THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

PART VI

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F. J. C.

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QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION


B. Skene MS., p. 39.

Given in Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 145, "from an old printed copy," with some changes by the editor, of which the more important are in stanzas 2–4.  F, "recovered from recitation" by Motherwell, repeats Percy's changes in 2, 3, 104, and there is reason to question whether this and the other recited versions are anything more than traditional variations of printed copies. The ballad seems first to have got into print in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but was no doubt circulating orally some time before that, for it is in the truly popular tone. The fact that two friars hear the confession would militate against a much earlier date. In E there might appear to be some consciousness of this irregularity; for the Queen sends for a single friar, and the King says she will be "a prelate old" and sit in a dark corner; but none the less does the King take an active part in the shrift.*

There is a Newcastle copy, "Printed and sold by Robert Marchbank, in the Customhouse-Entry," among the Douce ballads in the Bodleian Library, 3, fol. 80, and in the Roxburghe collection, British Museum, III, 634. This is dated in the Museum catalogue 1720?

* The threat implied in E 3⁴ has no motive; and the phrase "holy spark" in 5⁴ is an unadvised anticipation.

† Found also in the ballad, A Warning-Piece to England against Pride and Wickedness: Being the Fall of Queen Eleanor, Wife to Edward the First, King of England, who, for her Pride, by God's Judgments, sunk into the Ground at Charing-Cross and rose at Queen-Hitch. A Collection of Old Ballads, I, 97.

In 1, 2, the husband discovers himself after the confession; in 3 he is recognized by the wife before she begins her shrift, which she frames to suit her purposes. In all these, the wife, on being reproached with the infidelity which she had revealed, tells the husband that she knew all the while that he was the confessor, and gives an ingenious turn to her apparently compromising disclosures which satisfies him of her innocence. All these tales have the cynical Oriental character, and, to a healthy taste, are far surpassed by the innocuous humor of the English ballad.

Oesterley, in his notes to Kirchhof, V, 103, cites a number of German story-books in which the tale may, in some form, be found; also Hans Sachs, 4, 3, 7b.† In Bandello, Parte Prima, No 9, a husband, not disguising himself, prevails upon a priest to let him overhear his wife's confession, and afterwards kills her.

Svend Grundtvig informed me that he had six copies of an evidently recent (and very bad) translation of Percy's ballad, taken down from recitation in different parts of Denmark. In one of these Queen Eleanor is exchanged for a Queen of Norway. Percy's ballad is also translated by Bodmer, II, 49; Ursinus, p. 59; Talv, Charakteristik, p. 513; Düring, p. 373; Knortz, L. u. R. Alt-Englands, No 51.

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A


1 Queen Eleanor was a sick woman, And afraid that she should dye; Then she sent for two fryars of France, For to speak with them speedily.

2 The King call'd down his nobles all, By one, by two, and by three, And sent away for Earl Martial, For to speak with him speedily.

3 When that he came before the King, He fell on his bended knee;

* There attributed to Jacques de Vitry, but not found in his Exempla. Professor Crane informs me that, though the Scala Celi cites Jacques de Vitry sixty-two times, only fourteen of such exempla occur among J. de V.'s.

4 'A boon, a boon! our gracious king, That you sent so hastily.'

5 'I'll pawn my living and my lands, My septer and my crown, That whatever Queen Elenor says, I will not write it down.

6 'Do you put on one fryar's coat, And I'll put on another, And we will to Queen Eleanor go, One fryar like another.'

7 Thus both attired then they go; When they came to Whitehall, The bells they did ring, and the quiristers sing, And the torches did light them all.

7 When that they came before the Queen, They fell on their bended knee:

† The story does not occur in Doni's Marmi, iii, 27, as has been said. What is there found is somewhat after the fashion of 'The Baffled Knight,' No 112.
A boon, a boon! our gracious queen,
That you sent so hastily.'

8 'Are you two fryars of France?' said she,
'Which I suppose you be;
But if you are two English fryars,
Then hanged shall you be.'

9 'We are two fryars of France,' they said,
'As you suppose we be;
We have not been at any mass
Since we came from the sea.'

10 'The first vile thing that ere I did
I will to you unfold;
Earl Martial had my maidenhead,
Underneath this cloath of gold.'

11 'That is a vile sin,' then said the king,
'God may forgive it thee!'
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
With a heavy heart then spoke he.

12 'The next vile thing that ere I did
To you I'll not deny;
I made a box of poyson strong,
To poyson King Henry.'

13 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,
'God may forgive it thee!'
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
'And I wish it so may be.'

14 'The next vile thing that ere I did
To you I will discover;

I poysioned Fair Rosamond,
All in fair Woodstock bower.'

15 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,
'God may forgive it thee!'
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,
'And I wish it so may be.'

16 'Do you see yonders little boy,
A tossing of that ball?
That is Earl Martial'[s] eldest son,
And I love him the best of all.

17 'Do you see yonders little boy,
A catching of the ball?
That is King Henry's son,' she said,
'And I love him the worst of all.

18 'His head is like unto a bull,
His nose is like a boar;'
'No matter for that,' King Henry said,
'I love him the better therefore.'

19 The King pulld of his fryar's coat,
And appeard all in red;
She shriekd and she cry'd, she wrong her hands,
And said she was betrayd.

20 The King lookd over his left shoulder,
And a grim look looked he,
And said, Earl Martial, but for my oath,
Then hanged shouldst thou be.

That I beguile Madam the Queen!
I wad be hangit hie.'

4 The King pat on a friar's robe,
Earl Marishall on anither;
They're on to the Queen,
Like friars bath thegither.

5 'Gin ye be the friars of France,
As I trust well ye be —
But an ye be any ither men,
Ye sall be hangit hie.'

6 The King he turnd him round,
An by his troth sware he,
We hae na sung messe
Sin we came frae the sea.

7 'The first sin ever I did,
An a very great sin 't was tee,
I gave my maidenhead to Earl Marishall,
Under the greenwood tree.'

8 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
But pardoun it may be;
'Wi mendiment,' said Earl Marishall,
But a heavy heart had he.

9 'The next sin ever I did,
An a very great sin 't was tee,
I poisoned Lady Rosamond,
An the King's darling was she.'

10 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,
But pardoun it may be;
'Wi mendiment,' said King Henry,
But a heavy heart had he.

11 'The next sin ever I did,
An a very great sin 't was tee,
I keepit poison in my bosom seven years,
To poison him King Henrie.'

5 The King he turned him round about,
An angry man was he;
He's sworn by his sceptre and his sword
Earl Marishal should not die.

6 The King has put on a friar's coat,
Earl Marishal on another,
And they went in before the Queen;
Like friars both together.

7 'O, if ye be twa friars of France,
Ye're dearly welcome to me;
But if ye be twa London friars,
I will gar hang you hie.'

8 'Twa friars of France, twa friars of France,
Twa friars of France are we,
And we vow we never spoke to a man
Till we spake to Your Majesty.'

9 'The first great sin that eer I did,
And I'll tell you it presentlie.
Earl Marischal got my maidenhead,
When coming o'er the sea.'

10 'That was a sin, and a very great sin,
But pardoned it may be;
'All that with amendment,' said Earl Marischal,
But a quacking heart had he.

11 'The next great sin that eer I did,
I'll tell you it presentlie;
I carried a box seven years in my breast,
To poison King Henrie.'

12 'O that was a sin, and a very great sin,
But pardoned it may be;
'All that with amendment,' said Earl Marischal,
But a quacking heart had he.

13 'The next great sin that eer I did,
I'll tell you it presentlie;
I poisoned the Lady Rosamond,
And a very good woman was she.

5 The King has sworn by his sceptre and crown
He'll do him nac injurie,
And they are on unto the Queen,
As fast as they can gae.

6 'O, if that ye be twa French priests,
Ye're welcome unto me;
But if ye be twa Scottish lords,
High hanged ye shall be.

7 'The first sin that I did sin,
And that to you I'll tell,
I slept wi the Earl-a-Marshall,
Beneath a silken bell.

8 'And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?
And I pray ye pardon me;'
'Amen, and amen!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,
And a wearied man was he.

9 'The neist sin that I did sin,
And that to you I'll tell,
I kepeed the poison seven years in my bosom,
To poison the King himsel.'
10 'And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin? And I pray ye pardon me;'
    'Amen, and amen!' said the Earl-a-Marshall, And a wearied man was he.

11 'O see ye there my seven sons, A' playing at the ba? There's but ane o them the King's himself, And I like him warst o a.'

8 'O fathers, O fathers, I'm very, very sick, I'm sick, and like to die; Some ghostly comfort to my poor soul O tell if ye can gie!'

9 'Confess, confess;' Earl Marshall cried, 'And you shall pardoned be;' 'Confess, confess;' the King replied, 'And we shall comfort gie.'

12 'He's high-backed, and low-breasted, And he is bald withal;' 'And by my deed,' and says the King, 'I like him best mysel!'

13 'O wae betide ye, Earl-a-Marshall, And an ill death may ye die! For if I hadna sworn by my sceptre and crown, High hanged ye should be.'
And do you see you pretty little girl,
That's a friar clad in green?
She's a friar's daughter, o'er in France,
And I hoped to see her a queen.

Oh, wasn't that a sin, and a very great sin?
But I hope it will pardoned be;
Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,
And a heart heart still had he.

O do you see you other little boy,
That's playing at the ba?

He is King Henry's only son,
And I like him worst of a'.

He's headed like a buck,' she said,
'And backed like a bear;
'Amen!' quoth the King, in the King's ain voice,
'He shall be my only heir.'

The King looked over his left shoulder,
An angry man was he:
'An it werna for the oath I swore,
Earl Marshall, thou shouldst dee.'

And they are away to fair London town,
Like friars both together.

When that they came to fair London town,
And came into Whitehall,
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
And the torches did light them all.

And when they came before the Queen,
They kneeled down on their knee:
'What matter, what matter, our gracious queen,
You've sent so speedilie?'

O, if you are two friars of France,
It's you that I wished to see;
But if you are two English lords,
You shall hang on the gallows-tree.'

O we are not two English lords,
But two friars of France we bee,
And we sang the Song of Solomon,
As we came over the sea.

Oh, the first vile sin I did commit
Tell it I will to thee;
I fell in love with the Earl Marshall,
As he brought me over the sea.

Oh, that was a great sin,' quoth the King,
'But pardoned it must bee;
'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,
With a heavie heart spake bee.

Oh, the next sin that I did commit
I will to you unfolde;
Queen Eleanor's Confession

Earl Marshall had my virgin dower,  
Beneath this cloth of golde.  

15 'Oh, that was a vile sin,' said the King,  
'May God forgive it thee!'  
'Amen! Amen!' groaned the Earl Marshall,  
And a very frightened man was he.

16 'Oh, the next sin that I did commit  
Tell it I will to thee;  
I poisoned a lady of noble blood,  
For the sake of King Henrie.'

17 'Oh, that was a great sin,' said the King,  
'But pardoned it shall bee;'  
'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,  
And still a frightened man was he.

18 'Oh, the next sin that ever I did  
Tell it I will to thee;  
I have kept strong poison this seven long years,  
To poison King Henrie.'

19 'Oh, that was a great sin,' said the King,  
'But pardoned it must bee;'  
'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,  
And still a frightened man was he.

20 'O don't you see two little boys,  
Playing at the football?  
O yonder is the Earl Marshall's son,  
And I like him best of all.

21 'O don't you see yon other little boy,  
Playing at the football?  
O that one is King Henrie's son,  
And I like him worst of all.

22 'His head is like a black bull's head,  
His feet are like a bear;  
'What matter! what matter!' cried the King,  
'He's my son, and my only heir.'

23 The King plucked off his fryar's gowne,  
And stood in his scarlet so red;  
The Queen she turned herself in bed,  
And cried that she was betrayde.

24 The King lookt oer his left shoulder,  
And a grim look looked he;  
'Earl Marshall,' he said, 'but for my oath,  
Thou hadst swung on the gallowes-tree.'

A. a. Queen Eleanor's Confession: Shewing how  
King Henry, with the Earl Martial, in  
Fryars Habits, came to her, instead of  
two Fryars from France, which she sent  
for. To a pleasant New Tune. Both a  
and b are dated in the Museum Catalogue  
1670? "C. Bates, at Sun & Bible, near  
St. Sepulchre's Church, in Pye Corner,  
1685." Chappell.


b. Title the same, except came to see her.

16. Martial's. 17. see then yonders.

20. his let.

c. Title as in a. 4. whatsoever. 8. you shall.


17. see then yonders.

d. Queen Eleanor's Confession to the Two sup-  
posed Fryars of France.

1. To speak with her. 2. and wanting.

2. For wanting.

4. I'll pawn my lands the King then cry'd.

4. whatsoever. 5. on a.

5. Like fryar and his brother.

6. they wanting. 7. you. 8. As I.

10. Beneath this. 11, 13, 15. That's.

11. then wanting.


16, 17. And wanting. 18. Henry cry'd.

19. shriekd, she cry'd, and wrung.

20. Or hanged.

E. 14. loved; love in Kinloch's annotated copy.

F. 10, 11, 20, 21. Oh.
GUDE WALLACE


B. 'Sir William Wallace,' communicated to Percy by Robert Lambe, of Norham, probably in 1768.


D. 'Gude Wallace,' communicated to Robert Chambers by Elliot Anderson, 1827.

E. 'Willie Wallace,' communicated to James Telfer by A. Fisher.


H. 'Wallace and his Leman,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 226.

C is reprinted by Finlay, I, 103. It is made the basis of a long ballad by Jamieson, II, 166, and serves as a thread for Cunningham's 'Gude Wallace,' Scottish Songs, I, 262.* F is repeated by Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. 364, and by Aytoun, I, 54. A copy in the Laing MSS, University of Edinburgh, Div. II, 358, is C.

Blind Harry's Wallace (of about 1460, earlier than 1488) is clearly the source of this ballad. A-F are derived from vv 1080-1119 of the Fifth Book. Here Wallace, on his way to a hostelry with a comrade, met a woman, who counselled them to pass by, if Scots, for southerns were there, drinking and talking of Wallace; twenty are there, making great din, but no man of fence. "Wallace went in and bad Benedicite." The captain said, Thou art a Scot, the devil thy nation quell. Wallace drew, and ran the captain through; "fifteen he straik and fifteen has he slayn;" his comrade killed the other five.

The story of A-E is sufficiently represented by that of A. Wallace comes upon a woman washing, and asks her for tidings. There are fifteen Englishmen at the hostelry seeking Wallace. Had he money he would go thither. She tells him out twenty shillings (for which he takes off both hat and hood, and thanks her reverently). He bows himself over a staff and enters the hostelry, saying, Good ben he here (in C, he bad Benedicite, in the words of Blind Harry). The captain asks the crooked carl where he was born, and the carl answers that he is a Scot. The captain offers the carl twenty shillings for a sight of Wallace. The carl wants no better bode, or offer.† He strikes the captain such a blow over the jaws that he will never eat more, and sticks the rest. Then he bids the goodwife get him food, for he has eaten nothing for two days. Ere the meal is ready, fifteen other Englishmen light at the door. These he soon disperses of, sticking five, trampling five in the gutter, and hanging five in the wood.

F makes Wallace change clothes with a

† A 15, B 12, D 12, are somewhat corrupted. In F 14 Wallace says he never had a better bode. In E 10 Wallace's reply is, Pay down, for if your answer be not good you shall have the downfall of Robin Hood; and in G 30, Tell down, and ye shall see William Wallace with the downfall of Robin Hood; that is, I suppose, you shall be knocked down as if by Robin Hood.
beggar, and ask charity at the inn. He kills his thirty men between eight and four, and then returning to the North-Inch (a common lying along the Tay, near Perth) finds the maid who was washing her little hands in st. 3 still "washing tenderly." He pulls out twenty of the fifty pounds which he got from the captain, and hands them over to the maid for the good luck of her half-crown.

G has the changes of clothes with the beggar, found in F, and prefixes to the story of the other versions another adventure of Wallace, taken from the Fourth Book of Blind Harry, vV 704–87. Wallace's enemies have seen him leaving his mistress's house. They seize her, threaten to burn her unless she 'tells,' and promise to marry her to a knight if she will help to bring the rebel down. Wallace returns, and she seeks to detain him, but he says he must go back to his men. Hereupon she falls to weeping, and ends with confessing her treason. He asks her if she repents; she says that to mend the miss she would burn on a hill, and is forgiven. Wallace puts on her gown and curlicues, hiding his sword under his weed, tells the armed men who are watching for him that Wallace is locked in, and makes good speed out of the gate. Two men follow him, for he seems to be a stalwart queen; Wallace turns on them and kills them. This is Blind Harry's story, and it will be observed to be followed closely in the ballad, with the addition of a pitcher in each hand to complete the female disguise, and two more southrons to follow and be killed. The first half of this version is plainly a late piece of work, very possibly of this century, much later than the other, which itself need not be very old. But the portions of Blind Harry's poem out of which these ballads were made were perhaps themselves composed from older ballads, and the restitution of the lyrical form may have given us something not altogether unlike what was sung in the fifteenth, or even the fourteenth, century. The fragment H is, as far as it goes, a repetition of G.

Bower (1444–49) says that after the battle of Roslyn, 1298, Wallace took ship and went to France, distinguishing himself by his valor against pirates on the sea and against the English on the continent, as ballads both in France and Scotland testify.* A fragment of a ballad relating to Wallace is preserved in Constable's MS. Cantus: Leyden's Complaynt of Scotland, p. 226.

Wallace parted his men in three
And sundrie gaits are gone.

C is translated by Arndt, Blütenlese, p. 198; F by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, p. 69, No 22.

He was war of a gay lady
Was even at the well washing.

1 'HAD we a king,' said Wallace then,
   'That our kind Scots might live by their own!
   But betwixt me and the English blood
   I think there is an ill seed sown.'

2 Wallace him over a river lap,
   He lookd low down to a hill;

* Post enim conflictum de Roslyn, Wallace, ascendens navem, Franciam petivit, ubi quanta probitate refulsit, tam super mare a piratis quam in Francia ab Anglis perpessus est dis-

confirm, et viriliter se habuit, nonnulla carmina, tam in ipsa Francia quam Scotia, attestantur. Scottishchronicon, Goodall, II, 176, note.
5 'And they are seeking Wallace there,
   For they 've ordained him to be slain :
   ' O God forbid! ' said Wallace then,
   ' For he 's o'er good a kind Scotsman.

6 'But had I money me upon,
   And evn this day, as I have none,
   Then would I to that hostler's house,
   And evn as fast as I could gang.'

7 She put her hand in her pocket,
   She told him twenty shillings o'er her knee ;
   Then he took off both hat and hood,
   And thankd the lady most reverently.

8 ' If o'er I come this way again,
   Well paid [your] money it shall be ;'
   Then he took off both hat and hood,
   And he thankd the lady most reverently.

9 He leand him twofold o'er a staff,
   So did he threefold o'er a tree,
   And he 's away to the hostler's house,
   Even as fast as he might dree.

10 When he came to the hostler's house,
   He said, Good-ben be here! quoth he :
   An English captain, being deep load,
   He asked him right cankerily,

11 Where was you born, thou crooked carle,
   And in what place, and what country ?
   ' Tis I was born in fair Scotland,
   A crooked carle although I be.'

12 The English captain swore by th' rood,
   ' We are Scotsmen as well as thee,
   And we are seeking Wallace ; then
   To have him merry we should be.'

13 ' The man, ' said Wallace, ' ye 're looking for,
   I seed him within these days three ;
   And he has slain an English captain,
   And ay the fearder the rest may be.'

14 ' I 'd give twenty shillings, ' said the captain,
   ' To such a crooked carle as thee,
   If you would take me to the place
   Where that I might proud Wallace see.'

15 ' Hold out your hand, ' said Wallace then,
   ' And show your money and be free,
   For tho you 'd bid an hundred pound,
   I never bade a better bode ' [, said he].

16 He struck the captain oer the shafts,
   Till that he never chewed more ;
   He stickd the rest about the board,
   And left them all a sprawling there.

17 ' Rise up, goodwife, ' said Wallace then,
   ' And give me something for to eat ;
   For it 's near two days to an end
   Since I tasted one bit of meat.'

18 His board was scarce well covered,
   Nor yet his dine well scanty dight,
   Till fifteen other Englishmen
   Down all about the door did light.

19 ' Come out, come out, ' said they, ' Wallace !'
   then,
   ' For the day is come that ye must die ;'
   And they thought so little of his might,
   But ay the fearder they might be.

20 The wife ran but, the gudeman ran ben,
   It put them all into a fever ;
   Then five he sticked where they stood,
   And five he trampled in the gutter.

21 And five he chased to yon green wood,
   He hanged them all out-o'er a grain ;
   And gainst the morn at twelve o'clock,
   He dined with his kind Scottish men.

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B

Communicated to Percy by R. Lambe, of Norham, apparently in 1768.

1 ' I wish we had a king, ' says Wallace,
   ' That Scotland might not want a head ;

In England and in Scotland baith,
   I 'm sure that some have sowed ill seed.'

2 Wallace he o'er the water did lake,
   And he luked law down by a glen,
And he was aware of a gay lady,  
As she was at the well washing.

3 'Weel may ye save, fair lady!' he says,  
'Far better may ye save and see!  
If ye have ony tidings to tell,  
I pray cum tell them a' to me.'

