

YOUNG BEICHAN


2.

AND

*SUSIE PFE.*

To which is Added,

The Faithful Lovers.



EDINBURGH;

Printed by J. Morren, Compells, Close Cowgate.

## YOUNG BEICHAN and SUSIE PYE.

IN London was young Beishan born,  
 and foreign nations he long'd to see,  
 He pass'd thro' many kingdoms great,  
 till at length he came unto Turkey.  
 He view'd the fashions of that land,  
 their way of worship viewed he;  
 But unto any of their stocks  
 would not so much a bend as knee.

Which made him to be taken straight,  
 and brought before their Jury;  
 The savage Moor did speak outright,  
 bid him be us'd most cruelly.  
 In every shoulder they put a bore,  
 and in every bore they put a tree,  
 They made him for to trail the wine,  
 and spices on his fair body.

They put him into a deep dugneon,  
 where he could neither hear nor see:  
 For seven years they kept him there,  
 till he for hangar was like to die,  
 Stephus there King had a daughter fair,  
 and they called her Susie Pye;  
 Who every day as she took the air,  
 near to the prison pass'd by.

But it fell out upon a day,  
 She heard young Beichan for to sing,  
 And the song it pleas'd her so well,  
 so rest she got till she came to him.  
 My hounds they all go masterless,  
 my hawks they flic from tree to tree,

My youngest brother will heir my land,  
Fair England again I sha'l ne'er see.

• But all that night no rest she got,  
for thinking on young Biechan's song,  
She stole the keys from her dad's head,  
and to the prison she is gone,  
She has open'd the prison door,  
I wat she open'd two or three,  
Before she could come Biechan at,  
he was locked up so curiously.

But when Biechan she came before,  
he admired much her there to see,  
He thought she'd been some prisoner ta'en,  
fair lady I pray of what country!  
Have you any lands, Beichan, she said,  
or have you any buildings free;  
That you would give to a Lady fair,  
that out of prison could set you free?

Near London town I have a hall,  
with other buildings two or three,  
I'll give them all to that Lady fair,  
that from this dungeon will set me free.  
Give me the truth of your right hand,  
the truth of it give unto me,  
That for seven years you'll no lady wed,  
unless it be along with me.

I'll give thee the truth of my right hand,  
the truth of it I will freely gi'e,  
For seven years, I'll sit y unwed,  
for the kindness you doth show to me.  
She's ta'en him from the dungeon deep,  
and set him in a room so free,

She gave him the red wine to drink  
his meat was the spice cakes so free.

She kept him safe in her chamber,  
till it fell out upon a d'ay,  
An English merchant thero did come,  
with whom she sent young Beichan away.  
She broke a ring from her finger,  
one half to Beichan gave speedily,  
To keep in remembrance of that love,  
the lady bore that set him free,

But when he arrived in London town,  
his friends they all came him to see,  
And would needs have him choose a wife,  
among that jolly company.  
O no my friends, young Beichan said,  
that would do me much injury,  
Till seven years are almost gone,  
I'll marry none in this country.

When seven years were almost gone,  
this lady began for to think long,  
She thought she heard a voice that said,  
young Beichan's broke his vows, madam !  
She packed up her gay clothing,  
with rich jewels many a one,  
She set her foot to a ship,  
away she come to see Beichan.

She sailed East, she sailed West,  
till to fair E islands shere she came,  
Where a bonny shepherd she espy'd,  
feeding his flock upon the plain ;  
What news, what news my bonny Shepherd,  
what news hast thou got to tell me ?

Such news I hear, madam, he says,  
the like was ne'er in this country.

There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
has held these thirty days and three,  
The bridegroom will not bed with the bride,  
for love of one that's beyond the sea,  
She put her hand in her pocket,  
I wat she gave him guineas three,  
Pray take you that, my bonny boy,  
for the good news thou tellest me.

