

CAPTAIN  
WEDDERBURN'S  
COURTSHIP.

To which is added,

The Wandering Boy.



STERLING:

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WEDDERBURN'S  
CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

The Lord of Roslin's daughter,  
Walk'd thro' the woods her lane,  
And by came Captain Wedderburn,  
A servant to the King :

He said unto his servant man,  
Were it not 'gainst the law,  
I would take her to my own bed,  
And lay her next the wa'.

I'm walking here alone, she says,  
Among my father's trees ;  
And you may let me walk alone,  
Kind Sir, now if you please ;  
The supper-bell it will be rung,  
And I'll be miss'd, you know ;  
So I will not lie in your bed,  
Neither at stock nor wa'.

He says, my pretty lady,  
I pray lend me your hand ;  
And you'll have drums and trumpets,  
Always at your command ;  
And fifty men to guard you with, and how many  
Who well their swords can draw ;

And we'll both lie in the bed,  
 And thou'st lie next the wall;

O hold away from me, kind Sir,  
 I pray let go my hand;

The supper-bell it will be rung,  
 No longer must I stand:

My father he'll no supper take,  
 If I be miss'd, you know;

So I'll not lie in your bed,  
 Neither at stock nor wall;

Then says the pretty lady,  
 I pray tell me your name;

My name is Captain Wedderburn,  
 A servant to the king.

Tho' thy father and his men were here,  
 Of them I'd stand no awe,

But would take thee into my bed,  
 And lay thee next the wall;

He lighted off his milk-white steed,  
 And set this lady on,

And held her by the milk-white hand,  
 Even as they rode along;

He held her by the middle joint,  
 For fear that she should fall;

And said, I'll take thee to my bed,  
 And lay thee next the wall;

He took her to his lodging-house,  
 His landlady looked ben;  
 Says, many ladies in Edinburgh I've seen,  
 But never such a one;  
 For such a pretty face as this,  
 In it I never saw,  
 Go make her up a down-bed,  
 And lay her next the wa'.

O hold away from me, kind Sir,  
 I pray you let me be;  
 For I will not go to your bed,  
 Till you dress me dishes three;  
 Dishes three you must dress to me,  
 If I should eat them a',  
 Before that I lie in your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

O I must have to my supper,  
 A cherry without a stone;  
 And I must have to my supper,  
 A chicken without a bone;  
 And I must have to my supper,  
 A bird without a ga',  
 Before I lie into your bed,  
 Either at stock or wa'.

When the cherry is into the bloom,  
 I'm sure it had no stone;



And when the chicken is in it's shell,  
 I'm sure it hath no bone;  
 The dove it is a gentle bird,  
 It flies without a ga',  
 And we shall both lie in a bed,  
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind Sir,  
 I pray you give me o'er,  
 For I will not go to your bed,  
 Till you tell me questions four.  
 Questions four you must tel me,  
 And that is twa and twa,  
 Or I will not lie in your bed,  
 Neither at stock nor wa'.

You must get me some winter fruit,  
 That in December grew;  
 And I must have a silk mantel,  
 That waft was ne'er ca'd thro';  
 What bird sings best, what wood buds first,  
 What dew does on them fa';  
 And then I'll lie into your bed,  
 Either at stock, or wa'.

My father has some winter fruit,  
 That in December grew;  
 My mother has a silk mantle,  
 That waft was ne'er ca'd thro';

The cock crows first, cider buds first;  
 The dew does on them fa';  
 So we'll both lie into ae bed,  
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me, kind Sir,  
 And do not me perplex;

For I'll not lie into your bed,  
 Till you tell me questions six.

Questions six you must tell to me,

And that is four and twa,  
 Before I lie into your bed,

Either at stock or wa'.

What is greener than the grass,

What's higher than the trees;

And what is worse than woman's voice,

What's deeper than the seas.

A sparrow's horn, a priest unborn,

This night to join us twa;

Before I lie into your bed,

Either at steck or wa'.

Death is greener than the grass;

Sky's higher than the trees;

The devil's worse than woman's voice,

Hell's deeper than the seas;

A sparrow's horn you may well get,

There's one on every pa'.

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And two upon the gab of it,  
And you shall have them a'.

The priest he's standing at the gate,

Just ready to come in;

No man can say that he was born,

No man, without a sin.

A hole cut in his mother's side,

He from the same did fa' ;

So we shall both lie in ae bed,

And thou's lie next the wa'.

O little did this lady think,

That morning when she rose,

That it was to be the very last,

Of all her maiden days.

But there is not in the king's realm,

To be found a blyther twa ;

And now they lie into ae bed,

And she lies next the wa'.

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### THE WANDERING BOY.

When the winter wind whistles along the wild moor,  
The cottager shuts on the beggar his door,  
When the chilling tear stands in my comfortless eye,  
How hard is the fate of the wandering boy.

The winter is cold and I have no place of rest,  
 My heart is so cold that it beats in my breast,  
 No father, no mother, no kindred I have I,  
 For I am the poor little, Wandering Boy.

I once had a home, I once had a sire,  
 A mother who granted each infant desire,  
 Our cottage it stood embower'd in a vale,  
 Where the ring-dove it warbled its sorrowful tale.

But my father and mother were summon'd away,  
 They left me to hard-hearted strangers a prey,  
 I fled from their rigour with many a sigh,  
 But now I am left a poor Wandering Boy.

The winter is cold, and the snow loads the gale,  
 There is no one will listen to my innocent tale,  
 I will go to the grave where my parents do lie,  
 And death shall befriend the poor Wandering Boy.

FINIS.