4 'I have no tidings you to tell,  
And as few tidings do I ken;  
But up and to yon ostler-house  
Are just gane fifteen gentlemen.

5 'They now are seeking Gude Wallace,  
And ay they 're damning him to hang;  
'Oh God forbid,' says Wallace then,  
'I'm sure he is a true Scotsman.'

6 'Had I but ae penny in my pocket,  
Or in my company na baubee,  
I woud up to yon ostler-house,  
A' these big gentlemen to see.'

7 She pat her hand into her pocket,  
She powd out twenty shillings and three:  
'If er I live to come this way,  
Weel payed shall your money be.'

8 He leaned him twafold oer a staff,  
Sae did he twafold oer a tree,  
And he's gane up to the ostler-house,  
A' these fine gentlemen to see.

9 When he cam up among them a',  
He bad his benison be there;  
The captain, being weel buke-learnd,  
Did answer him in dominer.

10 'Where was ye born, ye cru ked earl,  
Or in what town, or what countree?'  
'O I was born in fair Scotland,  
A cru ked earl although I be.'

11 The captain sware by the root of his sword,  
Saying, 'I'm a Scotsman as weel as thee;  
Here's twenty shillings of English money  
To such a cru ked earl as thee,  
If thou'll tell me of that Wallace;  
He's a' the creature I want to see.

12 'O hawd your hand,' says Wallace then,  
'I'm feared your money be not gude;  
If 't were as muckle and ten times mair,  
It shoud not bide anither bode.'

13 He's taen the captain alang the chaps,  
A wat he never chawed mair;  
The rest he stucked about the table,  
And left them a' a sprawling there.

14 'Gude wife,' he said, 'for my benison,  
Get up and get my dinner light;  
For it is twa days till an end  
Syne I did taste ane bit of meat.'

15 Dinner was not weel made ready,  
Nor yet upon the table set,  
When fifteen other Englishmen  
Alighted all about the yate.

16 'Come out, come out now, Wallace,' they say,  
'For this is the day ye are to dee;  
Ye trust sae mickle in God's might,  
And ay the less we do fear thee.'

17 The gude wife ran but, the gude man ran ben,  
They put the house all in a swither;  
Five sune he stucked where he stude,  
And five he smithered in a gutter.

18 Five he chac'd to the gude green-wood,  
And hanged them a' out-oer a pin;  
And at the morn at eight o'clock  
He din'd with his men at Lough-mabin.

2 Wallace out over yon river he lap,  
And he has lighted low down on yon plain,  
And he was aware of a gay ladie,  
As she was at the well washing.

3 'What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?' he says,  
'What tydins hast thou to tell unto me?'
What tydins, what tydins, fair lady? ' he says,
'What tydins hae ye in the south countrie?'

4 'Low down in yon wee ostler-house
There is fifteen Englishmen,
And they are seekin for Gude Wallace,
It's him to take and him to hang.'

5 'There's nocht in my purse,' quo Gude Wallace,
'There's nocht, not even a bare pennie;
But I will down to you wee ostler-house,
Thir fifteen Englishmen to see.'

6 And when he cam to yon wee ostler-house
He had benedicte be there;

7 'Where was ye born, and crookit carl?
Where was ye born, in what countrie?'
'I am a true Scot born and bred,
And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.'

8 'I wad gie fifteen shillings to onie crookit carl,
To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,
If ye will get me Gude Wallace;
For he is the man I wad very fain see.'

9 He hit the proud captain alang the chaftblade,
That never a bit o meal he ate mair:

And he sticket the rest at the table where they sat,
And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there.

10 'Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,
'And get to me some dinner in haste;
For it will soon be three lang days
Sin I a bit o meat did taste.'

11 The dinner was na weel readie,
Nor was it on the table set,
Till other fifteen Englishmen
Were a' lighted about the yett.

12 'Come out, come out now, Gude Wallace!
This is the day that thou maun die:'
'I luppen nae sae little to God,' he says,
'Altho I be but ill wordie.'

13 The gudewife had an auld gudeman;
By Gude Wallace he stiffly stood,
Till ten o the fifteen Englishmen
Before the door lay in their blade.

14 The other five to the Greenwood ran
And he hangd these five upon a grain,
And on the morn, wi his merry men a',
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

D

Communicated to Robert Chambers by Elliot Anderson, Galashiels, 21 April, 1827, in a letter preserved among Kinloch's papers. Copied, with changes, in Kinloch MSS, 1, 177. Furnished me by Mr. Macmuth.

1 'I WISH we had our king,' quo Gude Wallace,
'An ilka true Scotsman had his nawn;
For between us an the southerne louns
I doubt some ill seed has been swn.'

2 Wallace he owre the water gae,
An looked low down by a glen,
An there he saw a pretty, pretty maid,
As she was at the well washin.

3 'O weel may ye wash, my bonny, bonny maid!
An weel may ye saep, an me to see!'

If ye have ony tidins to tell,
I pray you tell them unto me.'

4 'I have no tidins for to tell,
Nor ony uncus do I ken;
But up into yon little alehouse
An there sits fifteen Englishmen.

5 'An ay they are speakin o Gude Wallace,
An ay they are doomin him to hang:'
'O forbid!' quo Gude Wallace,
'He's owre truehearted a Scotsman.'

6 'Had I but a penny in my pouch,
As I have not a single bawbee,
I would up into yon little alehouse,
An ay thae southerne blades to see.'
7 She 's put her hand into her pouch,  
An counted him out pennies three;  
'If ever I live to come back this way,  
Weel paid the money it shall be.'

8 He 's taen a staff into his hand,  
An leand himsels outowre a tree,  
An he 's awa to your little alehouse,  
An ay the southron louns to see.

9 When he gaed in to that little alehouse,  
He bad his bennison be there;  
The captain answered him [in] wrath,  
He answerd him with domineer.

10 'O whare was ye born, ye crooked auld carle?  
An how may this your dwellin be?'  
'O I was born in fair Scotland,  
A crooked carle altho I be.'

11 'O I would een gie twenty shillins  
To ony sic crooked carle as thee  
That wad find me out Gude Wallace;  
For ay that traitor I lang to see.'

12 'Hand out your hand;' quo Gude Wallace,  
'I doubt your money be not gude;  
If ye 'll gie ither twenty shillins,  
It neer shall bide ye anither bode.'

13 He 's taen the captain outowre the jaws,  
Anither word spak he neer mair;  
An five he sticket where they sat,  
The rest lay scramblin here an there.

14 'Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,  
'An get some meat ready for me,  
For I hae fasted this three lang days;  
A wat right hungry I may be.'

15 The meat it wasna weel made ready,  
Nor as weel on the table set,  
Till there cam fifteen Englishmen  
An lighted a' about the yett.

16 The gudewife ran but; the gudeman ran ben;  
It put them a' in sic a stoure  
That five he sticket where they sat,  
An five lay sprawlin at the door.

17 An five are to the greenwood gane,  
An he 's hanged them a' outowre a tree,  
An before the mornin twal o clock  
He dined wi his men at Loch Marie.

E

Communicated to James Telfer by A. Fisher, as written down from the mouth of a serving-man, who had learned it in the neighborhood of Lochmaben. Mr Robert White's papers.

1 Willie Wallace the water lap,  
And lighted low down in a glen;  
There he came to a woman washing,  
And she had washers nine or ten.

2 'O weel may ye wash!' said Willie Wallace,  
'O weel may ye wash!' said fair Willie,  
'And giu ye have any tidings to tell,  
I pray ye tell them unto me.'

3 'I have nae tidings for to tell,  
And as few will I let ye ken;  
But down into you hosteler-ha  
Lies fifteen English gentlemen.'

4 'O had I ae penny in my pocket,  
Or had I yet aue bare bawbee,  
I would go to you hosteler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.

5 'O wil ye len me ane pennie,  
Or will ye len me a bare bawbee,  
I would go to you hosteler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.'

6 She 's put her hand into her pocket,  
And she 's gaen him out guineas three,  
And he 's away to you ostler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.

7 Before he came to the hosteler-ha,  
He linkit his armour oer a tree;  
These Englishmen, being weel book-learned,  
They staid to him, Great Dominie!

8 Where was ye born, ye crookit carle?  
Where was ye born, or in what countrie?  
'In merry Scotland I was born,  
A crookit carle altho I be.'
9 'Here's fifteen shillings,' one of them said,
  'Here's other fifteen I'll give to thee,
If you will tell me where the traitor Willie Wallace is,
  Or where away thou thinks he'll be.'

10 'Pay down, pay down your money,' he said,
  'Pay down, pay down richt speedilie,
For if your answer be not good,
  You shall have the downfall of Robin Hood,'
  [said he].

11 He struck the captain on the jaw,
  He swore that he would 'chow nae mair cheese:
He's killed all the rest with his good broadsword,
  And left them wallowing on their knees.

12 'Go cover the table,' said Willie Wallace,
  'Go cover the table, get me some meat,
For it is three days and rather mair
  Since I did either drink or eat.'

13 They had not the table weel covered,
  Nor yet the candle weel gaen licht,
Till fifteen other Englishmen
  They a' down at the door did light.

14 'Come out, come out, Willie Wallace,' they said.
  'Come out, come out, and do not flee,
For we have sworn by our good broadswords
  That this is the nicht that you sall dee.'

15 He's killed five with his good broadsword,
  He's drowned other five in the raging sea,
And he's taen other five to the merry greenwood,
  And hanged them oer the highest tree.

6 She put her hand in her pocket,
  And she has pulld out half-a-crown;
Says, Take ye that, ye belted knight,
  'T will pay your way till ye come down.

7 As he went from the well-fared maid,
  A beggar bold I wat met he,
Was covered wi a clouted cloak,
  And in his hand a trusty tree.

8 'What news, what news, ye silly auld man?
  What news hae ye this day to gie ?'
  'No news, no news, ye gentle knight,
  No news hae I this day to thee,
But fifteen lords in the hostage-house
  Waiting Wallace for to see.'

9 'Ye'll lend me your clouted cloak,
  That covers you frae head to shie,
And I'll go to the hostage-house,
  Asking there for some supplie.'

10 Now he's gone to the West-muir wood,
  And there he's pulld a trusty tree;
And then he's on to the hostage gone,
  Asking there for charitic.

11 Down the stair the captain comes,
  Aye the poor man for to see:
'If ye be a captain as good as ye look,
Ye'll give a poor man some suppie;
If ye be a captain as good as ye look,
A guinea this day ye 'll gie to me.'

12 'Where were ye born, ye crooked carle?
Where were ye born, in what countrie?'
'Wee Scotland, I was born,
Crooked carle that I be.'

13 'I would give you fifty pounds,
Of gold and white monie,
I would give you fifty pounds,
If the traitor Wallace ye 'd let me see.'

14 'Tell down your money,' said Willie Wallace,
'Tell down your money, if it be good;
I'm sure I have it in my power,
And never had a better bode.

15 'Tell down your money,' said Willie Wallace,
'And let me see if it be fine;
I'm sure I have it in my power.
To bring the traitor Wallace in.'

16 The money was told on the table,
Silver bright of pounds fiftie;
'Now hear I stand,' said Willie Wallace,
'And what hae ye to say to me?'

17 He slew the captain where he stood,
The rest they did quack an roar;

He slew the rest around the room,
And asked if there were any more.

18 'Come, come the table,' said Willie Wallace,
'Come, cover the table now, make haste;
For it will soon be three lang days
Sin I a bit o meat did taste.'

19 The table was not well covered,
Noo yet was he set down to dine,
Till fifteen more of the English lords
Surrounded the house where he was in.

20 The guidwife she ran but the floor,
And aye the guidman he ran ben;
From eight o clock till four at noo
He has killd full thirty men.

21 He put the house in sick a swither
That five o them he sticket dead,
Five o them he drownd in the river,
And five hung in the West-muir wood.

22 Now he is on to the North-Inch gone,
Where the maid was washing tenderlie;
'Now by my sooth,' said Willie Wallace,
'It's been a sair day's wark to me.'

23 He's put his hand in his pocket,
And he has pulld out twenty pounds;
Says, Take ye that, ye weel-fared maid,
For the gude luck of your half-crown.

And ye's be wedded to a lord,
The best in Christendom.

4 'This verra nicht at seven,
Brave Wallace will come in,
And he'll come to my chamber-door,
Without or dread or din.'

5 The fyften English sogers
Around the house did wait,
And four brave southren foragers
Stood hie upon the gait.

6 That verra nicht at seven
Brave Wallace he came in,
And he came to his ladie's bouir,
Withouten dread or din.
7 When she beheld him Wallace,  But he has drawn his trusty brand,  She star’d him in the face;  And slov them pair by pair.
   ‘Ohon, alas!’ said that ladie,  ‘This is a woful case.
8 ‘For I this nicht have sall you,  18 He threw the pitchers frae his hands,  This nicht you must be taen,  And to the hills fled lie,  And I’m to be wedded to a lord,  Until he cam to a fair may,  The best in Christendeem.’  Was washin on yon lea.
   ‘I see, my ladie,  19 ‘What news, what news, ye weel-far’d may?  ‘This is a woful case.
   ‘And will do till I die.  ‘What news hae ye to gie?’
9 ‘Do you repent,’ said Wallace,  ‘II news, ill news,’ the fair may said,  ‘The ill you’ve dane to me?’  ‘Ill news I hae to thee.’
   ‘Ay, that I do,’ said that ladie,  20 ‘There is fyften English sogers  ‘And will do ever still,  Into that thatched inn,  And for the ill I’ve dane to you,  Seeking Sir William Wallace;  Let me burn upon a hill.’  I fear that he is slain.’
10 ‘Ay, that I do,’ said that ladie,  21 ‘Have ye any money in your pocket?  ‘And will do ever still,  Pray lend it unto me,  And for the ill I’ve dane to you,  And when I come this way again,  Let me burn upon a hill.’  Repaid ye weel shall be.’
   ‘And will do till I die.  22 She[’s] put her hand in her pocket,  11 ‘Now God forfeud,’ says brave Wallace,  And taen out shillings three;  ‘I should be so unkind;  He turnd him right and round about,  Whatever I am to Scotland’s faes,  And thanked the weel-far’d may.
   I’m aye a woman’s friend.’  23 He had not gone a long rig length,  12 ‘Will ye gie me your gown, your gown,  A rig length and a span,  Your gown but and your kirtle,  Until he met a bold beggar,  Your petticoat of bonny brown,  As sturdy as coud gang.
   And belt about my middle?  24 ‘What news, what news, ye bold beggar?  13 ‘I’ll take a pitcher in ilk hand,  ‘What news hae ye to gie?’  And do me to the well;  ‘O heavy news,’ the beggar said,  They’ll think I’m one of your maidens,  ‘I hae to tell to thee.’
   They’ll think I’m one of your maidens,  25 ‘There is fyften English sogers,  Or think it is yourself.’  I heard them in yon inn,  14 She has gien him her gown, her gown,  Vowing to kill him Wallace;  Her petticoat and kirtle,  I fear the chief is slain.’
   Her broadest belt, wi silver clasp,  26 ‘Will ye change apparell wi me, auld man?  To bind about his middle.  Change your apparell for mine?  15 He’s taen a pitcher in ilk hand,  And when I come this way again,  And dane him to the well;  Ye’ll be my ain poor man.’
   They thought him one of her maidens,  27 When he got on the beggar’s coat,  They kend it was nae hersell.  The pike-staff in his hand,  16 Said one of the southron foragers,  He’s dane him down to yon tavern,  See ye yon lusty dame?  Where they were drinking wine.
   I woud nae gie muckle to thee, neebor,  To bring her back agen.
17 Then all the southrons followd him,  And sure they were but four;

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28 'What news, what news, ye staff-beggar?
What news hae ye to gie?'
'I hae nae news, I heard nae news,
As few I'll hae frae thee.'

29 'I think your coat is ragged, auld man;
But wond you wages win,
And tell where William Wallace is,
We'll lay gold in your hand.'

30 'Tell down, tell down your good red gold,
Upon the table-head,
And ye sall William Wallace see,
Wi the down-come of Robin Hood.'

31 They had nae tauld the money down,
And laid it on his knee,
When candles, lamps, and candlesticks,
He on the floor gard flee.

32 And he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slew them one by one,
Then sat down at the table-head,
And called for some wine.

33 The goodwife she ran but, ran but,
The goodman he ran ben,
The verra bairns about the fire
Were a' like to gang brain.

34 'Now if there be a Scotsman here,
He'll come and drink wi me;
But if there be an English loun,
It is his time to flee.'

35 The Goodman was an Englishman,
And to the hills he ran;
The goodwife was a Scots woman,
And she came to his hand.

H
Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 226.

1 WALLACE wight, upon a night,
Came riding o'er the linn,
And he is to his leman's bower,
And tirld at the pin.

2 'O sleep ye, wake ye, lady?' he said,
'Ye'll rise, let me come in.'
'O wha's this at my bower-door,
That knocks, and knows my name?'
'My name is William Wallace,
Ye may my errand ken.'

3 'The truth to you I will rehearse,
The secret I'll unfold;
Into your enmies' hands this night
I fairly hae you sold.'

4 'If that be true ye tell to me,
Do ye repent it sair?'
'O that I do,' she said, 'dear Wallace,
And will do evermair!'

5 'The English did surround my house,
And forced me theretill;
But for your sake, my dear Wallace,
I could burn on a hill.'

6 Then he gae her a loving kiss,
The tear dropped frae his ee;
Says, Fare ye well for evermair,
Your face nae mair I'll see.

7 She dressed him in her ain claithing,
And frae her house he came;
Which made the Englishmen admire,
To see this stalwart dame.

8 He is to Saint Johnston gane,
And there he playd him well;
For there he saw a well-far'd may,
Was washing at a well.

9 'What news, what news, ye well-far'd may?
What news hae ye to me?
What news, what news, ye well-far'd may,
All from your north country?'

10 'See ye not yon tavern-house,
That stands on yonder plain?
This very day have landet in it
Full fifteen Englishmen;

11 'In search of Wallace, our dear champion,
Ordaining that he shoud dee.'
'Then on my troth,' said Wallace wight,
'These Englishmen I 'se see.'
A. 23. was not war. F 3 has wasna aware.
   B, C, have the obviously right reading.
5. Wallace then. Maidment, there.
5. Maidment, over good.
10. Maidment, When come.
10. quoth he be here.
12. Maidment, should we.
B. 8. oer a stree. Stere is glossed by Lambe as stick, but this is impossible: the s was induced by the s in staff above.
10, 12. Oh.
11. root of his sword simply from ignorance of the meaning of the rood, by which the captain swears in A 12; rood of his sword is hardly to be thought of.

C. 9. meal; perhaps meat.
D. 1. Var. (or gloss), his sin.
2. went changed to gaed (for rhyme?).
9. Var. with angry jeer.
E. 23. gin he. A. Fisher says that lines are wanting, and has supplied two after 72 (making a stanza of 74, 81, and leaving 84 as a half stanza) and two after 102 (leaving 104 as the second half of another stanza). The arrangement here adopted is in conformity with that of the other copies.
F. 32. wasna. 22. Insech.
G. Buchan's variations. 23. And for Said.
31. Christendeen.
12. me wanting.
20. I heard them in yon inn. 211. you.
32. ane by ane.

158
HUGH SPENCER'S FEATS IN FRANCE

B. 'Hugh Spencer,' Percy Papers, communicated by the Duchess Dowager of Portland.
C. Dr Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 4.

The king of England, A, B, sends Hugh Spencer as ambassador to France, to know whether there is to be peace or war between the two lands. Spencer takes with him a hundred men-at-arms, A; twenty ships, B. The French king, Charles, A 30, declares for war, A, C; says that the last time peace was broken it was not along of him, B. The queen, Maude, B 9, is indignant that the king should parley with traitors, A, with English shepherds, B. She proposes to Spencer a joust with one of her knights. The Englishman has no jousting-horse. Three horses are brought out for him, all of which he rejects, A, B; in C, two. In A he calls for his old hack which he had brought over sea; in B, C, he accepts a fourth [third], a fiery-eyed black. Spencer breaks his spear, a French shaft, upon his antagonist; three spears [two] are tied together to make something strong enough for him to wield. He unhorses the Frenchman, then rides through the French camp and kills some thirteen or fourteen score of King Charles's men, A. The king says he will have his head, A, with some provocation certainly; the queen says as much in B, though Spencer has only killed her champion in fair fight. Spencer has but four true brethren left, A 33; we are not told what had become of the rest of his hundred. With these, or, in B, with two, he makes a stand against the royal guard, and kills scores of them. The French king begs him to hold his hand, A 34, B 35. There shall never be war with England
while peace may be kept, A; he shall take back with him all the ships he brought, B.*

Hugh is naturally turned into a Scotsman in the Scottish version, C. The shepherd’s son that he is matched with, 7, 15, is explained by traditional comment to be the queen’s cousin.

These feats of Hugh Spencer do not outstrip those of the Breton knight Les Aubrays, when dealing with the French, Luzel, I, 286-305, II, 564-581; nor is his fanfaronnerie much beyond that of Harry Fifth. The Breton knight was explicitly helped by St Anne, but then Spencer and Harry have God and St George to borrow.

