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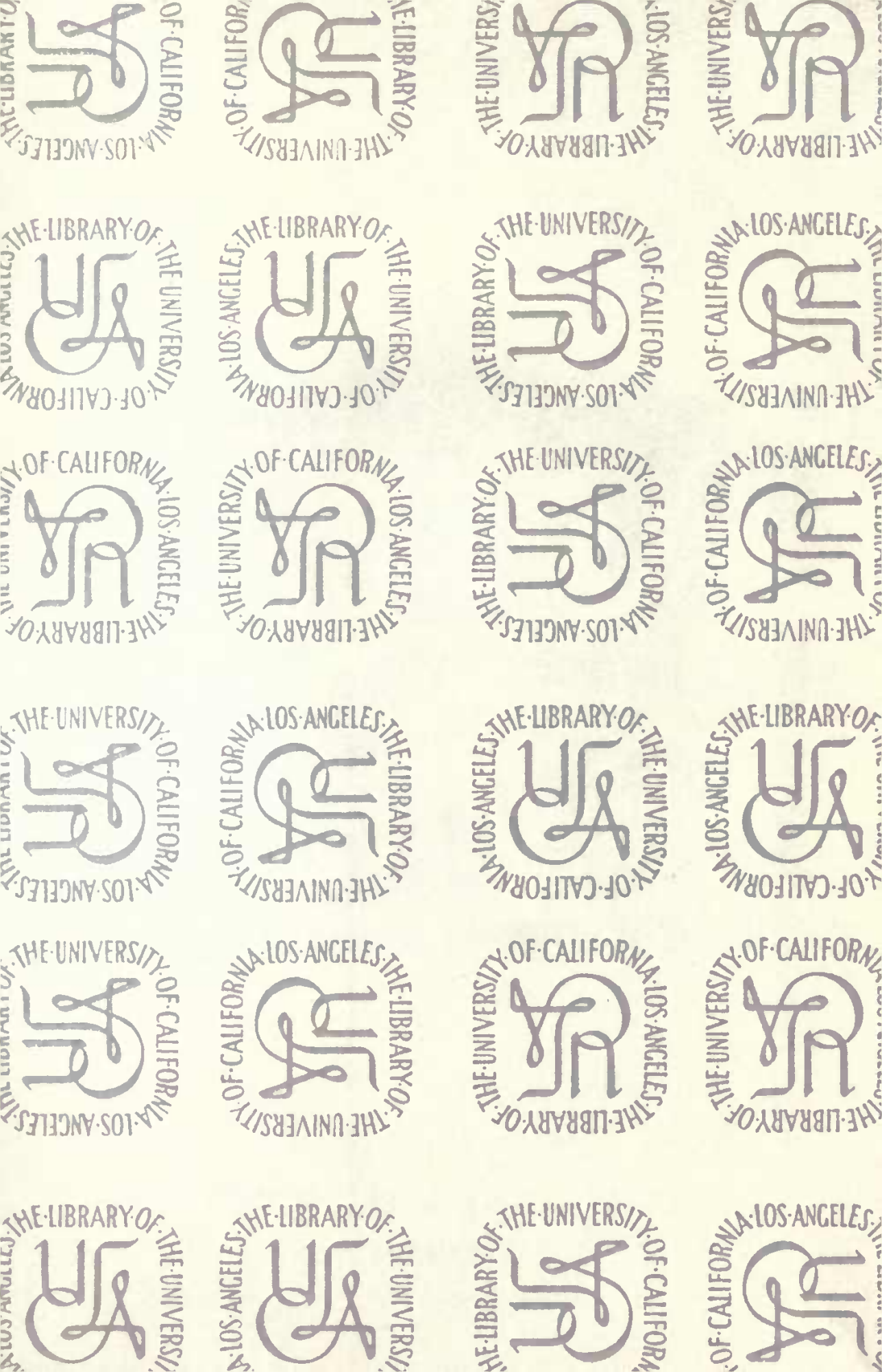
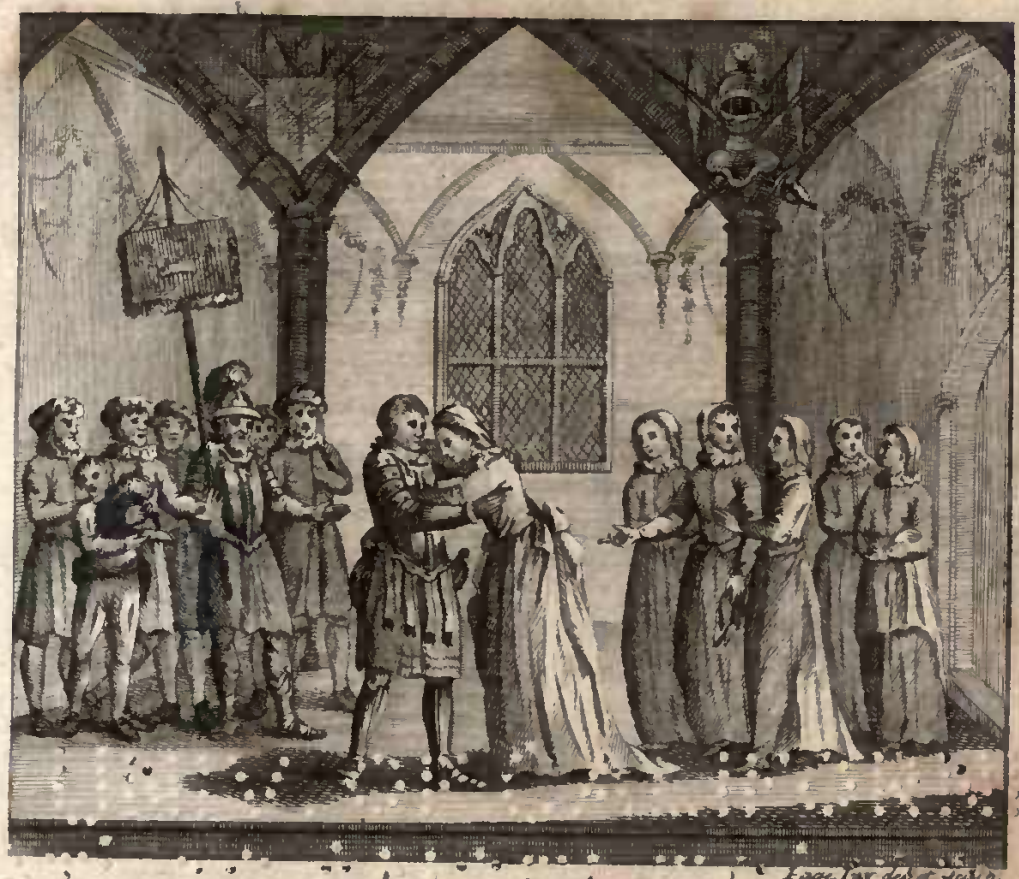

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

# SCOTTISH

# TRAGIC BALLADS.





LONDON,

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MDCCLXXXI.

# HARDYKNUTE,

## AN HEROIC BALLAD,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED COMPLETE;

WITH THE OTHER MORE APPROVED

## SCOTTISH BALLADS,

AND SOME NOT HITHERTO MADE PUBLIC,

## IN THE TRAGIC STILE.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

## TWO DISSERTATIONS,

I. ON THE ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY.
II. ON THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

JAMQUE SACRUM TENERIS VATEM VENERETUR AB ANNIS.

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DIS-

# DISSERTATIONS

ON THE

# ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY,

AND ON

# THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

# DISSERTATION I.

## ON THE ORAL TRADITION OF POETRY.

IT has long been a ſubject of regret, that the inventors of the fine Arts have by oblivion been deprived of the reputation due to their memory. Of the many realms which lay claim to their birth, Egypt ſeems to poſſeſs the preference. Yet, like the Nile, which animates that country, while they have diffuſed pleaſure and utility over kingdoms, their origin remains hid in the moſt profound obſcurity.

That poetry holds a diſtinguiſhed ſuperiority over all theſe ſciences is allowed; yet the firſt practiſer of this enchanting art has loſt the renown it was deſigned to confer. We muſt either allow the conteſted claim of the Oſiris of the Egyptians, and Apollo of the Greeks, or be content to withhold from any, the fame which indeed ſeems due to as many inventors as there are diſtinct nations in the world. For poetry appears not to require

require the labour of diſquiſition, or aid of chance, to invent; but is rather the original language of men in an infant ſtate of ſociety in all countries. It is the effuſion of fancy actuated by the paſſions: and that theſe are always ſtrongeſt when uncontrouled by cuſtom, and the manners which in an advanced community are termed polite, is evident. But the peculiar advantages, which a certain ſituation of extrinſic objects confer on this art, have already been ſo well illuſtrated by eminent critics *, that it is unneceſſary here to remember them. I have beſides noted a few ſuch as immediately concern the compoſitions now under view in the ſubſequent Diſſertation: and only propoſe here to give a brief account of the utility of the Oral Tradition of Poetry, in that barbarous ſtate of ſociety which neceſſarily precedes the invention of letters; and of the circumſtances that conſpired to render it eaſy and ſafe.

Among the Egyptians, probably the moſt ancient authors of the elegant, as well as uſeful ſciences, we find that verſes were originally uſed ſolely to preſerve the laws of their princes, and ſayings of their wiſe men from oblivion †. Theſe were ſometimes inſcribed in their temples in their hieroglyphic character, but more

* Particularly Dr. Blackwell in his Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer; and Dr. Blair in his elegant Diſſertation on the Poems of Oſſian.

† Herodot. Diodor. Sicul. &c.

frequently

frequently only committed to the memory of the expounders of their law, or diſciples of their ſages. Pythagoras, who was initiated in their ſecret ſcience, conveyed in like manner his dictates to his diſciples, as appears from the moral verſes which paſs under his name at this day. And though the authenticity of theſe may be queſtioned, yet that he followed this mode of bequeathing his knowledge to his followers, is proved from the conſent of all antiquity *. Nay, before him, Thales compoſed in like manner his Syſtem of Natural Philoſophy. And even ſo late as the time of Ariſtotle, the laws of the Agathyrſi, a nation in Sarmatia, were all delivered in verſe. Not to mention the known laws of the Twelve Tables, which, from the fragments ſtill remaining of them, appear to have conſiſted of ſhort rythmic ſentences.

From laws and religion poetry made an eaſy progreſs to the celebration of the Gods and Heroes, who were their founders. Verſes in their praiſe were ſung on ſolemn occaſions by the compoſers, or bards themſelves. We meet with many before Homer, who diſtinguiſhed themſelves by ſuch productions. Fabricius † has enumerated near ſeventy whoſe names have reached our times. That immortal author had the advantage of

* Jamblichus de vita Pythag. *paſſim*; and particularly *lib.* I. *cap.* 15. & 25.

† In Bibliotheca Græca, *tom.* I.

hearing

hearing their poems repeated; and was certainly indebted to his predeceſſors for many beauties which we admire as original. That he was himſelf an ΑΟΙΔΟΣ, or Minſtrel, and ſung his own verſes to the lyre, is ſhown by the admirable author of the Enquiry into his Life and Writings *. Nor were his poems reſcued from the uncertain fame of tradition, and committed to writing till ſome time after his death †.

Such was the utility of the poetic tradition among the more poliſhed nations of antiquity: and with thoſe they denominated Barbarians we find it no leſs practiſed ‡. The Perſians had their Magi, who preſerved, as would ſeem in this way, the remarkable events of former times, and in war went before the army ſinging the praiſes of their illuſtrious men, whom the extraordinary gratitude and admiration of their countrymen had exalted into Deities. If they gained the victory, the Song of Triumph recorded the deeds of thoſe who had fallen, and by their praiſes animated the ambition of thoſe who enjoyed the conqueſt to further acts of valour. The latter cuſtom

* Sect. VIII.

† Ælian. Var. Hiſt. lib. xiii. c. 14.

‡ The reader, who would deſire more intelligence on this head, may conſult a curious *Diſſertation on the Monuments which ſupplied the Defect of Writing among the firſt Hiſtorians*, by the Abbé Anſelm, in Les Memoires de l'Academie des Inſcriptions, &c.

was

was in uſe ſtill more anciently among the Jews, as appears from the beautiful ſongs of Moſes * and Deborah † preſerved in Sacred Writ.

The Druids of Gaul and Britain afford a noted inſtance ‡. Such firm hold did their traditions take of the memory that ſome of them are retained in the minds of their countrymen to this very day §. The

* Exod. XV. † Judges V.

‡ Et Bardi quidem fortia virorum illuſtrium facta heroicis compoſita verſibus, cum dulcibus lyræ modulis cantitarunt. *Ammian. Marcell.* lib. xvi.

§ Atque horum (Bardorum ſeu Druidarum) cantiones, aut ad ſimilitudinem potius earundem fictæ etiamnum aliquæ extant *die Meiſter Geſänge*, ſed recentiores pleræque, nec vel quingentos annos excedentes. *Beſſel. in notis ad Eginhart.* Traject. 1711, *p.* 130. Nonnulli eruditi viri obſervarunt veterem illam Gallorum conſuetudinem *(ſcil.* viſci ſacrum uſum apud druidas) etiam nunc multis Galliæ locis retineri, cum anni initio clamitant, *Au guy l'an neuf.* i. e. Ad viſcum; annus novus. *Hotoman. ad Cæſ. l.* 6. Druydes vero Heduorum, qui tunc habitabant in quodam loco, hodiernis temporibus Mons druidum dictus, diſtans a noſtra civitate Heduenſi per unum milliare ubi adhuc reſtant veſtigia loci habitationis eorum, utebantur pro eorum armis anguibus in campo azureo; habebant etiam in parte ſuperiore ramum viſci quercinei *(ung rameaul de guyg de chaſne)* et in parte inferiore unum cumulum parvorum anguium ſeu ſerpentium argenteorum quaſi tunc naſcentium, qui vulgo dicitur, *coubee de ſerpens d'argent. Chaſſeneuz* Catalogi Gloriæ mundi, 1529, *folio verſo* 26.

Germans, as we learn from Tacitus, had no other mode of commemorating the tranſactions of paſt times than by verſe. The brave actions of their anceſtors were always ſung as an incentive to their imitation before they entered into combat. The like we read of the ancient Goths *, thoſe deſtroyers of all literature, who yet poſſeſſed greater ſkill in the fine arts than is commonly aſcribed to them. From them this cuſtom paſſed to their deſcendants the inhabitants of the Northern regions; many animated ſpecimens of whoſe traditional poetry have been preſerved to our times † and quoted by their modern hiſtorians as uncontroulable vouchers. As the Arabian hiſtorians refer for the truth of many events to the Spaniſh romanzes, ſaved in like manner by tradition for many ages; many of which are of very remote antiquity, and abound with the higher beauties of poetry ‡. Traditional verſes are to this day a favourite amuſement of the Mahometan nations. Though, inſtead of recording the illuſtrious actions of their real heroes, they chaunt the fabled exploits of

* Jornand. See *Warton's Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry.*

† See the Hiſtories of Saxo Grammat. Jo. Magnus, Torfæus, &c. *paſſim*; and Dr. Percy's *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry.*

‡ *Hiſt. de las guerras civiles de Granada.* A moſt beautiful imitation of their manner may be found among the Poems of Voiture. The Spaniſh word *Romanze* ſeems now applied to any ſhort lyric tale on whatever ſubject. We find in Gongora, their moſt eminent poet, *Romances Amoroſos, y Burleſcos.*

Buhalul

Buhalul their Orlando *, or the yet more ridiculous ones of their Prophet †. From them it would appear that rime, that great help to the remembrance of traditional poetry, paſſed to the Troubadours of Provence; who from them ſeem alſo to have received the ſpirit and character of their effuſions. Like them they compoſed amorous verſes with delicacy and nature; but when they attemptted the ſublimer walk of the Heroic Song, their imagination was often bewildered, and they wandered into the contiguous regions of the incredible and abſurd ‡.

In proportion as Literature advanced in the world Oral Tradition diſappeared. The venerable Britiſh Bards were in time ſucceeded by the Welſh Beirdh §,

* Huet, Lettre à Monſieur Segrais, ſur l'origine des Romans, p. LXVII. edit. d'Amſt. 1715.

† Hiſtoriale deſcription de l'Afrique, eſcrite de notre temps par Jean Leon, African, premierement en langue Arabeſque, puis en Toſcane, et à preſent miſe en François—En Anvers, 1556. *lib.* III. *p.* 175.

A curious ſpecimen of the Eaſtern religious poetry may be ſeen in Sir John Chardin's Voyage to Perſia, vol. I.

‡ Huet, ubi ſupra, p. LXX. Ermengarde vicomteſſe de Narbonne——L'accueil favorable qu'elle fit aux Poetes Provençeaux, a fait croire qu'elle tenoit cour *d'amour* dans ſon Palais, mourut 1194. Almanach Hiſtorique de Languedoc, A Toulouſe, 1752, p. 277. See Hiſt. Liter. des Troub. *Paris*, 1774. Tranſlations of Provenzal Sirventes, and an imitation of the Provenzal Heroic Romanze, may be found in a volume lately publiſhed by Mr. Dilly, intituled, RIMES. Odes, Book II. Odes, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13. 16.

§ Hiſtory of Wales by Caradoc of Lhancarvan, &c. 1702. p. 159.

whoſe

whoſe principal occupation ſeems to have been to preſerve the genealogy of their patrons, or at times to amuſe them with ſome fabulous ſtory of their predeceſſors ſung to the harp or crowd *, an inſtrument which Griffith ap Conan, King of Wales, is ſaid to have brought from Ireland, about the beginning of the twelfth century.

In like manner, among the Caledonians, as an ingenious writer † acquaints us, "Every chief in proceſs "of time had a bard in his family, and the office be-"came hereditary. By the ſucceſſion of theſe bards the "poems concerning the anceſtors of the family were "handed down from generation to generation; they "were repeated to the whole clan on ſolemn occaſions, "and always alluded to in the new compoſitions of the "bards." The ſucceſſors of Oſſian the firſt of poets were at length employed chiefly in the mean office of preſerving fabulous genealogies, and flattering the pride of their chieftains at the expence of truth, without

* This is the inſtrument meant in the following verſes of Ven. Fortunatus, lib. vii.

Romanuſque lyra plaudat tibi, barbarus harpa,
Græcus Achilliaca, Crotta Britanna canat.

See more of the Harp in War. Antiq. Hibern. cap. 22. And Mr. Evans, Diſſert. de Bardis, p. 80.

† Mr. Macpherſon, in his Diſſertation on the Era of Oſſian, p. 228. ed. 1773.

even

even fancy ſufficient to render their inventions either pleaſing or plauſible. That order of men, I believe, is now altogether extinct; yet they have left a ſpirit of poetry in the country where they flouriſhed *; and Oſſian's harp ſtill yields a dying ſound among the wilds of Morven.

Having thus given a faint view of the progreſs of the Oral Tradition of Poetry to theſe times, I proceed to ſhew what arts the ancient bards employed to make their verſes take ſuch hold of the memory of their countrymen, as to be tranſmitted ſafe and entire without the aid of writing for many ages. Theſe may be conſidered as affecting the paſſions and the ear. Their mode of expreſſion was ſimple and genuine. They of conſequence touched the paſſions truly and effectively. And when the paſſions are engaged, we liſten with avidity to the tale that ſo agreeably affects them; and remember it again with the moſt prompt facility. This may be obſerved in children, who will forget no circumſtance of an intereſting ſtory, more eſpecially if ſtriking or dreadful to the fancy; when they cannot remember a ſhort maxim which only occupies the judgement. The paſſions of men have been and will be the ſame through all ages. Poetry is the ſovereign of the paſſions, and will reign while they

* See Martin's, and other Deſcriptions of the Weſtern Iſles, paſſim.

exiſt. We may laugh at Sir Iſaac Newton, as we have at Deſcartes; but we ſhall always admire a Homer, an Oſſian, or a Shakſpeare.

As the ſubjects of theſe genuine painters of nature deeply intereſted the heart, and by that means were ſo agreeable and affecting, that every hearer wiſhed to remember them; ſo their mode of conſtructing their verſe was ſuch, that the remembrance was eaſy and expeditious. A few of their many arts to aid the memory I ſhall here enumerate.

I. Moſt of theſe Oral poems were ſet to muſic, as would appear, by the original authors themſelves. That this was the cuſtom ſo early as the days of Homer, may be ſeen in the excellent author formerly adduced *. How ſhould we have been affected by hearing a compoſition of Homer or Oſſian, ſung and played by theſe immortal maſters themſelves! With the poem the air ſeems to have paſſed from one age to another; but as no muſical compoſitions of the Greeks exiſt, we are quite in the dark as to the nature of theſe. I ſuppoſe that Oſſian's poetry is ſtill recited to its original cadence and to appropriated tunes. We find, in an excellent modern writer †, that this mode of ſinging poetry to the harp was reckoned an accompliſhment ſo late as among the Saxon Eccleſiaſtics. The ancient

* Enquiry, &c. Sect. 8.

