 His Lord a hunting to be gone,  
 Began to call to mind.

My Master he did me correct,  
 My fault not being great;  
 Now of his wife I'll be reveng'd,  
 He shall not me intreat.

The place was moated round about,  
 The bridge he up drew;  
 The gates he bolted very strong,  
 Of none he stood in awe.

He up into the tower went,  
 His lady being there,  
 Who when she saw his countenance grim,  
 She straight began to fear.

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

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

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

The Lady she amazed was,  
 To hear the villain speak;  
 Alas! quoth she, what shall I do!  
 With grief my heart will break.

With that he took her in his arms;  
 She straight for help did cry:  
 Content yourself, Lady, quoth he,  
 Your husband is not nigh:

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

The crystal tears ran down her cheeks, W  
 Her children cry'd amain,  
 And sought to help their mother dear,  
 But, alas ! 'twas in vain.

For the egregious filthy rogue, W  
 Her hands behind her bound,  
 And then by force with all his strength, O  
 He threw her to the ground. W

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

But all in vain, no way was found  
 To aid the Lady's need, W  
 Who cry'd to them most piteously, W  
 Oh help! oh! help with speed. W

Some did run to the forest wide, W  
 Her Lord home for to call;  
 And they that stood, did sore lament W  
 The gallant Lady's fall. W

With speed the Lord came posting home,  
 He could not enter in; W  
 His Lady's cries did pierce his heart, W  
 To call he did begin. W

Hold thy rude hand; thou savage Moor, W  
 To hurt her do forbear; W  
 Or else as sure as that I live, W  
 Wild horses shall thee tear. W

With that the rogue ran to the wall,  
 He having had his will,  
 And brought one child under his arm,  
 His dearest blood to spill.

The child seeing his father there,  
 To him for help did call,  
 O Father help my Mother dear,  
 We shall be killed all.

Then fell the Lord upon his knees,  
 And did the Moor intreat,  
 To save the life of his poor child,  
 Whose fear was then so great.

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

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

Within one hand a knife he brought,  
 The child into the other,  
 And holding it over the wall,  
 Said, Thus shall die the Mother.

With that he cut the throat of it,  
 Then on the Father calls,  
 To see how he the head had cut,  
 That down the brains did fall.

This done he threw it o'er the wall  
 Into the moat so deep,  
 Which made his Father wring his hands,  
 And grievously to weep.

Then to the Lady this rogue went,  
 Who was near dead with fear;  
 Yet the vile wretch most cruelly  
 Did drag her by the hair,

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

Quoth he, If thou wilt save her life,  
 Whom I do hold so dear,

I will forgive thee all that's past,  
 Though they concern me near:

O save her life, I thee beseech,  
 O save her life I pray,  
 And I will give thee what thou wilt  
 Demand of me this day:

Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard  
 The moan that thou dost make;

If thou wilt grant what I request,  
 I'll save her for thy sake.

O save her life, and now demand  
 Of me then what thou wilt.

Cut off thy nose, and not one drop  
 Of her blood shall be spilt.

With that the noble Lord did take  
 A knife into his hand,  
 And there his nose did quite cut off,  
 In place where he did stand.

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

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

When as the Moor did see him dead,  
 Then he did laugh amain  
 At them who for this gallant Lord  
 And Lady did complain.

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

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

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

F I N I S.