Liebrecht well remarks, Göttinger Gelehrte Anzeigen, 1868, p. 1900, that Spencer’s rejecting the three French horses and preferring his old lack is a characteristically traditional trait, and like what we read of Walter of Aquitania in the continuation of his story in the chronicle of the cloister of Novalena. After Walter, in his old age, had entered this monastery, he was deputed to obtain redress for a serious depredation on the property of the brethren. Asking the people of the cloister whether they have a horse serviceable for fight in case of necessity, he is told that there are good strong cart-horses at his disposal. He has these brought out, mounts one and another, and condemns all. He then inquires whether the old steed which he had brought with him is still alive. It is, but very old, and only used to carry corn to the mill. “Let me see him,” says Walter, and, mounting, cries, “Oh, this horse has not forgotten what I taught him in my younger days.” Grimm u. Schmeller, Lateinische Gedichte des X. u. XI. Jahrhunderts, p. 109. See ‘Tom Potts,’ II, 441.†

Of the many Hugh Spensers if we select the younger of the favorites of Edward II, his exploits, had they any foundation in reality, would necessarily fall between 1322, when Charles IV came to the French throne, and 1326, when the Spensers, father and son, ended their career. The French king says in B 8 that Spenser had sunk his ships and slain his men. Hugh Spenser the younger (both according to Knyghton, col. 2539, but the father was a very old man) was engaged in piracy in 1321. The quarrel between Edward II and Charles IV, touching the English possessions in France, was temporarily arranged in 1325, but not through the mediation of the younger Spenser, who never was sent on an embassy to France. Another Sir Hugh Spenser was a commander in the Earl of Arundel’s fleet in the operations against the French in Charles VI’s time, 1387, and was taken prisoner in consequence of his ship grounding: Knyghton, col. 2693; Nicolas, History of the Royal Navy, II, 322f. No one of the three queens of Charles IV bore the name of Maude, which is assigned to the French queen in B, neither did the queen of Charles VI.

A


1 This court is kept att leene London, And evermore shall be it; The King sent for a bold ambassador, And Sir Hugh Spencer that he light.

* “Thou hadst twenty ships hither, thou’st have twenty away,” B 37. It would be more in the ballad-way were the second twenty doubled.

† In the London Athenaeum, about twenty-five years ago, there was (I think) a story of an Englishman in Russia resembling Hugh Spencer’s. I have wrongly noted the number as 1871, and have not recovered the story after much rummaging. This ballad is not very unlike Russian bylines.

2 ‘Come hither, Spence, saith our kinge, ‘And come thou hither vnto mee; I must make thee an embassadour Betweene the king of Ffrance and mee. 3 ‘Thou must comend me to the king of Ffrance, And tell him thus and now ffrom mee,
I wold know whether there shold be peace in his land,
Or open warr kept still must bee.

4 'Thou 'st haue thy shipp at thy comande,
Thou 'st neither want for gold nor flee;
Thou 'st haue a hundred armed men,
All att thy bidding flor to bee.'

5 The wind itt serued, and they sayled,
And towards Ffrance thus they be gone;
The wind did bring them safe to shore,
And safelye landed euerye one.

6 The Ffrenchmen lay on the castle-wall,
The English soldiers to behold:
'You are welcome, traitors, out of England;
The heads of you are bought and sold.'

7 With that spake proud Spencer:
My leegen, soo itt may not bee;
I am sent an ambassador
Ffroome our English king to yee.

8 The king of England greetes you well,
And sentt hath sent this word by mee;
He wold know whether there shold be peace in your land,
Or open warres kept still must bee.

9 'Comend me to the English kinges,
And tell this now ffrom mee;
There shall neuer peace be kept in my land;
While open warres kept there may bee.'

10 With that came downe the queene of Ffrance,
And an angry woman then was shee;
Saies, Itt had beene as fitt now for a king
To be in his chamber with his ladye,
Then to be pleading with traitors out of England,
Kneeling low yppeon their knee.

11 But then bespake him proud Spencer,
For noe man else durst speake but hee:
You have not wiped your mouth, madam,
Since I heard you tell a lye.

12 'O hold thy tonge, Spencer!' shee said,
'I doe not come to plead with thee;
Darest thou ryde a course of warr
With a knight that I shall put to thee?'

13 'But ever alacke!' then Spencer sayd,
'I thinkte I haue desarued Gods cursse;
For I haue not any armoure here,
Nor yett I haue noe iusting-horsse.'

14 'Thy shankees, quoth shee, 'beneath the knee
Are verrry small above the shine:
For to doe any such honoureable deeds
As the Englishmen say thou has done.

15 'Thy shankees beene small aboue thy shoone,
And soe the beene aboue thy knee;
Thou art to slender every way
Any good iuster flor to bee.'

16 'But ever alacke,' said Spencer then,
'For one steed of the English countrye!' With that bespake and one Ffrench knight,
This day thou 'st haue the choyce of three.

17 The first steed he fleiched out,
I-wis he was milke-white;
The first ffoote Spencer in stirropp sett,
His backe did from his belly tyte.

18 The second steed that he fleicht out,
I-wis that bee was verrry browne;
The second ffoote Spencer in stirropp sett,
That horsse and man and all fffell downe.

19 The third steed that hee ffeiched out,
I-wis that he was verrry blace.
The third floute Spencer into the stirropp sett,
He leapt on to the geldings backe.

20 'But ever alacke,' said Spencer then,
'For one good steed of the English countrye!'
Goe ffeich me hither my old hackneye,
That I brought with me hither beyond the sea.'

21 But when his hackneye there was brought,
Spencer a merry man there was hee;
Saies, With the grace of God and St George of England,
The fffeild this day shall goe with mee.

22 'I have not fforgotten,' Spencer sayd,
'Since there was fffeild foughten att Wal-
singam,
When the horse did heare the trumpetts sound,
He did heare ore both horse and man.'

23 The day was sett, and togethiter they mett,
With great mirth and melodye,
With minstrells playing, and trumpetts soundings,
With drumes striking loud and hye.

24 The first race that Spencer run,
I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;
He [hitt] the knight vpon his brest,
But his speare itt burst, and wold touch noe more.

25 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,
'For one staffe of the English countrye!
Without you 'le bind me three together,'
Quoth hee, 'they 'le be to weak toe mee.'

26 With that bespake him the Ffrench knight,
Sayas, Bind him together the whole thirtye,
For I haue more strenght in my to hands
Then is in all Spencers bodye.

27 'But proue att parting,' Spencer sayses,
'Ffrench knight, here I tell itt thee ;
For I will lay thee five to four
The bigger man I proue to bee.'

28 But the day was sett, and togethiter they mett,
With great mirth and melodye,
With minstrells playing, and trumpetts soundinge,
With drumes striking loud and hye.

29 The second race that Spencer run,
I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,
And he hitt the knight vpon the brest,
And draue him ore his horse beside.

30 But he run thorrow the Ffrench campe;
Such a race was never run before;
He killed of King Charles his men
Att hand of thirteen or fourteen score.

31 But he came backe againe to the K[ing],
And kneeled him downe vpon his knee ;
Saieth, A knight I haue slaine, and a steed I haue woone,
The best that is in this countrye.

32 'But may, by my faith,' then said the King,
'Spencer, soe itt shall not bee ;
I 'le haue that traitors head of thine,
To enter plea att my lollye.'

33 But Spencer looket him once about,
He had true bretheren left but four;
He killed ther of the Kings gard
About twelve or thirteen score.

34 'But hold thy hands,' the King doth say,
'Spencer, now I doe pray thee;
And I will goe into little England,
Vnto that cruel kinge with thee.'

35 'Nay, by my faith,' Spencer sayd,
'My leige, for soo itt shall not bee ;
For an you sett foot on English ground,
You shall be hanged vpon a tree.'

36 'Why then, comend [me] to that Englishe kinge,
And tell him thus now from mee,
That there shall never be open warres kept in
my land
Whilst peace kept that there may bee.'

B

Percy Papers : communicated by the Duchess Dowager of Portland.

1 Our king lay at Westminster,
as oft times he had done,
And he sent for Hugh Spencer,
to come to him anon.

2 Then in came Hugh Spencer,
low kneeling on his knee:
'What 's the matter, my liege,
you sent so speedily for me ?'

3 'Why you must go ambassadour
to France now, to see
Whether peace shall be taken,
aye, or open wars must be.'
4 'Who shall go with me?'
says Hugh Spencer, he:
'That shall Hugh Willoughby
and John of Atherly.'
'O then,' says Hugh Spencer,
'we'll be a merry company.'

5 When they came before the French king,
they kneeled low on the knee:
'O rise up, and stand up,
whose men soer you be.'

6 The first that made answer
was Hugh Spencer, he:
'We are English ambassadours,
come littler to see
Whether peace shall be taken,
aye, or open wars must be.'

7 Then spoke the French king,
and he spoke courteously:
The last time peace was broken,
it was neer along of me.

8 For you sunk my ships, slew my men,
and thus did ye;
And the last time peace was broken,
it was neer along of me.

9 Then in came Queen Maude,
and full as ill was she:
'A chamber of presence
is better for thee,
Then amongst English shepherds,
low bending on the knee.'

10 The first that made answer
was Hugh Spencer, he:
'We are no English shepherds,
Queen Maude, I tell thee,
But we're knights, and knights fellows,
the worst man in our company.'

11 O then spoke Queen Maude,
and full as ill was she:
Thou shouldst be Hugh Spencer,
thou talkst so boldly.

12 And if thou best Hugh Spencer,
as well thou seemst to be,
I've oft heard of thy justling,
and some of it would fain see.

13 I have a steed in my stable
that thou canst not ride;
I have a spear in my keeping
that thou canst not guide;
And I have a knight in my realm
that thou darest not abide.

14 Then Spencer asked Willoughby
and John of Atherly:
Whether he should take this justling in hand,
ay, or let it be.

15 O then spoke Hugh Willoughby
and John of Atherly:
If you won't take it [in] hand,
why turn it unto we.

16 'It shall neer be said in England,'
says Hugh Spencer, he,
'That I refused a good justling
and turned it to ye.

17 'Alas,' says Hugh Spencer,
'full sore may I moan,
I have nought here but an ambler,
my good steed 's at home.'

18 Then spoke a French knight,
and he spoke courteously:
I have thirty steeds in my stables,
the best of them take to thee.

19 'Gramercy,' says Spencer,
'aye, and gramercy;
If eer thou comest to England,
well rewarded shalt thou be.'

20 The first steed they brought him,
he was a milk-white:
'Take that away,' says Spencer,
'for I do not him like.'

21 The next steed they brought him,
he was a good dun:
'Take that away,' says Spencer,
'for he's not for my turn.'

22 The next steed they brought him,
he was a dapple-grey:
'Take that away,' says Spencer,
'for he is not used to the way.'
23 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a coal-black;  
His eyes burnt in his head,  
as if fire were in flax;  
'Come saddle me that horse,' says Spencer,  
'for I 'll have none but that.'

24 When that horse was saddled,  
and Spencer got on,  
With his spear at his foot,  
O he was portly man!

25 'Now I am on that steede-back  
that I could not ride,  
That spear in my keeping  
that I could not guide,  
Come shew me that French knight  
that I dare not abide.'

26 'It is a sign by thy sharp shin,  
ay, and thy cropped knee,  
That you are no fit match  
to justle with me:'  
'Why it makes no matter,' says Spencer,  
'you hear no brags of me.'

27 The first time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He turnd him in his saddle  
like an apple on a tree.

28 The next time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He lit upon his breast-plate,  
and he broke his spear in three.

29 'A spear now,' says Spencer,  
'a spear now get me:'  
'Thou shalt have one,' says Willoughby,  
'if in France one there be.'

30 'O tye two together,  
and the stronger they 'l be,  
For the French is the better,  
and the better shall be:'

31 The next time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He threw him fifteen foot from his saddle,  
and he broke his back in three:  
'Now I have slain thy justler,  
Queen Maude, I tell thee.'

32 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she:  
If thou 'st slain my justler,  
by the Kings' laws thou 'st dye.

33 'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Spencer, he;  
'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Willoughby;

34 'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says John of Atherly,  
'That a queen of another nation  
er had her will of we.'

35 They laid their heads together,  
and their backs to the wall;  
There were four score of the Queen's guards,  
and they slew them all.

36 Then spoke the French king,  
and he spoke courteously:  
O hold thy hand, Spencer,  
I dearly pray thee.

37 Thou art sharp as thy spear,  
and as fierce as thy steed,  
And the stour of thy Lilly-white hand  
makes my heart bleed.

38 Thou hast twenty ships hither,  
thou 'st have twenty away;  
Then hold thy hand, Spencer,  
I dearly thee pray.
Dr Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 4; taken down from a man in the parish of Leochel, Aberdeenshire, 12 February, 1829.

1. It fell about the Martinmas time
   The wind blew loud and cauld,
   And all the knights of fair Scotland
   They drew them to sum' hald.

2. Unless it was him young Sir Hugh,
   And he beest to sail the sea,
   Wi a letter between twa kings, to see an they
   Wad lat down the wars,
   And live and lat them be.

3. On Friday shipped he, and lang
   Ere Wodensday at noon
   In fair France landed he,
   . . . . . . . .

4. He fell down before the King,
   On his bare knees:
   'Gude mak ye safe and sound,'
   'Fat news o your contrie?' he says.

5. ' The news o our countrie,' he says,
   'Is but news brought over the sea,
   To see an ye'll lat down the wars,
   And live and lat them be.'

6. 'Deed no,' he says;
   'I'm but an auld man indeed,
   But I'll no lat down the wars,
   And live and lat them be.'

7. It's out it spak the Queen hersel: I have a
   Shepherd's sin
   Would fight an hour wi you;
   'And by my seith,' says young Sir Hugh,
   'That sight fain would I see.'

8. The firsten steed that he drew out,
   He was the penny-gray;
   He wad hae ridden oor meel or mor
   A leve-lang summer's day.

9. O girths they brak, and great horse lap,
   But still sat he on he:
   'A girth, a girth,' says young Sir Hugh,
   'A girth for charity!'
   'O every girth that you shall have,
   Its gude lord shall hae three.'

10. The nexten steed that he drew out,
    He was the penny-brown;
    He wad hae ridden oor meel or mor
    As ever the dew drop down.

11. O bridles brak, and great horse lap,
    But still sat he on he:
    'A bridle, a bridle,' says young Sir Hugh,
    'A bridle for charitie!'
    'O every bridle that you shall have.
    And its gude lord shall have three.'

12. The nexten steed that he drew out
    He was the raven-black;
    His een was glancin in his head
    Like wild-fire in a slack;
    'Get here a boy,' says young Sir Hugh,
    'Cast on the saddle on that.'

13. O brands there brak, and great horse lap,
    But still sat he on he:
    'A brand, a brand,' says young Sir Hugh,
    'A brand for charitie!'
    'O every brand that you shall have,
    And its gude lord shall have three.'

14. He gave him a dey unto the heart,
    And over the steed fell he:
    'I rather had gave you money,' she says,
    'And free lands too,
    That ye had foughten an hour wi him,
    And than had litten him be.'

15. 'If ye hae ony mair shepherd's sins,' he says,
    'O cooks i your kitchie,
    Or ony mair dogs to fell,
    Ye'll bring them here to me;
    And gin they be a true-hearted Scotsman,
    They'll no be scorned by thee.'

A. 4. 100. 515. They.
6. walls? There is a tag at the end of this
   word in the MS. Furnivall.

164. of 3. 174. MS., tylpe, with the 1 crossed
   at top. Furnivall.
1815. 2. 182. I should read berry-browne
   were it not for verrr blacke in 192.
While Edward Third was absent in France, and for the time engaged with the siege of Calais, David Bruce, the young king of Scotland, at the instance of Philip of Valois, but also because he "yearned to see fighting," invaded England with a large army. Having taken by storm the Border castle of Liddel, he was advised by William of Douglas to turn back, which, it was represented by Douglas, he could do with credit after this success. Other lords said that Douglas had filled his bags, but theirs were tooom, and that the way lay open to London, for there were no men left in England but souters, skinners, and traders.* The Scots moved on to Durham, and encamped in a park not far from the town, in a bad position. In the mean while a powerful force had been collected by the northern nobility and the English churchmen, without the knowledge of the Scots. William of Douglas, going out to forage, rode straight to the ground where his foes lay, and in the attempt to retreat lost five hundred of his men. King David drew up his army in three divisions: one under his own command, another under the Earl of Murray and William Douglas, the third under the Steward of Scotland and the Earl of March. The operations of the Scots were impeded by the ditches and fences that traversed the ground on which they stood, and their situation made them an almost helpless mark for the ten thousand archers of the English army. Murray's men were completely routed by a charge of cavalry, and their leader killed. The English then fell upon the King's division, which, after a desperate fight, was "vanquished utterly." David, who had received two wounds from arrows, was taken prisoner by John Copland, "by force, not yolden," after knocking out two of the Englishman's teeth with a knife. Wyntoun's Chronykil, ed. Laing, II, 470 ff; Scotiachronicon, ed. Goodall, II, 339 ff. The battle was fought on the 17th of October, 1346.

According to the English chronicle of Lanercost, John of Douglas, "germanus domini Willelmi," fought with the Earl of Murray in the first Scottish division, and the Earl of Buchan was associated with King David in the command of the second. The English were also in three bodies. The leaders of the first were the Earl of Angus, "inter onnes Anglie nobilis persona," Henry Percy, Ralph * Presbyteri, fratres et clerici, sutores et mechanici, Bower; agricola ae pastores, et capellani imbecilles et decrepiti, Knyghton; miser monachi, improbi presbyteri, por-
Neville, and Henry Scrope; the Archbishop of York led the second; Mowbray, Rokeby, and John of Copland were in the third. Ed. Stevenson, pp. 349–51.

David, in the ballad, proposes to himself nothing less than the conquest of England and the distribution of the territory among his chief men. He is not a youth of twenty-two; William Douglas has served him four and thirty years. Still he will brook no advice, and kills his own squire for warning him of the danger of his enterprise. The Earl of Angus is to lead the van; but Angus, as we have seen, was engaged on the other side. The title of Angus might have deceived the minstrel, but it was hardly to be expected that Neville should be turned into a Scot as he is in st. 17. Angus, and also ‘Vaughan,’ that is Baughan, or Buchan, are to be in the king’s coat-armor, sts 11, 13, imitating Blunt and the rest at Shrewsbury, and the five false Richmonds at Bosworth. James Douglas offers to lead the van, 14; so does William Douglas in 21. An Englishman who does not know a Neville would surely not be very precise about a Douglas, and it must be conceded that the Douglases have not always been kept perfectly distinct by historians. James Douglas, whoever he may be supposed to be, “went before;” that is, he plays the part which belongs historically to the Knight of Liddesdale, loses all his men, and returns, with an arrow in his thigh, to report that one Englishman is worth five Scots: 26–33. But the Scots, even at that rate, have the advantage, for a herald, sent out to reconnoitre, tells their king that they are ten to one.

* It is very doubtful whether there was an Earl of Buchan in 1346. Henry de Beaumont, according to the peerages, died in 1341. He was an Englishman, had fought against the Scots at Duplin, 1332, and was after that in the service of Edward III.

† ‘Famous,’ the MS. reading in 141, may probably be an error for James, which occurs so often in 28–33. William Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, had a brother James, but this James had been killed in 1335. He had also a brother John, Scotchchronicon and Chronique de Lanercost, and the latter, as has been mentioned, puts John in Murray’s division. Knyghton, col. 2590, gives as among the prisoners dominus Willielmus Dougus et frater ejusdem Willielmi.

The commanders on the English side are the Bishop of Durham, Earl Percy, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Carlisle, and “Lord Fluwilliams.” § The Bishop of Durham orders that no man shall fight before he has ‘served his God,’ and five hundred priests say mass in the field who afterwards take part in the fray. (The monks of Durham, Knyghton tells us, had made terms with the Scots, and were to pay a thousand pounds for ransom-money the next day; and so, when they saw the Scots yielding, they raised their voices in a Te Deum, which sounded to the clouds and quickened the courage of the English.) The king of Scots is wounded by an arrow through his nose, and, stepping aside to bleed, is taken prisoner by John of Copland, whom he first smites angrily. Copland sets the king on a palfrey and leads him to London. King Edward, newly arrived from France, asks him how he likes the shepherds, millers, and priests. There’s not a yeoman in England, says David, but he is worth a Scottish knight. Aye, says King Edward, laughing, that is because you were fighting against the right. Shortly after this the Black Prince brings the king of France captive from the field of Poitiers. Says David to John, Welcome, brother, but I would I had gone to Rome! And I, would I had gone to Jerusalem! replies John. Thus ends the battle of Durham, fought, says the minstrel, on a morning of May, sts 27, 64, and within the same month as the battles of Crécy and Poitiers. || Though Poitiers was fought ten years after Durham, the king of Scots and the king of France no doubt met in London, for John was taken thither in April,

§ Froissart says that the English force was in four battalions: the first commanded by the Bishop of Durham and Lord Percy; the second by the Archbishop of York and Lord Neville; the third by the Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Mowbray; the fourth by Edward Balliol and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

|| Crécy, 26 August, 1346; Durham, 17 October, 1346; Poitiers, 19 September, 1356.
1357, and David was not released from his captivity until the following November.

Stanza 18 affords us an upper limit for a date. Lord Hambleton is said to be of the king's kin full nigh. James Hamilton, the first lord, married the princess Mary, sister of James III, in 1474, and his descendants were the next heirs to the throne after the Stewarts, whose line was for a time but barely kept up.

1 Lordinges, listen, and hold you still;
   Hearken to me a little;
I shall you tell of the fairest battell
    That ever in England befell.