When she came to Beichan's gate,  
she tirded softly at the pin,  
So ready was the proud porter,  
to open and let this Lady in.  
Is this young Beichan's hall, she said,  
er is that noble Lord within;  
Yea he's in the hall among them all,  
this very day was his wedding.

She took the ring out of her pocket,  
and to the porter she gave it free,  
Run to young Biechan with all haste,  
deliver my message speedily.  
When that he came his Lord before,  
he kneeled low down on his knee;  
What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
thou art so full of courtesy!

I have been porter at your gates,  
these thirty long years and three,  
Now there stands a lady at your gate,  
the like of her I ne'er did see;  
For on ev'ry finger she has a ring,  
and on the mid finger there's three,

She's as much gold above her brow,  
as would buy an earldom to me.

Out then bespoke the bride's mother,  
ay, and an angry woman was she;  
You might have excepted our bonny bride,  
and two or three of her company.  
Hold your tongue, thou bride's mother,  
of all your folly, let me be  
She's ten times fairer than you bride,  
and all that's in your company.

She desires one sheaf of your wheat bread,  
ay, and a gla's of your red wine,  
And to remember the Lady's love,  
which last reliev'd you of your pine.  
O well a day, young Beichan said,  
that I so soon have marrid thee,  
For I do vow it is Susie Pye;  
has fail'd the seas for love of me,

He took the chair then with his foot,  
the table with his knee took he,  
Tri<sup>l</sup> silver cups and silver canns,  
he made them all to finders flee.  
Out then bespoke the forenoon bride,  
ay lord your love it changes soon,  
This morning I was made your bride,  
and another chuse ere it be noon.

Hold thy tongue, thou forenoon bride,  
You're ne'er a whit the worse of me,  
And for every penny I got with thee,  
O here I give to the back three.  
He took her by the milk-white hand,  
says, the half of my lands I'll give to thee.

If thou wilt marry my brother Will,  
 who's a sprightly youth in a lady's eye.

I will not marry thy brother Will,  
 for all the land that I do see,  
 Give me my faith and troth Beichan,  
 I wish I were in my own country.  
 I have the brides shoes on my feet,  
 likewise the brides gloves on my hands,  
 For I will neither eat nor drink,  
 till I come unto my fathers lands,

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the milk-white hand,  
 and gently led her up and down,  
 And ay he kiss'd her red rosy lips,  
 your welcome jewel to your own.  
 He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,  
 and he's led her to yonder green,  
 He's chang'd her name from Susie Pye,  
 and he's called her lovely Jean.

### THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

**S**HE was courted by many, but still she said nay,  
 For my jolly young sailor I'll die for his sake,  
 I find I must love him do all that I can,  
 And if ever I marry, the Sailors the man.

For his breuth is as sweet as the rosea so fair,  
 There is none in this earth my love can compare,  
 He is ever good humoured, true hearted and kind,  
 And I wish in my heart I could tell her my mind.

She ranged the groves and the meadows all round  
 In search of her true love but no love she found.

But a rogue there appeared with a knife in his  
hand,  
Your watch, and your money, and cloathes I comm-  
and,

He stripped her naked for mercy she cried,  
The sailor he chanced that way for to ride,  
And hearing her cry murder it made his heart to  
bleed,  
Not thinking she was his own true love indeed,

He seeing her stript naked it did him surprize,  
While tears like a fountain ran down from her eyes  
She cried pity, O! what shall I do  
See what I have gotten by loving of you.

He stript of his coat and his waist coat with speed,  
And he covered her poor naked body indeed,  
And thus he has carried her home in his arms,  
And a thousand times over he kissed her sweet  
charms,

Now my fair creature I have saved your life  
And freed you from death now I'll make you my  
wife.

With a heart full of love she flew to his arms,  
And there he enjoyed her sweet beautiful charms,

Sir, it was for your sweet sake I ventur'd my life  
You have free'd me from death and you've made  
me your wife,

I'll drink to my true love, in a full flowing bowl,  
Since now that I'm blest with thee joys of my soul.

F I N I S.