† Mr. Warton in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry.

muſic

muſic was confeſſedly infinitely ſuperior to ours in the command of the paſſions. Nay, the muſic of the moſt barbarous countries has had effects that not all the ſublime pathos of Corelli, or animated ſtrains of Handel, could produce. Have not the Welſh, Iriſh, and Scottiſh tunes, greater influence over the moſt informed mind at this day than the beſt Italian concerto? What modern refined muſic could have the powers of the *Rance de Vaches* * of the Swiſs, or the melancholy ſound of the Indian Banſha †? Is not the war-muſic of the rudeſt inhabitants of the wilds of America or Scotland more terrible to the ear than that of the beſt band in the Britiſh army? Or what is ſtill more ſurprizing, will not the ſofter paſſions be more inflamed by a

* See Rouſſeau, Dict. de Muſique, *ſus cette article.* Though the Swiſs are a brave nation, yet their dance, which correſponds to the *Rance des Vaches,* is like their others, rather expreſſive of an effeminate ſpirit. 'Les dances des Suiſſes conſiſtent en un continuel 'trainement de Jambe, ces pas repondoient mal au courage ferme de 'cette nation. Coquillart en ſon Blazon des armes, et des dames.'

'Les Eſcoſſoys font les repliques,
'Pragois et Bretons bretonnans,
'Les Suiſſes dancent leurs Moreſques,
'A touts leurs tabourins ſonnans.'

Monſ. L. D. Notes à Rabelais, Tom. IV. p. 164. 1725.

† See Grainger's Proſo-poetic Account of the Culture of the Sugar-cane, Book IV.

Turkiſh air than by the moſt exquiſite effort of a polite compoſer? As we learn from an elegant author *, whom concurring circumſtances rendered the beſt judge that could be imagined of that ſubject. The harmony therefore of the old traditional ſongs poſſeſſing ſuch influence over the paſſions, at the ſame time that it rendered every expreſſion neceſſary to the ear, muſt have greatly recommended them to the remembrance.

II. Beſides muſical cadence, many arts were uſed in the verſification to facilitate the rehearſal. Such were:

1. The frequent returns of the ſame ſentences and deſcriptions expreſſed in the very ſame words. As for inſtance, the delivery of meſſages, the deſcription of battles, &c. Of which we meet with infinite examples in Homer, and ſome, if I miſtake not, in Oſſian. Good ones may be found in Hardyknute, Part I. v. 123. &c. compared with Part II. v. 167, &c. and in Child Maurice, v. 31, with v. 67; and innumerable ſuch in the ancient Traditional Poetry of all nations. Theſe ſerved as land-marks, in the view of which the memory travelled ſecure over the intervening ſpaces. On this head falls likewiſe to be mentioned, what we call The Burden, that is, the unvaried repetition of one or more lines fixing the tone of the poem throughout the whole. That this is very ancient among the barbaric nations, may be gathered from the known Song of Reguer

* Letters of Lady M. W. Montague, XXXIII.

Lodbrog,

Lodbrog, to be found in Olaus Wormius *; every ſtanza of which begins with one and the ſame line. So many of our ballads, both ancient and modern, have this aid to the memory, that it is unneceſſary to condeſcend on any in particular.

2. Alliteration was before the invention of rime greatly uſed, chiefly by the nations of Northern original to aſſiſt the remembrance of their traditional poetry. Moſt of the Runic methods of verſification conſiſted in this practice. It was the only one among the Saxon poets, from whom it paſſed to the Engliſh and Scottiſh †. When rime became common, this which was

* Regner Lodbrog, King of Denmark, flouriſhed in the Ninth Century.

† See Hickes, *Ling. Vet. Sept. Theſ. c.* 23. From the Saxons he obſerves, that the author of *Pierce Plowman* drew this practice, c. 21. This poem was written about 1350. There is a remarkable ſimilarity in its ſtyle and manner with thoſe very curious pieces of ancient Scottiſh poetry, ſtiled The Prophecies of Thomas Rymer, Marvellous Merling, Beid, Berlington, Waldhave, Eltraine, Baniſter, and Sybilla, printed at Edinburgh in 1615, and reprinted from that edition, 1742, 8vo. It is very ſurpriſing that the reſpectable editor of *Ancient Scottiſh Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne*, 1568. *Edin.* 1770, ſeems to regard theſe as no ancienter than the time of Queen Mary. His reaſons are only founded on the modern appearance of ſome particular paſſages. That they have been modernized and corrupted, I will readily

was before thought to conſtitute the ſole difference betwixt proſe and verſe, was ſtill regarded as an acceſſary

allow; but that they are on the main nearly as ancient as Rymer's time, who died about the beginning of the 14th Century, I believe the learned muſt confeſs from intrinſic evidence, in ſuch caſes the ſureſt of all. Not to mention that Sir David Lindſay, who wrote in the reign of James V. is an undoubted witneſs that they muſt be more ancient than this eminent Antiquary would infer. For in enumerating the methods he took to divert that prince while under his care in his infancy, after condeſcending on ſome riſible circumſtances, as

> Whan thou waſt young I bare thee in my arm
> Full tenderly till thou began to gang;
> And in thy bed oft happed thee full warm,
> With lute in hand then ſweetly to thee ſang,
> Sometime in dancing fiercefully I ſlang,
> And ſometimes playing fairſes on the flure,
> And ſometimes of mine office taking cure.
> And ſometimes like a feind transfigurate,
> And ſometime like a greeſy ghoſt of gay,
> In divers forms of times disfigurate, &c.

He adds,

> The Propheſies of *Rymer*, *Bede*, and *Merlin*,
> And many other pleaſant hiſtory
> Of the red *Erin*, and *Gyre Carlin*,
> Comforting thee when that I ſaw thee ſory.
>
> *Epiſtle to the King, prefixed to his Dream.*

They

ſary grace, and was carried to a ludicrous length by ſome poets of no mean rank in both nations. So late

They begin thus:

Merling ſays in his book, who will read right,
Althouch his ſayings be uncouth, they ſhall be true found,
In the ſeventh chapter read who ſo will,
One thouſand and more after Chriſt's birth.
Then the Chalnalider of Cornwall is called,
And the wolf out of Wales is vanquiſhed for aye,
Then many ferlies ſhall fall, and many folk ſhall die.

This exordium is evidently retouched by a modern hand.—But very many of the paſſages ſeem to ſtand in their original form, as the following lines, which are all in the Saxon manner, will teſtify:

And derfly dung down without any doome—
A proud prince in the preis lordly ſhall light,
With bold Barons in buſhment to battle ſhall wend.——
There ſhall a galyart goat with a golden horn.——

And many ſimilar. That prophecy which bears the name of Thomas Rymer is not deſtitute of poetic graces. It opens with the following lines:

Still on my ways as I went
Out throuch a land beſide a lee,
I met a bairn upon the bent *,
Methought him ſeemly for to ſee,

* *Modernized* way, *though againſt the rime.*

late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth we find the following lines in a court poet:

Princes puff'd; barons bluſtered; lords began lowr,
Knights ſtorm'd; ſquires ſtartled, like ſteeds in a ſtowr;
Pages and yeomen yelled out in the hall *.

And William Dunbar, the chief of the old Scottiſh poets, begins a copy of verſes to the King thus,

Sanct Salvator ſend ſilver ſorrow †.

I aſked him wholly his intent;
Good Sir, if your will be,
Since that ye bide upon the bent,
Some uncouth tidings tell you me;
When ſhall all theſe wars be gone?
That leil men may live in lee;
Or when ſhall Faſchude go from home,
And Lawtie blow his horn on hie?
I looked from me not a mile,
And ſaw twa knights upon a lee, &c.

I imagine, however, they are all the compoſures of one hand; and, if I may uſe a conjecture, were written immediately after the viſions of Pierce Plowman, every Engliſh poem of note in thoſe days being ſoon ſucceeded by an imitation in Scotland.

* *King Ryence's Challenge*, in the Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry. *Vol.* III. *p.* 27.

† Bannatyne's Scottiſh Poems, p. 68.

III. But the greateſt aſſiſtance that could be found to the tradition of poetry was derived from the invention of rime; which is far more ancient than is commonly believed. One of the moſt learned men this age has produced *, has ſhewn that it is common in Scripture. All the Pſalms conſiſt of riming verſes, and many other paſſages which he names. They were uſed among the Greeks ſo early as the time of Gorgias the Sicilian, who taught the Athenians this practice. And though the ſpirit of the Greek and Latin languages did not always admit of them in poetry, yet they were uſed as occaſional beauties by their moſt celebrated writers. Homer, Heſiod, and Virgil, have a few, though apparently more from chance than deſign. The ancient Saturnine verſes were all rimes, as an old commentator † informs us. And it is more than probable they were ſo conſtructed merely that the memory might the more eaſily preſerve them, their licence forbidding their being committed to writing. Thoſe who would wiſh to know more particularly the univerſality of this mode of verſifying among the other ancient nations, may conſult the *Huetiana* of the moſt learned and reſpectable Biſhop of Avranches ‡. The Eaſtern poetry conſiſts altogether, if I miſtake not, of riming lines, as may be obſerved in the ſpecimens of Hafiz their moſt

* Le Clerc, Biblioth. Univerſelle, tom. IX.

† Servius ad Georg. II. ver. 386.

‡ Sect. 78.

illuſtrious

illuſtrious writer, lately publiſhed *. It appears, however, that alliteration ſupplied the place of rime with the Northern nations till within a recent period †. Oſſian's poetry, I ſuppoſe, is in ſtanzas ſomething like our ballad meaſure; though it were to be wiſhed the tranſlator had favoured us with ſome information on this head evidenced by large ſpecimens of the original. He indeed acquaints us that "Each verſe was ſo connected with thoſe which preceded, or followed it, "that if one line had been remembered in a ſtanza, it "was almoſt impoſſible to forget the reſt ‡:" but this ſtands greatly in need of explanation.

The common ballad ſtanza is ſo ſimple, that it has been uſed by moſt nations as the firſt mode of conſtructing rimes. The Spaniſh romanzes bear a great reſemblance in this, as in other reſpects, to the Scottiſh Ballads. In both, every alternate line ends with ſimilar vowels, though the conſonants are not ſo ſtrictly attended to. As for inſtance, in the former we have *bana*, *eſpada*; *mala*, *palabra*; *vega*, *cueva*; *rompan*, *volcanos*; for rimes: and in the later, *middle*, *girdle*; *keep*, *bleed*; *Bulcighan*, *tak him*; &c. The Engliſh, even in the ruder pieces of their firſt minſtrels, ſeem to have

* Jones, Comment. Poeſeos Aſiaticæ—Richardſon's Specimen of Perſian Poetry.

† Ol. Worm. Lit. Run. p. 165 & 176.

‡ Diſſert. on the Era of Oſſian, p. 228. ed. 1773.

paid

paid more attention to the correſpondence of their conſonants, as may be obſerved in the curious Collection publiſhed by Dr. Percy.

As the ſimplicity of this ſtanza rendered it eaſy to the compoſer, and likewiſe more natural to expreſs the paſſions, ſo it added to the facility of recollection. It's tone is ſedate and ſlow. The rimes occur ſeldom, and at equal diſtances: though when a more violent paſſion is to be painted, by doubling the rimes, they at once expreſſed the mind better, and diverſified the harmony. Of this the reader will obſerve many inſtances in this collection, as, *Here maun I lie, here maun I die: Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht: Na river heir, my dame ſa deir:* &c. and, to give a very ſolemn movement to the cadence, they ſometimes tripled the rime, an inſtance of which may be obſerved in the firſt ſtanza of Child Maurice.

When all the circumſtances here hinted at are conſidered, we ſhall be leſs apt to wonder, that, by the concurrence of muſical air, retentive arts in the compoſition, and chiefly of rime, the moſt noble productions of former periods have been preſerved in the memory of a ſucceſſion of admirers, and have had the good fortune to arrive at our times pure and uncorrupted.

# DISSERTATION II.

## ON THE TRAGIC BALLAD.

THAT ſpecies of poetry which we denominate Ballad, is peculiar to a barbarous period. In an advanced ſtate of arts, the Comic Ballad aſſumes the form of the Song or Sonnet, and the Tragic or Heroic Ballad that of the higher Ode.

The cauſe of our pleaſure in ſeeing a mournful event repreſented, or hearing it deſcribed, has been attempted to be explained by many critics *. It ſeems to ariſe from the mingled paſſions of Admiration of the art of the author, Curioſity to attend the termination, Delight ariſing from a reflection on our own ſecurity, and the Sympathetic Spirit.

* Ariſtotle, Scaliger, Dubos, Trapp in his Prælections, Hume, Eſſay on Tragedy; but above all Mr. Burke in his Enquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful.

In

In giving this pleaſure, perhaps the Tragic Ballad yields to no effort of human genius. When we peruſe a poliſhed Tragedy or Ode, we admire the art of the author, and are led to praiſe the invention; but when we read an unartful deſcription of a melancholy event, our paſſions are more intenſely moved. The laboured productions of the informed compoſer reſemble a Greek or Roman temple; when we enter it, we admire the art of the builder. The rude effuſions of the Gothic Muſe are like the monuments of their Architecture. We are filled with a religious reverence, and, forgetting our praiſe of the contriver, adore the preſent deity.

I believe no Tragic Ballad of renowned Antiquity has reached our times, if we deny the beautiful and pathetic CARMEN DE ATY in Catullus a title to this claſs; which, as a modern critic of note has obſerved*, ſeems a tranſlation from ſome Greek *Dithyrambic*†, far more ancient than the times of that poet. His tranſlation of Sappho's Ode might ſhew that he took a delight in the ancient Greek compoſitions, from which indeed he ſeems to have derived in a great meaſure his peculiarly delicate vein.

* Eſſay on the writings and genius of Pope, *p.* 324. *3d ed.*

† The *Dithyrambics* were Heroic Songs, written with the higheſt glow of poetic fancy in honour of the ancient deities. Ariſtotle informs us, that the Greek Tragedy originated from them; as their Comedy did from their Paſtoral Love Songs.

But

But it was with the nations in a ſtate of barbarity, that this effuſion of the heart flouriſhed as in it's proper ſoil; their ſocieties, rude and irregular, were full of viciſſitudes, and every hour ſubject to the moſt dreadful accidents. The Minſtrels, who only knew, and were inſpired by the preſent manners, caught the tale of mortality, and recorded it for the inſtruction and entertainment of others. It pleaſed by moving the paſſions, and, at the ſame time, afforded caution to their auditors to guard againſt ſimilar miſ-adventures.

It is amuſing to obſerve how expreſſive the poetry of every country is of its real manners. That of the Northern nations is ferocious to the higheſt degree. Nor need we wonder that thoſe, whoſe laws obliged them to decide the moſt trifling debate with the ſword *, delighted in a vein of poetry, which only painted deeds of blood, and objects horrible to the imagination. The ballad poetry of the Spaniards is tinged with the romantic gallantry of that nation. The hero is all complaiſance; and takes off his helmet in the heat of combat, when he thinks on his miſtreſs. That of the Engliſh is generous and brave. In their moſt noble ballad, Percy laments over the death of his

* Frotho etiam III. Danorum rex, quemadmodum Saxo, lib. V. refert, de qualibet controverſia ferro decerni ſanxit; ſpecioſius viribus quam verbis, confligendum exiſtimans. *Schedius de diis Ger. Syng.* II. *c.* 46.

mortal

mortal foe. That of the Scots is perhaps, like the face of their country, more various than the reſt. We find in it the bravery of the Engliſh, the gallantry of the Spaniſh, and I am afraid in ſome inſtances the ferocity of the Northern.

A late writer * has remarked, that, "the Scottiſh "tunes, whether melancholy or gay; whether amorous, "martial, or paſtoral, are in a ſtyle highly original, "and moſt feelingly expreſſive of all the paſſions from "the ſweeteſt to the moſt terrible." He proceeds, "Who was it that thew out thoſe dreadful wild ex-"preſſions of diſtraction and melancholy in *Lady Cul-*"*roſs's Dream?* an old compoſition, now I am afraid "loſt, perhaps becauſe it was almoſt too terrible for "the ear."

This compoſition is neither loſt, nor is it too terrible for the ear. On the contrary, a child might hear it repeated in a winter night without the ſmalleſt emotion. A copy † of it now lyes before me, and as ſome

* Miſcellanies by John Armſtrong, M. D. vol. II. p. 254.

† It is intituled, "A Godly Dream compiled by Elizabeth "Melvil, Lady Culroſs younger, at the requeſt of a friend." Edinburgh, 1737, 12mo. p. 20. It is either reprinted from ſome former edition, or from a MS. It was written, I conjecture, about the end of the Sixteenth Century; but in this edition I ſuſpect ſeveral expreſſions are modernized and altered to accommodate it to the common capacity.

curioſity

curioſity may have been raiſed by the above remark, I ſhall here give an account of it. The dreadful and melancholy of this production are ſolely of the religious kind, and may have been deeply affecting to the enthuſiaſtic at the period in which it was wrote: It begins thus;

Upon a day as I did mourn full ſore,
For ſundry things wherewith my ſoul was grieved,
My grief increaſed, and grew more and more,
I comfort fled, and could not be relieved;
With heavineſs my heart was ſore miſchieved,
I loathed my life, I could not eat nor drink,
I might not ſpeak, nor look to none that lived,
But muſed alone, and diverſe things did think.

This wretched world did ſo moleſt my mind,
I thought upon this falſe and iron age,
And how our hearts are ſo to vice inclined,
That Satan ſeems moſt fearfully to rage,
Nothing on earth my ſorrow could aſwage,
I felt my ſin ſo ſtrongly to increaſe;
I grieved the ſpirit was wont to be my pledge;
My ſoul was plunged into moſt deep diſtreſs.

Her

Her Saviour is then ſuppoſed to appear in a dream, and lead her through many hair-breadth ſcapes into Heaven:

Through dreadful dens, which made my heart aghaſt,
He bare me up when I began to tire;
Sometimes we clamb oer cragie mountains high;
And ſometimes ſtayed on ugly braes of ſand,
They were ſo ſtay that wonder was to ſee;
But when I feared, he held me by the hand.—
Through great deſerts we wandered on our way.—
Forward we paſt on narrow bridge of tree,
Oer waters great which hideouſly did roar, &c.

The moſt terrible paſſage to a ſuperſtitious ear, is that in which ſhe ſuppoſes herſelf ſuſpended over the Gulph of Perdition:

Ere I was ware, one gripped me at laſt,
And held me high above a flaming fire.
The fire was great, the heat did pierce me ſore,
My faith grew weak, my grip was very ſmall.
I trembled faſt, my fear grew more and more.
My hands did ſhake that I held him withall,
At length they looſed, then I began to fall, &c.

At length ſhe arrives in view of the Heavenly manſions in a ſtanza, which, to alter a little her own expreſſion, 'Gliſters with *tinſel*.'

I looked up unto that caſtle fair
Gliſtering with gold; and ſhining ſilver bright
The ſtately towers did mount above the air;
They blinded me they caſt ſo great a light,
My heart was glad to ſee that joyful ſight,
My voyage then I thought it not in vain,
I him beſought to guide me there aright,
With many vows never to tire again.

And the whole concludes with an exhortation to a pious life.

But what has the Chriſtian religion to do with poetry? In the true poetic terrible, I believe, ſome paſſages in Hardyknute yield to no attempt of a ſtrong and dark fancy. The Ballad ſtyled Edward may, I fear, be rather adduced as an evidence that this diſpleaſes, when it riſes to a degree of the horrible, which that ſingular piece certainly partakes of.

The Pathetic is the other principal walk of the Tragic Muſe: and in this the Scottiſh Ballads yield to no compoſitions whatever. What can be imagined more moving than the cataſtrophes of Oſſian's Darthula, the moſt pathetic of all poems? or of Hardyknute,

nute, Child Maurice, and indeed moſt of the pieces now collected? Were ever the feelings of a fond mother expreſſed in language equal in ſimplicity and pathos to that of Lady Bothwell?—This leads me to remark, that the dialect in which the Scottiſh Ballads are written gives them a great advantage in point of touching the paſſions. Their language is rough and unpoliſhed, and ſeems to flow immediately from the heart *. We meet with no concettos or far-fetched thoughts in them. They poſſeſs the pathetic power in the higheſt degree, becauſe they do not affect it; and are ſtriking, becauſe they do not meditate to ſtrike.

Moſt of the compoſitions now offered to the publick, have already received approbation. The mutilated Fragment of Hardyknute formerly in print, was admired and celebrated by the ɣəq critics. As it is now, I am inclined to think, given in it's original perfection, it is certainly the moſt noble production in this ſtyle that ever appeared in the world. The manners and characters are ſtrongly marked, and well preſerved. The incidents deeply intereſting; and the cataſtrophe new and affecting. I am indebted for moſt of the ſtanzas, now recovered, to the memory of a lady in Lanarkſhire.