2 For as it befell in Edward the Thirds dayes,
   In England, where he ware the crowne,
Then all the cheefe chiuniity of England
   They bsked and made them bowne.

3 They chosen all the best archers
   That in England might be found,
And all was to fight with the king of Ffrance,
   Within a little stounde.

4 And when our king was over the water,
   And on the salt sea gone,
Then tydings into Scotland came
   That all England was gone.

5 Bowes and arrows they were all forth,
   At home was not left a man
But shepards and millers both,
   And preists with shauen crownes.

6 Then the king of Scotts in a study stood,
   As he was a man of great might;
He sware he wold hold his parlament in leene London,
   If he cold ryde there right.

7 Then bespoke a squier, of Scotland borne,
   And sayd, My loege, space,
Before you come to leene London,
   Full sore you 'le rue that race.

8 Ther beene bold yeomen in merry England,
   Husbandmen stiffe and strong;
Sharpe swords they done weare,
   Beare bowes and arrows longe.

9 The King was angrye at that word:
   A long sword out hee drew,
   And there befor his royall companye
      His owne squier hee slew.

10 Hard hansell had the Scottes that day,
   That wrought them woe enonghe,
For then durst not a Scott speake a word
   For hanging att a bonghe.

11 'The Earle of Angnish, where art thou?
   In my coate-armour thou shalt bee,
And thou shalt load the forward
   Thorow the English countrye.

12 'Take thee Yorke,' then sayd the King,
   'In stead wheras it doth stand;
I 'le make thy eldest sonne after thee
   'Heyre of all Northumberland.

13 'The Earle of Vaughan, where be yee?
   In my coate-armour thou shalt bee;
The high Peak and Darbyshire
   I gie it thee to thy fee.'

14 Then came in famous Douglas,
   Saies, What shall my needle bee?
And I 'le lead the vawward, lord,
   Thorow the English countrye.

15 'Take thee Worser,' sayd the King,
   'Tuxburye, Killingworth, Burton vpen Trent;
Doe thou not say another day
   But I haue gien thee lands and rent.

16 'Sir Richard of Edenborrow, where are yee?
   A wise man in this warr;
I 'le gie thee Bristow and the shire
   The time that were come there.

17 'My lord Nevill, where beene yee?
   You must in this warres bee;
I 'le gie thee Shrewsburye,' saies the King,
   'And Couentrye faire and free.
18 'My lord of Hambleton, where art thou? 
Thou art of my kin full yre; 
I le gie thee Lincoln and Lincolnshire, 
And that's enouge for thee.'

19 By then came in William Douglas, 
As breeme as any bore; 
He kneeled him downe vpon his knees, 
In his hart he sighed sore.

20 Saies, I have servd you, my loulye lege, 
This thirty winters and four, 
And in the Marches betweene England and Scottland 
I have beene wounded and beaten sore.

21 For all the good service that I have done, 
What shall my meed bee? 
And I will lead the vanward 
Thorrow the English crouye.

22 'Aske on, Douglas,' said the king, 
'And granted it shall bee:' 
'Why then, I aske litle London,' saies William Douglas, 
'Gotten giff that it bee.'

23 The King was wrath, and rose away, 
Saies, Nay, that cannot bee! 
For that I will kepe for my cheefe chamber, 
Gotten if it bee.

24 But take thee North Wales and Weschaster, 
The crouye all round about, 
And rewarded thou shalt bee, 
Of that take thou no doubt.

25 Fine score knights he made on a day, 
And dubbed them with his hands; 
Rewarded them right worthilye 
With the townes in merry England.

26 And when the fresh knights they were made, 
To battell the buske them bowne; 
James Douglas went before, 
And he thought to have wonnen him shoone.

27 But the were mett in a morning of May 
With the comminaltye of little England; 
But there scaped never a man away, 
Through the might of Cristies hand.

28 But all onely James Douglas; 
In Durham in the ffield

An arrow stroke him in the thye; 
Fast hing[es he] towards the King.

29 The King looked toward little Durham, 
Saies, All things is not well! 
For James Dowglas beares an arrow in his thye, 
The head of it is of steele.

30 'How now Iames?' then said the King, 
'How now, how may this bee? 
And where bee all thy merrymen 
That thou tooke hence with thee?'

31 'But cease, my king,' saies Iames Douglas, 
'Alene is not left a man!' 
'Now by my faith,' saies the king of Scottes, 
'That gate was caull gone.

32 'But I le venenge thy quarrell well, 
And of that thou may be faune; 
For one Scott will bento five Englishmen, 
If the meeten them on the plaine.'

33 'Now hold your toungue,' saies James Douglas, 
'For in faith that is not soe; 
For one Englishman is worth five Scotts, 
When they meeten together thoe.

34 'For they are as eager men to fight 
As a funkele vpon a pray; 
Alas! if ever the winne the vanward, 
There scapes noe man away.'

35 'O peace thy talking,' said the King, 
'They bee but English knaves, 
But shepards and millers both, 
And presists with their stawes.'

36 The King sent forth one of his heralds of armes 
To vew the Englishmen: 
'Be of good cheere,' the herald said, 
'For against one wee bee ten.'

37 'Who leads those laddes?' said the king of Scottes, 
'Thou herald, tell thou mee:' 
The herald said, The Bishop of Durham 
Is captaine of that companye.

38 'For the Bishop hath spred the King's banner, 
And to battell he buskes him bowne:'
I swere by St. Andrewes bones,' saies the King,
'I ye rapp that preist on the crowne.'

The King looked towards little Durham,
And that hee well beheld,
That the Earle Percy was well armed,
With his battell-axe entred the feild.

The King lookest againe towards little Durham,
Four aneyents there see hee;
There were to standards, six in a valley,
He cold not see them with his eye.

My Lord of Yorke was one of them,
My Lord of Carlile was the other,
And my Lord Fluwilliams,
The one came with the other.

The Bishopp of Durham commanded his men,
And shortlye he them lade,
That never a man shold gee to the feild to fight
Till he had served his God.

Fiue hundred preists said masse that day
In Durham in the feild,
And afterwards, as I hard say,
They bare both speare and sheeld.

The Bishopp of Durham orders himselfe to fight,
With his battell-axe in his hand;
He said, This day now I will fight
As long as I can stand!

And soo will I,' sayd my Lord of Carlile,
'In this faire morning gay,'
'And soo will I,' said my Lord Fluwilliams,
'For Mary, that myld may.'

Our English archers bent their bowes
Shortlye and anon;
They shott over the Scottish cast
And scantlye toucht a man.

Hold downe your hands,' sayd the Bishopp of Durham,
'My archers good and true:'
The second shoote that the shott,
Full sore the Scottes litt rue.

The Bishopp of Durham spoke on hye,
That both partyes might heare:

'Be of good cheere, my merrymen all,
The Scotts flyen, and changen there cheere.'

But as the saidden, soo the didden,
They fell on heapes hye;
Our Englishmen laid on with their bowes,
As fast as they might dree.

The king of Scotts in a studye stood
Amongst his companye;
An arrow stoke him thorrow the nose,
And thorrow his armorye.

The King went to a marsh-side
And light beside his steede;
He leaned him downe on his sword-hilts,
To let his nose bleede.

There followed him a yeaman of merry Eng
land,
His name was John of Coplande:
'Yeeeld thee, traytor!' saies Coplande then,
'Thy liffe lies in my hand.'

'How shold I yeeld me,' says the King,
'And thou art noe gentleman?'
'Noe, by my troth,' sayes Copland there,
'I am but a poore yeaman.'

What art thou better then I, Sir King?
Tell me if that thou can!
What art thou better then I, Sir King,
Now we be but man to man?

The King smote angerly at Copland then,
Angerly in that stonde;
And then Copland was a bold yeaman,
And bore the King to the ground.

He sett the King upon a palfrey,
Himselfe upon a steede;
He tooke him by the bridle-rayne,
Towards London hee can him lead.

And when to London that he came,
The King from Ffrance was nowe come home,
And there unto the king of Scottes
He sayd these words anon.

How like you my shepards and my millers?
My priests with shaven crownes?'
'By my fayth, they are the sorest fighting men
That ever I mett on the ground.

50 'There was never a yeaman in merry England
But he was worth a Scottish knight:'
'I, by my troth,' said King Edward, and laughde,
'For you fought all against the right.'

60 But now the prince of merry England,
Worthilye under his sheelde,
Hath taken the king of Ffrance,
At Poytiers in the ffeelde.

61 The prince did present his father with that food,
The louely king off Ffrance,
And forward of his iourney he is gone:
God send us all good chance!

62 'You are welcome, brother!' sayd the king of Scotts, to the king of Ffrance,
'For I am come hither to soone;
Christ leeve that I had taken my way Unto the court of Roome!'

63 'And soe wold I,' said the king of Ffrance,
'When I came over the streame,
That I had taken my iourney Unto Jerusalem!'

64 Thus ends the battell of saire Durham,
In one morning of May,
The battell of Cressey, and the battle of Poyters,
All within one monthis day.

65 Then was welthe and welfare in mery Eng-land,
Solaces, game, and glee,
And every man loved other well,
And the King loved good yeomanry.

66 But God that made the grass to growe,
And leaves on greenwoode tree,
Now save and keepe our noble king,
And maintaine good yeomanry!
WILLIAM DOUGLAS, the Knight of Liddesdale, who figures in the foregoing ballad, was assassinated in 1353, while hunting in Etrick forest, by his kinsman and godson, Lord William Douglas.

According to the Scotichronicon, the motive was said to be revenge for Alexander Ramsay, one of the first men among the Scots, whom Liddesdale had assaulted while he was holding a court, wounded, carried off, and suffered to die by starving; and for Sir David Berkeley, whom Liddesdale was charged with procuring to be murdered in 1550, in return for the death of his brother, Sir John Douglas, brought to pass by Berkeley. (Scotichronicon, ed. Goodall, II, 348, 355, xiv, 8, xii, 50, xiv, 7.)

Hume of Godscroft considers the motive assigned to be quite unnatural, and at best a pretence. A ballad known to him gave a different account. "The Lord of Liddesdale, being at his pastime, hunting in Attuck forest, is beset by William Earle of Douglas, and such as he had ordained for that purpose, and there assailed, wounded, and slain, beside Galsewood, in the yeare 1353; upon a jealouse that the Earle had conceived of him with his lady, as the report goeth, for so says the old song." After citing the stanza which follows, Hume goes on to say: "The song also declareth how shee did write her love-letters to Liddisdale, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his owne killing at Galsewood, and how hee was carried the first night to Lindin Kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the Abbacie of Melrosse."

"The sole basis for this statement of Hume's," says Sir William Fraser, The Douglas Book, I, 223 f, 1885, "seems to be the anonymous Border ballad, part of which he quotes, to which he adds the tradition that the lady wrote to her lover to dissuade him from that hunting. Apart from the fact that this tradition is opposed to contemporary history, which states that Sir William was wholly unsuspicious of danger, the story told by Godscroft is otherwise erroneous. He assumes that Douglas was made earl in 1346, and that he was married to a daughter of the Earl of March, neither of which assumptions is true. Douglas was not created earl until 26th January, 1357-8, and there was therefore no 'Countess of Douglas' to wait for the Knight of Liddesdale. Douglas's only wife was Lady Margaret of Mar, who survived him. The exact date of their marriage has not been ascertained, but it is certain that Douglas had no countess of the family of March in 1353, while it is doubtful if at that date he was married at all. Popular tradition is therefore at fault in assigning matrimonial jealousy as a motive for killing the Knight of Liddesdale."

"Some fragments of this ballad are still current, and will be found in the ensuing work," says Scott, Minstrelsy, I, 221, note, ed. 1833. It may be that Sir Walter became convinced that these fragments were not genuine; at any rate, they do not appear in his collection.

The Countesse of Douglas out of her bourue she came,
And loudly there that she did call:
'It is for the Lord of Liddesdale
That I let all these teares downe fall.'
THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN


These agents reported that all Scotland was astir, and that there was to be another parley in the forest of Jedburgh. The barons and knights of Northumberland made due preparations, and, the better to keep these secret, remained quiet in their houses, ready to sally as soon as they learned that the Scots were in motion. Feeling themselves incapable of coping with so large a body as had been collected, they decided upon a simultaneous counter-raid, and that from the east or from the west, according as the enemy should take the road from the west or the east. Of this plan of the English the Scots obtained knowledge from a spy whom they had captured, and to foil it they divided their army, directing the main body towards Carlisle, under command of Archibald Douglas, of the Earl of Fife, son of the king, and many other nobles, while a detachment of three or four hundred picked men-at-arms, supported by two thousand stout fellows, partly archers, all well mounted, and commanded by James, Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Murray, were to strike for Newcastle, cross the river, and burn and ravage the bishopric of Durham.

The eastern division (with which alone we are concerned) carried out their program to the letter. They advanced at speed, stopping for nothing, and meeting with no resistance,

lytle hackeneyes, the whiche were never tyed nor kept at hard meate, but lette go to pasture in the feldis and hushelis.” Happily cited by Scott, in illustration of C 16: Lord Berners’ translation, cap. xvii, Pynson, 1525, fol. viii.
and the burning and pillaging had begun in Durham before the Earl of Northumberland knew of their arrival. Fire and smoke soon showed what was going on. The earl dispatched his sons Henry and Ralph Percy to Newcastle, where the whole country rallied, gentle and simple; he himself remaining at Alnwick, in the hope of being able to enclosure the Scots, when they should take the way north, between two bodies of English. The Scots attained to the very gates of Durham; then, having burned every unfortified town between there and Newcastle, they turned northward, with a large booty, repassed the Tyne, and halted at Newcastle. There was skirmishing for two days before the city, and in the course of a long combat between Doug-
las and Henry Percy the Scot got possession of the Englishman’s pennon. This he told Percy he would raise on the highest point of his castle at Dalkeith; Percy answered that he should never accomplish that vault, nor should he carry the pennon out of Northumber-
land. ‘Come then to-night and win it back,’ said Douglas; ‘I will plant it before my tent.’ It was then late, and the fighting ceased; but the Scots kept good guard, look-
ing for Percy to come that very night for his pennon. Percy, however, was constrained to let that night pass.

The Scots broke up their camp early the next morning and withdrew homewards. Tak-
ing and burning the tower and town of Ponte-
land on their way, they moved on to Otterburn, thirty miles northwest from Newcastle, where there was a strong castle or tower, in marshy ground, which they assaulted for a day without success. At the end of the day they held a council, and the greater part were in favor of making for Carlisle in the morning, to rejoin their countrymen. But the Earl of Douglas would not hear of this; Henry Percy had said that he would challenge his pennon; they would stay two or three days more and assault the castle, and see if Percy would be as good as his word. So the Scots encamped at their ease, making themselves huts of trees, and availing themselves of the marshes to fortify their position. At the entrance of the marshes, which was on the Newcastle road, they put their servants and foragers, and they drove their cattle into the bogs.

Henry Percy was greatly vexed and morti-
tified at the loss of his pennon, and in the evening he represented to the knights and squires of Northumberland how much it con-
cerned his honor to make good what he had said to Douglas, that the pennon should never be carried out of England. But these gentle-
men were all convinced that Douglas was backed by the whole power of Scotland, of which they had seen only the van, by forty thousand men who could handle them at their will; at any rate, it was better to lose a pennon than two or three hundred knights and squires, and expose the country to risk. As for the loss of the pennon, it was one of the chances of arms; Douglas had won it hand-
somely; another time Percy would get as much from him, or more.* To this the Percys were fain to yield. Later there came scouts with information that Douglas was encamped at Otterburn, that the main army was not acting in conjunction with him, and that his forces, all told, did not exceed three thousand. Henry Percy was overjoyed at the news, and cried, To horse! by the faith I owe to God and my father, I will go seek my pennon, and the Scots shall be ousted before this night is over. The evening of that same day the Bishop of Durham was expected to ar-
rive with a great many men, but Henry Percy would not wait. Six hundred lances and eight thousand foot were enough, he said, to serve the Scots, who had but three hundred lances and two thousand other folk. The English set forth as soon as they could get together, by the road which the Scots had taken, but were not able to move very fast by reason of their infantry.

Some of the Scots knights were supping, and more were asleep (for they had had hard work at the assault on the tower, and were meaning to be up betimes to renew the at-
tack), when the English were upon the camp, crying, Percy! Percy! There was naturally

* A consolation as old as wise. So Paris, for himself: 


πική παμεύβει σε βῆς, Iliad, vi, 339.
great alarm. The English made their attack at that part of the camp where, as before said, the servants and foragers were lodged. This was, however, strong, and the knights sent some of their men to hold it while they themselves were arming. Then the Scots formed, each under his own earl and captain. It was night, but the weather was fair and the moon shining. The Scots did not go straight for the English, but took their way along by the marshes and by a hill, according to a plan which they had previously arranged against the case that their camp should be attacked. The English made short work with the underlings, but, as they advanced, always found fresh people to keep up a skirmish. And now the Scots, having executed a flank movement, fell upon their assailants in a mass, from a quarter where nothing was looked for, shouting their battle-cries with one voice. The English were astounded, but closed up, and gave them Percy! for Douglas! Then began a fell battle. The English, being in excess and eager to win, beat back the Scots, who were at the point of being worsted. James Douglas, who was young, strong, and keen for glory, sent his banner to the front, with the cry, Douglas! Douglas! Henry and Ralph Percy, indignant against the earl for the loss of the pennon, turned in the direction of the cry, responding, Percy! Knights and squires had no thought but to fight as long as spears and axes would hold out. It was a hand-to-hand fight; the parties were so close together that the archers of neither could operate; neither side budged, but both stood firm. The Scots showed extraordinary valor, for the English were three to one; but be this said without disparagement of the English, who have always done their duty.

As has been said, the English were so strong that they were forcing their foes back, and this James Douglas saw. To regain the ground, he took a two-handed axe, plunged into the thickest, and opened a path before him; for there was none so well armed in helmet or plate as not to fear his strokes. So he made his way till he was hit by three spears, all at once, one in the shoulder, another in the chest, another in the thigh, and borne to the ground. The English did not know that it was Earl Douglas that had fallen; they would have been so much elated that the day would have been theirs. Neither did the Scots; if they had, they would have given up in despair. Douglas could not raise himself from the ground, for he was wounded to the death. The crush about him was great, but his people had kept as close to him as they could. His cousin, Sir James Lindsay, reached the spot where he was lying, and with Lindsay Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, and other knights and squires. Near him, and severely wounded, they found his chaplain, William of North Berwick, who had kept up with his master the whole night, axe in hand; also Sir Robert Hart, with five wounds from lances and other weapons. 'Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, Cousin, how fares it with you? 'Indifferently,' said the earl; 'praised be God, few of my ancestors have died in their beds. Avenge me, for I count myself dead. Walter and John Sinclair, up with my banner, and cry, Douglas! and let neither friend nor foe know of my state.' The two Sinclairs and Sir John Lindsay did as they were bidden, raised the banner, and shouted, Douglas! They were far to the front, but others, who were behind, hearing the shout loudly repeated, charged the English with such valor as to drive them beyond the place where Douglas now lay dead, and came up with the banner which Sir John Lindsay was bearing, begirt and supported by good Scots knights and squires. The Earl of Murray came up too, and the Earl of March and Dunbar as well, and they all, as it were, took new life when they saw that they were together and that the English were giving ground. Once more was the combat renewed. The English had the disadvantage of the fatigue of a rapid march from Newcastle, by reason whereof their will was better than their wind, whereas the Scots were fresh; and the effects appeared in this last charge, in which the Scots drove the English so far back that they could not recover their lost ground. Sir Ralph Percy had already been taken prisoner. Like Doug-
las, he had advanced so far as to be surrounded, and being so badly wounded that his hose and boots were full of blood, he surrendered to Sir John Maxwell. Henry Percy, after a valorous fight with the Lord Montgomery, became prisoner to the Scottish knight.

It was a hard battle and well fought, but such are the turns of fortune that, although the English were the greater number, and all bold men and practised in arms, and although they attacked the enemy valiantly, and at first drove them back a good distance, the Scots in the end won the day. The losses of the English were put by their antagonists at 1040 prisoners, 1860 killed in the fight and the pursuit, and more than 1000 wounded; those of the Scots were about 100 killed and 200 captured. The Scots retired without molestation, taking the way to Melrose Abbey, where they caused the Earl of Douglas to be interred, and his obsequies to be reverently performed. Over his body a tomb of stone was built, and above this was raised the earl’s banner.

Such is the story of the battle of Otterburn, fought on Wednesday, the 19th day of August,† in the year of grace 1388, as related by Froissart (with animated tributes to the hardihood and generosity of both parties) upon the authority of knights and squires actually present, both English and Scots, and also French.

Wyntoun, ix, 840–54, 900f (Laing, III, 36f) says that the alarm was given the Scots by a young man that came right fast riding (cf. A 20, 21, B 4, C 17), and that many of the Scots were able to arm but imperfectly; among these Earl James, who was occupied with getting his men into order and was “reckless of his arming,” and the Earl of Murray, who forgot his basnet (cf. C 20). Earl James was slain no man knew in what way. Bower, Scotichronicon, II, 405, agrees with Wyntoun. English chroniclers, Knyghton, col. 2728, Walsingham (Riley, II, 176 f), Malverne, the continuator of Higden (Polychronicon, Lumby, IX, 185), assert that Percy killed Douglas with his own hand, Knyghton adding that Percy also wounded the Earl of Murray to the point of death.

