

# ELLEN MORE;

To which is added,

Sir William Wallace,

A red, red Rose.

Sleeping Maggie.

I' gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.

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## ELLEN MORE.

THE Sun had kiss'd green Erin's waves,  
The dark blue mountains tower'd between,  
Mild evening's dew's refresh'd the leaves,  
The moon unclouded rose serene ;  
When Ellen wander'd forth, unseen,  
All lone her sorrows to deplore,  
False was her lover, false her friend,  
And false was hope to Ellen More.

Young Henry was fair Ellen's love,  
Young Emma to his heart was dear,  
No weal nor woe did Ellen prove,  
But Emma ever seem'd to share ;  
Yet, envious, still she spread the wile,  
That sullied Ellen's virtue o'er,  
Her faithful Henry spurn'd the while  
His fair, his faithful Ellen More.

She wander'd down Loch-Mary side,  
Where oft at evening hour she stole,  
To meet her love with secret pride,  
Now deepest anguish wrung her soul.  
O'ercome with grief she sought the steep  
Where Yarrow falls with sullen roar,  
O' pity, veil thy eyes and weep.  
A bleeding corpse lies Ellen More.

The sun may shine on Yarrow braes,  
 And woo the mountain flow'rs to bloom,  
 But never can his golden rays,  
 Awake the flower in yonder tomb.  
 There oft young Henry strays forlorn,  
 When moonlight glides the abbey tower,  
 There oft from eve 'til breezy morn,  
 He weeps his faithful Ellen More.

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WILLIAM WALLACE.

O FOR my ain King, quo' Wallace,  
 The rightfu' King of fair Scotland !  
 Between me and my sovereign's blude,  
 I think I see some ill seed sown.

Wallace out owie you river he lap,  
 And he has lighted low down on you plain,  
 And he was aware of a gay ladie,  
 As she was at the well washin'.

What tydies, what tydins, fair ladie, he says,  
 What tydins hast thou to tell unto me :  
 What tydins, what tyains, fair ladie, he says,  
 What tydins hae ye in the south countrie.

Low down in yon wee ostler house,  
 There is fyfteen Englishmen,  
 And they are seekin for gude Wallace,  
 It's him to take, and him to hang.

There's necht in my purse, quo' gude Wallace,  
 There's necht, not even a bare pennie,  
 But I will down to yon wee ostler house  
 Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.

And when he cam to yon wee ostler house  
 He bad benedicite be these;  
 He knelt, and on his bended knee  
 Their bounty kind he begg'd to share.

Where was ye born? auld crookit carle?  
 Where was ye bora, in what countrie?  
 Nam a true Scot born and bred,  
 And an auld crookit carle just sic as ye see.  
 I wad gie tyfteen shillings to onie crookit carle,  
 To onie crookit carle, just sic as ye,  
 If ye will get me gude Wallace,  
 For he is the man I wad very fain see.

He hit the proud captain along the chaft blade,  
 Th' t never a D.L.C. eat he st: mair,

And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat  
 And he left them a' lying sprawlin there.

Get up, get up, gudewife, he says,  
 And get to me some dinner in haste ;  
 For it will soon be three lang days  
 Sin' I a bit o' meal did taste.

The dinner wasna weel readie,  
 Nor was it on the table set,  
 Till other fyfteen Englishmen,  
 Were a' lighted about the yett.

Come out, come out, now gude Wallace,  
 This is the day that thou maun die ;  
 I lippen nae sae little to God, he says,  
 Although I be but ill wordie.

The gudewife had an auld gudeman,  
 By gude Wallace he stiffly stood,  
 Till ten o' the fyfteen Englishmen,  
 Before the door lay in their blude.

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### A RED, RED ROSE.

O my luv's like a red, rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June,

O my love's like the melodie,  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,  
As deep in love am I ;  
And I wil' love thee still my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sunn,  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

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I gaed a waefu' Gate Yestreen.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,  
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;  
I gat my death frae twa sweet een ;  
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,  
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,  
Her heaving bosom lily white,  
I was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wil'd,  
 She charm'd my soul I wathn how;  
 An' aye the stound the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare I'll speak, an' spare I'll speed,  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow;  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

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SLEEPING MAGGIE.

MIRK an' rainy is the night,  
 No a starn in a the carry,  
 Lightnings gleam athwart the lilt,  
 And winds drive wi' winter's fury.

O are ye sleeping Maggy  
 O are ye seeyng Maggy?  
 Let me in, for loud the linn,  
 Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank.  
 The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,  
 Loud the iron yett does clank,  
 And cry o' howlets maks it eerie.

O are ye sleeping &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak;  
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddy,  
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,  
Rise, O rise my bonnie lady.  
O are ye sleeping, &c.

She's opt the door, she's let me in,  
He cuist aside his dreepin plaidie,  
'Blaw your warst ye rain and win',  
Since Maggie, now I'm in beside you.  
Now I'm in beside you, &c.

FINIS