* Ὁ γὰρ ὄγκος δὲ τὸ ἐξ ἐπιτηδεύσεως ἅπαν ἀνηθοποίητον.
Dionyſ. Hal.

A modern lyric poet of the firſt claſs * has pronounced Child Maurice a Divine Ballad. "Ariſtotle's "beſt rules," ſays he, "are obſerved in it in a man-"ner that ſhews the author had never read Ariſtotle." Indeed, if any one will peruſe Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry with Dacier's Elucidations, and afterwards compare their moſt approved rules with this ſimple Ballad, he will find that they are better illuſtrated by this rude effort of the Gothic Muſe, than by the moſt exquiſite Tragedy of ancient or modern times. The Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, the Athalie of Racine, the Merope of Maffei, and even the very excellent Drama, which ſeems immediately founded on it, not excepted. There being many delicate ſtrokes in this original, which the plot adopted by that author forbad his making proper uſe of. This does honour at once to the unknown compoſer of this Ballad, and to the firſt of critics. In the former the reader will admire a genius, that, probably untracked by erudition, could produce a ſtory correſponding to the intricate though natural rules of the Greek author. To the latter will be readily confirmed the applauſe of an ancient †, that, he was the ſecretary of Nature, and his pen was ever dipped in good ſenſe.

* Mr. Gray. See his Letters publiſhed by Mr. Maſon. Sect. IV. Let. XXV.

† Apud Suidam.

Theſe,

Theſe, and the other monuments of ancient Scottiſh Poetry, which have already appeared, are in this edition given much more correct; and a few are now firſt publiſhed from tradition. The Editor imagined they poſſeſſed ſome ſmall beauties, elſe they would not have been added to this Selection. Their ſeeming antiquity was only regarded as it enhanced their real graces.

MDCCLXXVI *.

* Theſe Diſſertations, &c. were written of this date, but ſlight additions have been made to them from time to time; as the reader will obſerve from references to books publiſhed ſince that period.

La plupart de ces charsons sont de vieilles romances dont les airs ne sont pas piquans; mais ils ont je ne sais quoi d'antique et de doux qui touche a la longue. Rousseau.

# HARDYKNUTE.

## AN HEROIC BALLAD.

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### PART I.

STATELY ſtept he eaſt the ha,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt;
Full ſeventy yeirs he now had ſene,
With ſcerce ſevin yeirs of reſt.
He livit whan Britons breach of faith
Wrocht Scotland meikle wae,
And ay his ſword tauld to their coſt
He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And gudely chambers fair to ſee,
Whar he lodgit mony a knicht.
His dame ſa peirles anes, and fair,
For chaſte, and bewtie, ſene,
Na marrow had in a the land,
Save Emergard the quene.

Full thirtein ſons to him ſhe bare,
All men of valour ſtout,
In bluidy ficht, with ſword in hand,
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four yit remaind; lang mote they live
To ſtand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Greit luve they bare to Fairly fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle jimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
What waefou wae her bewtie bred!
Waefou to young and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

The King of Norſe, in ſummer tide,
Puft up with pouir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
Wi mony a hardie knicht.
The tidings to our gude Scots king
Came as he ſat at dyne
With noble chiefs in braive aray,
Drinking the bluid red wyne.

" To horſe, to horſe, my royal liege!
" Your faes ſtand on the ſtrand;
" Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpeirs
" The cheifs of Norſe command.
" Bring me my ſteid Mage dapple gray."
Our gude king raiſe and cryd:
A truſtier beiſt in all the land,
A Scots king nevir ſeyd.

" Gae, little page, tell Hardyknute,
" Wha lives on hill ſa hie,
" To draw his ſword, the dreid of faes,
" And haſte and follow me."
The little page flew ſwift as dart,
Flung by his maſter's arm;
' Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute,
' And red your king frae harm.'

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
In danger grit to do.
He has tane a horn as grene as graſs,
And gien five ſounds ſa ſhrill,
That tries in grene wode ſhuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie
Had paſt the ſummer's morn;
Whan lo! down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their father's horn.
'That horn, quoth they, neir ſounds in peace,
'We have other ſport to bide;'
And ſune they hied them up the hill,
And ſune were at his ſide.

"Late, late yeſtrene, I weind in peace
"To end my lengthend lyfe;
"My age micht well excuſe my arm
"Frae manly feats of ſtryfe:
"But now that Norſe does proudly boaſt
"Fair Scotland to enthral,
"It's neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
"He feird to fecht or fall.

"Robin of Rothſay bend thy bow,
"Thy arrows ſhute ſa leil,
"That mony a comely countenance
"They've turn'd to deidly pale.
"Braive Thomas take ye but your lance,
"Ye neid na weapons mair;
"Gif ye fecht wi't, as ye did anes,
"Gainſt Weſtmoreland's ferce heir.

"And

" And Malcolm, licht of fute as ſtag
" That runs in foreſt wilde,
" Get me my thouſands thrie of men
" Weil bred to ſword and ſhield:
" Bring me my horſe and harniſine,
" My blade of metal clere."
If faes but kend the hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for feir.

" Fareweil my dame ſae peirleſs gude,"
And tuke her by the hand,
" Fairer to me in age you ſeim
" Than maids for bewtie famd:
" My youngeſt ſon ſall here remain,
" To guard theſe ſtately touirs,
" And ſhute the ſilver bolt that keips
" Sae faſt your painted bowers."

And firſt ſhe wet her comly cheiks,
And then her boddice grene;
The ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt
Were plet with ſilver ſhene;
And apron ſet with mony a dye
Of neidle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gueſs,
Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden our muir and moſs,
Our hills and mony a glen,
Whan he cám to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane:
'Here maun I lye, here maun I dye
'By treacheries fauſe gyles;
'Witleſs I was that eir gave faith
'To wicked woman's ſmyles.'

"Sir knicht, gin ye were in my bouir,
"To lean on ſilkén ſeat,
"My lady's kyndlie care you'd pruve
"Wha neir kend deidly hate;
"Hirſell wald watch ye all the day,
"Hir maids at deid of nicht;
"And Fairly fair your heart would cheir,
"As ſhe ſtands in your ſicht.

"Ariſe, young knicht, and mount your ſteid,
"Bricht lows the ſhynand day;
"Chuſe frae my menie wham ye pleiſe,
"To leid ye on the way."
Wi ſmyleſs luik, and viſage wan
The wounded knicht replyd,
'Kynd chieftain your intent purſue,
'For heir I maun abide.

'To

'To me nae after day nor nicht
'Can eir be ſweit or fair;
'But ſune benethe ſum draping trie,
'Cauld dethe ſall end my care.'
Still him to win ſtrave Hardyknute,
Nor ſtrave he lang in vain;
Short pleiding eithly micht prevale,
Him to his lure to gain.

"I will return wi ſpeid to bide,
"Your plaint and mend your wae:
"But private grudge maun neir be quelled,
"Before our countries fae.
"Mordac, thy eild may beſt be ſpaird
"The fields of ſtryfe fraemang;
"Convey Sir knicht to my abode,
"And meiſe his egre pang."

Syne he has gane far hynd, out owr
Lord Chattan's land ſae wyde;
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Whan faes his courage ſeyd:
Of Pictiſh race, by mother's ſide;
Whan Picts ruled Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,
When he ſavd Pictiſh crown.

Now with his ferce and ſtalwart train
He recht a riſing hicht,
Whar braid encampit on the dale,
Norſe army lay in ſicht;
" Yonder my valiant ſons, full ferce
" Our raging rievers wait,
" On the unconquerit Scottiſh ſwaird
" To try with us their fate.

" Mak oriſons to him that ſav'd
" Our ſauls upon the rude;
" Syne braively ſhaw your veins are filld
" Wi Caledonian bluid."
Then furth he drew his truſtie glaive,
While thouſands all around,
Drawn frae their ſheiths glanc'd in the ſun,
And loud the bugils ſound.

To join his king, adown the hill
In haſte his march he made,
While playand pibrochs minſtrals meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade.
' Thriſe welcum, valiant ſtoup of weir,
' Thy nation's ſheild and pride,
' Thy king na reaſoun has to feir,
' Whan thou art by his ſide.

Whan bows were bent, and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcerce cold they flie,
The darts clave arrows as they met,
Eir faes their dint mote drie.
Lang did they rage, and fecht full ferce,
Wi little ſkaith to man;
But bluidy, bluidy was the feild
Or that lang day was done!

The king of Scots that ſindle bruik'd
The war that luik'd like play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeim'd but delay.
Quoth noble Rothſay, 'Mine I'll keep,
'I wate it's bleid a ſcore.'
"Haſte up my merrie men," cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

The king of Norſe he ſocht to find,
Wi him to menſe the faucht;
But on his forehead there did licht
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft:
As he his hand pat up to feil
The wound, an arrow kein,
O waefu chance! there pind his hand
In midſt atweene his eyne.

'Revenge!

'Revenge! revenge!' cryd Rothſay's heir,
'Your mail-coat ſall nocht bide
'The ſtrenth and ſharpneſs of my dart,'
Whilk ſhared the riever's ſide.
Anither arrow weil he mark'd
It perc'd his neck in twa;
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

'Sair bleids my liege! Sair, ſair he bleids!'
Again with micht he drew,
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow;
Faſt the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at;
Lament now quene Elgreid;
Hire dames to wail your darling's fall,
His youth, and comely meid.

'Tak aff, tak aff his coſtly jupe,'
(Of gold well was it twynd,
Knit like the fowlers net, throuch whilk
His ſteily harnes ſhynd.)
'Beir Norſe that gift frae me, and bid
'Him venge the bluid it weirs;
'Say if he face my bended bow
'He ſure na weapon feirs.'

Proud

Proud Norſe with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulder, and arms ſtrong;
Cryd 'Whar is Hardyknute ſae famd,
'And feird at Britain's throne?
'Tho Britons tremble at his name,
'I ſune ſall mak him wail,
'That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
'Sae ſaft his coat of mail.'

That brag his ſtout heart cold na bide,
It lent him youthfu micht:
"I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cryed,
"To Scotland's king I hicht
"To lay thee law as horſe's hufe;
"My word I mein to keip:"
Syne with the firſt dint eir he ſtrake
He gar'd his body bleid.

Norſe ene like grey goſehauk ſtaird wilde,
He ſich'd wi ſhame and ſpyte;
'Diſgrac'd is now my far famd arm
'That left thee pouir to ſtryke.'
Syne gied his helm a blow ſae fell,
It made him down to ſtoup,
Sae law as he to ladies us'd,
In courtly gyſe to lout.

Full

Full ſune he ras'd his bent body;
His bou he marveld ſair,
Sen blaws till than on him but dar'd
As touch of Fairly fair.
Norſe ferlied too as ſair as he,
To ſee his ſtately luik;
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſune his lyfe he tuke.

Whar, like a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
A ſturdy fae, with luik enrag'd,
Up towards him did prance.
He ſpurd his ſteid throuch thickeſt ranks
The hardy youth to quell;
Wha ſtude unmuvit at his approach
His furie to repell.

'That ſhort brown ſhaft, ſae meinly trimd,
'Lukes like poor Scotland's geir;
'But dreidfu ſeims the ruſty point!'
And loud he leuch in jeir.
"Aft Britons blude has dim'd it's ſhyne
"It's point cut ſhort their vaunt."
Syne perc'd the boſter's bairded cheik
Nae time he tuke to taunt.

Short while he in his ſadil ſwang;
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
But feible hang his unbent knie,
Sair taken he was, fey!
Swyth on the hardend clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud;
But Thomas luk'd not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

Wi careles geſture, mind unmuv'd,
On rade he north the plain
His ſeim in peace, or ferceſt ſtryfe,
Ay reckleſs, and the ſame.
Nor yit his heart dames' dimpeld cheik
Cold meiſe ſaft luve to bruik;
Till vengefu Ann returnd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

In thrauis of dethe, wi wallow'd cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The bleiding corps of warriours lay,
Neir to ariſe again:
Neir to return to native land;
Na mair wi blythſum ſounds
To boiſt the glories of that day,
And ſhaw their ſhynand wounds.

On Norway's coaſt the widowd dame
May waſh the rocks wi teirs,
May lang luke owr the ſhiples ſeas
Before her mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, Emma, ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyes in the clay;
The valiant Scots na rievers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lee, whar ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands fu ferce, that ſummer's day,
Fill'd kene wars black intent.
Let Scots while Scots praiſe Hardyknute
Let Norſe the name aye dreid;
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird
Sall lateſt ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhouir,
Mirk grew the nicht ere Hardyknute
Wan neir his ſtately touir:
His touir that us'd wi torches bleiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at nicht
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid
Na marvel ſair he ſich'd.

" There's na licht in my lady's bouir,
" There's na licht in my ha;
" Na blynk ſhynes round my Fairly fair,
" Na ward ſtands on my wa.
" What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, ſay."
Na anſwer fits their dreid.
" Stand back my ſons I'll be your gyde."
But by they paſt wi ſpeid.

" As faſt I ha ſped owr Scotland's faes—"
There ceis'd his brag of weir,
Sair ſhamd to mind ocht but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black feir he felt, but what to feir
He wiſt nae yit wi dreid:
Sair ſhuke his body, fair his limbs
And a the warriour flied.

## PART II.

"RETURN, return, ye men of bluid,
"And bring me back my chylde!"
A dolefu voice frae mid the ha
Reculd, wi echoes wylde.
Beſtraught wi dule and dreid, na pouir
Had Hardyknute at a;
Full thriſe he raught his ported ſpeir,
And thriſe he let it fa.

"O haly God, for his deir ſake,
"Wha ſavd us on the rude——
He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,
Yet reid wi Norland bluid.
"Brayd on, brayd on, my ſtalwart ſons,
"Grit cauſe we ha to feir;
"But aye the canny ferce contemn
"The hap they canna veir."

'Return, return, ye men of bluid,
'And bring me back my chylde!'
The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
Reculd, wi echoes wylde.
The ſtorm grew rife, throuch a the lift
The rattling thunder rang,
The black rain ſhour'd, and lichtning glent
Their harniſine alang.

What

What feir poſſeſt their boding breeſts
Whan, by the gloomy glour,
The caſtle ditch wi deed bodies
They ſaw was filled out owr!
Quoth Hardyknute "I wold to Chryſte
"The Norſe had wan the day,
"Sae I had keipt at hame but anes,
"Thilk bluidy feats to ſtay."

Wi ſpeid they paſt, and ſune they recht
The baſe-courts ſounding bound,
Deip groans ſith heard, and throuch the mirk
Lukd wiſtfully around.
The moon, frae hind a ſable cloud,
Wi ſudden twinkle ſhane,
Whan, on the cauldrif eard, they fand
The gude Sir Mordac layn.

Beſprent wi gore, fra helm to ſpur,
Was the trew-heartit knicht;
Swith frae his ſteid ſprang Hardyknute
Muv'd wi the heavy ſicht.
"O ſay thy maſter's ſhield in weir,
"His ſawman in the ha,
"What hatefu chance cold ha the pouir
"To lay thy eild ſae law?"

To his complaint the bleiding knicht
Returnd a piteous mane,
And recht his hand, whilk Hardyknute
Claucht ſtreitly in his ain:
‘ Gin eir ye ſee lord Harkyknute,
‘ Frae Mordac ye maun ſay,
‘ Lord Draffan's treaſoun to confute
‘ He uſd his ſteddieſt fay.’

He micht na mair, for cruel dethe
Forbad him to proceid:
“ I vow to God, I winna ſleip
“ Till I ſee Draffan bleid.
“ My ſons your ſiſter was owr fair:
“ But bruik he ſall na lang
“ His gude betide; my laſt forbode
“ He'll trow belyve na ſang.

“ Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth
“ To me your luve ſae deir;
“ The Norſe' defeat mote weil perſuade
“ Nae riever ye neid feir.”
The ſpeirmen, wi a michty ſhout,
Cryd ‘ Save our maſter deir!
‘ While he dow beir the ſway bot care
‘ Nae reiver we ſall feir.’

‘ Return,

' Return, return, ye men of bluid
' And bring me back my chylde !'
The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
Reculd wi echoes wylde:
" I am to wyte my valiant friends :"
And to the ha they ran,
The ſtately dore full ſtreitly ſteiked
Wi iron boltis thrie they fand.

The ſtately dore, thouch ſtreitly ſteiked
Wi waddin iron boltis thrie,
Richt ſune his micht can eithly gar
Frae aff it's hinges flie.
" Whar ha ye tane my dochter deir ?
" Mair wold I ſee her deid
" Than ſee her in your bridal bed,
" For a your portly meid.

" What thouch my gude and valiant lord
" Lye ſtrecht on the cauld clay ?
" My ſons the dethe may ablins ſpair
" To wreak their ſiſters wae.
" O my leil lord, cold I but ken
" Where thy dear corſe is layn,
" Fra gurly weit, and warping blaſt
" I'd ſhield it wi my ain !

" Dreir dethe richt ſune will end my dule,
" Ye riever ferce and vile,
" But thouch ye ſlay me, frae my heart
" His luve ye'll neir exile."
Sae did ſhe crune wi heavy cheir,
Hyt luiks, and bleirit eyne;
Then teirs firſt wet his manly cheik
And ſnawy baird bedeene.

' Na riever here, my dame ſae deir,
' But your leil lord you ſee;
' May hieſt harm betide his life
' Wha brocht ſic harm to thee!
' Gin anes ye may beleive my word,
' Nor am I uſd to lie,
' By day-prime he or Hardyknute
' The bluidy dethe ſhall die."

The ha, whar late the linkis bricht
Sae gladſum ſhind at een,
Whar penants gleit a gowden bleiſe
Our knichts and ladys ſhene,
Was now ſae mirk, that, throuch the bound,
Nocht mote they wein to ſee,
Alſe throuch the ſouthern port the moon
Let fa a blinkand glie.

" Are

" Are ye in ſuith my deir luvd lord?"
Nae mair ſhe doucht to ſay,
But ſwounit on his harneſt neck
Wi joy and tender fay.
To ſee her in ſic balefu ſort
Revived his ſelcouth feirs;
But ſune ſhe raiſd her comely luik,
And ſaw his faing teirs.

" Ye are nae wont to greit wi wreuch,
" Grit cauſe ye ha I dreid;
" Hae a our ſons their lives redemd
" Frae furth the dowie feid?"
' Saif are our valiant ſons, ye ſee,
' But lack their ſiſter deir;
' When ſhe's awa, bot any doubt,
' We ha grit cauſe to feir.'

" Of a our wrangs, and her depart,
" Whan ye the ſuith ſall heir,
" Na marvel that ye ha mair cauſe,
" Than ye yit weit, to feir.
" O wharefore heir yon feignand knicht
" Wi Mordac did ye ſend?
" Ye ſuner wald ha perced his heart
" Had ye his ettling kend."

'What may ye mein my peirles dame?
'That knicht did muve my ruthe,
'We balefu mane; I did na dout
'His curteſie and truthe.
'He maun ha tint wi ſma renown
'His life in this fell rief;
'Richt ſair it grieves me that he heir
'Met ſic an ill relief.'

Quoth ſhe, wi teirs that down her cheiks
Ran like a ſilver ſhouir,
"May ill befa the tide that brocht
"That fauſe knicht to our touir:
"Ken'd ye na Draffan's lordly port,
"Thouch cled in knichtly graith?
"Tho hidden was his hautie luik
"The viſor black benethe?"

'Now, as I am a knicht of weir,
'I thocht his ſeeming trew;
'But, that he ſae deceived my ruthe,
'Full ſairly he ſall rue.'
"Sir Mordac to the ſounding ha
"Came wi his cative fere;"
'My ſyre has ſent this wounded knicht
'To pruve your kyndlie care,

'Your

‘ Your ſell maun watch him a the day,
‘ Your maids at deid of nicht;
‘ And Fairly fair his heart maun cheir
‘ As ſhe ſtands in his ſicht.’
“ Nae ſuner was Sir Mordac gane,
“ Than up the featour ſprang;”
‘ The luve alſe o your dochter deir
‘ I feil na ither pang.

‘ Tho Hardyknute lord Draffan’s ſuit
‘ Refus’d wi mickle pryde;
‘ By his gude dame and Fairly fair
‘ Let him not be denyd.’
“ Nocht muvit wi the cative’s ſpeech,
“ Nor wi his ſtern command;
“ I treaſoun! cryd, and Kenneth’s blade
“ Was gliſterand in his hand.

“ My ſon lord Draffan heir you ſee,
“ Wha means your ſiſter’s fay
“ To win by guile, when Hardyknute
“ Strives in the irie fay.”
‘ Turn thee! thou riever Baron, turn!’
“ Bauld Kenneth cryd aloud;
“ But, ſune as Draffan ſpent his glaive,
“ My ſon lay in his bluid.”