That a Scots ballad of Otterburn was popular in the sixteenth century appears from The Complayn of Scotlande, 1549, where a line is cited, The Perssee and the Mongumyre met, p. 65, ed. Murray: cf. B 3 f, C 30 f. In the following century Hume of Godscroft writes: || The Scots song made of Otterburn telld the time, about Lanmase, and the occasion, to take preyes out of England; also the dividing of the armies betwixt the Earles of Fife and Douglas, and their several journeys,

* Buchanan has these numbers, with the exception of 1840, for 1850, killed: ed. 1582, fol. 101. “That there was a memorable slaughter in this affair, a slaughter far beyond the usual proportion to the numbers engaged, cannot be doubted; nor was there ever bloodshed more useless for the practical ends of war. It all came of the capture of the Percy’s pennon. The Scots might have got clear off with all their booty; the English forgot all the precautions of war when they made a midnight rush on a fortified camp without knowledge of the ground or the arrangements of their enemy. It was for these specialties that Froissart admired it so. He saw in it a fight for fighting’s sake, a great passage at arms in which no bow was drawn, but each man fought hand to hand; in fact, about the greatest and bloodiest tournament he had to record. Hence his narrative is ever interrupted with bursts of admiration as his fancy contemplates the delightful scene raised before it.” Burton, History of Scotland, II, 364, ed. 1873 (who, perhaps, by an error of the press, makes the losses of the English in killed eight hundred and forty, in place of Buchanan’s eighteen hundred and forty).

† Bower and Barry say St Oswald’s day, Wednesday, the 8th, Scotichronicon, II, 405, 407; Knyghton also; the continuator of Higden’s Polychronicon, August 12, Wednesday. The ballad, A 18½, gives the day as Wednesday. There was a full moon August 20, which makes the 19th of itself far more probable, and Froissart says the moon was shining. See White, Battle of Otterburn, p. 153.

§ Walsingham writes in the vein of Froissart: “Erat ibidem cernere pulchrum spectaculum, duos tam praeclarus juvenes manus concerere et pro gloria decertare.” Walsingham says that the English were few. Malverne puts the Scots at 30,000, and here, as in the ballad A 35, the chronicle does not layne (indeed, the ballad is all but accurate), if the main body of the Scots be included, which was at first supposed to be supporting Douglas.

§§ The perssee and the mongumyre met, that day, that day, that gentill day, which I suppose to be either a different reading from any that has come down, or a blending of a line from Otterburn with one from The Hunting of the Cheviot, A 24 f; indicating in either case the present ballad only, for The Hunts of Checet had been cited before. Furnivall holds that the second line means another ballad: Captain Cox, p. clix.

|| The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus, 1644, p. 104.
almost as in the authentick history. It beginneth thus:

It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When yeomen wonne their hay,  
The doughtie Douglas gan to ride,  
In England to take a prey.

Motherwell maintains that the ballad which passes as English is the Scots song altered to please the other party. His argument, however, is far from conclusive. "That The Battle of Otterbourne was thus dealt with by an English transcriber appears obvious, for it studiously omits dilating on Percy’s capture, while it accurately details his combat with Douglas;" that is to say, the ballad as we have it is just what a real English ballad would have been, both as to what it enlarges on and what it slights. "Whereas it would appear that in the genuine Scottish version the capture of Percy formed a prominent incident, seeing it is the one by which the author of The Complaynt refers to the ballad [The Perssee and the Mongumrye met];" from which Motherwell was at liberty to deduce that B and C represent the genuine Scottish version, several stanzas being given to the capture of Percy in these; but this he would not care to do, on account of the great inferiority of these forms. A Scotsman could alter an English ballad "to suit political feeling and flatter national vanity," as Motherwell says the Scots did with Chevy Chase. (See further on, p. 303.) There is no reason to doubt that a Scots ballad of Otterburn once existed, much better than the two inferior, and partly suspicious, things which were printed by Herd and Scott, and none to doubt that an English minstrel would deal freely with any Scots ballad which he could turn to his purpose; but then there is no evidence, positive or probable, that this particular ballad was "adapted" from the Scots song made of Otterburn; rather are we to infer that the few verses of B and C which repeat or resemble the text of A were bor-

rowed from A, and, as likely as not, Hume’s first stanza too.6

A, in the shape in which it has come down to us, must have a date long subsequent to the battle, as the grammatical forms show; still, what interested the borderers a hundred years or more after the event must have interested people of the time still more, and it would be against the nature of things that there should not have been a ballad as early as 1400. The ballad we have is likely to have been modernized from such a predecessor, but I am not aware that there is anything in the text to confirm such a supposition, unless one be pleased to make much of the Wednesday of the eighteenth stanza. The concluding stanza implies that Percy is dead, and he was killed at Shrewsbury, in 1403.

3. 3. Hoppertope hyll, says Percy, is a corruption for Ottercap Hill (now Ottercaps Hill) in the parish of Kirk Whelpington, Tynedale Ward, Northumberland. Rodylyffe Cragge (now Rothley Craggs) is a cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth Ward, south-east of Ottercap; and Green Leyton, corruptly Green Lynton, is another small village, south-east of Rodeley, in the same parish. Reliques, 1794, I, 22.

8. Henry Percy seems to have been in his twenty-third year. As for his having been a march-man "all his days," he is said to have begun fighting ten years before, in 1378, and to have been appointed Governor of Berwick and Warden of the Marches in 1385: White, History of the Battle of Otterburn, p. 67 f. Walsingham calls both Percy and Douglas young men, and Froissart speaks at least twice of Douglas as young. Fraser, The Douglas Book, 1885, I, 292, says that Douglas was probably born in 1358. White, as above, p. 91, would make him somewhat older.

17. The chivalrous trait in this stanza, and that in the characteristic passage 36–44, are peculiar to this transcendentally heroic ballad.

26, 27. The earldom of Menteith at the time of this battle, says Percy, following Douglas’s Peerage, was possessed by Robert

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6 For Motherwell’s views, see his Minstrelsy, ii, iii, and lxxi, note 30.
Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of King Robert II; but the Earl of Fife was in command of the main body and not present. (As Douglas married a daughter of King Robert II, the Earl of Fife was not his uncle, but his brother-in-law.) The mention of Huntley, says Percy, shows that the ballad was not composed before 1449; for in that year Alexander, Lord of Gordon and Huntley, was created Earl of Huntley by King James II. The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of the king. Reliques, 1794, I, 36.

358. 'The cronycle will not layne.' So in The Rose of England,' No 166, st. 22, 'The cronicles of this will not lye,' and also 173; and in 'Flooden Field,' appendix, p. 360, st. 121.

43, 49. It will be remembered that the archers had no part in this fight.

45, 46. 'The ancient arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, The crowned harte, and, Above stode starres thre, it would be minutely exact at this day. As for the Percy family, one of their ancient badges or cognizances was a white lyon statant, and the silver crescent continues to be used by them to this day. They also give three luces argent for one of their quarters.' Percy, as above, p. 30.

48. So far as I know, St George does not appear as Our Lady's knight in any legendary, though he is so denominated or described elsewhere in popular tradition. So in the spell for night-mare, which would naturally be of considerable antiquity,

S. George, S. George, Our Ladies knight,
He walkt by day, so did he by night, etc.: Reginald Scot, The Discoverie of Witchescraft, 1584, as reprinted by Nicholson, p. 68, ed. 1665, p. 48; and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, iv. 6, Dyce, VII, 388. In Nicholas Udall's

'Reister Doister,' known to be as old as 1551, Matthew Merrygreek exclaims, 'What then? sainct George to bow, Our Ladge's knight!' Ed. W. D. Cooper, p. 77, Shakespeare Society, 1847. The Danish ballad of St George, 'St Jørgen og Dragen,' Grundtvig, No 103, II, 559 ff, the oldest version of which is from a 16th century MS., begins, 'Knight St George, thou art my man' (svend); and in the second version, George, declining the princess whom he has rescued, says he has vowed to Mary to be her servant.* In the corresponding Swedish ballad, of the same age as the Danish, George is called Mary's knight (Maria honom riddare gjorde, st. 2): Geijer and Afzelius, ed. Bergström, II, 402. This is also his relation in German ballads: Meinert, p. 254; Diffurth, I, 55, No 68.†

B. 1, 9, 14 nearly resemble A 1, 50, 68, and must have the same origin. In B 9 Douglas is changed to Montgomery; in 14 Douglas is wrongly said to have been buried on the field, instead of at Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still to be seen.

7 is founded upon a tradition reported by Hume of Godscroft: 'There are that say that he was not slain by the enemy, but by one of his owne men, a groome of his chamber, whom he had struck the day before with a truncheon in the ordering of the battell, because hee saw him make somewhat slowly to; and they name this man John Bickerton of Luffenesse, who left a part of his armoure behinde unfastned, and when hee was in the greatest conflict, this servant of his came behinde his back and slew him thereat.' Ed. 1644, p. 105.

11. The summons to surrender to a braken-bush is not in the style of fighting-men or fighting-days, and would justify Hotspur's contempt of metre-ballad-mongers.

12, 13. B agrees with Froissart in making a Montgomery to be the captor of Henry Percy, whereas A represents that Montgomery's daughter, and orders a church to be built 'mit Mariabeild,' or to himself and Mary. This, and perhaps the hint for St George's addiction to Mary altogether, is from the Golden Legend, where the king "in honorem beate Maria et beati Georgii ecclesiam miræ magnitudinis construxit"; Græse, p. 261.
ery was taken prisoner and exchanged for Percy. In The Hunting of the Cheviot Sir Hugh Montgomery kills Percy, and in return is shot by a Northumberland archer.

C. Scott does not give a distinct account of this version. He says that he had obtained two copies, since the publication of the earlier edition, “from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out and completed in a manner much more correspondent to the true history.” C is, in fact, a combination of four copies; the two from Ettrick Forest, B a, and the MS. copy used in B b to “correct” Herd.

8, it scarcely requires to be said, is spurious, modern in diction and in conception.

19. Perhaps derived from Hume of Godscroft rather than from tradition. When Douglas was dying, according to this historian, he made these last requests of certain of his kinsmen: “First, that ye keep my death close both from our owne folke and from the enemy; then, that ye suffer not my standard to be lost or cast downe; and last, that ye avenge my death, and bury me at Melrose with my father. If I could hope for these things,” he added, “I should die with the greater contentment; for long since I heard a prophesie that a dead man should winne a field, and I hope in God it shall be I.” Ed. 1644, p. 100.

22 must be derived from the English version. As the excellent editor of The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland, Glasgow, 1871, remarks, “no Scottish minstrel would ever have dreamt of inventing such a termination to the combat between these two redoubted heroes... as much at variance with history as it is repulsive to national feeling:” p. 431.

Genealogical matters, in this and the following ballad, are treated, not always to complete satisfaction, in Bishop Percy’s notes, Reliques, 1794, 1, 34 ff; Scott’s Minstrelsy, 1833, I, 351, 363 ff: White’s History of the Battle of Otterburn, p. 67 ff; The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, I, 66 ff.

A is translated by Doenniges, p. 87; C by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 12, p. 74, and by Talvj, Charakteristik, p. 537.

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A

a. Cotton MS. Cleopatra, C. iv, leaf 64, of about 1550.
b. Harleian MS. 293, leaf 52.

1 Yr fell abouth the Lamasse tyde,
Whan hosbondes wynnes ther haye,
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,
In Yeonglond to take a praye.

2 The yerle of Fyffe, wythowghten stryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway;
The grete wolde ever to-gether ryde;
That rysse they may rewe for aye.

3 Over Hoppertope hyll they cam in,
And so down by Rodelyffe erage:
Vpon Grene Lynton they lyghted dowyn,
Styrande many a stage.

* Following in part Buchanan, who, however, says nothing of Melrose, or of the prophecy, which is the point here. Hic vero a vobis postrema peto: primum, vt mortem meam et nostros et hostes caelestis; deinde, no vexillum meum de-

4 And boldly brente Northomberlond,
And haryed many a towyn
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,
To batell that were not bowyn.

5 Than spake a berne vpon the bent,
Of conforte that was not colde,
And sayd, We haue brente Northomberlond,
We haue all welth in holde.

6 Now we haue haryed all Bamhorewe schyre,
All the wold in the world haue wec,
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
So styll and stalworthye.

7 Vpon the morowe, when it was day,
The standers schone full bryght;

To the Newe Castell the toke the waye,  
And thether they can full rght.

8 Syr Henry Persey laye at the New Castell,  
I tell yow wythowttten drede;  
He had byn a marchman all hys dayes,  
And kepte Barwyke vpon Twedde.

9 To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
'Syr Hary Persey, and thon byste within,  
Com to the fylde, and fyght.'

10 'For we haue brente Northomberlond,  
Thy erotage good and ryght,  
And syne my logeyng I haue take  
Wyth my brande dubbyd many a knyght.'

11 Syr Harry Persey cam to the walles,  
The Skottyschoste for to se,  
And sayd, And thou hast brente Northomber- 
hyght,  
Full sore it rewyth me.

12 Yf thou hast harayed all Bambarowe schyre,  
Thow hast done me grete envye;  
For the trespasse thow hast me done,  
The term of vs schall dye.

13 'Where schall I lyde the?' sayd the Dowglas,  
'Or where wylte thow com to me?'  
'At Otterborne, in the hygh way,  
[T]her mast thow well logeed be.

14 '[T]he roo full rekels ther sehe rinnes,  
[T]o make the game a[n]d glee;  
[T]he fawke and the fesant both,  
Among the holtes on hye.

15 'Than mast thow haue thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged thy mast be;  
Yt schall not be long or I com the tell,'  
Sayd Syr Harry Persaye.

16 'The schall I byde the,' sayd the Dowglas,  
'By the fayth of my bodye:'  
'Thether schall I com,' sayd Syr Harry Persaye,  
'My trouth I plyght to the.'

17 A pype of wyne he gane them over the walles,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Ther he, mayd the Dowglasse drynke,  
And all hys ost that daye.

18 The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,  
For soth wythowghten maye;  
He toke hys logeyng at Otterborne,  
Vpon a Wedynsday.

19 And ther he pyght hys stander dowyn,  
Hys gettyng more and lesse,  
And syne he warmd hys men to goo  
To chose ther geldynge gresse.

20 A Skottyshe knyght hoved vpon the bent.  
A wache I dare' well saye;  
So was he ware on the noble Perssy,  
In the dawnyn of the daye.

21 He prycked to hys paylcon-dore,  
As faste as he myght romne;  
'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
'For hys love that syttes in trone.

22 'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
'For thow maste waken wyth wynne;  
Yender haue I spyped the prowde Perssy,  
And seven stondardes wyth hym.'

23 'Nay by my trouth,' thow Dowglas sayed,  
'Or ys but a fayned tylle;  
He durst not loke on my brede banner  
For all Ynglond so haylile.

24 'Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,  
That stondes so fayre on Tyne?  
For all the men the Perssy had,  
He coude not garre me ones to dyne.'

25 He stepped owt at his pavylyon-dore,  
To loke and it were lesse:  
'Araye yow, lordynesse,' one and all,  
For here bygynnes no peysse.

26 'The yrelle of Mentaye, thow arte my eme,  
The fowarde I gyve to the:  
The yrelle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,  
He schall be wyth the.

27 'The lorde of Bowghan, in armure bryght,  
On the other hand he schall be;  
Lord Johnstone and Lordes Maxwell,  
They to schall be wyth me.

28 'Swynton, fayre fyld vpon your pryde!  
To batell make yow bowen
Syr Dary Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,        39  · For Jhesus love,' sayd Syr Harye Persy,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstone!  '        · That dyed for yow and me,  

29 · The Perssy cam byfore hys oste,       Wende to my lorde my father agayne,  
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght;       And saye thow sawe me not wyth yee.  
Vpon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
· I wyll holde that I haue hyght.  
· For thou haste brente Northomberlondre,  
And done me grette envye,  
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,  
The tone of vs schall dye.'  
30 · For euery man sawe that he dyd soo,       40 · My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottisy knyght,  
That ryall was euer in rowght;       It nede me not to layne,  
Euery man schoote hys horsee hym froo,       That I schulde hyde hym vpon thys bent,  
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.       And I haue hys trowth agayne.  
31 · The Dowglas anwerde hym agayne,       41 · And if that I w[e]rynde of thys growende,  
Wyth grett warded vpon hye,       For soth, onfowghten awaye,  
And sayd, I haue twenty agaynst thy one,       He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
Byholde, and thou maste see.       In hys londe another daye.  

32 · Wyth thz that the Perssy was grevyd sore,      42 · Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
For soth as I yow saye;       By Mary, that mykkel maye,  
He lyghted downyn vpon his foote,       Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd  
And schoote hys horsee cleene awaye.       Wyth a Skotte another day.  

33 · Euery man sawe that he dyd soo,       43 · Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,  
That ryall was euer in rowght;       And let scharpe arowes flee;  
Euery man schoote hys horsee hym froo,       Mynstrells, playe vp for your waryson,  
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.       And well quyt it schall bee.  

34 · Thus Syr Hary Persyse toke the fylde,       44 · Euery man thynke on hys trewe-love,  
For soth as I yow saye;       And marke hym to the Trenite;  
Jhesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght       For to God I make myne avowe  
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.       Thys day wyll I not flete.'  

35 · But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,       45 · The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,  
The cronkyle wyll not layne;       Hys standerde stode on hye,  
Forty thowsande of Skottys and fowre       That euery man myght full well knowe;  
That day fowght them agayne.       By syde stode starris thre.  

36 · But when the batell byganne to ioyne,       46 · The whyte lyon on the Ynglysshe pert,  
In hast ther cam a knyght;       For soth as I yow sayne,  
The letters fayre furth hath he tanye,       The hecetys and the cressawntes both;  
And thus he sayd ful ryght:       The Skottys fayght them agayne.  

37 · My lorde yowr father he gretes yow well,       47 · Vpon Sent Androwe bowde can they crye,  
Wyth many a noble knyght;       And thryssse they schowte on hyght,  
He desyres yowr to byde       And sync merked them one ovr Ynglysshe men,  
That he may see thys fyght.       As I haue tolde yow ryght.  

38 · The Baron of Grastoke ys com out of the       48 · Sent George the bryght, owr ladys knyght,  
west,       To name they were full fayne;  
Wyth hym a noble companye;       Our Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght,  
All they loge at yowr fathers thys nyght,       And thryssse the schowttie agayne.  
And the batell fayne wolde they see.'  

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161. THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN  397
Men of armes bygan to joyne,
Many a doughty man was ther slayne.

50 The Perssy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was sayne;
They swappe together whyll that the swette,
Wyth swordes of fyne collayne:

51 Tyll the blode from ther bassonnettes ranne,
As the roke doth in the rayne;
'Yele the to me,' sayd the Dowglas,
'Or elles thow schalt be slayne.

52 'For I see by thy bryght bassonet,
Thow arte sum man of myght;
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande;
Thow arte an yerle, or elles a knyght.'

53 'By my good faythe,' sayd the noble Perssy,
'Now haste thow rede full ryght;
Yet wyl I never yelde me to the,
Whyll I may stonde and fyght.'

54 They swappe together whyll that they swette,
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;
Ych on other so feste thee beetee,
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyse downy.

55 The Perssy was a man of strength,
I tell yow in thys stonde;
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length
That he felle to the growynd.

56 The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,
I tell yow in serteyne;
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

57 The stonderdes stode styll on eke a syde,
Wyth many a grevous grone;
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,
And many a doughty man was slayne.

58 Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye,
But styffelye in stowre can stond,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

59 Ther was slayne vpon the Skottes syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
That day that he cowde dye.

60 The yerle of Mentaye he was slayne,
Gryesely grooned vpon the growynd;
Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,
Syr Jhon of Agurstonne.

61 Syr Charllies Morrey in that place,
That never a fote wold flee;
Syr Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
Wyth the Dowglas dyd he dye.

62 Ther was slayne vpon the Skottes syde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of fourre and forty thowsande Scottes
Went but eyghtene awaye.

63 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglyssh syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentyll knyght, Syr Jhon Fecheewe,
Yt was the more pety.

64 Syr James Hardbotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were sore;
The gentyll Lovell ther was slayne,
That the Perssyes standard bore.

65 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
Fyve hondert cam awaye.

66 The other were slayne in the fyld;
Cryste kepe ther sowles from wo!
Seyng ther was so fewe fyndes
Agaynst so many a foo.

67 Then on the morne they mayde them beerys
Of byrch and haysell graye;
Many a wydow, wyth wepyng teyres,
Ther makes they fette awaye.

68 Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
Bytwene the nyght and the day;
Ther the Dowglas lost hyys lyffe,
And the Perssy was lede awaye.

69 Then was ther a Scotyysh prisoner tayne,
Syr Hewe Mongemery was hys name;
For soth as I yow saye,
He borowed the Perssy home agayne.

70 Now let vs all for the Perssy praye
To Jhesu most of myght,
To bryng hys sowlle to the llysse of heven,
For he was a gentyll knyght.
B

1 Ir fell and about the Lammas time,
   When husbandmen do win their hay,
   Earl Douglass is to the English woods,
   And a’ with him to fetch a prey.

2 He has chosen the Lindsay’s light,
   With them the gallant Gordons gay,
   And the Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
   And Sir Hugh Montgomery upon a grey.

3 They have taken Northumberland,
   And sae hae they the north shire,
   And the Otter Dale, they hae burnt it hale,
   And set it a’ into fire.

