

THE  
TRAGICAL BALLAD OF  
LORD JOHN'S MURDER;

TOGETHER WITH

THE CRUEL BROTHER.



GLASGOW  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE  
TRADITIONAL BALLAD OF  
**LORD JOHN'S MURDER.**

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Lord John stands in his stable door,  
Says he, I will gae ride ;  
His lady, in her bigly bower,  
Desired him to bide.

“ How can I bide, how can I bide ?  
How shall I bide wi' thee ?  
When I ha' o kill'd your ae brother,  
You hae nae mair but he.”

“ If ye ha'e kill'd my ae brother,  
Alas ! and wae is me ;  
If ye be well yoursel', my love,  
The less matter will it be !

“ Ye'll do you to yon bigly bower,  
And take a silent sleep,  
And I'll watch in my highest tower,  
Your fair body to keep.”

She has shut her bigly bower,  
All wi' a silver pin ;  
And done her to the highest tower,  
To watch that nane come in.

But as she looked round about,  
 To see what she could see,  
 There she saw nine armed knights  
 Come riding o'er the lea.

“ God make you safe and free, lady,  
 God make you safe and free!  
 Did you see a bludy knight  
 Come riding o'er the lea?”

“ O what like was his hawk, his hawk?  
 And what like was his hound?  
 If his steed has ridden well,  
 He's pass'd fair Scotland's strand.

“ Come in, come in, gude gentlemen,  
 And take white bread and wine;  
 And aye the better ye'll pursue,  
 The lighter that ye dine.”

“ We thank you for your bread, lady,  
 We thank you for your wine;  
 And I would gi'e my lands sae broad,  
 Your fair body were mine.”

She has gane to her bigly bower,  
 Her ain gude lord to meet;  
 A trusty brand he quickly drew,  
 Ga'e her a wound sae deep.

“ What harm, my lord, provokes thine ire,  
 To wreak itself on me,  
 When thus I strove to save thy life,  
 Yet served for sic a fee?”

“ Ohon, alas! my lady gay,  
 To come so hastilie;  
 I thought it was my deadly foe,  
 Ye had trysted into me.

“ O live, O live, my gay lady,  
 The space o’ ae half hour,  
 And nae a leech in a’ the land  
 But I’se bring to your bower.”

“ How can I live, how shall I live?  
 How can I live for thee?  
 Ye see my blude rins on the ground  
 My heart’s blude by your knee!

“ O take to flight, and flee, my love,  
 O take to flight and flee!  
 I wouldna wish your fair body  
 For to get harm for me.”

“ Ae foot I winna flee, lady,  
 Ae foot I winna flee;  
 I’ve dune the crime worthy o’ death,  
 It’s right that I should die.

“ O deal ye well at my love’s lyke,  
 The beer, but an’ the wine;  
 For, ere the morn, at this same time,  
 Ye’ll deal the same at mine.

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### THE CRUEL BROTHER.

THERE was three ladies play’d at the ba’  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

There came a knight, and play'd o'er them a',  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The eldest was baith tall and fair,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
But the youngest was beyond compare,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The midmost had a gracefu' mien,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
But the youngest look'd like beauty's queen,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The knight bow'd low to a' the three,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
But to the youngest he bent his knee,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The lady turned her head aside,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
The knight he woo'd her to be his bride,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The lady blush'd a rosy red,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
And said, "Sir knight, I'm o'er young to wed,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

"O, lady fair, give me your hand,  
With a heigh ho! and a lily gay;  
And I'll mak' you lady of a' my land,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly."

“ Sir knight, ere you my favour win,  
 With a heigh ho! and a lily gay;  
 Ye maun get consent frae a' my kin',  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”

He has got consent frae her parents dear,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 And likewise frae her sisters fair,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has got consent frae her kin' each one,  
 With a heigh ho! and a lily gay;  
 But forgot to spear at her brother John,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Now, when the wedding-day was come,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 The knight would take his bonnie bride home,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

And many a lord and many a knight,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 Came to behold that lady bright,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

And there was nae man that did her see,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 But wished himself bridegroom to be,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Her father dear led her down the stair,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 And her sisters twain they kiss'd her there  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

Her mother dear led her through the close,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 And her brother John set her on the horse,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

She lean'd her o'er the saddle bow,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 To give him a kiss ere she did go,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

He has ta'en a knife, baith lang and sharp,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 And stabb'd the bonnie bride to the heart  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

She hadna ridden half through the town,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay,  
 Until her heart's blood stained her gown,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

“Ride saftly on,” said the best young man,  
 “With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 For I think our bonnie bride looks pale and wan,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”

“O, lead me gently up yon hill,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
 And I'll there sit down, and make my will,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”

“O, what will you leave to your father dear,  
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?”  
 “The silver shod steed that brought me here,  
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”

- “What will you leave to your mother dear,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?”
- “My velvet pall and silken gear,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”
- “And what will you leave to your sister Ann,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?”
- “My silken scarf and my golden fan,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”
- “What will you leave to your sister Grace,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?”
- “My bloody cloaths to wash and dress,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”
- “What will you leave to your brother John,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?”
- “The gallows-tree to hang him on,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”
- “What will ye leave to your brother John’s wife,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay?”
- “The wilderness to end her life,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.”

This fair lady in her grave was laid,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
And a mass was o’er her said,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

But it would have made your heart right sair,  
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;  
To see the bridegroom rivo his hair,  
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.