'I did nocht grein that bluming face
'That dethe ſae ſune ſold pale;
'Far leſs that my trew luve, throuch me,
'Her brither's dethe ſold wail.
'But ſyne ye ſey our force to prive,
'Our force we ſall you ſhaw!'
"Syne the ſhrill-ſounding horn bedeen
"He tuik frae down the wa.

"Ere the portculie cold be flung,
"His kyth the baſe-court fand;
"Whan ſcantly o their count a teind
"Their entrie micht gainſtand.
"Richt ſune the raging rievers ſtude
"At their fauſe maſter's ſyde,
"Wha, by the haly maiden, ſware
"Na harm ſold us betide.

"What ſyne befell ye weil may gueſs,
"Reft o our eilds delicht."
'We ſall na lang be reft, by morne
'Sall Fairly glad your ſicht.
'Let us be gane my ſons, or now
'Our meny chide our ſtay;
'Fareweil my dame; your dochter's luve
'Will ſune cheir your effray.'

Then

Then pale pale grew her teirfu cheik;
" Let ane o my ſons thrie
" Alane gyde this emprize, your eild
" May ill ſic travel drie.
" O whar were I, were my deir lord,
" And a my ſons, to bleid!
" Better to bruik the wrang than ſae
" To wreak the hie miſdede.

The gallant Rothſay roſe bedeen
His richt of age to pleid;
And Thomas ſhawd his ſtrenthy ſpeir;
And Malcolm mein'd his ſpeid.
' My ſons your ſtryfe I gladly ſee,
' But it ſall neir be ſayne,
' That Hardyknute ſat in his ha,
' And heird his ſon was ſlayne.

' My lady deir, ye neid na feir;
' The richt is on our ſyde:'
Syne riſing with richt frawart haſte
Nae parly wald he byde.
The lady ſat in heavy mude,
Their tuneful march to heir,
While, far ayont her ken, the ſound
Na mair mote roun her eir.

O ha

O ha ye ſein ſum glitterand touir,
Wi mirrie archers crownd,
Wha vaunt to ſee their trembling fae
Keipt frae their countrie's bound?
Sic auſum ſtrenth ſhawd Hardyknute;
Sic ſeimd his ſtately meid;
Sic pryde he to his meny bald,
Sic feir his faes he gied.

Wi glie they paſt our mountains rude,
Owr muirs and moſſes weit;
Sune as they ſaw the riſing ſun,
On Draffan's touirs it gleit.
O Fairly bricht I marvel ſair
That featour eer ye lued,
Whaſe treaſoun wrocht your father's bale,
And ſhed your brither's blude!

The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
Wha ſleipd his bouir intill:
'Nae time for ſleuth, your raging faes
'Fare doun the weſtlin hill.
'And, by the libbard's gowden low
'In his blue banner braid,
'That Hardyknute his dochtir ſeiks,
'And Draffans dethe, I rede.'

"Say

" Say to my bands of matchleſs micht,
" Wha camp law in the dale,
" To buſk their arrows for the fecht,
" And ſtreitly gird their mail.
" Syne meit me here, and wein to find
" Nae juſt or turney play;
" Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
" War bruiks na lang delay."

His halbrik bricht he brac'd bedeen;
Fra ilka ſkaith and harm
Securit by a warloc auld,
Wi mony a fairy charm.
A ſeimly knicht cam to the ha:
' Lord Draffan I thee braive,
' Frae Hardyknute my worthy lord,
' To fecht wi ſpeir or glaive.

" Your hautie lord me braives in vain
" Alane his micht to prive,
" For wha, in ſingle feat of weir,
" Wi Hardyknute may ſtrive?
" But ſith he meins our ſtrenth to ſey,
" On caſe he ſune will find,
" That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,
" In force they're far behind.

" Yet cold I wete that he wald yield
" To what bruiks nae remeid,
" I for his dochter wald nae hain
" To ae half o my ſteid."
Sad Hardyknute apart frae a
Leand on his birniſt ſpeir;
And, whan he on his Fairly deimd,
He ſpar'd nae ſich nor teir.

" What meins the felon cative vile?
" Bruiks this reif na remeid?
" I ſcorn his gylefu vows ein thouch
" They recht to a his ſteid."
Bownd was lord Draffan for the fecht,
Whan lo! his Fairly deir
Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha
Wi a the ſpeid of feir.

Ein as the rudie ſtar of morne
Peirs throuch a cloud of dew,
Sae did ſhe ſeim, as round his neck
Her ſnawy arms ſhe threw.
' O why, O why, did Fairly wair
' On thee her thouchtles luve?
' Whaſe cruel heart can ettle aye
' Her father's dethe to pruve!'

And

And firſt he kiſsd her bluming cheik,
And ſyne her boſom deir;
Than ſadly ſtrade athwart the ha,
And drapd ae tendir teir.
" My meiny heid my words wi care,
" Gin ony weit to ſlay
" Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I ſweir
" Wi lyfe he ſall nae gae."

' My maidens bring my bridal gowne,
' I little trewd yeſtrene,
' To riſe frae bonny Draffan's bed,
' His bluidy dethe to ſene.'
Syne up to the hie baconie
She has gane wi a her train,
And ſune ſhe ſaw her ſtalwart lord
Attein the bleiſing plain.

Owr Nethan's weily ſtreim he fared
Wi ſeeming ire and pryde;
His blaſon, gliſterand owr his helm,
Bare Allan by his ſyde.
Richt ſune the bugils blew, and lang
And bludy was the fray;
Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,
Had hundreds tint their day.

Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht,
The michty chief muvd on;
His baſnet, bleiſing to the ſun,
Wi deidly lichtning ſhone.
Draffan he ſocht, wi him at anes
To end the cruel ſtryfe;
But aye his ſpeirmen thranging round
Forfend their leider's lyfe.

The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid
Ran reiking mony a mile;
Few ſtude the faucht, yet dethe alane
Cold end their irie toil.
'Wha flie, I vow, ſall frae my ſpeir
'Receive the dethe they dreid!'
Cryd Draffan, as alang the plain
He ſpurd his bluid-red ſteid.

Up to him ſune a knicht can prance,
A graith'd in ſilver mail:
"Lang have I ſocht thee throuch the field,
"This lance will tell my tale."
Rude was the fray, till Draffan's ſkill
Oercame his youthfu micht;
Perc'd throuch the viſor to the eie
Was ſlayne the comly knicht.

The viſor on the ſpeir was deft,
And Draffan Malcolm ſpied;
'Ye ſhould your vaunted ſpeid this day,
'And not your ſtrenth, ha ſey'd.'
"Cative, awa ye maun na flie,"
Stout Rothſay cry'd bedeen,
"Till, frae my glaive, ye wi ye beir
"The wound ye fein'd yeſtrene."

'Mair o your kins bluid ha I ſpilt
'Than I docht evir grein;
'See Rothſay whar your brither lyes
'In dethe afore your eyne.'
Scant Rothſay ſtapt the faing teir;
"O hatefu curſed deid!
"Sae Draffan ſeiks our ſiſter's luve,
"Nor feirs far ither meid!"

Swith on the word an arrow cam
Frae ane o Rothſay's band,
And ſmote on Draffan's lifted targe,
Syne Rothſays ſplent it fand.
Perc'd throuch the knie to his ferce ſteid,
Wha pranc'd wi egre pain,
The chief was forcd to quit the ſtryfe,
And ſeik the nether plain.

His minſtrals there wi dolefu care
The bludy ſhaft withdrew;
But that he ſae was bar'd the fecht
Sair did the leider rue.
'Cheir ye my mirrie men,' Draffan cryd,
Wi meikle pryde and glie;
'The priſe is ours; nae chieftan bides
'Wi us to bate the grie.'

That hautie boaſt heard Hardyknute,
Whar he lein'd on his ſpeir,
Sair weiried wi the nune-tide heat,
And toilſum deids of weir.
The firſt ſicht, whan he paſt the thrang,
Was Malcolm on the ſwaird:
"Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,
"And thy youtheid had ſpard!

"Draffan I ken thy ire, but now
"Thy micht I mein to ſee!"
But eir he ſtrak the deidly dint
The ſyre was on his knie.
'Lord Hardyknute ſtryke gif ye may,
'I neir will ſtryve wi thee;
'Forfend your dochter ſee you ſlayne
'Frae whar ſhe ſits on hie!

‘ Yeſtrene the prieſt in haly band
‘ Me joind wi Fairly deir ;
‘ For her ſake let us part in peace,
‘ And neir meet mair in weir.’
“ Oh king of hevin, what ſeimly ſpeech
“ A featour’s lips can ſend !
“ And art thou he wha baith my ſons
“ Brocht to a bluidy end ?

“ Haſte, mount thy ſteid, or I ſall licht
“ And meit thee on the plain ;
“ For by my forbere’s ſaul we neir
“ Sall part till ane be ſlayne.”
‘ Now mind thy aith,’ ſyne Draffan ſtout
To Allan leudly cryd,
Wha drew the ſhynand blade bot dreid
And perc’d his maſters ſyde.

Law to the bleiding eard he fell,
And dethe ſune clos’d his eyne.
“ Draffan, till now I did na ken
“ Thy dethe cold muve my tein.
“ I wold to Chryſte thou valiant youth,
“ Thou wert in life again ;
“ May ill befa my ruthles wrauth
“ That brocht thee to ſic pain !

" Fairly, anes a my joy and pryde,
" Now a my grief and bale,
" Ye maun wi haly maidens byde
" Your deidly faut to wail.
" To Icolm beir ye Draffan's corſe,
" And dochter anes ſae deir,
" Whar ſhe may pay his heidles luve
" Wi mony a mournfu teir."

# II. CHILD MAURICE.

CHILD MAURICE was an erle's ſon,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yit his meikle pride,
But for his dame, a lady gay
Wha livd on Carron ſide.

' Whar ſall I get a bonny boy,
' That will win hoſe and ſhoen,
' That will gae to lord Barnard's ha,
' And bid his lady come ?

' And ye maun rin errand Willie,
' And ye maun rin wi ſpeid;
' When ither boys gang on their feet
' Ye ſall ha prancing ſteid.'

" O no! oh no! my maſter deir!
" I dar na for my life;
" I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
" For to trieſt furth his wife."

' My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
' My deir Willie, he ſaid,
' How can ye ſtrive againſt the ſtreim ?
' For I ſall be obeyd.'

" But O my maſter deir! he cryd,
" In grenewode ye're your lane;
" Gi owr ſic thochts I wald ye red,
" For ſeir ye ſold be tane."

' Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha,
' Bid her come here wi ſpeid;
' If ye refuſe my hie command,
' I'll gar your body bleid.

' Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
' Tis a gowd but the hem;
' Bid her come to the gude grenewode,
' Ein by herſel alane:

' And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
' Her ain hand ſewd the ſleeve;
' And bid her come to Child Maurice;
' Speir nae bauld baron's leive.'

" Yes I will gae your black errand,
" Thouch it be to your coſt;
" Sen ye will nae be warnd by me,
" In it ye ſall find froſt.

" The baron he's a man o micht,
" He neir cold bide to taunt:
" And ye will ſee before its nicht,
" Sma cauſe ye ha to vaunt.

" And ſen I maun your errand rin,
" Sae ſair againſt my will,
" I'ſe mak a vow, and keip it trow,
" It ſall be done for ill."

Whan he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And whan he came to graſs growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnards yeat,
Wold neither chap nor ca,
But ſet his bent bow to his breiſt,
And lichtly lap the wa.

He wald na tell the man his errand
Thoch he ſtude at the yeat;
But ſtreight into the ha he cam,
Whar they were ſet at meat.

' Hail! hail! my gentle ſire and dame!
' My meſſage winna wait,
' Dame ye maun to the grenewode gae,
' Afore that it be late.

' Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
' Tis a gowd bot the hem:
' Ye maun haſte to the gude grenewode,
' Ein by yourſell alane.

'And there it is, a ſilken ſark,
'Your ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
'Ye maun gae ſpeik to Child Maurice;
'Speir na bauld baron's leive.'

The lady ſtamped wi her foot,
And winked wi her eie;
But a that ſhe cold ſay or do,
Forbidden he wald nae be.

"It's ſurely to my bower-woman,
"It neir cold be to me."
'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,
'I trow that ye be ſhe.'

Then up and ſpak the wylie nurſe,
(The bairn upon her knie),
"If it be come from Child Maurice
"It's deir welcum to me."

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurſe,
'Sae loud as I heir ye lie;
'I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady
'I trow ye be nae ſhee.'

Then up and ſpake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he:
He has tane the table wi his foot,
Sae has he wi his knie,
Till cryſtal cup and ezar diſh
In ſlinders he gard flie.

"Gae

" Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
" Wi a the haſte ye can,
" And I'll gae to the gude grenewode,
" And ſpeik wi your lemman."

' O bide at hame now lord Barnard!
' I ward ye bide at hame;
' Neir wyte a man for violence,
' Wha neir wyte ye wi nane.'

Child Maurice ſat in the grenewode,
He whiſtled and he ſang:
" O what meins a the folk coming?
" My mother tarries lang."

The baron to the grenewode cam,
Wi meikle dule and care;
And there he firſt ſpyd Child Maurice,
Kaming his yellow hair.

' Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,
' My lady loes thee weil:
' The faireſt part of my body
' Is blacker than thy heil.

' Yet neir the leſs now, Child Maurice,
' For a thy great bewtie,
' Ye'ſe rew the day ye eir was born;
' That head ſall gae wi me.'

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
And ſlaided owr the ſtrae;
And throuch Child Maurice fair body
He gar'd the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid,
And ſet it on a ſpeir;
The meineſt man in a his train,
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,
Laid him acroſs his ſteid;
And brocht him to his painted bower
And laid him on a bed.

The lady on the caſtle wa
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there ſhe ſaw Child Maurice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

"Better I loe that bluidy heid,
"Bot and that yellow hair,
"Than lord Barnard and a his lands
"As they lig here and there."

And ſhe has tane Child Maurice heid,
And kiſſed baith cheik and chin;
"I was anes fow of Child Maurice
"As the hip is o the ſtane.

"I gat

" I gat ye in my father's houſe
" Wi meikle ſin and ſhame;
" I brocht ye up in the grenewode
" Ken'd to myſell alane:

" Aft have I by thy craddle ſitten,
" And fondly ſein thee ſleip;
" But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
" A mother's teirs to weip."

Again ſhe kiſs'd his bluidy cheik,
Again his bluidy chin;
" O better I loed my ſon Maurice,
" Than a my kyth and kin!"

' Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
' An ill dethe may ye die!
' Gin I had ken'd he was your ſon
' He had neir been ſlayne by me.'

" Obraid me not, my lord Barnard!
" Obraid me not for ſhame!
" Wi that ſam ſpeir, O perce my heart,
" And ſave me frae my pain!

" Since naething but Child Maurice head
" Thy jealous rage cold quell
" Let that ſame hand now tak her lyfe,
" That neir to thee did ill.

" To

" To me nae after days nor nichts
" Will eir be ſaft or kind:
" I'll fill the air wi heavy ſichs,
" And greit till I be blind."

' Eneuch of bluid by me's been ſpilt,
' Seek not your dethe frae me;
' I'd rather far it had been myſel,
' Than either him or thee.

' Wi hopeleſs wae I hear your plaint,
' Sair, ſair, I rue the deid.—
' That eir this curſed hand of mine
' Sold gar his body bleid!

' Dry up your teirs, my winſome dame,
' They neir can heal the wound;
' Ye ſee his heid upon the ſpeir,
' His heart's bluid on the ground.

' I curſe the hand that did the deid,
' The heart that thocht the ill,
' The feet that bare me wi ſic ſpeid,
' The comlie youth to kill.

' I'll aye lament for Child Maurice
' As gin he war my ain;
' I'll neir forget the dreiry day
' On which the youth was ſlain.'

III.

## III. ADAM O GORDON.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
Whan the wind blew ſhrill and cauld:
Said Adam o Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And what a hauld ſall we draw to,
"My mirrie men and me?
"We will gae ſtrait to Towie houſe
"And ſee that fair ladie."

The lady on her caſtle wa
Beheld baith dale and down,
When ſhe was ware of a hoſt of men
Riding toward the toun.

'O ſee ye not, my mirry men a,
'O ſee ye not what I ſee?
'Methinks I ſee a hoſt of men,
'I marvel wha they be.'

She

She wein'd it had been her luvely lord,
As he came ryding hame;
It was the traitor Adam o Gordon,
Wha reck'd nae ſin or ſhame.

She had nae ſuner buſked herſel,
And putten on her gown,
Than Adam o Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

The lady ran to hir touir heid
Sae faſt as ſhe cold drie,
To ſee if by her ſpeiches fair
She cold wi him agree.

But whan he ſaw the lady ſafe,
And the yates a locked faſt,
He fell into a rage of wrauth,
And his heart was all aghaſt.

" Cum doun to me ye lady gay,
" Cum doun, Cum doun to me:
" This nicht ye ſall lye in my arms,
" The morrow my bride ſall be."

' I winna cum doun ye fauſe Gordon,
' I winna cum doun to thee;
' I winna forſake my ain deir lord,
' Thouch he is far frae me.'

" Give

" Give owr your houſe, ye lady fair,
" Give owr your houſe to me;
" Or I ſall brin yourſel therein,
" Bot and your babies thrie."

' I winna give owr, ye fauſe Gordon,
' To nae ſic traitor as thee;
' And if ye brin me and my babes,
' My lord ſall mak ye drie.

' But reach my piſtol, Glaud my man,
' And charge ye weil my gun,
' For, bot if I perce that bluidy butcher,
' We a ſall be undone.'

She ſtude upon the caſtle wa
And let twa bullets flie;
She miſt that bluidy butchers heart,
And only razd his knie.

" Set fire to the houſe," cryd fauſe Gordon,
A wood wi dule and ire;
" Fauſe lady ye ſall rue this deid
" As ye brin in the fire."

' Wae worth, wae worth ye Jock my man,
' I paid ye weil your fee;
' Why pow ye out the ground-wa ſtane
' Lets in the reik to me?

' And

'And ein wae worth ye Jock my man
'I paid ye weil your hire;
'Why pow ye out the ground wa ſtane
'To me lets in the fire?'

"Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,
"Ye paid me weil my fee:
"But now I'm Adam o Gordon's man;
"And maun or doe or die."

O than beſpak her little ſon
Frae aff the nource's knie,
'Oh mither deir, gi owr this houſe,
'For the reik it ſmithers me!'

"I wald gie a my gowd, my chyld,
"Sae wald I a my fee,
"For ae blaſt o the weſtlin wind,
"To blaw the reik frae thee."

O than beſpak her dochter deir,
She was baith jimp and ſma,
'O row me in a pair o ſheits,
'And tow me owr the wa.'

They rowd her in a pair o ſheits,
And towd her our the wa,
But on the point o Gordon's ſpeir,
She gat a deidly fa.

O bonnie

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,
And chirry were her cheiks;
And cleir cleir was her yellow hair,
Wharon the red bluid dreips!

Than wi his ſpeir he turnd her owr—
O gin her face was wan!
Quoth he," ye are the firſt that eir
" I wiſhd alive again."

He turnd her our and our again—
O gin her ſkin was white!
" I micht ha ſpair'd that bonny face
" To hae been ſum mans delyte.

" Buſk and bown, my mirry men a,
" For ill doom I do gueſs:
" I canna luik on that bonnie face,
" As it lyes on the graſs."

' Wha luik to freits, my maſter deir,
' Freits will ay follow them:
' Let it neir be ſaid, Adam o Gordon
' Was daunted by a dame.'

But whan the lady ſaw the fire
Cum flaming our her heid,
She weip'd, and kiſt her children twain;
" My bairns we been but deid."

The

The Gordon than his bugil blew,
And ſaid, 'Awa, awa:
'Sen Towie Houſe is a in a flame,
'I hauld it time to ga.'

O than beſpied her ain deir lord,
As he cam owr the lee;
He ſaw his caſtle a in a blaze
Sae far as he cold ſee.

Then ſair, O ſair, his mind miſgave,
And a his heart was wae;
"Put on, put on, my wichty men,
"Sae faſt as ye can gae.

"Put on, put on, my wichty men,
"Sae faſt as ye can drie;
"He that is hindmoſt o the thrang
"Sall neir get gude o me."

Than ſum they rode, and ſum they ran,
Fu faſt owtowr the bent,
But eir the formoſt could win up
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And weipt in teinfu mude:
"Ah traitors, for this cruel deid
"Ye ſall weip teirs o bluid!"

Oh,

And after the Gordon he has gane,
Sae faſt as he micht drie:
And ſune in his foul hartis bluid
He has wreken his deir ladie.

## IV. SIR HUGH;

### OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

THE bonnie boys o merry Lincoln
War playin at the ba;
And wi them ſtude the ſweet Sir Hugh,
The flower amang them a.