4 Out then spake a bonny boy,
   That servd ane o’ Earl Douglass kin;
   Methinks I see an English host,
   A-coming branken us upon.

5 ‘If this be true, my little boy,
   And it be trouth that thou tells me,
   The brawest bower in Otterburn,
   This day shall be thy morning-fee.

6 ‘But if it be fase, my little boy,
   But and a lie that thou tells me,
   On the highest tree that’s in Otterburn
   With my ain hands I’ll hing thee high.’

7 The boy’s taen out his little penknife,
   That hanget low down by his gare,
   And he gaed Earl Douglass a deadly wound,
   Alack! a deep wound and a sare.

8 Earl Douglas said to Sir Hugh Montgomery,
   Take thou the vanguard o’ the three,
   And bury me at yon branken-bush,
   That stands upon yon lilly lee.

9 Then Percy and Montgomery met,
   And weel a wot they warne fain;
   They swaped swords, and they twa swat,
   And ay the blood ran down between.

10 ‘O yield thee, yield thee, Percy,’ he said,
    ‘Or else I vow I’ll lay thee low;’
    ‘Whom to shall I yield,’ said Earl Percy,
    ‘Now that I see it maun be so?’

11 ‘O yield thee to yon branken-bush,
    That grows upon yon lilly lee;
    . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

12 ‘I winna yield to a branken-bush,
    Nor yet will I unto a brier;
    But I would yield to Earl Douglass,
    Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was here.’

13 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
   He stuck his sword’s point in the ground,
   And Sir Hugh Montgomery was a courteous knight,
   And he quickly broght him by the hand.

14 This deed was done at Otterburn,
   About the breaking of the day;
   Earl Douglass was buried at the branken-bush,
   And Percy led captive away.

C

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1833, I, 345. B completed by two copies “obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest.”

1 Ir fell about the Lammas tide,
   When the muir-men win their hay,
   The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
   Into England, to drive a prey.

2 He chose the Gordons and the Gremes,
   With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
   And he has burnd the dales of Tyne,
   And part of Bambrugh shire,
   And three good towers on Reidswire falls,
   He left them all on fire.

3 And he marchd up to Newcastle,
   And rode it round about:
   ‘O wha’s the lord of this castle?
   Or wha’s the lady o’ t?’
5 But up spake proud Lord Percy then,  
And O but he spake hie!  
I am the lord of this castle,  
My wife's the lady gay.

6 'If thou 'rt the lord of this castle,  
Sae weel it pleases me,  
For, ere I cross the Border fells,  
The tune of us shall die.'

7 He took a lang spear in his hand,  
Shod with the metal free,  
And for to meet the Douglas there  
He rode right furiouslie.

8 But O how pale his lady look'd,  
Frae aff the castle-wa,  
When down before the Scottish spear  
She saw proud Percy fa.

9 'Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to see,  
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;  
But your sword sall gae wi me.'

10 'But gae ye up to Otterbourne,  
And, wait there days three,  
And, if I come not ere three days end,  
A fause knight ca ye me.'

11 'The Otterbourne 's a bonnie burn;  
'T is pleasant there to be;  
But there is nocht at Otterbourne  
To feed my men and me.

12 'The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;  
But there is neither bread nor kale  
To fend my men and me.

13 'Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
Where you shall welcome be;  
And, if ye come not at three days end,  
A fause lord I'll ca thee.'

14 'Thither will I come,' proud Percy said,  
'By the might of Our Ladye;'  
'There will I bide thee,' said the Douglas,  
'My troth I plight to thee.'

15 They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
Upon the bent sae brown;  
They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
And threw their pallions down.

16 And he that had a bonnie boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.

17 But up then spake a little page,  
Before the peep of dawn:  
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Percy's hard at hand.'

18 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
Sae loud I hear ye lie:  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.

19 'But I have dream'd a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Sky;  
I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I.'

20 He belted on his guid braid sword,  
And to the field he ran,  
But he forgot the helmet good,  
That should have kept his brain.

21 When Percy wi the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu fain;  
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.

22 But Percy with his good broad sword,  
That could so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.

23 Then he calld on his little foot-page,  
And said, Run speedilie,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

24 'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,  
'What recks the death of ane!  
Last night I dreamd a dreamy dream  
And I ken the day's thy ain.

25 'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;  
Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
And hide me by the broken-bush,  
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

26 'O bury me by the broken-bush,  
Beneath the blooming brier;  
Let never living mortal ken  
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'
27 He lifted up that noble lord,  
   Wi the sant tear in his ee;  
   He hid him in the braken-bush.  
   That his merrie men might not see.

28 The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
   The spears in flinders flew,  
   But mony a gallant Englishman  
   Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

29 The Gordons good, in English blood  
   They steepd their hose and shoon;  
   The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
   Till all the fray was done.

30 The Percy and Montgomery met,  
   That either of other were fain;  
   They swapped swords, and they twa swat,  
   And aye the blood ran down betwixt.

31 'Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
   'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!'

32 'To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,  
   'Now that I see it must be so?'

33 'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor lonn,  
   Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
   But yield thee to the braken-bush,  
   That grows upon yon lilye lee.'

34 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
   He struck his sword's point in the ground;  
   The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
   And quickly took him by the honde.

35 This deed was done at the Otterbourne,  
   About the breaking of the day;  
   Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush,  
   And the Percy led captive away.

D  
Finlay's Scottish Ballads, l, xviii f; from recitation.  
1 Then out an spak a little wee boy,  
   And he was near o Percy's kin:  
   Methinks I see the English host  
   A coming branking us upon.

E  
Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. lxxi, note 30; from a recited copy.  
'O yield thee to yon braken-bush,  
   That grows upon yon lilye lie;  
   For there lies aneth yon braken-bush  
   What aft has conquerd mae than thee.'

A. a. 34. many a styrande.  
"The reading of the MS. is, I suspect,  
right; for stage, or staig, in Scotland  
means a young horse unshorn of its masculine attributes; and the obvious intention of the poet is merely to describe that the Scottish alighted from many a prancing steed, in order to prepare for action."  
Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. lxxi, note 30,  
who would read accordingly, [Off] many  
a styrande stage. The fourth line, as amended by Motherwell, would be a superfluous, whereas Percy's reading, here adopted, adds a pleasing incident,  
the rousing of the deer as the troopers passed their haunts.

20. beste, corrected to bent.  
22. repeated at the top of fol. 65 back.
31. the one; b, thy one. 34. soth soth.
41. b, weynde. 46. cressawttes. 50. schapped: cf. 54.
60. Syr James: cf. 28. 64. Covell.
Crossed final II, in all, styll, Castell, schall, well, etc., has not been rendered lle.
Either b is a transcript of a, or both are from the same source.
3. Redclyffe. 34. Many a stiraude.
4. bound. 74. they ranne.
14. game and. 15. maiste thou.
154. Henrye.
20. honered vpon the beste bent.
24. gave me oute to. 28. Aguiston.
31. thy one. 35. no more. 35.3. chronicles.
37.hyde. 39. wth thie eye.
40. yonde Skotes. 41. Ffor yf I weynde.
44. my avowe. 46. I wanting.
49. arrowes gan vpe to.
50. schapped: swatte. 51. from the.
54. swatte. 57. stonderes; elke syde.
59. a wanting. 60. S' James.
63. Fitzhughe. 64. Harbotle.
64. Covelle. 66. a wanting.
67. the morowe. 70. Percyes.
A pencile note on the first leaf of b (signed F. M., Sir F. Maiden) states that it is in Ralph Starkey's hand.
B. a. 25. Fuife in my transcript of Herd, I; Fyfe in II.
3. hae is omitted in II and the printed copy.
35. printed into a fire.
5. bravest in my transcript of Herd, I; bravest, II; printed bravest.
7. The second MS. has gae; printed gae.
8. bring me in my transcript of Herd, I; bury in the second MS., and so printed.
122. II, into.
b. 1. and wanting. 24. Hugh the.
3. have harried. 35. they Bambroshire.
35. And wanting. 35. a' in a blaze o fire.
5. true, thou little foot-page.
5. If this be true thou tells to me.
54. This day wanting; morning's.
6. thou little. 6. lie thou tells to.
6. that's wanting. 6. hang. 74. boy has.
7. hung right low. 74. gave Lord.
74. I wot a.
8. Douglas to the Montgomery said.
8. me by the. 8. that grows.
9. That either of other were fain.
10. Yield thee, O yield. 10. it must.
11 Thou shalt not yield to lord nor lorn, Nor yet shalt thou yield to me; But yield thee to the braken-bush, That grows upon yon lilie lee.
12. I will not. 12. I to.
12. Hugh the: he were.
13. And the Montgomery.
C. 34. In one copy: As soon as he knew it was Sir Hugh.
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THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

A. MS. Ashmole, 48, 1550 or later, Bodleian Library, in Skeat’s Specimens of English Literature, etc., third edition, 1880, p. 67.*


A was first printed by Hearne in Guilielmi Neubrigensis Historia, I, lxxxii ff, 1719; then by Percy, Reliques, I 1, 1765, with a judicious preface. The whole manuscript, in which this piece is No 8, was edited by Thomas Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1860: Songs and Ballads, with other short Poems, chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary.

B may probably be found in any of the larger sets of broadsides. It is included in such collections as Dryden’s Miscellanies, II, 288, 1702; Pills to purge Melancholy, IV, 289, 1719; Old Ballads, I, 111, 1723; Percy’s Reliques, I, 235, 1765. b has many readings of a, the copy in the Percy MS. There is a second Bagford copy, II, No 37, printed like e, for W. Onley. f, the Scottish copy, is probably of a date near 1700. Like the edition printed at Glasgow, 1747, it is, in the language of Percy, “remarkable for the wilful corruptions made in all the passages which concern the two nations” : Folio Manuscript, Hales and Furnivall, II, 1, note, and Reliques, 1765, 1, 234. The Scots are made fifteen hundred, the English twenty, in 6, 13, 53, 54; the speeches of King James and King Henry are interchanged in 58, 60; 62, 63, are dropped.

The ‘Hunttis of Chevet’ is among the “sangis of natural music of the antique” mentioned as sung by the “shepherds” in The Complaynt of Scotland, a book assigned to 1549. It was an old and a popular song at the middle of the sixteenth century. The copy in the Ashmolean manuscript is subscribed Expliceth, quod Rychard Sheale, upon which ground Sheale has been held to be the author,† and not, as Percy and Ritson assumed, simply the transcriber, of the ballad. Sheale describes himself as a minstrel living at Tamworth, whose business was to sing and talk, or to chant ballads and tell stories. He was the author of four pieces of verse in the same manuscript, one of which is of the date 1559 (No 56). This and another piece (No 46), in which he tells how he was robbed of above three score pound, give a sufficient idea of his dialect and style and a measure of his ability. This ballad was of course part of his stock as minstrel; the supposition that he was the author is preposterous in the extreme.

The song “which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Chiviot,” says Hume of Godscroft, “seemeth indeed poetical and a meer fiction, perhaps to stirre up vertue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, neither in the Scottish nor English chronicle”: p. 104. To

* I have not resorted to the MS. in this case, for the reason that I could not expect to get a transcript which would merit the confidence which must attach to one made by the hand of Professor Skeat.

† British Bibliographer, IV, 99 f; Wright, Songs and Ballads, p. viii; etc.
this the general replication may be made that
the ballad can scarcely be a deliberate fiction.
The singer is not a critical historian, but he
supposes himself to be dealing with facts; he
may be partial to his countrymen, but he has
no doubt that he is treating of a real event;
and the singer in this particular case thought
he was describing the battle of Otterburn,
the Hunting of the Cheviot being indifferently
so called: st. 65. The agreement to meet, in
A, st. 9, corresponds with the plight in Otter-
burn, st. 16; 17* corresponds to Otterburn
124, 304; 47, 56, 57, are the same as Otter-
burn 58, 61, 67; 31, 32, 66, are variants of
Otterburn 51, 52, 68; Douglas's summons to
Percy to yield, Percy's refusal, and Douglas's
death, 339, 35-373, may be a variation of Ot-
terburn, 513, 55-56; Sir John of Agarstone
is slain with Percy in 52, and with Douglas
in Otterburn 60; Sir Hugh Montgomery ap-
ppears in both.

The differences in the story of the two bal-
lads, though not trivial, are still not so mate-
rial as to forbid us to hold that both may be
founded upon the same occurrence, the Hunt-
ing of the Cheviot being of course the later
version,* and following in part its own trad-
tion, though repeating some portions of the
older ballad. According to this older ballad,
Douglas invades Northumberland in an act
of public war; according to the later, Percy
takes the initiative, by hunting in the Scot-
tish hills without the leave and in open defi-
ance of Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches.
Such trespasses,† whether by the English or
the Scots, were not less common, we may
believe, than hostile incursions, and the one
would as naturally as the other account for a
bloody collision between the rival families of
Percy and Douglas, to those who consulted
"old men" instead of histories: cf. stanza 67.
The older and the later ballad concur (and
herein are in harmony with some chroniclers,

* The grammatical forms of the Hunting of the Cheviot
are, however, older than those of the particular copy of Ot-
terburn which has been preserved. The plural of the noun
is very often in -es or -ys, as lordis, 233; longes, 377;
handis, 603; sydlis, 82; bowys, 133; 293, 294, etc., at least
sixteen cases. We find, also, sydlé at 67, and possibly should
read faylé at 93. The plural in -es is rare in The Battle of
Otterburn: starres, 4s; swordés, 5a; Skottés, 59; 621.
Probably we are to read swordès length in 55a.
† See the passage in the Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Mon-
mouth, referred to in Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 235, and
given at length in Hales and Furnivall, II, 3 f.
‡ The minstrel was not too nice as to topography either:
Otterburn is not in Cheviot.
who wish to reconcile the data of the ballad with history to find in a Scottish historiographer a record of a fight between a Percy and a Douglas in 1435 or 1436, at the very end of the reign of James I. Henry Percy of Northumberland, says Hector Boece, made a raid into Scotland with four thousand men (it is not known whether of his own motion or by royal authority), and was encountered by nearly an equal force under William Douglas, Earl of Angus, and others, at Piperden, the victory falling to the Scots, with about the same slaughter on both sides: Scotorum Historia, 1520, fol. cclxvi. This affair is mentioned by Bower, Scotichronicon, 1759, II, 500 f, but the leader of the English is not named, wherefore we may doubt whether it was a Percy. Very differently from Otterburn, this battle made but a slight impression on the chroniclers.

Sidney’s words, though perhaps a hundred times requoted since they were cited by Addison, cannot be omitted here: “Certainly I must confess my own barbarousness. I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more then with a trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some blinde croudor, with no rougher voyce then rude stile: which, being so evil apperred in the dust and cobwebbes of that uncivill age, what would it worke trymmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar!”† Sidney’s commendation is fully justified by the quality of The Battle of Otterburn, but is merited in even a higher degree by The Hunting of the Cheviot, and for that reason (I know of no other) The Hunting of the Cheviot may be supposed to be the ballad he had in mind. The song of Percy and Douglas, then, was sung about the country by blind fiddlers about 1580 in a rude and ancient form, much older than the one that has come down to us; for that, if heard by Sidney, could not have seemed to him a song of an uncivil age, meaning the age of Percy and Douglas, two hundred years before his day. It would give no such impression even now, if chanted to an audience three hundred years later than Sidney.‡

B is a striking but by no means a solitary example of the impairment which an old ballad would suffer when written over for the broadside press. This very seriously enfeebled edition was in circulation throughout the seventeenth century, and much sung (says Chappell) despite its length.§ It is declared by Addison, in his appreciative and tasteful critique, Spectator, Nos 70, 74, 1711, to be the favorite ballad of the common people of England.|| Addison, who knew no other version, informs us that Ben Jonson used to say that he had rather have been the author of Chevy Chase than of all his works. The broadside copy may possibly have been the only one not fail to have been taken notice of had it been in the least exceptional; see above, Book ii, song v, ver. 2 [by Richard Edwards, 1596?]. Yet, in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. Vide Hudibras, Pt. I, c. 3, v. 95.” Réquies, 1794, I, 268, note, 269.

The copy in the Percy MS., B a, though carelessly made, retains, where the broadsides do not, two of the readings of A: bade on the bent, 282; to the hard head haled he, 45.|| Addison was not behind any of us in his regard for traditional songs and tales. No 70 begins: “When I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, tho they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures, and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions.”

* Tyrler, History of Scotland, III, 293, though citing only the Scotichronicon, says Sir Robert Ogle, and also Scott, I, 570; for reasons which do not appear.
† An Apologie for Poetrie, p. 46 of Arber’s reprint of the first edition, 1595. For the date of the writing, 1581–85, see Arber, p. 7 f.
‡ The courty poet deserves much of ballad-lovers for avering his barbarousness (one doubts whether he seriously believed that the gorgeous Pindar could have improved upon the ballad), but what would he not have deserved if he had written the blind croudor’s song down!
§ Popular Music, I, 198. Chevy Chase is entered in the Stationers’ Registers, among a large parcel of ballads, in 1624, and clearly was no novelty: Arber, IV, 131. “Had it been printed even so early as Queen Elizabeth’s reign,” says Percy, “I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been, God prosper long our noble queen.” “That it could not be much later than that time appears from the phrase doleful damps, which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could

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known to Jonson also, but in all probability the traditional ballad was still sung in the streets in Jonson's youth, if not later.

A 3. By these "shyars thre" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland which still go by the name of shires and are all in the neighborhood of Cheviot. These are Islandshire, being the district so named from Holy Island; Norchamshire, so called from the town and castle of Norham or Norham; and Bamboroughshire, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough castle and town. Percy's Reliques, 1794, I, 5, note.

15. Chyviat Chays, well remarks Mr Wheatley in his edition of the Reliques, I, 22, becomes Chevy Chace by the same process as that by which Teviotdale becomes Tividale, and there is no sufficient occasion for the suggestion that Chevy Chace is a corruption of chevanchee, raid, made by Dr. E. B. Nicholson, Notes and Queries, Third Series, XII, 124; and adopted by Burton, History of Scotland, II, 366.

38 f. "That beautiful line taking the dead man by the hand will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behavior towards Lausus, whom he himself had shinn as he came to the rescue of his aged father" (Ingemuit miserans graviter, dextranque tetendit, etc., Æn. X, 823, etc.): Addison, in Spectator, No 70.

54, and B 504. Witherington's prowess was not without precedent, and, better still, was emulated in later days. Witness the battle of Anerum Muir, 1545, or "Lilliard's Edge," as it is commonly called, from a woman that fought with great bravery there, to whose memory there was a monument erected on the field of battle with this inscription, as the traditional report goes:

"Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane;
Little was her stature, but great her fame;
On the English lads she laid many thumps,
And when her legs were off, she fought upon her stamps."*

The giant Burlong also fought wonderfully on his stamps after Sir Triaumour had smitten his legs off by the knee: Utterson's Popular Poetry, I, 67, 1492-94, cited by Motherwell; Percy MS., Hailes and Furnivall, II, 131. Sir Graysteel fights on one leg: Eger and Grine, Percy MS., I, 386 f, 1032, 1049. Nygosar, in Kyng Alisaundar, after both his arms have been cut off, bears two knights from their steeds "with his heved and with his cors": 2291-2312, Weber, I, 98 f. Still better, King Starkar, in the older Edda, fights after his head is off: Helgakviða Hundingsbana, ii, 27, Bugge, p. 196 †


611. "Lovely London," as Maginn remarks, Blackwood's Magazine, VII, 327, is like the Homeric ἀγείας ἵππων, Ἀρηπήν ἵππων, II, ii, 532, 591, etc. Leeve, or lovely, London, is of frequent occurrence: see No 158, 1, No 168, appendix, 7, No 174, 35, etc. So "men of pleasant Tivydale," B 14, wrongly in B a, f, "pleasant men of Tivydale."

643. Glendale is one of the six wards of Northumberland, and Homildon is in this ward, a mile northwest of Wooler.

1349 f. But really he was only "hackit on his hochis and theis," or as Pittsottic says, Dalzell, p. 306, "his hochis war caited and the knopis of his elbowis war strikin aff," and by and by he is "haill and sound" again, according to the poet, and according to the chronicler he "leived fifty yeirs threither.

† As stanch as some of these was a Highlander at the battle of Gaskhyme, 1392, who, though nailed to the ground by a horseman's spear, held fast to his sword, whitchd himself up, and with a last stroke cut his foeman above the foot to the bone, "through sterap-lettire and the bute, thre ply or foure": Wyntoun's Chronicle, B. ix, ch. 14, Laing, III, 59.
65. That tear begane this spur "is said to be a proverb, meaning that tear, or pull, brought about this kick": Skeat. Such a proverb is unlikely and should be vouched. There may be corruption, and perhaps we should read, as a lamentation, That ear (ever) begane this spur! Or possibly, That tear is for That there, meaning simply there.

For genealogical illustrations may be consulted, with caution, Percy's Reliques, 1794, I, 34 ff, 282 ff. With respect to 53, Professor Skeat notes: "Loumle, Lumley; always hitherto printed lonele (and explained Lovel), though the MS. cannot be so read, the word being written loulé. 'My Lord Lumley' is mentioned in the ballad of Scotish Feilde, Percy Fol. MS., I, 226, 1. 270; and again in the ballad of Bosworth Feilde, id., III, 245, 1. 250."


