

T H E

BLACKAMOR

IN THE WOOD.

A 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 Cruelty was never before heard of.



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THE BLACKAMOR IN THE WOOD.

IN 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 parent's only joy,
They lov'd them both so well.
This Lord he lov'd to hunt the buck,
The tyger 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,
When homeward 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 servants call;
A hunting to provide to go
Straight they were ready all.
Cause of his toil the 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, quoad the little babes,
 With us still here remain.
 Farewel 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 did draw;
 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 count'nance 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 affright
 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 forth with 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 it shut,
 Therefore come lie with me,
 Or else I do protest and vow,
 Thy butcher I will be.

The crystal tears run from her cheek
 Her children cried amain,
 And sought to help their mother dear,
 But alas, it was in vain.
 For the egrigious filthy rogue,
 Her hands behind her bound,

And then by force with all his strength,
 He threw her on the ground.
 With that she shriek'd, her children cry'd,
 And such a noise did make,
 The townsmen hearing their lament,
 Did seek their part to take;
 But all in vain, no way was found
 To aid the Lady's need,
 Who cry'd to them most piteously,
 Oh help! oh help with speed.
 Some did run to the forest wide,
 Her Lord home for to call;
 And they that stood, did sore lament,
 The gallant lady's fall.
 With speed the Lord came posting home,
 But could not enter in;
 His Lady's cries did pierce his heart,
 To call he did begin.
 Hold thy rude hand, thou savage Moor,
 To hurt her do forbear,
 Or else as sure as that I live,
 Wild horses shall thee tear.
 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 parants 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,
 And 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 wild 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 will save her life,
 Whom I do hold so dear,
 I will forgive thee all that's past,
 Tho' 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 will 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 be to 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.

FINIS.