He kepped the ba there wi his foot,
And catchd it wi his knie,
Till in at the cruel Jew's window
Wi ſpeid he gard it flie.

'Caſt out the ba to me, fair maid,
'Caſt out the ba to me:'—
"Ye neir ſall hae't my bonnie Sir Hugh,
"Till ye come up to me.

"Cum up ſweet Hugh, cum up dear Hugh
"Cum up and get the ba;"
'I winna cum up, I winna cum up
'Without my playferes a.'

And ſhe has gane to her father's garden
Sae faſt as ſhe cold rin;
And powd an apple red and white
To wyle the young thing in.

She

She wyld him ſune throuch ae chamber,
And wyld him ſune throuch twa;
And neiſt they cam to her ain chamber,
The faireſt o them a.

She has laid him on a dreſſin board,
Whar ſhe was uſd to dine;
And ſtack a penknife to his heart,
And dreſs'd him like a ſwine.

She row'd him in a cake o lead,
And bade him lye and ſleip;
Syne threw him in the Jew's draw-well,
Fu fifty fathom deip.

Whan bells were rung, and maſs was ſung,
And ilka lady gaed hame;
Than ilka lady had her young ſon,
But lady Helen had nane.

She row'd her mantel her about,
And ſair ſair can ſhe weip;
She ran wi ſpeid to the Jew's caſtel,
When a war faſt aſleip.

'My bonnie Sir Hugh, your mither calls,
'I pray thee to her ſpeik:'
"O lady rin to the deip draw-well
"Gin ye your ſon wad ſeik."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And kneel'd upon her knie ;
' My bonnie Sir Hugh gin ye be here,
' I pray ye ſpeik to me !'

" The lead is wondrous heavy mither,
" The well is wondrous deip ;
" A keene penknife ſticks in my heart,
" A word I dounae ſpeik.

" Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
" Fetch me my winding ſheet ;
" For again in merry Lincoln toun
" We twa ſall never meit."

# V. FLODDEN FIELD;

## OR, THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I Have heard o lilting at the ewes milking,
Laſſes a lilting eir the break o day;
But now I hear moaning on ilka green loaning,
Sen our bra foreſters are a wed away.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are ſcorning,
The laſſes are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbing, but ſiching and ſabbing;
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

At een in the gloming nae ſwankies are roaming,
'Mang ſtacks wi the laſſes at bogle to play;
For ilk ane ſits dreary, lamenting her deary;
The Flowers o the Foreſt, wha're a wed away.

In harſt at the ſheiring na yonkers are jeiring;
The banſters are lyart, runkled, and gray;
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching,
Sen our bra foreſters are a wed away.

O dule for the order ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh for anes by gyle wan the day.
The Flowers o the Foreſt, wha ay ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime o the land lye cauld in the clay!

## VI. EDWARD.

WHY does your brand ſae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your brand ſae drap with bluid,
And why ſae ſad gang ye O!
O I hae killd my hauk ſae gude,
Mither, mither:
O I hae killd my hauk ſae gude;
And I had nae mair but he, O!

Your haukis bluid was nevir ſae reid,
Edward, Edward.
Your haukis bluid was nevir ſae reid,
My deir ſon I tell thee O!
I hae killd my reid roan ſteid,
Mither, mither:
O I hae killd my reid roan ſteid
That erſt was fair and frie O!

Your ſteid was auld, and ye hae mair,
Edward, Edward:
Your ſteid was auld, and ye hae mair,
Sum ither dule ye drie, O!
O I hae killd my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O I hae killd my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is me O!

What

What penance will ye drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
What penance will ye drie for that,
My deir ſon now tell me O!
I'll ſet my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither:
I'll ſet my feet in yonder boat!
And I'le fare owr the ſea, O!

What will ye do wi touirs and ha,
Edward, Edward?
What will ye do wi touirs and ha,
That were ſae fair to ſee, O!
I'le let them ſtand till they doun fa,
Mither, mither:
I'le let them ſtand till they doun fa,
For heir I maunae be O!

What will ye leive to bairns and wife,
Edward, Edward?
What will ye leive to bairns and wife,
When ye gang owr the ſea O!
The warld's room to beg throuch life,
Mither, mither:
The warld's room to beg throuch life,
For them I neir maun ſee, O!

What will ye leive to your mither deir,
Edward, Edward ?
What will ye leive to your mither deir,
My deir ſon, now tell me O !
The curſe of hell frae me ſall ye beir,
Mither, mither :
The curſe of hell frae me ſall ye beir,
Sic counſeils ye gied me, O !

## VII. SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

THE King ſits in Dunfermlin toun,
Drinking the bluid-red wine:
"Whar ſall I get a gude ſailor,
"To ſail this ſhip o mine?"

Than up and ſpak an eldern knicht,
Wha ſat at his richt knie;
'Sir Patrick Spence is the beſt ſailor,
'That ſails upon the ſea.'

The king has written a braid letter,
And ſignd it wi his hand;
And ſent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Wha walked on the ſand.

The firſt line that Sir Patrick red,
A leud lauch lauched he;
The neiſt line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his eie.

"O wha can he be that has don
"This deid o ill to me,
"To ſend me at this time o yeir
"To ſail upo the ſea?

"Mak

" Mak haſte, mak haſte, my mirry men a
" Our gude ſhip ſails the morne."
' O ſay na ſae, my maſter deir,
' For I feir deidly ſtorm.

' I ſaw the new moon late yeſtrene,
' Wi the auld moon in her arm;
' And I fear, I fear, my maſter deir,
' That we will cum to harm.'

Our Scottiſh nobles were richt laith
To weit their ſhyning ſhoen;
But lang or a the play was owr,
They wat their heids aboon.

O lang lang may their ladies ſit
And luik outowr the ſand,
Or eir they ſee the bonnie ſhip
Cum ſailing to the land!

Mair than haf owr to Aberdour—
It's fifty fathom deip—
Lyes gude Sir Patrick Spence for aye
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

## VIII. LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my babe, lye ſtill and ſleip,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weip;
If thou'lt be ſilent I'll be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart full ſad;
Balow my boy, thy mither's joy;
Thy father breids me great annoy.

Whan he began to ſeik my luve,
And wi his ſucred words to muve;
His feining fauſe, and flattering cheir,
To me that time did nocht appeir;
But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

Lye ſtill, my darling, ſleip a while,
And whan thou wakeſt ſweitly ſmile;
But ſmile nae as thy father did
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid,
What yet I feir, that thou ſold leir
Thy father's heart and face to beir!

Be ſtill, my ſad one: ſpare thoſe teirs,
To weip whan thou haſt wit and yeirs;
Thy griefs are gathering to a ſum,
God grant thee patience when they cum;
Born to ſuſtain a mother's ſhame,
A father's fall, a baſtard's name.

Balow, &c.

IX. The

## IX. THE EARL OF MURRAY.

YE Hielands and ye Lawlands
O whar hae ye been?
They have ſlain the Earl of Murray
And laid him on the green!

'Now wae be to you Huntly!
'O wharfore did ye ſae?
'I bad you bring him wi you;
'But forbad you him to ſlay.'

He was a bra galant,
And he rid at the ring;
The bonnie Earl of Murray
He micht ha been a king.

He was a bra galant,
And he playd at the ba;
The bonnie Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a.

He was a bra galant,
And he playd at the gluve;
The bonnie Earl of Murray
He was the queen's luve.

O lang will his lady
Look owr the caſtle downe,
Ere ſhe ſee the Earl of Murray
Cum ſounding throuch the toun!

## X. SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

O Heard ye o Sir James the Roſe,
The young heir o Buleighan?
For he has kill'd a gallant ſquire,
Whaſe friends are out to tak him.

Now he has gane to the houſe o Mar,
Whar nane might ſeik to find him;
To ſee his dear he did repair,
Weining ſhe wold befreind him.

'Whar are ye gaing Sir James,' ſhe ſaid,
'O whar awa are ye riding?'
"I maun be bound to a foreign land,
"And now I'm under hiding."

"Whar ſall I gae, whar ſall I rin,
"Whar ſall I rin to lay me?
"For I ha kill'd a gallant ſquire,
"And his friends ſeik to ſlay me."

'O gae ye doun to yon laigh houſe,
'I ſall pay there your lawing;
'And as I am your leman trew,
'I'll meet ye at the dawing.

He

He turnd him richt and round about
And rowd him in his brechan:
And laid him doun to tak a ſleip,
In the lawlands o Buleighan.

He was nae weil gane out o ſicht,
Nor was he paſt Milſtrethen,
Whan four and twenty belted knichts
Cam riding owr the Leathen.

'O ha ye ſeen Sir James the Roſe,
'The young heir o Buleighan?
'For he has kill'd a gallant ſquire,
'And we are ſent to tak him.'

"Yea, I ha ſeen Sir James,' ſhe ſaid,
"He paſt by here on Monday;
"Gin the ſteed be ſwift than he rides on,
"He's paſt the Hichts of Lundie."

But as wi ſpeid they rade awa,
She leudly cryd behind them;
"Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meid,
"I'll tell ye whar to find him."

'O tell fair maid, and, on our band,
'Ye'ſe get his purſe and brechan.'
"He's in the bank aboon the mill,
"In the lawlands o Buleighan."

Than out and ſpak Sir John the Graham,
Who had the charge a keiping,
" It's neer be ſaid, my ſtalwart feres,
" We killd him whan a ſleiping."

They ſeized his braid ſword and his targe,
And cloſely him ſurrounded:
" O pardon! mercy! gentlemen,"
He then ſou loudly ſounded.

' Sic as ye gae ſic ye ſall hae
' Nae grace we ſhaw to thee can.'
" Donald my man, wait till I fa,
" And ye ſall hae my brechan;
" Ye'll get my purſe thouch ſou o gowd
" To tak me to Loch Lagan."

Syne they tuke out his bleiding heart,
And ſet it on a ſpeir;
Then tuke it to the houſe o Mar,
And ſhawd it to his deir.

' We cold nae gie Sir James's purſe,
' We cold nae gie his brechan,
' But ye ſall ha his bleeding heart
' Bot and his bleeding tartan.'

" Sir James the Roſe, O for thy ſake
" My heart is now a breaking,
" Curs'd be the day, I wrocht thy wae
" Thou brave heir of Buleighan!

Then

Then up ſhe raiſe, and furth ſhe gaes;
And, in that hour o tein,
She wanderd to the dowie glen,
And nevir mair was ſein.

## XI. The LAIRD OF WOODHOUSELIE.

From TRADITION.

SHYNING was the painted ha
Wi gladſum torches bricht;
Full twenty gowden dames ſat there,
And ilkane by a knicht:
Wi muſic cheir,
To pleaſe the eir,
Whan bewtie pleaſd the ſicht.

Wi cunning ſkill his gentle meid
To chant, or warlike fame,
Ilk damſel to the minſtrels gied
Some favorit chieftan's name:
"Sing Salton's praiſe,"
The lady ſays—
In ſuith ſhe was to blame.

'By my renown ye wrang me fair,'
Quoth hautie Woodhouſelie,
'To praiſe that youth o ſma report,
'And never deim on me:
'Whan ilka dame
'Her fere cold name,
'In a this companie.'

The morn ſhe to her nourice yeed;
" O meikle do I feir,
" My lord will ſlay me, ſin yeſtrene
" I prais'd my Salton deir!
" I'll hae nae eaſe,
" Till Hevin it pleaſe,
" That I lye on my beir."

' Mair wold I lay him on his beir,'
The craftie nourice ſaid;
' My ſaw gin ye will heid but anes
' That ſall nae be delaid.'
" O nourice ſay,
" And, by my fay,
" Ye ſall be weil appaid."

' Take ye this drap o deidly drug
' And put it in his cup,
' When ye gang to the gladſum ha,
' And ſit ye doun to ſup:
' Whan he has gied
' To bed bot dreid,
' He'll never mair riſe up.'

And

And ſhe has tane the deidly drug
And pat it in his cup,
Whan they gaed to the gladſum ha,
And ſat them down to ſup:
And wi ill ſpeid
To bed he gied,
And never mair raiſe up.

The word came to his father auld
Neiſt day by hour of dyne,
That Woodhouſelie had died yeſtrene,
And his dame had held the wyne.
Quoth he "I vow
"By Mary now,
"She ſall meit ſure propine."

Syne he has flown to our gude king,
And at his feet him layne;
'O juſtice! juſtice! royal liege,
'My worthy ſon is ſlayne.
'His lady's feid
'Has wrocht the deid,
'Let her receive the paine.'

Sair muvit was our worthy king,
And an angry man was he ;
' Gar bind her to the deidly ſtake,
' And birn her on the lie :
' That after her
' Na bluidy fere
' Her reckleſs lord may flee.'

" O wae be to ye, nourice,
" An ill dethe may ye drie !
" For ye prepar'd the deidly drug
" That gard my deiry die :
" May a the paine
" That I darraine
" In ill time, licht on thee !

" O bring to me my goun o black,
" My mantel, and my pall ;
" And gie five merks to the friars gray
" To pray for my poor ſaul :
" And ilka dame,
" O gentle name,
" Bewar o my ſair fall."

# XII. LORD LIVINGSTON.

From TRADITION.

'GRAITH my ſwifteſt ſteid,' ſaid Livingſton,
'But nane of ye gae wi me;
'For I maun awa by myſel alane
'To the foot of the grenewode tree.

Up ſpak his dame wi meikle ſpeid.
"My lord I red ye bide;
"I dreimd a dreiry dreim laſt nicht:
"Nae gude ſall you betide."

'What freit is this, my lady deir,
'That wald my will gainſtand?'
"I dreimd that I gaed to my bouir dore,
"And a deid man tuke my hand."

'Suith dreims are ſcant,' ſaid the proud baron,
And leuch wi jearing glie;
'But for this ſweit kiſs my winſum dame
'Neiſt time dreim better o me.'

'For I hecht to meit with lord Rothmar,
'To chaſe the fallow deer;
'And ſpeid we weil, by the our o nune,
'We ſall return bot feir.'

Frae his fair lady's ſicht he ſtrave
His ettling ſae to hide;
But frae the grenewode he came nae back,
Sin eir that deidly tide.

For Rothmar met him there bot fail,
And bluidy was the ſtrife;
Lang eir the nunetide meſs was rung,
They baith war twin'd o life.

'Forgie, forgie me, Livingſton!
'That I lichtly ſet by your dame;
'For ſurely in a the warld lives not
'A lady mair free frae blame.

'Accurſed be my lawles luve
'That wrocht us baith ſic tein!'
"As I forgie my freind anes deir,
"Sae may I be forgien.

"Thouch ye my counſeil ſold ha tane
"The gait of gyle to eſchew;
"Yet may my ſaul receive ſic grace
"As I now gie to you."

The lady in her mournfu bouir
Sat wi richt heavy cheir,
In ilka ſough that the laigh wind gied
She weind her deir lord to heir.

Whan

Whan the ſun gaed down, and mirk nicht came,
O teirfu were her eyne !
' I feir, I feir, it was na for nocht
' My dreims were ſae dowie yeſtrene !'

Lang was the nicht, but whan the morn cam,
She ſaid to her menie ilk ane ;
' Haſte, ſaddle your ſteids, and ſeik the grenewode,
' For I feir my deir lord is ſlain,'

Richt ſune they fand their lord and Rothmar
Deid in ilk ither's arm :
' I gueſs my deir lord that luve of my name
' Alane brocht thee to ſic harm.'

' Neir will I forget thy ſeimly meid,
' Nor yet thy gentle luve ;
' For ſevin lang yeirs my weids of black
' That I luvd thee as weil ſall pruve,'

# XIII. BINNORIE.

From TRADITION.

*To preſerve the tone, as well as the ſenſe of this Ballad, the burden ſhould be repeated through the whole, though it is here omitted for the ſake of conciſeneſs.*

THERE were twa ſiſters livd in a bouir;
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Their father was a baron of pouir,
By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie.
The youngeſt was meek, and fair as the May,
Whan ſhe ſprings in the eaſt wi the gowden day:
The eldeſt auſterne as the winter cauld,
Ferce was her ſaul, and her ſeiming was bauld.
A gallant ſquire cam ſweet Iſabel to wooe;
Her ſiſter had naething to luve I trow;
But filld was ſhe wi dolour and ire,
To ſee that to her the comlie ſquire
Preferd the debonair Iſabel:
Their hevin of luve of ſpyte was her hell.
Till ae ein ſhe to her ſiſter can ſay
"Sweit ſiſter cum let us wauk and play."
They wauked up, and they wauked down,
Sweit ſang the birdis in the vallie loun!

Whan

Whan they cam to the roaring lin,
She drave unweiting Iſabel in.
'O ſiſter! ſiſter! tak my hand,
'And ye ſall hae my ſilver fan;
'O ſiſter! ſiſter! tak my middle
'And ye ſall hae my gowden girdle.'
Sumtimes ſhe ſank, ſumtimes ſhe ſwam,
Till ſhe cam to the miller's dam:
The miller's dochter was out that ein
And ſaw her rowing down the ſtream.
"O father deir! in your mil dam
"There is either a lady or a milk white ſwan!"
Twa days were gane whan to her deir
Her wraith at deid of nicht cold appeir:
'My luve, my deir, how can ye ſleip,
'Whan your Iſabel lyes in the deip?
'My deir, how can ye ſleip bot pain,
'Whan ſhe by her cruel ſiſter is ſlain?'
Up raiſe he ſune in frichtfu mude,
'Buſk ye my meiny and ſeik the flude.'
They ſocht her up, and they ſocht her doun,
And ſpyd at laſt her gliſterin gown:
They rais'd her wi richt meikle care;
Pale was her cheik, and grein was her hair!
'Gae, ſaddle to me my ſwifteſt ſteid,
'Her fere, by my fae, for her dethe ſall bleid.'
A page cam rinning out owr the lie,
"O heavie tydings I bring!" quoth he,

"My

" My luvely lady is far awa gane,
" We weit the fairy hae her tane:
" Her ſiſter gaed wood wi dule and rage,
" Nocht cold we do her mind to ſuage.
" O Iſabel! my ſiſter!" ſhe wold cry,
' For thee will I weip, for thee will I die!'
" Till late yeſtrene in an elric hour
" She lap frae aft the hicheſt touir"——
' Now ſleip ſhe in peace!' quoth the gallant Squire,
' Her dethe was the maiſt that I cold require:
' But I'll main for thee my Iſabel deir,
' Binnorie, O Binnorie!
' Full mony a dreiry day, bot weir,
' By the bonnie mildams of Binnorie.'

XIV. THE

## XIV. THE DEATH OF MENTEITH.

From TRADITION.

SHRILLY ſhriek'd the raging wind,
And rudelie blew the blaſt;
Wi awſum blink, throuch the dark ha,
The ſpeidy lichtning paſt.

'O hear ye nae, frae mid the loch,
'Ariſe a deidly grane?
'Sae evir does the ſpirit warn,
'Whan we ſum dethe maun mane.

'I feir, I feir me, gude Sir John,
'Ye are nae ſafe wi me:
'What wae wald fill my hairt gin ye
'Sold in my caſtle drie!"

"Ye neid nae feir, my leman deir,
"I'm ay ſafe whan wi thee;
"And gin I maun nae wi thee live,
"I here wad wiſh to die.

His man cam rinning to the ha
Wi wallow cheik belyve:
'Sir John Menteith, your faes are neir,
'And ye maun flie or ſtrive.

"What

" What count ſyne leids the cruel knicht?"
' Thrie ſpeirmen to your ane:
' I red ye flie, my maſter deir,
' Wi ſpeid, or ye'll be ſlain.'

" Tak ye this gown, my deir Sir John
" To hide your ſhyning mail:
" A boat waits at the hinder port
" Owr the braid loch to ſail."

" O whatten a piteous ſhriek was yon
" That ſough'd upo my eir?"
' Nae piteous ſhriek I trow, ladie,
' But the rouch blaſt ye heir.'

They ſocht the caſtle, till the morn,
Whan they were bown'd to gae,
They ſaw the boat turn'd on the loch,
Sir John's corſe on the brae.

## XV. LORD AIRTH's COMPLAINT.

From a MANUSCRIPT.

IF theſe ſad thoughts could be expreſs'd,
Wharwith my mind is now poſſeſs'd,
My paſſion micht, diſclos'd, have reſt,
My griefs reveal'd micht flie:
But ſtill that minde which dothe forbere
To yield a groan, a ſich, or teire,
May by it's prudence, much I fear,
Encreaſe it's miſerie.

My heart which ceaſes now to plaine,
To ſpeke it's griefs in mournful ſtraine,
And by ſad accents eaſe my paine,
Is ſtupefied with woe.
For leſſer cares doe murne and crie,
Whyle greater cares are mute and die;
As iſſues run a fountain drie,
Which ſtop'd wold overflow.