A


1 The Persè owt off Northombarlond, and arowe to God mayd he
That he wold hunte in the mountainys off Chyviat within days thre,
In the magger of douglë Dologes, and all that ever with him be.

2 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:
'Be my feth,' sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
'I wyll let that hontyng yt that I may.'

3 The[n] the Persè owt off Banborowe cam, with him a myghtee meany, With fifteen hondrith archares bold off blood and bone;
the wear chosen owt of shyars thre.

4 This begane on a Monday at morn, in Cheviat the billys so he;
The chylde may rue that ys vn-born, it was the mor pittë.

5 The dryvars thowere the woodës went, for to reas the dear;
Bomen bykarkte vppone the bent with ther browd aros cleare.

6 Then the wyld thorow the woodës went, on euer sydë shear;
Greahondës thowowe the grevis glent, for to kyll theare dear.

7 This begane in Chyviat the hyls alone, yerly on a Mynnyn-day;
Be that it drewe the aware off none, a hondrith fat hartës ded ther lay.

8 The blewe a mort vppone the bent, the semblyle on sydis shear;
To the quyrry then the Persè went, to se the bryttlynge off the deare.

9 He sayd, It was the Doglas promys this day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament; a great oth the Persè swear.

10 At the laste a squyar off Northomberlond lokyde at his hand full ny;
He was war a the dougheti Doglas companyng, with him a myghtî meany.

11 Both with spear, bylle, and brande, yt was a myghtti sight to se;
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande, wear not in Cristiantë.
12 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,  
without any seale;  
The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,  
yth boundes of Tividale.

13 'Leave of the brytyng of the dear,' he sayd,  
'throw to your boy's lock ye tayk good hede;  
For neuer sithe ye wear on your mothers borne  
had ye neuer so mickle nede.'

14 The doughet Dogglas on a stede,  
he rode alle his men beforne;  
His armor glyttertyde as dyd a glede;  
a boldar barne was never born.

15 'Tell me whos men ye ar,' he says,  
'or whos men that ye be:  
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat  
chays,  
in the spyt of myn and of me.'

16 The first mane that ever him an answer mayd,  
yt was the good lord Persē:  
'We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar,' he  
says,  
'nor whos men that we be:  
But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,  
in the spyt of thynye and of the.'

17 'The fattiste hartēs in all Chyviat  
we haue kyld, and east to carry them away:  
'Be my troth,' sayd the doughetē Dogglas  
agay[n],  
'therfor the ton of vs shall do this day.'

18 Then sayd the doughetē Doglas  
unto the lord Persē:  
'To kyll alle thes giltles men,  
 alas, it wear great pitē!  

19 'But, Persē, thowe art a lord of lande,  
I am a yerle callyd within my contre;  
Let all our men vppone a partē stande,  
and do the battell off the end of me.'

20 'Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne,' sayd the  
lorde Persē,  
'who-so-euer ther-to says nay!  
Be my troth, doughetē Doglas,' he says,  
'throw shall never se that day.'

21 'Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,  
 nor for no man of a woman born,  

But, and fortune be my chance,  
I dar met him, on man for on.'

22 Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlond,  
Richard Wytharyngton was him nam;  
'It shall neuer be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he  
says,  
'to Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

23 'I wa the hoy great lordēs twaw,  
I am a poor squyar of lande;  
I wyll neuer se my captayne fyght on a fyld,  
and stande my selfe and loocke on,  
But whylle I may my weppone welde,  
I wyll not [fayle] both hart and hande.'

24 That day, that day, that dredfull day!  
the first fit here I fynde;  
And youe wyll here any mor a the hountynge  
a the Chyviat,  
yet ys ther mor behynde.

25 The Ynggleshe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
ther hartes wer good yenoughe;  
The first off arros that the shote off,  
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

26 Yet byddys the yerle Doglas vppon the bent,  
a captayne good yenoughe,  
And that was sene verament,  
for he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

27 The Dogglas partyd his ost in thre,  
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;  
With suar spears off myghtē tre,  
the cume in on euery syde;

28 Thrughe our Ynggleshe archery  
gave many a wounde fulle wyde;  
Many a doughetē the garde to dy,  
which ganeye them no pryde.

29 The Ynglyshe men let ther boŷs be,  
and pulde owt brandes that wer brighte;  
It was a hevy syght to se  
bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

30 Thorowe ryche male and mynneyeple,  
many sterne the strokke done streught;  
Many a freyke that was fulle fre,  
ther vndar foot dyd lyght.
At last the Duglas and the Persé met,  
lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;  
The swape togethér tyll the both swat,  
with swordes thar weare of fury myllan.

The worthe freckys for to fyght,  
thern to the wear fulle hayne,  
Tyll the bloode owte of their basnetes sprente,  
as ever dyd heal or ra[y]n.

Yeolde the, Persé, sayde the Duglas,  
‘and i feth I shalle the brynge  
Wher thow shalte hane a yeirds wagis  
of Juny our Skottish kyngye.

‘Thowe shalte hane thy ransom fre,  
I hight the hear this thinge;  
For the manfullysye man yet art thowe  
that ever I conqeryd in fikle fightynge.’

‘Nay, sayd the lord Persé,  
‘I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde never yeolde he  
to no man of a woman born.’

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,  
forth of a myghtë wane;  
Hit hathe strekenye the yerle Duglas  
in at the brest-bane.

Thorowe lyvar and longes bathe  
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,  
That never after in all his lyffe-days  
he spayke no wordës but ane:  
That was, Fyghte ye, my myryr men, whyllys  
ye may,  
for my lyff-days ben gan.

The Persé leanye on his brande,  
and sawe the Duglas de;  
He tooke the dede wanye by the hande,  
and sayd, Wo ys me for the!

To hane savye thy lyffe, I wolde hane par-tyde with  
yl my landes for years thre,  
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,  
was nat in all the north contë.’

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
was callyd Ser Hewe the Monggowbyrry;  
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,  
hespendyd a spear, a trusty tre.

He rod vppyne a corsiare  
through the hondryth archery:  
He neuer synttyde, nar neuer blanc,  
tyll he cam to the good lord Persé.

He set vppyne the lord Persé  
a dyntë that was full soare;  
With a sworn speer of a myghtë tre  
clean thorow the body he the Persé ber,

A the tothar syde that a man myght se  
a large cloth-yard and mare:  
Towe better captayns wear nat in Cristiantë  
then that day slan wear ther.

An archer off Northomberlond  
sayd swan was the lord Persé;  
He bar a bendye bone in his hand,  
was made off trusti tre.

An arrow that a cloth-yarde was lang  
to the harde stele halyde he;  
A dynt that was both sad and soar  
sawt on Ser Hewe the Monggowbyrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and sar  
that he of Monggongberry sete;  
The swane-fethars that his arrowe bar  
with his hart-blood the wear wete.

Ther was neuer a freake wone foot wolde fle,  
but still in stour dyd stand,  
Heavyng on yche othar, whylle the myghte dre,  
with many a halfull brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat  
an owar befor the none,  
And when even-songe bell was rang,  
the battell was nat half done.

The tocke . . . on ethar hande  
be the lyght off the none;  
Many hade no strenght for to stande,  
in Chyviat the hillys abon.

Of fifteen hondryth archers of Ynglond  
went away but seventy and thre;  
Of twenti hondryth spear-men of Skotlond,  
but even five and fifti.

But all wear slayne Cheviat within;  
the hade no streng[th]e to stand on hy;
The chyld may rue that ys unborne,  
it was the mor pittē.

52 Thear was slayne, withe the lord Persē,  
    Ser John of Agerstone,  
    Ser Raff, the hinde Hartly,  
    Ser Wylyam, the bolde Hearone.

53 Ser Jorg, the worthē Lounde,  
a knyghte of great renown,  
    Ser Raff, the ryehe Rughe,  
    with dyntes wear beaten dowene.

54 For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
    that ene he slayyne shulde be ;  
    For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
    yet he knyled and fought on lyx kuy.

55 Ther was slayne, with the dougheiti Daglas,  
    Ser Hewe the Monggomyrry,  
    Ser Davy Luddale, that worthē was,  
    his sistars son was he.

56 Ser Charls a Murrē in that place,  
    that neuer a foot wolde he ;  
    Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,  
    with the Doglas dyd he dey.

57 So on the morrowe the mayde them byears  
off birch and basell so [r]ay ;  
    Many wedous, with wepyng tears,  
    cam to fache ther makys away.

58 Tivydale may carpe off care,  
    Northowibarlond may mykjt great mon,  
    For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear  
on the Marche-parti shall neuer be non.

59 Word ys commyn to Eddenburrowe,  
to Jamy the Skottishe kyunge,  
    That dougheiti Daglas, lyfft-tenant of the  
Marches,  
    he lay slene Chyviot withīn.

60 His handdēs dyd he weal and wryng,  
    he sayd, Alas. and woe ys me !  
    Such an othar captayn Skotland within,  
    he sayd, ye-feth shuld neuer be.

61 Wordē ys commyn to lovy Londone,  
till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
    That lord Persē, leyff-tenant of the Marchis,  
    he lay slayne Chyviat within.

62 'God haua merce on his solle,' sayde Kyng Harry,  
    'good lord, yt thy will it be!  
    I hav a hondrithe captayns in Ynglond, he sayd,  
    'as good as ene was he :  
    But, Persē, and I brook my lyffe,  
    thy deth well quyte shall be.'

63 As our noble kyng myd his avowe,  
    lyke a noble prince of renown,  
    For the deth of the lord Persē  
    he dyde the battell of Hombylly-down ;

64 Wher syx and thritt Skottishe knyghtes  
on a day wear beaten down ;  
    Glendale glytteryme on ther armor bryght,  
    over castille, towar, and town.

65 This was the hontyngg of the Cheviat,  
    that tear begane this spurn ;  
    Old men that knowen the grownde well  
    yenonghe  
    call it the battell of Otterburn.

66 At Otterburn begane this spurne,  
    vppone a Momnyday ;  
    Ther was the dougheiti Doglas slene,  
    the Persē neuer went away.

67 Ther was neuer a tym on the Marche-parti  
    sen the Doglas and the Persē met,  
    But yt ys mervele and the rede blude ronne  
    not,  
    as the reane doys in the strett.

68 Ihesue Crist our balys bete,  
    and to the blys vs brynge !  
    Thus was the hontyng of the Chivyat :  
    God send vs alle good endyng !
B

a. Percy MS., p. 188, Hales and Furnivall, II. 7.  b. Pepys
Ballads, I, 92, No 45, broadside printed for M. G.  c. Donne
Ballads, fol. 27, and Roxburghe Ballads, III, 66, broad-
side printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.  d. 
Wood's Ballads, 401, 48, broadside printed for F. Coles,
T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.  e. Bagford Ballads, I, No
32, broadside printed by and for W. Onley.  f. A Scottish
copy, without printer.

1 God prosper long our noble king,
our liffes and saftyes all!
A woefull hunting once there did
in Cheuy Chase befall.

2 To drine the deere with hound and horse
Erie Pearcy took the way:
The child may rue that is vnborne
the hunting of that day!

3 The stout Erie of Northumberland
a vowe to God did make
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
three sommers days to take,

4 The cheefest harts in Cheuy C[h]ase
to kill and bear away:
These tyldings to Erie Douglas came
in Scottland, where he lay.

5 Who sent Erie Pearcy present word
he wold prevent his sport;
The English erle, not fearing that,
did to the woods resort,

6 With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
all chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
to ayme their shafts arright.

7 The gallant greyhound[s] swiftly ran
to chase the fallow deere;
On Munday they began to hunt,
ete daylight did appeare.

8 And long before high noone the had
a hundred fat buckes shine;
Then hauing diued, the droyers went
to rouze the deare againe.

9 The bowmen muster ized on the hills,
well able to endure;
Theire backsids all with speciall care
that day were guarded sure.

10 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
the nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
an echo shrill did make.

11 Lord Pearcy to the querry went
to view the tender deere;
Quoth he, Erie Douglas promised once
this day to meete me heere;

12 But if I thought he wold not come,
noe longer wold I stay.
With that a braue younge gentleman
thus to the erle did say:

13 'Lye, youder doth Erie Douglas come,
lys men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spere
all marching in our sight.

14 'All men of pleasant Tiuydale,
fast by the river Tweele:
'O ceaze your sportts!' Erie Pearcy said,
'take your bowes with spede.

15 'And now with me, my countrymen,
your courage forth advance!
For there was neuer champion yett,
in Scottland nor in Ffrance,

16 'That ever did on horsbacke come,
[but], and if my lnap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to breake a spere.'

17 Erie Douglas on his milke-white steede,
most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
whose armor shone like gold.

18 'Shew me,' sayd hee, 'whose men you bee
that hunt soe boldly heere,
That without my consent doe chase
and kill my fallow deere.'

19 The first man that did answer make
was noble Pearcy hee,
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare
nor shew whose men wee bee;

20 'Yett woe will spend our dearest blood
thy cheefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn place,
and thus in rage did say:

21 'Ere thus I will outbraun the bee,
one of vs tow shall dye;
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Pearcy, soe am I.

22 'But trust me, Pearcy, pitty it were,
and great offence, to kill
Then any of these our guiltlesse men,
for they have done none ill.

23 'Let thou and I the battell trye,
and set our men aside:
'Accurst bee [he!] Erle Pearcy sayd,
'by whome it is denied.'

24 Then stept a gallant squire forth —
Witherington was his name
Who said, 'I wold not haue it told
to Henery our king, for shame,

25 'That ere my capitaine fought on foote,
and I stand looking on.
You bee two Erles,' quoth Witherington,
and I a squier alone;

26 'I le doe the best that doe I may,
while I haue power to stand;
While I haue power to weelde my sword,
I le fight with hart and hand.'

27 Our English archers bent their bowes;
their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
full foure score Scotts the slew.

28 To driue the deere with hound and horne,
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two capitaines mowed with mickle might,
their spere to shiuers went.

29 They closed full fast on everye side,
noe slacknes there was found,
But many a gallant gentleman
lay gasping on the ground.

30 O Christ! it was great greece to see
how eche man chose his spere,
And how the blood out of their brests
did gush like water cleare.

31 At last these two stout erles did meet,
like capitaines of great might;
Like lyons woode they layd on lode;
the made a cruell fight.

32 The fought untill they both did sweat,
with swords of tempered steele,
Till blood downe their cheekes like raine
the trickling downe did feel.

33 'O yeeld thee, Pearcy!' Douglas sayd,
'and in faith I will thee bringe
Where thou shall high advanced bee
by Iames our Scottish king.

34 'Thy ransome I will freely giue,
and this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
[that ever I did see.]'

35 'Noe, Douglas!' quoth Erle Percy then,
'thy profer I doe scorne;
I will not yeeld to any Scott
that euer yet was borne!'

36 With that there came an arrow keene,
out of an English bow,
Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest
deepe and deadlye blow.

37 Who neuer sayd more words then these:
Fight on, my merry men all!
For why, my life is att [an] end,
lord Pearcy sees my fall.

38 Then leauiing life, Erle Pearcy tooke
the dead man by the hand;
Who said, 'Erle Duglas, for thy life,
wold I had lost my land!

39 'O Christ! my very hart doth bleed
for sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
mischance cold neuer take.'

40 A knight amongst the Scotts there was
which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who straight in hart did vow revenge
upon the Lord Pearcy.

41 Sir Hugh Montgomerie was he called,
who, with a spere full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed, 
ran fearely through the fight, 

42 And past the English archers all, 
without all dread or feare, 
And through Erle Percyes body then 
he thrust his batfull spear. 

43 With such a vehement force and might 
his body he did gore, 
The staff ran through the other side 
a large cloth-yard and more. 

44 Thus did both those nobles dye, 
whose courage none cold staine; 
An Englisharcher then perceined 
the noble erle was slaine. 

45 He had [a] good bow in his hand, 
made of a trusty tree; 
An arrow of a cloth-yard long 
to the hard head haled hee. 

46 Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye 
his shaft full right he sett; 
The grey-goose-winge that was there-on 
in his harts bloode was wett. 

47 This fight from breake of day did last 
till setting of the sun, 
For when the rung the evening-bell 
the battele scarce was done. 

48 With stout Erle Percy there was slaine 
Sir Iohn of Egerton, 
Sir Robert Harcliff and Sir William, 
Sir Iames, that bold barron. 

49 And with Sir George and Sir Iames, 
both knights of good account, 
Good Sir Raphe Rebbye there was slaine, 
whose provesse did surmount. 

50 For Witherington needs must I wayle 
as one in deelefull dumpes, 
For when his leggs were smitten of, 
he fought upon his stumps. 

51 And with Erle Dowglas there was slaine 
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye, 
And Sir Charles Morrell, that from feele 
one footo wold never flee; 

52 Sir Roger Hener of Harcliffe tow, 
his sisters some was bee; 
Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed, 
but saved he cold not bee. 

53 And the Lord Maxwell, in like case, 
with Douglas he did dye; 
Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres, 
scarce fifty-five did flye. 

54 Of fifteen hundred Englishmen 
went home but fifty-three; 
The rest in Chevy Chase were slaine, 
vnder the greenwoode tree. 

55 Next day did many widdowes come 
their husbands to bewayle; 
They washt their wounds in bruinse tears, 
but all wold not prevayle. 

56 Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood, 
the bore with them away; 
They kist them dead a thousand times 
er the were cladd in clay. 

57 The newes was brought to Eddenborowe, 
where Scotslands king did rayne, 
That braue Erle Douglas soldainlye 
was with an arrow slaine. 

58 'O heayy newes!' King Iames can say; 
'Scotland may wittnesse bee 
I haue not any captaine more 
of such account as bee.' 

59 Like tydings to King Henery came, 
within as short a space, 
That Percy of Northumberland 
was slaine in Chevy Chase. 

60 'Now God he with him!' said our king, 
'sith it will noe better bee; 
I trust I haue within my realme 
fiue hundred as good as bee. 

61 'Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say 
but I will vengeance take, 
And be revenged on them all 
for braue Erle Percyes sake.' 

62 This vow the king did well performe 
after on Humble-downe;
In one day fifty knights were slayne, 
with lords of great renowne.

63 And of the rest, of small account, 
did many hundreds dye: 
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy Chase, 
made by the Erle Pecarie.

A. Without division of stanzas, and in long lines, 
in the MS., and so printed by Hearne, 
Wright, and Skewt.

"The MS. is a mere scribble, and the spelling 
very unsatisfactory:" Skewt.

12. and A vowe: for avowe, see 63.
12. days iiij. 37. xv. C archevites. 37. iiij.
53. 50, 57, throrowe. 7. Ther: cf. 4.
3. mot. 10. war th'ath the. 11. bryly and.
24. mor athe: athe chyviat.

B. a. 1. there was. 31. 3. 61. 1500.
8. a 100. 91. that they. 13. 20.
14. pleasant men of. 25. 2.
27. bend. 28. 31. 2. 31. Lyons moods.
36. who soleke Erle.
38. thy sake; but compare A 41. b, c, have 
life: sake was caught from 39.
41. 29. parte. 43. that his body.
48. shaine. There is a dot for the i, but 
nothing more in the MS.: Furnivall.
49. & good.
50. in too full; perhaps wofull. 53. 20.
53. 55. 54. 1500. 54. 55.
55. They washt they. 56. a 1000.
59. in Chevy chase was shaine. 60. 500.
62. 50. And always for &.

b. A memorable song vpon the vnhappy hunt-
ing in Chevy Chase betweene the Earle 
Pecarie of England and Earl Dowglas of 
Scotland. To the tune of Flying Fame.

London, Printed for M. G. Error for H. G.? 
Henry Gosson (1607-41).

c. A Memorable song on the unhappy Hunting 
in Chevy-Chase between Earl Piercy of Eng-
land and Earl Dowglas of Scotland. Tune 
of Flying Fame.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere and J. Wright. 
(1655-80?)

d. Title as in c. To the tune, etc.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere and W. Gilbert-
son. (1648-61?)

e. An Unhappy Memorable Song of the Hunting; 
the rest as in d.

Licensed and Enterd according to Order.
London, Printed by and for W. Onley, and 
are to be sold by C. Bates, at the Sun and 
Bible in Pye-corner, (1650-1702?)