My

My ſichs are fled; no teirs now rin,
But ſwell to whelm my ſoul within,
How pitieful the caſe I'm in,
Admire but doe not trie.
My croſſes I micht juſtly pruve,
Are common ſorrows far abuve;
My griefs ay in a circle muve,
And will doe till I die.

## XVI.

### From TRADITION.

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me ſhe cries
To bear her company.
O would that in her darkſome bed
My weary frame to reſt were laid
From love and anguiſh free!

I hear, I hear the welcome ſound
Break ſlowly from the trembling mound
That ever calls on me:
Oh bleſſed virgin! could my power
Vye with my wiſh, this very hour
I'd ſleep death's ſleep with thee!

A lover's ſigh, a lover's tear,
Attended on thy timeleſs bier:
What more can fate require?
I hear, I hear the welcome ſound—
Yes, I will ſeek the ſacred ground,
And on thy grave expire.

The worm now taſtes that roſy mouth,
Where glowed, ſhort time, the ſmiles of youth;
And in my heart's dear home,
Her ſnowey boſom, loves to lye.—
I hear, I hear the welcome cry!
I come, my love! I come.

O life begone! thy irkſome ſcene
Can bring no comfort to my pain:
Thy ſcenes my pain recall!
My joy is grief, my life is dead,
Since ſhe for whom I lived is fled;
My love, my hope, my all.

Take, take me to thy lovely ſide,
Of my loſt youth thou only bride!
O take me to thy tomb!
I hear, I hear the welcome ſound!—
Yes life can fly at ſorrow's wound.
I come, I come, I come.

# FRAGMENTS.

## I.

AS I was walking by my lane,
Atween a water and a wa;
There ſune I ſpied a wee wee man,
He was the leaſt that eir I ſaw.

His legs were ſcant a ſhathmonts length,
And ſma and limber was his thie;
Between his ſhoulders was ae ſpan,
About his middle war but thrie.

He has tane up a meikle ſtane,
And flang't as far as I cold ſee;
Ein thouch I had been Wallace wicht,
I dought nae lift it to my knie.

'O wee wee man but ye be ſtrang!
'Tell me whar may thy dwelling be?'
"I dwell beneth that bonnie bouir,
"O will ye goe wi me and ſee?"

On we lap and awa we rade,
Till we cam to a bonny green;
We lichted ſyne to bait our ſteid,
And out there cam a ladie ſheen.

Wi four and twentie at her back,
A comly cled in gliſtering green:
Thouch there the king of Scots had ſtude,
The warſt micht weil ha been his quene.

On ſyne we paſt wi wondering cheir,
Till we cam to a bonny ha;
The roof was o the beaten gowd,
The flure was o the cryſtal a.

Whan we cam there wi wee wee knichts,
War ladies dancing jimp and ſma;
But in the twinkle of an eie,
Baith green and ha war clein awa.

* * * * * * * *

## II.

Earl Douglas then wham nevir knicht
Had valour mair nae courteſie,
Is now ſair blam'd by a the land
For lichtlying o his gay ladie.

* * * * *

'Gae little page, and tell my lord,
'Gin he will cum and dyne wi me,
'I'll ſet him on a ſeat o gowd,
'And ſerve him on my bended knie.'

* * * * *

'Now wae betide ye black Faſtneſs,
'Bot and an ill deid may ye die!
'Ye was the firſt and formoſt man
'Wha pairted my true lord and me.'

* * * * *

III.

* * * * * * * *

She has called to her her bouir maidens,
She has called them ane by ane:
"There lyes a deid man in my bouir,
"I wiſh that he war gane."

They ha booted him and ſpurred him,
As he was wont to ryde,
A hunting horn ty'd round his waiſt,
A ſharp ſword by his ſyde.

Then up and ſpak a bonnie bird,
That ſat upo the trie;
'What hae ye done wi Earl Richard,
'Ye was his gay ladie?'

"Cum doun, cum doun, my bonnie bird,
"And licht upo my hand;
"And ye ſhall hae a cage o gowd,
"Whar ye hae but the wand."

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
'Nae cage o gowd for me;
'As ye hae done to Earl Richard,
'Sae wad ye doe to me.'

* * * * * *

IV.

See ye the caſtle's lonelie wa,
That ryſes in yon yle ?
There Angus mourns that eir he did
His ſovereign's luve begyle.

* * * * * * * * *

'O will ye gae wi me, fair maid ?
'O will ye gae wi me ?
'I'll ſet you in a bouir o gowd
'Nae haly cell ye'ſe drie.'

"O meikle lever wald I gang
"To bide for aye wi thee,
"Than heid the king my father's will,
"The haly cell to drie.

"Sin I maun nevir ſee nor ſpeke
"Wi him I luve ſae deir,
"Ye are the firſt man in the land
"I wald cheis for my fere."

* * * * * * * *

V.

Whar yon cleir burn fra down the loch
Rins ſaftlie to the ſea,
There latelie bath'd in hete o nune
A ſquire of valour hie.

He kend nae that the fauſe mermaid
There us'd to beik and play,
Or he had neir gane to the bathe,
I trow, that dreirie day.

Nae ſuner had he deft his claiths,
Nae ſuner gan to ſwim,
Than up ſhe rais'd her bonnie face
Aboon the glittering ſtreim.

'O comlie youth, gin ye will cum
'And be my leman deir,
'Ye ſall ha pleaſance o ilk ſort,
'Bot any end or feir.

'I'll tak ye to my emraud ha
'Wi perles lichted round;
'Whar ye ſall live wi luve and me,
'And neir by bale be found.

* * * * * * * *

NOTES.

# NOTES.

## HARDYKNUTE.

### PART I.

HARDYKNUTE.] This name is of *Daniſh* extract, and ſignifies *Canute the Strong*. *Hardy* in the original implies *ſtrong*, not *valiant*; and though uſed in the latter ſenſe by the Engliſh, yet the Scots ſtill take it in its firſt acceptation. "The names in "Cunningham," ſays Sir David Dalrymple, "are all "Saxon, as is the name of the country itſelf." Annals of Scotland, *an.* 1160, *note.* The *Daniſh* and *Saxon* are both derived from the old *Gothic*, and

were ſo ſimilar, that an inhabitant of the one nation might underſtand one of the other ſpeaking in his proper tongue. From the names and whole tenor of this poem, I am inclined to think the chief ſcene is laid in Cunningham; where likewiſe the *battle of Largs*, ſuppoſed to be that ſo nobly deſcribed in the firſt part, was fought.

Ver. 5. *Britons.*] This was the common name which the Scots gave the Engliſh anciently, as may be obſerved in their old poets; and particularly *Blind Harry*, whoſe teſtimony indeed can only be relied on, as to the common language and manners of his time; his life of Wallace being a tiſſue of the moſt abſurd fables ever mingled.

V. 9. *Hie on a hill*, &c.] This neceſſary caution, in thoſe times, when ſtrength was the only protection from violence, is well painted by a contemporary French bard:

> Un chaſteau ſcay ſur roche eſpouvantable,
> En lieu venteux, la rive perilleuſe,
> La vy tyrant ſeant à haute table,
> En grand palais, en ſal plantureuſe, &c.
>
> *D'Alliac, Eveque de Cambray.*

V. 12. *Knicht.*] Theſe knights were only military officers attending the earls, barons, &c. as appears from the hiſtories of the middle ages. See Selden,

*Tit.*

*Tit. Hon. P.* II. *c.* 5. The name is of Saxon origin, and of remote antiquity, as is proved by the following fragment of a poem on the Spaniſh expedition of Charles the Great, written at that period:

*Sie zeſlugen ros unde man*
*Mit ire ſcarfen ſpiezen;*
*Thie gote moſen an theme plöte binnen uliezen:*
*Ther ſite was under goten* kneghten,
*Sic kunden wole vechten.* i. e.

Occiderunt equos et viros
Acutis ſuis haſtis;
Deos opportuit ſanguine fluere:
Hic mos erat inter nobiles *milites*,
Poterant optime pugnare.

*MS. de Bello Car. M. Hiſp. apud Keyſler diſſ. de Cultu Solis, Freji, & Othini*; Halæ, 1728.

The oath which the ancient knights of Scotland gave at their inveſtiture is preſerved in a letter of Drummond of Hawthorden to Ben Jonſon, and is as follows:

*I ſhall fortifie and defend the true holy Catholique and Chriſtian religion, preſently profeſſed, at all my power.*

*I ſhall be loyal and true to my Sovereign Lord the King his Majeſty; and do honour and reverence to all orders of chevalrie, and to the noble office of arms.*

*I ſhall*

*I ſhall fortifie and defend juſtice to the uttermoſt of my power, but feid or favour.*

*I ſhall never flie from the King's Majeſty my Lord and Maſter, or his lieutenant, in time of battel or medly, with diſhonour.*

*I ſhall defend my native country from all aliens and ſtrangers at all my power.*

*I ſhall maintain and defend the honeſt adoes and quarrels of all ladies of honour, widows, orphans, and maids of good fame.*

*I ſhall do diligence, wherever I hear tell there are any traitors, murtherers, rievers, and maſterful theeves and outlaws, that ſuppreſs the poor, to bring them to the law at all my power.*

*I ſhall maintain and defend the noble and gallant ſtate of chevalrie with horſes, harneſes, and other knichtly apparel to my power.*

*I ſhall be diligent to enquire, and ſeek to have the knowledge of all points and articles, touching or concerning my duty, contained in the book of chevalrie.*

*All and ſundry the premiſes I oblige me to keep and fulfill. So help me God by my own hand, and by God himſelf.*

A curious account of the riſe and progreſs of knighthood, and its influence on ſociety, may be found in a learned and ingenious work lately publiſhed by Dr. Stewart, intitled, *A View of Society in Europe, or Enquiries concerning the Hiſtory of Law, Government, and Manners.*

V. 16.

V. 16. *Emergard.*] In the common copies it is Elenor, and indeed in all the recitals I have heard; but in a late edition publiſhed with other Scottiſh ſongs at Edinburgh, 1776, it is rightly read as here. *Emergard*, or *Ermengarde*, was daughter of the Viſcount of Beaumont, and wife of Malcolm IV. She died in 1233. As the name was uncommon, and of difficult pronunciation, the rehearſers ſeem to have altered it to *Elenor*, which has none of theſe defects.

V. 25. *Fairly.*] This name ſeems likewiſe of Saxon origin. There is a ſmall iſland and a rivulet in Cunningham ſtill called *Fairly iſle* and *Fairly Burn*.

V. 43. *Twenty thouſand glitteri g ſpeirs*, &c.] This agrees with Buchanan's account, *Acho—viginti millia militum expoſuit*. lib. 7. Torfœus aſſerts this number of the Norwegians was left dead on the field.

V. 49. *Page.*] The Pages in the periods of chivalry were of honourable account. The young warriors were firſt denominated *pages*, then *valets*, or *damoiſeaux*, from which degree they reached that of *ecuyer*, or *ſquire*, and from this that of *knight*. See *Du Cange*, voc. *Valeti*, & *Domicellus*. *St. Palaye*, Mem. ſur l'anc. Cheval. *P.* I.

V. 61. *He has tane a horn*, &c ] The *horn*, or *bugil*, was anciently uſed by the Scots inſtead of the trumpet. They were ſometimes richly ornamented, as appears from Lindſay's deſcription of that of Sir Robert Cochran.

ran. "The horn he wore was adorned with jewels "and precious ſtones, and tipped with fine gold at "both ends." *Hiſt. of Scotland*, J. III.

V. 88. Weſtmoreland's *fierce heir.*] *Heir*, in the old Scottiſh acceptation, ſeems derived from the Latin *herus*, and ſignifies not *apparent ſucceſſor*, but *preſent lord*. As in the following lines of *Blind Harry*:

Of Southampton he heeht baith heir and lord.

B. 7. c. 1.

Of Gloceſter the huge lord and heir.

B. 12. c. 1.

And in this of *Dunbar*,

Beſoir *Maboun* the heir of hell.

V. 107—112.] This minute deſcription might lead us to ſuſpect, that a female hand had ſome part in this compoſition. But, before our minſtrel, Homer has ſhewn himſelf an adept in the lady's dreſs. To the curious remarks on the variation of the Britiſh habit, given us by Mr. Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, and Mr. Granger, in his *Biographical Hiſtory*, might be added the following notice from a reverend miniſter of the church of Scotland. "About 1698 the women got a cuſtome of "wearing few garments: I myſelfe have ſeen the young "briſk ladies walking on the ſtreets with maſks on their "faces, and with one onlie thin petticoat and their "ſmoak; ſo thin that one would make a conſcience of

"ſweiring

"ſweiring they were not naked." *Miſcellanies, by Mr. John Bell, miniſter at Gladſmuir*, MS. pen. edit. *title* Apparel.

V. 112. *Save that of Fairly fair.*] Working at the needle, &c. was reckoned an honourable employment by the greateſt ladies of thoſe times. Margaret, the queen of Malcolm III. as we learn from her life written by *Turgot* her confeſſor, employed the leiſure hours of her ladies in this manner. See Lord Hails's *Annals of Scotland*, an. 1093.

V. 121. *Sir Knicht.*] "The addition *Sir* to the "names of knights was in uſe before the age of Ed-"ward I. and is from *Sire*, which in old French ſignifies "*Seignieur* or Lord. Though applicable to all knights, "it ſerved properly to diſtinguiſh thoſe of the order "who were not barons." Dr. Stewart, *View of Society*, &c. Notes *on* ſect. 4. chap. ii. p. 269.

V. 123—128. The cuſtom of the ladies tending the wounded knights was common in thoſe romantic ages. *Lydgate*, whoſe ſtory is ancient, but whoſe manners are thoſe of his own times, has an inſtance in *The Story of Thebes*, part ii. Speaking of the daughter of Lycurgus and Tideus;

To a chamber ſhe led him up aloft
Full well beſeine, there in a bed right ſoft,

Richly

Richly abouten apparrailed
With clothe of gold, all the floure irailed
Of the ſame both in length and brede :
And firſt this lady, of her womanhede,
Her women did bid, as goodly as they can,
To be attendant unto this wounded man :
And when he was unarmed to his ſhert,
She made firſt waſh his woundis ſmert,
And ſerch hem well with divers inſtruments,
And made ſet ſundrie ointments, &c.

And in an excellent piece of old Engliſh poetry, ſtyled Sir Cauline, publiſhed by Dr. Percy in the firſt volume of his *Reliques*, when the king is informed that knight is ſick, he ſays,

Fetche me down my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine. v. 29, 30.

V. 145—152.] This ſtanza is now firſt printed. It is ſurpriſing it's omiſſion was not marked in the fragment formerly publiſhed, as without it the circumſtance of the knight's complaint is altogether foreign and vague. The loſs was attempted to be gloſſed over by many variations of the preceding four lines, but the defect was palpable to the moſt inattentive peruſer.

V. 154.

V. 154. *Lord Chattan.*] This is a very ancient and honourable Scottiſh ſurname. Some genealogiſts derive them from the *Chatti*, an ancient German tribe; but others, with more probability, from the *Gilchattan* of Ireland. St. *Chattan* was one of the firſt Scottiſh confeſſors, to whom was dedicated the priory of *Ardchattan* in Lorn, founded in 1230, and ſome others through the kingdom. The chief of the clan *Chattan* dying in the reign of David I. without male iſſue, the clan aſſumed the anceſtor of the *M'Pherſons* for ſuperior, by which means the name appears to have been loſt in that of *M'Pherſon*. See *Buchanan's Brief Enquiry into the Genealogy and Preſent State of Ancient Scottiſh Surnames*. Glaſgow, 1723, 4to, *p.* 67.

V. 159.] Though we learn from the laſt quoted author, that the clan *Chattan* are ſaid to have come into Scotland long before the expulſion of the Picts, yet I do not find this pretty anecdote, which is much in the ſpirit of Homer, has any foundation in hiſtory. The empire of the Picts was demoliſhed by Kenneth about four centuries before the apparent date of this poem.

V. 169. *Mak oriſons*, &c.] This is perfectly in the ſtyle of knighthood. Before they entered into combat they ſolemly invoked the aid of God, their Saviour, or their miſtreſs: religion and gallantry being the prime motives of all their adventures. *Les premieres*

*leçons*

*leçons qu'on leur donnoit regardoient principalement l'amour de Dieu et des dames, c'eſt à dire la religion et la galanterie.* St. Palaye, tome i. p. 7. The poets of theſe times began, in like manner, the deſcription of a ſavage conflict, or of their lady's graces, with religious invocation. Many examples of which appear in the *Hiſtoire des Troubadours* of L'Abbé Milot, and the *Specimens of Welſh Poetry* publiſhed by Mr. Evans. So blind is the untutored mind to the proper diſcrimination of it's ideas!

V. 179. *Playand Pibrochs.*] Of the *pibroch* I cannot give a better account than in the words of an excellent author. 'A pibroch is a ſpecies of tune peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and Weſtern Iſles of Scotland. It is performed on a bagpipe, and differs totally from all other muſic. Its rythm is ſo irregular, and its notes, eſpecially in the quick movement, ſo mixed and huddled together, that a ſtranger finds it almoſt impoſſible to reconcile his ear to it, ſo as to perceive its modulation. Some of theſe *pibrochs*, being intended to repreſent a battle, begin with a grave motion reſembling a march, then gradually quicken into the onſet; run off with noiſy confuſion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and purſuit; then ſwell into a few flouriſhes of triumphant joy; and perhaps cloſe with the wild and ſlow wailings of a funeral proceſſion.' *Eſſays by Dr. Beattie*, 8vo ed. p. 422. *note*.

V. 188.

V. 188. *Eir faes their dint mote drie.*] This is ſubſtituted in place of a line of conſummate nonſenſe, which has ſtained all the former editions. Many ſuch are corrected in this impreſſion from comparing different rehearſals, and ſtill more from conjecture. When an ignorant perſon is deſired to repeat a ballad, and is at a loſs for the original expreſſion, he naturally ſupplies it with whatever abſurdity firſt occurs to him, that will form a rime. Theſe the Editor made not the ſmalleſt ſcruple to correct, as he always imagined that common ſenſe might have its uſe even in emendatory criticiſm.

V. 203. *But on his forehead*, &c.] The circumſtances in this deſcription ſeem borrowed from thoſe of different battles betwixt the Kings of Scotland and Norway. I find in no hiſtorian that Alexander was wounded in the battle of Largs; on the contrary, it is even doubted whether he was preſent; but in that near *Nairn* Malcolm II. was wounded on the head. *Rex, accepto in capite vulnere, vix a ſuis in propinquum nemus ablatus, ac ibi equo poſitus, mortem evaſit.* Buchan. lib. VI.

V. 223. *Hire dames to wail your darling's fall.*] This cuſtom of employing women to mourn for the warriors who fell in battle, may be traced to the moſt diſtant antiquity. Lucilius, one of the earlieſt Roman poets, in a couplet preſerved by Nonius, mentions this practiſe;

*Mercede quæ conductæ flent alieno in funere præficæ*
*Multæ & capillos ſcindunt, & clamant magis.*

Among the Northern nations it partook of their barbarity. 'Inter eas autem ceremonias a barbara gente 'acceptas fuiſſe et has, ut genas roderunt mulierculæ, 'hoc eſt unguibus faciem dilaniarent et *leſſum* facerent, 'id eſt ſanguinem e venis mitterent, doloris teſtandi 'ergo; id quod Germani patria voce dicunt, *Ein laſſe 'thun oder haben.*' Elias Schedius *de Diis Germ.* Syng. II. c. 51. A ſimilar mode of teſtifying their grief for the death of their chiefs, ſtill obtains in the Highlands, as we are informed by Mr. Pennant in his amuſing *Tour in Scotland.*

V. 225. *Coſtly Jupe.*] This was the *Sagum*, or military veſt of the Gauls and Germans. Dr. Stewart has with curious ingenuity derived the ſcience of Blazonry from the ornaments which were in time added to them. *Ubi ſupra*, p. 286, 287.

V. 229. *Beir Norſe that gift*, &c.] This has been generally miſunderſtood: the meaning is, *Bear that gift to the King of Norway, and bid*, &c.

V. 239. 245.] Theſe vaunts are much in Homer's manner, and are finely characteriſtic. The obſcure metaphor which conveys them illuſtrates a beautiful remark of an ancient critic, That allegory has a ſublime effect when applied to threatning. Μεγαλεῖον δέ τί ἐϛιν καὶ ἡ Ἀλληγορία ϗ μάλιϛα ἐν ταῖς ἀπειλαις· οἷον ὡς ὁ Δεονύσιος ὅτι, "οἱ τέτλιγες ἀυτοῖς ἄσονται χαμοθεν." Demet. Phal. de Eloc. c. 99.

V. 265.

V. 265. *Whar lyke a fyre to bether ſet.*] This appoſite ſimile alludes to an ancient practice of the Scots, termed *Mure burning*. The progreſs of the flame was ſo quick, that many laws appear in their Acts of Parliament, prohibiting its being uſed when any corn was ſtanding on adjacent ground, though at a conſiderable diſtance from the ſpot where the flame was kindled.

V. 285. *Sore taken he was, fey!*] *Fey* here ſignifies only indeed, *in fay*, or, in faith: it is commonly uſed by the old Scottiſh poets in a ſarcaſtic or ironical ſenſe.

V. 305. *On Norway's coaſt*, &c.] Theſe verſes are in the fineſt ſtyle of Ballad poetry. They have been well imitated by a modern writer, who ſeems indebted, for the beſt ſtrokes of his firſt production, to a taſte for ſuch compoſitions:

> Ye dames of Denmark! even for you I feel,
> Who ſadly ſitting on the ſea-beat ſhore,
> Long look for Lords that never ſhall return.
>
> *Douglas*, Act III.

I cannot conclude my obſervations upon the deſcription here given of the battle, without adding, that though perhaps not the moſt ſublime, it is the moſt animated and intereſting to be found in any poet. It yields not to any in Oſſian for lively painting, nor to any in Homer for thoſe little anecdotes and ſtrokes of nature, which are ſo deſervedly admired in that maſter. 'Poetry and Rhetoric,' ſays the admirable author of an

Enquiry into the origin of our ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful, 'do not ſucceed in exact deſcription ſo well 'as Painting does; their buſineſs is to effect rather by 'ſympathy than imitation; to diſplay rather the effect 'of things on the mind of the ſpeaker, or of others, 'than to preſent a clear idea of the things themſelves. 'This is their moſt extenſive province, and that in 'which they ſucceed the beſt.' Will he forgive me if I offer this rude Scottiſh Poem as an example ſufficiently illuſtrative of this fine remark?

V. 321. *Loud and chill blew the Weſtlin wind*, &c.] This ſtorm is artfully raiſed by the magic of Poetry to heighten the terrible, which is ſoon carried to a degree not ſurpaſſed in any production ancient or modern. It will recall to the reader the like artifice employed in the moſt ſublime paſſage of *Taſſo's Gieruſalemme*, end of Canto 7.; and of *Homer's Iliad*, VIII. ver. 161. of Mr. Pope's Tranſlation,

V. 327. *Seimd now as black as mourning weid.*] It was anciently the cuſtom on any mournful event to hang the caſtle gates with black cloth. This is alluded to here, and more particularly mentioned in an excellent modern Ballad, entitled *The Birth of St. George*, which diſplays no mean knowledge of the manners of chivalry:

But when he reached his caſtle gate
His gate was hung with black.

*Reliques*, Vol. III. p. 222.

HAR-

## HARDYKNUTE. Part II.

I HAVE given the ſtanzas now added the title of a Second Part, though I had no authority from the recital. The break formerly made here by accident ſeemed to call for this pauſe to the reader.

V. 115. *Penants.*] Theſe were ſmall banners charged with the arms of the owner, and ſometimes borne over the helm of the ancient knight by his ſquire, and, as would ſeem, even that of the Prince, Earl, or Chief Baron, by his Baneret. See ver. 331. The Engliſh word is *penon:*

> And by his banner borne is his *penon*,
> Of gold full rich; in which there was ybete
> The minotaure than he wan in Crete,

Says Chaucer ſpeaking of Theſeus in *The Knight's Tale.*

V. 252. *Draffan's touirs.*] The ruins of Draffan-caſtle are in Lanarkſhire.—They ſtand upon a vaſt rock hanging over the *Nethan* (ſee v. 329.) which a little below runs into the *Clyde.* From this a houſe ſituated very nigh the ruins is called *Craignethan.* This caſtle is ſo ancient, that the country people there ſay it was built by the *Pechts*, which is their common way of expreſſing the *Picts.*

V. 273. *His halbrik.*] This term for a coat of mail occurs in *Blind Harry*. It was properly uſed for one compoſed of ſmall rings of ſteel which yielded to every motion of the warrior, and was the ſame with the *lorica hamata* of the Romans, ſo pictureſquely deſcribed by Claudian:

Conjuncta per artem
Flexilis inductis hamatur lamina membris,
Horribilis viſu, credas ſimulacra moveri.
Ferrea, cognatoque viros ſpirare metallo.

*In Ruſin. Lib.* 2.

V. 275. *Securit by a warloc auld*, &c.] The belief that certain charms might ſecure the poſſeſſor from danger in combat was common in dark ages. 'I know 'a ſong, by which I ſoften and enchant the arms of my 'enemies, and render their weapons of no effect,' ſays *Odin* in his *Magic*. Northern Antiq. *Vol.* II. *p.* 217. Among the Longobards they were forbidden by a poſitive Law. 'Nullus Campio adverſus alterum pugna-'turus audeat ſuper ſe habere *herbas nec res ad maleficia* '*pertinentes*, niſi tantum corona ſua, quæ conveniunt. 'Et ſi ſuſpicio fuerit quod eas occulte habeat, inquira-'tur per Judicem, et ſi inventæ fuerunt, rejiciantur. 'Poſt quam inquiſitionem, extendet manum ſuam ipſe 'in manu Patrini aut Colliberti ſui, ante judicem, 'dicens, ſe nullam rem talem ſuper ſe habere, deinde ad 'certamen prodeat.' *LL. Longob. apud L. Germ. J. Baſil. Herold.* A ſimilar notion obtained even in England,

as appears from the oath taken in the Judicial Combat. 'A. de B. ye ſhall ſwere that ye have no *ſtone of virtue*, 'nor *hearb of virtue*, nor *charme*, nor *experiment*, nor none 'othir *enchauntment by you nor for you*, *whereby ye truſt* 'the better to overcome *C. de D. your adverſarie*, that ſhall 'come agens you within theſe liſts in his defence, nor 'that ye truſt in none othir thynge propirly bot in 'God, and your body, and your brave quarel. So God 'you help and all halowes, and the holy goſpells.' *Apud* Dugdale, *Orig. Juridic. & Miſcell. Aulica*, *Lond.* 1702. *p.* 166. And we find in a moſt acute and ingenious treatiſe on the point of honour, written in the middle of the ſixteenth century, that this precaution was eſteemed neceſſary ſo late as that period. *Il Duello del Mutio Juſtinopolitano*, In Vineg. 1566. lib. II. c. 9. *De i maleficii et incante.* 'Et non ſenza ragione i moderni Padrini 'fanno ſpogliare i cavallieri, che hanno da entrare in 'battaglia, et iſcuotere, et diligentemente eſſaminare 'i loro panni, &c.' Many inſtances occur in the accounts of the civil wars of France, and of the Netherlands; and more particularly in the very curious ſtory of *Gowrie's Conſpiracy*, publiſhed by James VI. at *Edinburgh*, 1600, 4to. 'His Majeſty having before his 'parting out of that towne, cauſed to ſearch the ſayde 'Earle of Gowries pockets, in caſe any letters that 'might further the diſcovery of that conſpiracie might 'be founde therein. But nothing was found in them, 'but a little cloſe parchment bag full of magical

'characters, and wordes of enchantment, wherein it 'ſeemed that hee had put his confidence, thinking him-'ſelf never ſafe without them, and therefore ever car-'ried them about with him; being alſo obſerved, that 'while they were upon him, his wound, whereof he 'died, bled not; but incontinent, after the taking of 'them away, the blood guſhed out in great abundance, 'to the great admiration of all the beholders.' See likewiſe *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, by David Moyſes*, Edin. 1755. where this piece is reprinted *verbatim*. Maiſter William Rynd, a ſervant of Lord Gowrie's, depoſition in the ſame volume, *p.* 297, has ſingular anecdotes with regard to theſe *characters*.

V. 276. Fairy *charm*.] The word *fairy* ſeems to have been accepted by the ancient Engliſh and Scottiſh poets for *ſupernatural*, or *enchanted*. So Chaucer ſpeaking of *Cambuſcan's* horſe,

It was of fairie, as the peple ſemed.

*Squire's Tale*, p. 1.

V. 362.] It was the priviledge of the knights to hide their faces with armour, ſo that it was impoſſible to diſtinguiſh any one from another, except by his *blazon*, which ſeems at firſt to have been diſplayed over them, but came at length to be painted on their ſhields, whence *Coats of Arms*. A *villein* was obliged to have his countenance uncovered in battle. This circumſtance attended to will ſave our wonder at Hardyknute's not knowing

knowing Draffan in the Firſt Part, and Draffan's not perceiving Malcolm here till his ſpear tore off his viſor: though Rothſay knows Draffan either from his wearing a *blazon* on his armour, or from his face being uncovered in order to breathe from the combat.

V. 389. *Cheir ye my* mirrie men, &c.] It ſhould have been remarked on the firſt appearance of this word, P. I. v. 199, that *mirrie* was anciently uſed in a very different ſenſe from its preſent. It ſignified *honeſt*, *true*, *faithful*, but no where *jovial*. King James VI. in his *Dæmonologie* MS. *pen. Edit.* 'Surelie the difference vul-'gaire put betwixt thame is verrie *mirrie*, *and in a man-'ner trew*,' p. 10. And again in p. 18. 'Many *honeſt* 'and *mirrie* men.' In like manner Merlin's Prophecies are ſtiled '*Mirrie words*,' in that of Beid. *Proph. of Rymer*, &c.

V. 413. *Oh King of Hevin!*] This is a common appellation of the Deity with the more ancient Scottiſh Poets. *By Hevins King*, is the familiar oath of *Blind Harrie's* heroes.

V. 419. *By my Forbere's ſaul.*] Swearing by the ſouls of their anceſtors was another uſed mode in thoſe times. The greateſt thought this oath moſt ſtrong and honourable; probably becauſe it implied the ſouls of their forefathers were in heaven, and, as was then believed, might lend them a ſupernatural aid, if the intention of their oath was juſt and unblameable.

V. 421. '*Now mind your aith*,' &c.] This paſſage is obſcure: the meaning I apprehend is, that Draffan had,

had, before the combat, exacted an oath of Allan his baneret, that he would ſlay him, ſhould the neceſſity of his affairs demand this ſacrifice. More willing to loſe his own life than poſſibly to take that of his great antagoniſt, he commands Allan to fulfill his engagement, which, with all the heroic faith of thoſe times, he does without a pauſe. The particular expreſſion '*The* ſhynand 'blade' might lead us to imagine, that it was thought impoſſible to pierce the ſuppoſed enchanted armour, but with one particular weapon, likeways, perhaps *charmed*.

V. 437. *Icolm.*] The Nunnery at Icolm, or Icolmkill, was one of the moſt noted in Scotland. The Nuns were of the order of *Auguſtine*, and wore a white gown, and above it a rocket of fine linen. *Spotiſwood's Account of the Religious Houſes in Scotland*, p. 509. The ruins of this nunnery are ſtill to be ſeen, with many tombs of the Princeſſes; one of which bears the year 1000. *Martin's Weſtern Iſlands*, p. 262.

I cannot conclude my remarks on this Poem without waſting one on the ſtory of Mrs. Wardlaw. That this lady may have indeed received a MS. of it, as mentioned in Dr. Percy's introductory note, is highly probable. Many valuable MSS. prepared for the preſs, have had a worſe fate. But that ſhe was the author of this capital compoſition, ſo fraught with ſcience of ancient manners as the above notes teſtify, I will no more credit, than that the common people in Lanarkſhire, who

who can repeat ſcraps of both the parts, are the authors of the paſſages they rehearſe. That ſhe did not refuſe the name of being the original compoſer is a ſtrange argument: would not the firſt poet in Europe think it added to his reputation? If conjecture may be allowed where proof muſt ever be wanting, I ſuſpect, if we aſſign the end of the fifteenth century as the date of the antique parts of this noble production, we ſhall not greatly err; though at the ſame time the language muſt convince us, that many ſtrokes have been beſtowed by modern hands.

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## CHILD MAURICE.

THIS is undoubtedly the true title of this incomparable Ballad, though corrupted into Gil Morrice by the nurſes and old women, from whoſe mouths it was originally publiſhed. *Child* ſeems to have been of equal importance with *Damoiſeau* (See note on P. I. v. 49. of Hardyknute) and applicable to a young nobleman when about the age of fifteen. It occurs in Shakſpeare's Lear, in the following line, probably borrowed from ſome old romance or ballad.

Child Roland to the dark tower came.

Act III. S. 7.

And in Chaucer's *Rime of Sir Topas*, *Child* is evidently uſed to denote a young and noble knight.

V. 52.

V. 52. *He bent his bow.*] Archery was enjoined the Scottiſh warrior at a very early age, as appears from many ſpecial laws to that effect, and particularly the following one of James I. 'Item, That all men buſk 'them to be Archeres fra they be *twelfe yeir of age*, 'and that in ilk ten pundis worthe of lande their be 'maid bowmarkis, and ſpeciallie neir to Paroche kirkis, 'quhairin upon haly daies men may cum, and at the 'leiſt ſchutte thriſe about, and have uſage of archerie: 'and quha ſa uſis not the ſaid archerie, the Laird of 'the lande ſall raiſe of him a wedder; and giff the Laird 'raiſes not the ſaid payne, the King's ſchireffe or his 'miniſters, ſhall raiſe it to the King.' *Parl.* I. § 18.

V. 107, 8. *O what means a the folk coming? My mother tarries lang.*] This ſtroke of nature is delicate. It paints the very thought of youth and innocence. In ſuch happy *tenuity* of phraſe, this exquiſite compoſition is only rivalled by the *Merope* of *Maffei*, the moſt finiſhed Tragedy in the world. Some lines fancifully interpolated by a modern and very inferior hand are here omitted.

V. 122. *And ſlaided owr the ſtrae.*] The meaning is, *He went haſtily over the rank graſs.*

V. 144. *As the hip is o the ſtean.*] This would appear the corruption of ſome nurſe; but taking it as it ſtands,

ſtands, the ſimile, though none of the moſt delicate, has a parallel in the Father of Engliſh Poetry:

But he was chaſte and no lechoure
And ſweet as is the bramble floure
That bearethe the red hip.

*Chaucer, Sir Topas.*

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## ADAM O GORDON.

THE genuine ſubject of this Ballad has long remained in obſcurity, though it muſt have been noted to every peruſer of *Crawford's Memoirs.*

'But to return to Gordon,' (*viz.* Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, brother to the Earl of Huntly) 'as 'theſe two actions againſt Forbes, or to ſpeak more 'properly, againſt the rebels, gained him a vaſt repu-'tation—his next exploit was attended with an equal 'portion of infamy; and he was as much decryed for 'this unlucky action (though at the ſame time he had 'no immediate hand in the matter) as for his former 'ones he had been applauded. He had ſent one *Captain 'Ker* with a party of foot to ſummon the Caſtle of 'Towie in the Queen's name. The owner Alexander 'Forbes was not then at home, and his lady confiding 'too much in her ſex, not only refuſed to ſurrender, 'but gave Ker very injurious language; upon which,

'unreaſonably

'unreaſonably tranſported with fury, he ordered his 'men to fire the caſtle, and barbarouſly burnt the un-'fortunate gentlewoman with her whole family, amount-'ing to thirty-ſeven perſons. Nor was he ever ſo much 'as caſhiered for this inhuman action, which made 'Gordon ſhare both in the ſcandal and the guilt.' *An.* 1571. *p.* 240. *edit.* 1706.

In this narrative is immediately perceived every leading circumſtance in the Ballad. The *Captain Car*, by which name it was diſtinguiſhed in Dr. Percy's Manuſcript, is evidently the *Ker* of Crawford. The Houſe of *Rodes* I have corrected, according to the truth of ſtory, *Towie*. Of which name, I find in *Gordon of Straloch's* map of Aberdeenſhire, there were two gentlemen's ſeats, or caſtles, in his time, one upon the *Don*, and another upon the *Ythan*. The neareſt ſeat to the latter is that of *Rothy*, which from wrong information may have originally ſtood in the Ballad, the miſtake riſing naturally from the vicinity of their ſituation, and from this have been corrupted to *Rodes*. The courage of this lady, as repreſented in the Ballad, was equalled by that of the famous Counteſs of Saliſbury, at the ſiege of Roxborough; and of Ladies Arundel and Banks, in the laſt civil wars of England. See particularly the *Mercurius Ruſticus*, &c. Lond. 1647. Sections V. and XI.

V. 129.

V. 129. *Freits.*] This word ſignifies *ill omens*; and ſometimes as here *Accidents ſupernaturally unlucky*. King James VI. in his *Dæmonologie*, *MS. pen. Edit.* B. I. *ch.* IIII. *p.* 13. 'But I pray you forget not likeways 'to tell what are the Devill's rudimentis. E. His ru-'diments I call firſt in generall all that quhilk is called 'vulgairelie the vertu of woode, herbe, and ſtaine; 'quhilk is uſed by unlawfull charmis without naturall 'cauſis. As lykeways all kynd of prattiques, *freitis, or 'uther lyk extraordinair actions, qubilk cannot abyde the trew 'twiche of naturall raiſon.*' It occurs again in the ſame ſenſe in *p.* 14. *marg. note*; and in *p.* 41. ſpeaking of *Sorcerers*. 'And in generall that naime was gevin 'thaime for uſing of ſic chairmis and *freitis*, as that 'craft teachis thame.'

## SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,

is compoſed of two copies, one publiſhed by Dr. Percy, the other in a collection of Scottiſh Songs, &c. *Edin.* 1776. The *Mirryland toun* of the former, and *Mirry Linkin* of the latter, evidently ſhew that the noted ſtory of Hugh of Lincoln is here expreſſed.

## FLODDEN FIELD.

THE ſtanzas here given form a complete copy of this exquiſite Dirge. The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of verſifiers to mingle ſtanzas of their own compoſure. But it is the painful, though moſt neceſſary duty of an Editor, by the touchſtone of truth, to diſcriminate ſuch droſs from the gold of antiquity.

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## SIR PATRICK SPENCE

is given from Dr. Percy's Edition, which indeed agrees with the ſtall copies, and the common recitals. I have, however, lent it a few corrections, where palpable abſurdity ſeemed to require them. The phraſe in v. 25. of ſeeing the old moon *in the arms* of the new is ſtill familiar in Scotland. It means that the opaque part of the moon's diſk caſts a glimmering light, while the illuminated part is waxing; and is to this hour eſteemed to prognoſticate a ſtorm.

LADY

## LADY BOTHWELL's LAMENT.

THESE four ſtanzas appeared to the Editor to be all that are genuine of this elegy. Many additional ones are to be found in the common copies, which are rejected as of meaner execution. In a quarto manuſcript in the Editor's poſſeſſion, containing a collection of Poems by different hands from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the end of the laſt century, (*p.* 132.) there are two *Balowes* as they are there ſtiled, the firſt *The Balow*, *Allan*, the ſecond *Palmer's Balow*; this laſt is that commonly called Bothwell's Lament, and the three firſt ſtanzas in this edition are taken from it, as is the laſt from *Allan's Balow*. They are injudiciouſly mingled in Ramſay's Edition, and ſeveral ſtanzas of his own added; a liberty he uſed much too often in printing ancient Scottiſh poems.

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## EARL OF MURRAY.

V. laſt. *Toun.*] This word is often uſed in Scotland to denote only, perhaps, a farm-houſe and offiee-houſes, or a number of hovels ſcattered here and there; and on which the Engliſh would not beſtow the name of a village.

## SIR JAMES THE ROSE,

is given from a modern edition in one ſheet 12mo. after the old copy. A renovation of this Ballad, compoſed of new and improbable circumſtances, decked out with ſcrapes of tragedies, may be found in the Annual Regiſter for 1774, and other collections. *Roſe* is an ancient and honourable name in Scotland: *Johannes de Roſe* is a witneſs to the famous Charter of Robert II. teſtifying his marriage with *Elizabeth More*, as appears in the rare edition of it printed at Paris, 1695, 4to. *p.* 15.

V. 27. *Belted Knichts.*] The *belt* was one of the chief marks which diſtinguiſhed the ancient knight. *To be girt with the belt of knighthood*, often implied the whole attending ceremonies which conſtituted that order. That of the common knight was of white leather.

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## LAIRD OF WOODHOUSELIE.

THIS Ballad is now firſt publiſhed. Whether it has any real foundation, the Editor cannot be poſitive, though it is very likely. There is a *Woodhouſelie* nigh Edinburgh, which may poſſibly be that here meant.

LORD

## LORD LIVINGSTON

was probably an anceſtor of Livingſton Earl of Linlithgow, attainted in 1715. This affecting piece likewiſe, with the four following, now appears for the firſt time.

V. 13. *Suith dreims are ſcant.*] This ſeems a proverbial expreſſion: King James in his *Dæmonologie*, 'That 'is *a ſuith dream* (as they ſay) ſence thay ſee it walking.' *MS. p.* 100.

## BINNORIE.

V. 32. *Her wraith.*] 'And what meanis then theſe 'kyndis of ſpreitis when thay appeare in the ſhaddow 'of a perſonne newlie dead, or to die, to his friend? 'E. When thay appeare upon that occaſion, thay are 'called *wraithis* in our langage.' *Ib. p.* 81.

## DEATH OF MENTEITH.

WHETHER the *Menteith* in this Ballad is the ſame with him, who is reported to have betrayed Wallace, is left in obſcurity.

## LORD AIRTH's COMPLAINT.

THESE verſes, though ſomewhat uncouth, are moving, as they ſeem to flow from the heart. They are now firſt publiſhed from the Editor's quarto Manuſcript, *p.* 16. corrected in ſome lines, which appeared too innacurate for the publick eye. Two entire ſtanzas are rejected from the ſame cauſe. I know nothing of the nobleman to whom they are aſcribed.

In the ſame Manuſcript (*p.* 17, and 116.) are to be found the two following Poems, which I believe have never been in print. They are here added, with a few corrections. They were both written by Sir Robert Aytoun, Secretary of State during part of the reigns of William and Mary, and Queen Ann.

SONNET.

## SONNET.

WILT thou, remorſeleſs fair, ſtill laugh while I lament?
Shall ſtill thy chief contentment be to ſee me malcontent?
Shall I, Narciſſus like, a flying ſhadow chaſe?
Or, like Pygmalion, love a ſtone crown'd with a winning face?
No, know my blind Love now ſhall follow Reaſon's eyes;
And as thy fairneſs made me fond, thy temper make me wiſe.
My loyalty diſdains to love a loveleſs dame,
The ſpirit ſtill of Cupid's fire conſiſts in mutual flame.
Hadſt thou but given one look, or hadſt thou given one ſmile,
Or hadſt thou lent but one poor ſigh my ſorrows to beguile,
My captive Thoughts perchance had been redeem'd from Pain,
And theſe my mutinous Diſcontents made friends with Hope again.
But thou I know at length art careleſs of my good;
And wouldſt ambitiouſly embrew thy beauty in my blood:
A great diſgrace to thee, to me a monſtrous wrong,
Which time may teach thee to repent ere haply it be long:
But to prevent thy ſhame, and to abridge my woe,
Becauſe thou canſt not love thy friend, I'll ceaſe to love my foe.

## SONG.

WHAT means this ſtrangeneſs now of late,
Since Time muſt Truth approve?
This diſtance may conſiſt with ſtate,
It cannot ſtand with love.

'Tis either cunning or diſtruſt
That may ſuch ways allow:
The firſt is baſe, the laſt unjuſt;
Let neither blemiſh you.

For if you mean to draw me on,
There needs not half this art:
And if you mean to have me gone,
You over-act your part.

If kindneſs croſs your wiſh'd content,
Diſmiſs me with a frown;
I'll give you all the love that's ſpent,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

## FRAGMENTS.

THE three firſt of theſe are given from a Collection publiſhed at Edinburgh in 1776, but poliſhed by the preſent Editor; the two others from recital. The firſt is a pretty picture of the Fairy court according to the popular notion. I cannot give a better comment on it than in the words of a royal author often before quoted. MS. Dæmonologie, B. III. ch. 5.

### ARGUMENT.

'The deſcription of the fourth kynde of Spreittis, 'called the *Pharie*. What is poſſible thairin, and what 'is but illuſions. Whow far this dialoge entreates of 'all thir thingis: and to what ende.'

'*P.* Now I pray you come on to that fourt kynd of 'ſpreittis. *E.* That fourt kynde of Spreitis, quhilk be 'the gentiles was called Diana and her wandring court, 'and amongs us was called the *Pharie* (as I tolde you) 'or our guid neighbouris' (the King has added on the margin 'or fillie wightis') 'was ane of the ſortis of 'illuſions that was ryfeſt in tyme of Papiſtrie; for all-'though it was holdin odious to propheſie be the devill, 'yet whome theſe kynd of ſpreittis caried away, and 'informed, thay wer thoughit to be ſoncieſt, and of

'beſt lyfe. To ſpeak of the manie vaine tratlis foundit 'upon that illuſion; how thair was ane king and queine 'of *Pharie*, of ſic a jolie court and traine as thay had; 'how thay had a teind and a dewtie, as it wer, of all 'guidis: how thay naturallie raid and yeid, eat and 'drank, and did all other actions lyke naturall men and 'wemen; I think it is lyker Virgilis *Campi Eliſei*, nor 'any thing that aught to be beleived be Chriſtianis.'

This Manuſcript is wrote in a beautiful Italic hand, ſo nearly reſembling copper-plate engraving, as to have been taken for ſuch even after accurate examination. It is bound in gilded vellum, ſtamped with the King's cypher beneath the crown; and is in all probability the original copy of this royal monument of ſuperſtition. Many additions are inſerted on the margin, as would ſeem, of the hand writing of James VI. and ſome notes for his own private uſe. As for inſtance on *B.* II. *ch.* 1. ſpeaking of the Magicians of his time, over againſt the words 'Thay are ſume of thame riche and worldlie 'wyſe,' he has noted *F. M.* 'ſum of tham fat or cor-'pulent in their bodies,' *R. G.* 'and maiſt pairt of 'thame altogethir gevin ouer to the pleaſours of the 'fleſche,' *B. N.*

We need not wonder at the ſeverity with which the imaginary crime of witchcraft was puniſhed in his reign, when we remark his ſentiment expreſſed on this head, in *B.* III. *ch.* 6. of this ſingular tract. '*P.* Then

'to

'to make ane ende of our conference ſence I ſee it 'drawis leatt, what forme of puniſhment think ye 'merites thir Magiciens and Witches? For I ſee that 'ye account thame to be all alyke giltie. E. (*The King*) '*Thay aught to be put to deathe*, according to the law of 'God, the civill and imperiall law, and the municipal 'law of all Chriſtiane nations. *P.* But what kynde of 'death I pray you? *E.* It is commonlie uſed be fyre, 'but that is ane indifferent thing to be uſed in every 'cuntrey according to the law or cuſtume thairof. *P.* '*But aught no ſexe, aage, nor rank, to be eximed?* E. 'NONE AT ALL.'

The language of this pedantic Monarch is particular: it is that of a Scottiſh ſchool-boy beginning to read Engliſh.

## V.

It is ſurpriſing that the exiſtence of ſuch beings as *men of the ſea*, and *mermaids*, ſhould ſtill be queſtioned even by authors of inquiry. So many examples occur in hiſtory natural and political, that it would ſeem placed beyond all doubt, if human teſtimony may be in the leaſt relied on. The following being very ſingular, and, having eſcaped the notice of the late writers on this ſubject, from their being to be found in an uncommon treatiſe, it is hoped they will not be unacceptable.

‘ Pendant le ſejour que fit à Derbent Salam envoyé
‘ par Vatec, calife de la race des Abaſſides vers la mer
‘ Caſpienne, pour reconnoitre l'endroit de la fortereſſe,
‘ que les anciens diſent avoir été bâtie, pour empêcher
‘ les peuples du Nord de faire des courſes, il arriva un
‘ fait ſingulier. Je le tire de Caſvini, auteur Arabe, qui
‘ dans ſon livre intitulé, *Agaub el Makloukat*, c'eſt à dire,
‘ des choſes merveilleuſes qui ſe ſont trouvées dans les
‘ créatures, le place à l'an de l'Egire 288, qui repond
‘ à l'année 894 de notre ére. Il rapporte que le Prince
‘ de ce pays-la allant un jour à la pêche ſur la mer Caſ-
‘ pienne, mena avec lui Salam. On prit dans cette
‘ pêche un fort grand poiſſon, qu'on ouvrit ſur le champ,
‘ et dans le ventre duquel on trouva une fille marine en-
‘ core vivante. Elle étoit ceinte d'un caleçon ſans cou-
‘ ture fait d'une peau ſemblable à celle de l'homme,
‘ qui lui deſcendoit juſqu' aux genoux. Cette fille avoit
‘ les mains ſur ſon viſage, et s'arrachoit les cheveux.
‘ Elle pouſſoit des grands ſoupirs, et ne vêcut que peu
‘ de momens apres avoir été tirée du ventre de ce mon-
‘ ſtre. Caſvini adjoute, que le *Tarik Magreb*, Hiſtoire
‘ Arabe d'Afrique, confirme cette narration par d' au-
‘ tres faits, qu'il cite au ſujet des Sirênes, et des Tri-
‘ tons trouvés dans le mer.

‘ Voici un autre fait, tiré d'un procès verbal, dreſsé
‘ par Pierre Luce Sr. de la Paire, capitan commandant
‘ les quartiers du Diamant à la Martinique le 31 Mai,
‘ 1671,

‘ 1671, reçu par Pierre de Beville notaire des quartiers
‘ de ſa compagnie, en preſence du Pere Julien Simon
‘ jéſuite, et des trois autres témoins, qui ont ſigné au
‘ procès verbal, contenant les depoſitions ſeparées et
‘ unanimes de deux François, et quatre negres. Cet
‘ Acte porte, que le 23 du meme mois du-Mai, ces
‘ François et ces Negres etant allés le matin aux iſles du
‘ Diamant avec un bateau pour pêcher, et voulant s'en
‘ revenir vers le coucher du Soleil, ils apperçurent prés
‘ du bord d'une petite iſle ou ils etoient, un monſtre
‘ marin ayant la figure humain de la ceinture en haut,
‘ et ce terminant par le bas en poiſſon. Sa queue etoit
‘ large, et fendue comme celle d'une Carrangue, poiſ-
‘ ſon fort commun dans cette mer. Il avoit la tête de
‘ la groſſeur et de la forme de celle d'un homme ordi-
‘ naire, avec des cheveux unis, noirs mêlés de gris, qui
‘ lui pendoit ſur les épaules; le viſage large et plein, le
‘ nez gros et camus, les yeux de forme accoutumée,
‘ les oreilles larges; une barbe de même, pendante de
‘ ſept à huit pouces, et mélée de gris comme les che-
‘ veux; l'eſtomac couvert de poil de la même couleur;
‘ les bras et les mains ſemblables aux notres avec leſ-
‘ quelles (loſqu'il ſortoit de l'eau, ce qu'il fit deux
‘ fois, en plongeant et s'approchant toujours du rivage
‘ de l'Iſle) il paroiſſoit s'eſſuyer le viſage, en les y por-
‘ tant à pluſieurs repriſes, et reniflant au ſortir de l'eau,
‘ comme font les chiens barbets. Le corps qui s'ele-

‘ voit

'voit au deſſus de l'eau juſqu' à la ceinture, étoit dé-
'liè comme celui d'un jeune homme de quinze à ſeix
'ans, il avoit la peau mediocrement blanche; et la
'longueur de tout le corps paroiſſoit être d'environ
'cinq pieds.' *&c.* Telliamed, *ou Entretiens d'un Philoſophe Indien*, &c. *par M. de Maille*, Amſt. 1748, *tom.* II. *p.* 152. 154. Many accounts of equal curioſity, and as well vouched, may be found in the ſame volume; but I queſtion much if the ſtory of the Engliſh ſhip belonging to *Hall* (perhaps we ſhould read *Hull)* be properly authenticated.

GLOSSARY.

# GLOSSARY.

A

Ablins, *perhaps.*
Aboon, *above.*
Ae. ane, *one.*
Aff, *off.*
Aft, *oft.*
Aith, *oath.*
Ain, *own.*
Alſe, *except.*
Anes, *once.*
Auld, *old.*
Auſterne, *ſtern.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

B

Ba, *ball, tennis.*
Baird, *beard.*
Baith, *both.*
Bairn, *child.*
Bale, *miſery.*
Balow, *huſh.*
Band, *ſolemn oath.*
Baſe-court, *bas court*, French, *the lower court of a caſtle.*
Baſnet, *helmet.*
Begyle, *beguile.*
Beſtraught, *diſtracted.*
Banſters, *bluſterers.*
Beik, *baſk.*
Belyve, *immediately.*
Beſprent, *covered.*
Betide, n. *fortune.*
Bedeen, *preſently.*
Bleiſe, *blaze.*
Bleirit, *dim with tears.*
Blink, *glimpſe of light.*
Blinking, *twinkling.*
Blude, *blood.*
Blythſum, *ſprightly.*
Boughts, *ſheepfolds.*
Boiſt, *boaſt.*
Bonny, *pretty.*
Botand, *likeways.*
Bown, *make ready.*
Bogle, *hobgoblin.*
Bot, *without.*
Bouir, *a room arched in the Gothic manner.*
Bouir woman, *chamber maid.*
Bra, *bravely dreſſed.*
Brae, *ſide of a hill.*
Braid, *broad.*
Brand, Iſl. *a ſword.*
Brawe, *brave.*
Brayd, *haſten.*
Bruik, *enjoy.*
Brin, *burn.*

Brig, *bridge.*
Buſk, *prepare.*

C

Cauld, *cold.*
Cauldrif, *chill, damp.*
Canny, *prudent.*
Cheis, *chuſe.*
Claught, *graſped.*
Cliding, *wardrobe.*

D

Daffin, *waggery.*
Dar'd, *lighted, hit.*
Darrain, *ſuffer, encounter.*
Deft, *taken off haſtily.*
Dint, *blow, ſtroke.*
Dawning, *dawn of day.*
Dought, *could.*
Doughty, *valiant, ſtrong.*
Dowie, *dreadfull, melancholy.*
Drie, *ſuffer, endure.*
Dule, *grief.*

E

Eard, *earth.*
Eild, *eld, old age*
Eine, *eyes.*
Eithly, *eaſily.*
Eydent, *ayding, aſſiſting.*
Elric, *diſmal.*
Eldern, *ancient, venerable.*
Egre, *eager, keen, ſharp.*
Effray, *affright.*
Emraud, *Emerald.*
Ettle, *aim.*
Ezar? *This word occurs in Spenſer.*

F

Fae, *foe.*
Fay, *faith, ſincerity.*
Fere, *companion.*
Ferly, *wonder.*
Feid, *enmity.*
Fey, *in ſooth.*
Flinders, *ſplinters.*
Fleeching, *flattering.*
Forbere, *forefather, anceſtor.*
Forbode, *denial.*
Frae, *fro, from.*
Frawart, *froward.*

G

Ga, gae, gang, *go.*
Gabbing, *prattle.*
Gait, *way, path.*
Gar, *cauſe.*
Gie, *give.*
Gin, gif, *if.*
Glaive, *ſword.*
Gleit, *glittered.*
Glie, *mirth. In* H. P. II. 120. *it ſeems to ſignify a faint light.*
Glent, *glanced.*
Gliſt, *gliſtered.*
Gloming, *duſk.*
Glowr, *glare, diſmal light.*
Grein, *deſire.*
Greit, *weep.*

Graith,

Graith, *dreſs*, v. and n.
Gouſty, *ghaſtly*.
Grie, *prize, victory*.
Gude, *good*.
Gurly, *bitter, cold; applied to weather*.
Gyle, *guile*.
Gyſe, *manner, faſhion*.

H

Harſt, *harveſt*.
Hauld, *hold, abode*.
Hain, *ſpare, ſave*.
Hap, *cover*.
Hecht, *promiſed*.
Hip, *the berry of the wild roſe*.
Hyt, *frantic*.
Hynd, *hence*.

I

Jimp, *delicate, ſlender*.
Ilk, ilka; *each*.
Irie, *terrible*.

K

Kaming, *combing*.
Kin, *kindred*.
Kyth, v. *to ſhow or make appear*.
Kyth, n. *acquaintance, friends, companions*.

L

Laigh, *low*.
Lane, *alone*.
Lap, *leaped*.
Law, *low*.
Lave, *the reſt*.
Leil, *true, faithful*.
Leir, *learn*.
Leglen, *a milking pail*.
Leman, *lover, miſtreſs*.
Leugh, *laughed*.
Lawing, *reckoning*.
Lever, *rather*.
Leech, *phyſician*.
Lift, *the firmament*.
Lig, *lye ſcatteredly*.
Lilting, *merry making with muſic, &c.*
Lin, *a fall of water*.
Linkis, *lamps, or other artificial lights*.
Loaning, *a common green near a village*.
Loch, *lake*.
Low, v. and n. *flame*.
Lown, *ſheltered, calm*.
Lout, *to bow*.
Lue, *love*.
Lure, *cunning device, ſnare*.
Lyart, *hoary*.

M

Makleſs, *matchleſs*.
Maun, *muſt*.
Mair, *more* ſ. *rather*.
Mahoun, *Mahomet, and by abuſe the devil*.
Mane, *moan, lament*.
Meikle, *much*,

Meiny,

Meiny, *train, army.*
Menie, *to meaſure, to try.*
Mede, *reward.*
Meid, *port, appearance.*
Meiſe, *ſoften, mollify.*
Mirk, *dark.*
Mony, *many.*
Mote, *might.*

N

Na, nae, *no, none.*
Neiſt, *next.*
Norſe, *often* the King of Norway, *ſo* France *is often uſed by Shakſpeare for the king of that country.*

O

On caſe, *perhaps.*
Ony, *any.*
Or, ſ. *ere, before,* ſ. *elſe.*
Owr, *Over.*
Outowr, *Over above.*
Oriſon, Fr. *prayer.*

P

Pall, *robe of ſtate.*
Payne, *penalty.*
Perle, *pearl.*
Pleaſance, *pleaſure.*
Pou, *pull.*
Pratique, *experiment.*
Preaſs, *to preſs, to paſs with difficulty.*
Prime of day, *dawn.*
Prive, pruve, *prove.*
Propine, *reward.*

Q

Qu, *is uſed in old Scottiſh ſpelling for* W. *as* Quhat; *What,* &c.
Quat, *quitted.*
Quell, *ſubdue.*

R

Raught, recht, *reached.*
Recule, *recoil.*
Rede, *warn.*
Reiking, *ſmoking.*
Rief, *robbery.*
Riever, *robber.*
Reid, *red.*
Roun, *ſound ſoftly, whiſper.*
Rue, *repent.*
Ruth, *pity.*
Rude, *croſs.*
Runkled, *wrinkled.*

S

Sark, *ſhirt.*
Saw, *a wiſe ſaying.*
Sawman, *counſellor.*
Sabbing, *ſobbing.*
Scant, *ſcarce.*
Scorning (*Flod.* v. 5.) *jeſting ironically.*
Sey, *eſſay, try.*
Seen, *to ſee.*
Seim, *appearance.*

Selcouth,

Selcouth, *uncommon as a prodigy.*
Share, *to cleave, pierce.*
Shathmont?
Sic, *ſuch.*
Sindle, *ſeldom.*
Skaith, *hurt.*
Slaid, *to move ſpeedily.*
Slee, v. *ſlay.*
Sen, *ſeeing.*
Sin, ſith, *ſince.*
Soncie, *lucky.*
Stalwart, *ſtout, valiant.*
Steik, *to ſhut.*
Sleuth, *ſloth.*
Strecht, *ſtretched.*
Swankies, *merry fellows.*
Swaird, *turf, graſſy ground.*
Swith, *quickly.*
Steid, *eſtate.*
Splent, *armour for the thighs and legs.*
Speir, *aſk.*
Stoup, *pillar.*
Sucred, *ſugared.*
Syre, *lord.*

T

Tane, *taken.*
Targe, *ſhield.*
Tein, *ſorrow.*
Teind, *tyth, tenth part.*
Thilk, thir, *theſe.*
Thole, *ſuffer, permit.*
Thud, *ſudden noiſe.*
Tide, *time, ſeaſon.*
Tint, *loſt.*
Trieſt, *make an aſſignation.*
Twin'd, *parted, ſeparated.*

V U

Veir, *avoid,* or perhaps *alter,*
Unmuſit, *without wonder;* to muſe *often means* to wonder *in Shakſpeare.*
Unſonſie, *unlucky.*

W

Waddin, *ſtrong, firm.*
Wad, wald, wold; *would.*
Warloc, *wizard.*
Wallow, *withered,* and fig. *pale.*
Ward, *ſentinel.*
Wate, *warrand.*
Wax, *to ſpread, to become famous.*
Wee, *little.*
Weit, *wet, rain.*
Wete, *hope.*
Weſtlin, *weſtern.*
Wae worth ye, *woe befall you.*
War, *aware.*
Whilk, *which.*
Wighty, *ſtrong.*
Wicht, *from* Wiga *Sax. a hero, or great man.*
Winſum, *agreeable, winning.*
Whyle, *until.*

Weir, *war.*
Weily, *full of whirlpools*; a weil *is ſtill uſed for a whirlpool in the weſt of Scotland.*
Wraith, *a ſpirit or ghoſt.*
Wyte, *blame.*
Wreak, *revenge.*
Wreken, *avenged.*
Wreuch, *grief, miſery.*

Y

Yeſtreen, *the evening of yeſterday.*
Yet, *gate.*
Yied, *went.*
Youthheid, *ſtate of youth.*

THE END.