12. d. The woful. 12. there did.
2. his way. 41. e. The tidings.
51. fearing this. 71. gray-hounds.
7. when day light. 81. b, c, d. an.
8. c, d, e. rouze them up. 91. d. The.
9. that day. 10. c, d, e. And with.
11. c, d, e. once wanting.
12. e. If that I.
14. b. pleasant men of. c, d, e. men of 
pleasant.
14. Then cease your sport.
15. c, d, e. For never was their (there).
16. or in. 16. b, c. but if. d. but since.
16. d. I wanting. 17. c, d, e. on a.
17. c, d, e. of the. 18. c, d, e. he said.
19. The man that first. 19. c, d. now shew.
20. b, c, d. Yet will we.
22. b, c, d. Then wanting. e. And for any.
 c, e. harmless.
22. c, d, e. no ill.
23. he. c, d, e. Lord P.
23. c, d, e. this is. 24. c, d. said he would.
25. c, d. ever. 25. c, d, e. I stood.
25. d. two be. b. quad W. c, d, e. said W.
27. bent. 27. c, e. threscore.
28. c, d, e. Earl D. c. had the bent. d. 
bad the bent.
283. A captain : mickle pride.
284. The spears. e. sent for went.
293. And many. 301. b. a for great.
302. b. each one chose. c, d, e. and likewise for to hear.
303. c, d, e. The cries of men lying in their gore. and scattered here and there.
311. lions mov'd. 314. and made.
312. Vntill the blood like drops of raine.
313. Yeeld thee Lord Pietey.
332. and wanting. 333. shalt.
334. b. with James. d. the for our.
341. c, d. will I. 344. and thus.
344. that ever I did see. 351. e. To for Noe.
361. b. And stroke E. D. to the heart. c, d, e.
Which struck E. D. to the heart.
364. e. and a.
371. c, d, e. never spake (spoke).
378. at an end.
384. c, d, e. And said. b, c, d, e. thy life.
393. with sorrow.
394. c, d, e. more renowned.
399. c, d. did. e. did ever. 401. b. among.
406. in wrath. 404. the Earl.
414. c, e. most bright.
424. b. his body he did. c, d, e. he did his body.
434. c, d, e. The spear went.
444. c, d, e. So thus. b. both these two.
c, e. these.
454. b. a good bow in. c, d, e. a bow bent in.
455. c, d, e. unto the head drew he.
464. d. Montgomeri then.
469. so right his shaft. 461. heart.
474. fight did last from break of day.
484. c, d, e. With the Earl. 485. Ogerton.
489. c, d, e. Ratcliff and Sir Iohn.
494. and good. 494. And (of a) wanting.
504. b. wofull. c, d, e. doefull.
505. b. still vpon.
511. And wanting : the field. c, e. Charles Currel. 514. flye.
524. c, d, e. Lamb so well.
524. yet saved could.
533. Markwell: e, d, e. in likewise.
534. did with E. Dowglas dye.
535. b, d. peers for speeres.
544. c, d, e. rest were slain in C. C.
554. c, d, e. when for ere.
574. c, d, e. This news. 581. did say.
584. can for may.
594. was slain in Chevy Chase.
604. twill. 611. c, e. Scot.
614. e. Lord for Erle.
624. c, d, e. vow full well the king performed.
624. b. of high.
634. ended. d. of for in.
635. b. Lord for Erle.
644. c, d, e. the king : the land.
644. c, d, e. in plenty.

f. The copy reprinted by Maidment, Scottish Ballads and Songs Historical and Traditionary, 1868, I, 80. This copy was given Maidment by Mr Gibb, "for many years one of the sub-librarians in the library of the Faculty of Advocates. It had belonged to his grandmother, and was probably printed in Edinburgh about the beginning of the last or end of the preceding century."
52. fearing him. 61. twenty hundred.
134. fifteen hundred.
144. All pleasant men, as in a, b.
274. Our Scottish archers bent.
274. they four score English slew.
284. Douglas bade on the bent.
304. O but it was a grief to see : and again, 394. O but for O Christ.
464. wings that were. 464. were.
504. fought still on the stumps.
534. Of fifteen hundred.
534. went hame but fifty three.
544. twenty hundred.
544. scarce fifty five did flee.
554. could. 561. when they were cold as clay.
584. 60 is substituted here.
60. 58 is substituted, with change of James to Henry, and, in the next line, of Scotland to England.
61, 62 are omitted. 634. Now of.
644. debates.
THE BATTLE OF HARLAW


B. The Thistle of Scotland, 1823, p. 92.

The copy of this ballad which was printed by Aytoun, 1858, I, 75, was derived by Lady John Scott from a friend of Mr Dalrymple's, and when it left Mr Dalrymple's hands was in the precise form of A a. Some changes were made in the text published by Aytoun, and four stanzas, 14-16, 18, were dropped, the first three to the advantage of the ballad, and quite in accordance with the editor's plan. Mr Dalrymple informs me that in his younger days he had essayed to improve the last two lines of stanza 7 by the change,

We'd best cry in our merry men
And turn our horses' head,

and had rearranged stanzas 18, 19, "which were absolutely chaotic," adhering, however, closely to the sense. A b, given in Notes and Queries, from a manuscript, as "the original version of this ballad," exhibits the changes made by Mr Dalrymple, and was therefore, one would suppose, founded upon his copy. Half a century ago the ballad was familiar to the people, and the variations of b, which are not few, may be traditional, and not arbitrary; for this reason it has been thought best not to pass them over. The Great North of Scotland Railway, A Guide, by W. Ferguson, Edinburgh, 1881, contains, p. 8 f., a copy which is evidently compounded from A b and Aytoun. It adds this variation of the last stanza:

Gin o'ry body spier at ye
For the men ye took awa,
They're sleepin' soon and in their sheen
I the howe aneath Harlaw.

The editor of The Thistle of Scotland treats the ballad as a burlesque, and "not worth the attention of the public," on which ground he refrains from printing more than three stanzas, one of these being 15; and certainly both this and that which follows it have a dash of the unheroic and even of the absurd. Possibly there were others in the same strain in the version known to Laing, but all such may fairly be regarded as wanton deprivations, of a sort which other and highly esteemed ballads have not escaped.

The battle of Harlaw was fought on the 24th July, 1411. Donald of the Isles, to maintain his claim to the Earldom of Ross, invaded the country south of the mountains with ten thousand islanders and men of Ross (ravaging everywhere as he advanced) in the hope of sacking Aberdeen, and reducing to his power the country as far as the Tay. There was universal alarm in those parts. He was met at Harlaw, eighteen miles north-west of Aberdeen, by Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, and Alexander Ogilby, sheriff of Angus, with the forces of Mar, Garloch, Angus, and The Mearns, and his further progress was stayed. The Celts lost more than nine hundred, the Lowlanders five hundred, including nearly all the gentry of Buchan. (Scotichronicon, II, 444 f.) This defeat was in the interest of civilization against savagery, and was felt, says Burton, "as a more memorable deliverance even than that of Banockburn." (History of Scotland, 1883, II, 394.)

* Legally just: Maidment, Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary, I, 349 f.
As might be expected, the Lowlanders made a ballad about this hard fight. "The battle of the Haylran" is noted among other popular songs, in immediate connection with "The Huntis of Chevet," by the author of The Complaint of Scotland, 1549 (Murray's edition, p. 65), but most unfortunately this ancient song, unlike Chevy Chase, has been lost. There is a well-known poem upon the battle, in thirty-one eight-line stanzas, printed by Ramsay, in his Ever Green, 1724, I, 78.* David Laing believed that it had been printed long before. "An edition," he says, "printed in the year 1668, was in the curious library of old Robert Myln" (Early Metrical Tales, p. xlv.) In the catalogue of Myln's books there is entered, apparently as one of a bundle of pamphlets, "Harlaw, The Battle yrof, An. 1411 . . . . 1668,"† and the entry may reasonably be taken to refer to the poem printed by Ramsay. This piece is not in the least of a popular character. It has the same artificial rhyme as The Raid of the Reid Swyre and The Battle of Balrines, but in every other respect is prose. Mr Norval Clyne, Ballads from Scottish History, p. 244 ff, has satisfactorily shown that the author used Boece's History, and even, in a way, translated some of Boece's phrases.

The story of the traditional ballad is, at the start, put into the mouth of a Highlander, who meets Sir James the Rose and Sir John the Gryne, and is asked for information about Macdonell; but after stanza 8, these gentlemen having gone to the field, the narrator describes what he saw as he went on and further on. It is somewhat surprising that John Highlandman should be strolling about in this idle way when he should have been with Macdonell. The narrator in the Ever Green poem reports at second hand: as he is walking, he meets a man who, upon request, tells him the beginning and the end.‡ Both pieces have nearly the same first line. The borrowing was more probably on the part of the ballad, for a popular ballad would be likely to tell its tale without preliminaries.

A ballad taken down some four hundred years after the event will be apt to retain very little of sober history. It is almost a matter of course that Macdonell should fall, though in fact he was not even routed, but only forced to retire. It was vulgarly said in Major's time that the Highlanders were beaten: they turned and ran awa, says the ballad. Donaldum non fugarunt, says Major, and even the ballad, inconsistently, 'Ye'd scarce known who had won.' We are not disconcerted at the Highland force being quintupled, or the battle's lasting from Monday morning till Saturday gloaming: diurna erat pagna, says Major. But the ignoring of so marked a personage as Mar, and of other men of high local distinction that fell in the battle, || in favor of the Forbeses, who, though already of consequence in Aberdeen, are not recorded to have taken any part in the fight, is perhaps more than might have been looked for, and must dispose us to believe that this particular ballad had its rise in comparatively recent times.

Dunidier is a conspicuous hill on the old road to Aberdeen, and Netherha is within

* And afterwards, 1738, by Robert Foulis, Glasgow: "Two old Historical Scots Poems, giving an account of the Battles of Harlaw and the Reid-Squair."

† Ance Catalogue of the Books, Manuscripts and Pamphlets Belonging to Robert Myine, Wyter in Ed., 1709: Advocates Library. Mr Macmath, who has come to my aid here, writes: "So far as I can make out, this catalogue contains no MSS. It is in two divisions: 1st, Printed Books; 2d, Pamphlets. The following is in the second division, and I understand the reference be, year of publication, volume, or bundle of pamphlets, number of piece in bundle or volume:

"Harlaw The Battle yrof An: 1411 . . . . 1668, 79, 5."

Myine died in 1747, at the age, it is said, of 103 or 105: [Muniment]. A Book of Scottish Passuils, p. 423.

‡ He talks like a canny packman:

I wist nocht quha was fae or freind;
Yet quiedy I did me care;
And ther I had nae tym to tairie,
For bissiness in Aberdeine.

§ So with The Battle of Balrines and The Haughs of Cromdale. The first line of The Battle of Balrines is, 'Bemix Dunother and Aberdein.'

|| Not only were these long and affectionately remembered, but their heirs were exempted from certain feudal taxes, because the defeat of the Celts was regarded as a national deliverance: Burton's History, II, 394.
two miles of it. (Overha and Netherha are only a mile apart, and the one reading is as good as the other.) Harlaw is a mile north from Balquhain (pronounced Bawlyne), and precisely at a right angle to John Highland-
man's route from the West. Drumminor (to which Brave Forbes sends for his mail-coat in stanza 15) was above twenty miles away, and the messenger would have to pass right through the Highland army. The fact that Drumminor ceased to be the head castle of that powerful name in the middle of the last century tells in some degree in favor of the age of the ballad. (Notes of Mr Dal-
rymple.)

"The tune to which the ballad is sung, a particularly wild and simple one, I venture to believe," says Mr Dalrymple, "is of the highest antiquity." A tune of The Battle of Har-

law, as Motherwell pointed out, Minstrelsly lxxii, is referred to in Polemo Middiana; and a "march, or rather pibroch," held to be this same air, is given in the Lute Book of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, p. 30, and is reproduced in Dauney's Ancient Scottish Melodies, p. 349 (see the same work, p. 138 f, note b.) Sir William Mure is said to have died in 1657. The Ever Green Harlaw is adapted to an air in Johnson's Museum, No 512, and "The Battle of Harlaw, a pibroch," is given in Stenhouse's Illustrations, IV, 447, 1853, "from a folio MS. of Scots tunes, of considerable antiquity." This last air occurs, says Maidment, in the rare Collection of Ancient Scots Music (c. 1776) by Daniel Dow, "The Battle of Harlaw," p. 28: Scottish Ballads, etc., I, 200.

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**A**

a. Communicated by Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple, Esq., of Kinaldie, Aberdeenshire, in 1888, as obtained from the country people by himself and his brother fifty years before. b. Notes and Queries, Third Series, VII, 393, communicated by A. Ferguson.

1 As I cam in by Dunidier,  
An doun by Netherha,  
There was fifty thousand Hielanmen  
A-marching to Harlaw.  
Wi a dree dree dreidie dree.

2 As I cam on, an farther on,  
An doun an by Balquhain,  
Oh there I met Sir James the Rose,  
Wi him Sir John the Gryme.

3 'O cam ye frae the Hielans, man?  
An cam ye a' the wey?  
Saw ye Macdonell an his men,  
As they cam frae the Skee?'

4 'Yes, me cam frae ta Hielans, man,  
An me cam a' ta wey.  
An she saw Macdonell an his men,  
As they cam frae ta Skee.'

5 'Oh was ye near Macdonell's men?  
Did ye their numbers see?  
Come, tell to me, John Hielanman,  
What micht their numbers be?'

6 'Yes, me was near, an near eenench,  
An me their numbers saw;  
There was fifty thousand Hielanmen  
A-marchin' to Harlaw.'

7 'Gin that be true,' says James the Rose,  
'Ye'll no come meikle speed;  
We'll cry upo our merry men,  
And lichtly mount our steed.'

8 'Oh no, oh no,' says John the Gryme,  
'That thing maun never be:  
The gallant Grymes were never bate,  
We'll try that we can dee.'

9 As I cam on, an farther on,  
An doun an by Harlaw,

* A macaronic ascribed to Drummond of Hawthornden.  
Interea ante alios dux piperlarius heros  
Precedens, magnumque gestans cum bardine pipam,  
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare Batellum.  
(Poems, Maitland Club, p. 415, after the first dated edition of 1684.)
They fell fu close on ilka side;
Sic fun ye never saw.

10 They fell fu close on ilka side,
Sic fun ye never saw;
For Hiclan swords gied clash for clash,
At the battle o Harlaw.

11 The Hielanmen, wi their lang swords,
They laid on us fu sair,
An they drave back our merry men
Three acres breadth an mair.

12 Brave Forbes to his brither did say,
Noo brither, dinna ye see?
They beat us back on ilka side,
An we 'se be forced to flee.

13 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
That thing mann never be;
Tak ye your good sword in your hand,
An come your wa's wi me.'

14 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
The clans they are over strang,
An they drive back our merry men,
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.'

15 Brave Forbes drew his men aside,
Said, Tak your rest a while,
Until I to Drumminnor send,
To fess my coat o mail.

16 The servan he did ride,
An his horse it did na fail,
For in twa hours an a quarter
He brocht the coat o mail.

17 Then back to back the brithers twa
Gaed in amo the thrang,
An they hewed down the Hielanmen,
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.

18 Macdonell, he was young an stout,
Had on his coat o mail,
An he has gane oot throw them a',
To try his han himself.

19 The first ae straik that Forbes strack,
He garrt Macdonell reel,
An the neist ae straik that Forbes strack,
The great Macdonell fell.

20 An siecan a hierachie
I 'm sure ye never saw
As wis amo the Hielanmen,
When they saw Macdonell fa.

21 An when they saw that he was deid,
They tarrad an ran awa,
An they buried him in Leggett's Den,
A large mile frae Harlaw.

22 They rade, they ran, an some did gang,
They were o sma record;
But Forbes an his merry men,
They slew them a' the road.

23 On Monanday, at mornin,
The battle it began,
On Saturday, at gloamin,
Ye 'd scarce kent wha had wan.

24 An sie a weary buryin
I 'm sure ye never saw
As wis the Sunday after that,
On the mairs aneath Harlaw.

25 Gin ony body speer at you
For them ye took awa,
Ye may tell their wives and bairnies
They 're sleepin at Harlaw.

11 The Highland men, with their broad sword,
Pushd on wi might and power,
Till they bore back the red-coat lads
Three furlongs long, and more.

15 Lord Forbes calld his men aside,
Says, Take your breath awhile,
Until I send my servant now
To bring my coat o mail.

B
The Thistle of Scotland, 1823, p. 92.

1 As I cam thro the Garrioch land,
And in by Over Ha,
There was sixty thousand Highland men
Marching to Harlaw.
4. she: so delivered, notwithstanding the inconsistency with me in lines 1, 2.
11. Var. back the red-coats.
20. Sometimes pilleurachie.
25. "There are different versions of this stanza:” C. E. D.

A. b. Printed in two long lines.

Burden: In a dree, etc.
3, 4. Come marchin frae. 412. she cam.
5. Oh were ye near an eneuch.
6. she was. 6. An she.
6. a’ marchin for Harlaw. 7. quo James.

734. So we’d best cry in our merry men,
And turn our horses’ heeds.

8. quo John. 10. gae for gied.
11. or mair. 12. did to his brither say.
12. And we’ll be.

15. Forbes to his men did say.
15. Noo, tak.
16. Brave Forbes’ kinchman, var. servant, then did.
19. Made the great M’Donell.
19. The second stroke that.
20. a ‘pilleurachie.’ 208. The like ye.
20. As there was amang.
21. in ‘Leggatt’s lan:’ “the manuscript is indistinct, and it would read equally well, Leggatt’s lan.”
214. Some twa three miles awa.
22. But they were. 225. For Forbes.
22. Slew maist a’ by the.
23. Ye’d scarce tell wha.
24. The like ye never. 248. As there was.
24. mairs down by.
25. An gin Hielan lasses speer.
25. them that gaid awa.
25. tell them plain an plain eneuch.

B. 15. man.

164

KING HENRY FIFTH’S CONQUEST OF FRANCE


All the known copies of this ballad are recent. It is not in Thackeray’s list of broadsides, which dates perhaps as late as 1689 (Chappell, The Roxburghe Ballads, I, xxiv–xxvi); and it is not included in the collection of 1723–25, which showed particular favor to historical pieces. In a manuscript index of first lines to a large collection of songs and ballads “formed in 1748,” I find, “As our king lay on his bed,” and the ballad may probably have first been published in the second quarter of the last century. In a woodcut below the title of a, b, there are two soldiers with G R on the flap of the coat and G on the cap (no doubt in c as well); the date of these broadsides cannot therefore be earlier than the accession of George I, 1714. The broadside is in a popular manner, but has no mark of antiquity. It may, however, represent an older ballad, disfigured by some purveyor for the Aldermary press.

It is probable that the recited versions had their ultimate source in print, and that printed copies were in circulation which, be-
sides the usual slight variations, contained two more stanzas, one after 2 and another after 8, such as are found in h and elsewhere; which stanzas are likely to have formed part of the original matter.

After 2, h (see also g, i, j):

Tell him to send me my tribute home,
Ton ton of gold that is due to me;
Unless he send me my tribute home,
Soon in French land I will him see.

After 8, h (see also g, i, k, m):

O then bespoke our noble king,
A solemn vow then vowed he:
I'll promise him such English balls
As in French lands he neer did see!

g has several stanzas which are due to the hand of some improver.

Another, and much more circumstantial, ballad on Agincourt, written from the chronicles, was current in the seventeenth century. It begins, 'A counsell braue [grave] our king did hold,' and may be seen in the Percy Manuscript, p. 241, Hales and Furnivall, II, 160, in The Crown Garland of Golden Roses (with seven stanzas fewer), ed. 1659, p. 65 of the reprint by the Percy Society, vol. xv; Pepys' Ballads, I, 90, No 44; Old Ballads, II, 79; Pills to purge Melancholy, V, 49; etc.

The story of the Tennis-Balls is not mentioned by the French historians, by Walsingham, Titus Livius, or the anonymous biographer of Henry in Cotton MS., Julius E. iv. It occurs, however, in several contemporary writings, as in Elham's Liber Metricus de Henrico Quinto, cap. xii (Quod filius regis Francorum, in derisum, misit dominus regis pilus, quibus valeret cum pueris ludere potius quam pugnare, etc.), Cole, Memorials of Henry the Fifth, 1858, p. 101; but not in Elham's prose history. So in Capgrave, De illustri-

bus Henricis, with a fertur, ed. Hingeston, 1858, p. 114; but not in Capgrave's chronicle. We might infer, in these two cases, that the tale was thought good enough for verses and good enough for eulogies, though not good enough for history.

Again, in verses of Harleian MS. 565, "in a hand of the fifteenth century," the Dolphin says to the English ambassadors:

Me thinke youre kyng he is nought [so] old
No werry for to maynteyn.
Grete well youre kyng, he sayde, so yonge,
That is both gentill and small;
A tonne of tenys-ballys I shall hym sende,
For hym to pleye with all.

Henry sends back this message:

Oure Cherlys of France gret well or ye wende,
The Dolfyn proved withinne his wall;
Swyche tenys-ballys I schal hym sende
As schall tere the roof all of his [h]all. §

But there is a chronicler who has the tale still. Otterbourne writes: Eodem anno [1414], in quadragesima, rege existente aepud Kenilworth, Karolus, regis Francorum filius, Dolphinus vocatus, misit pilas Parisianas ad ludendum cum pueris. Cui rex Anglorum reserspit, dicens se in brevi pilas missurum Londoniarum, quibus terreret et confunderet sua tecta.

And once more, the author of an inedited "Chronicle of King Henry the Fifth that was Kyng Henries son," Cotton MS., Claudius A. viii, of the middle of the fifteenth century, fol. 1, back: ||

And thane the Dolphin of Francce answered to our embassators, and said in this manner, 'that the kyng was ouer yong and to tender of age to make any warr ayens hym, and was not lyke yet to be noo good werriour to doo and to make suche a conquest there vpon hym. And somewhat in scorne

§ Nicolas, p. 302 f, slightly corrected; much the same in another copy of the poem, B, Appendix, p. 69 f. The jest in Henry's reply is carried out in detail when he comes to Harfleur, B, pp. 308-310.

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and dispute he sente to hym a tonne fulle of tenys-ballis, because he wold hawe some-what for to play wit alle for hym and for his lordis, and that be-came hym better than to mayntayn any werre. And than anon our lordes that was embassadours token his leve and come in to England ayenme, and tolde the kyng and his counseill of the vngoodly answere that they had of the Dolp[y]nne, and of the present the whiche he had sent unto the kyng. And when the kyng had hard her wordis, and the answere of the Dolp[h]ynne, he was wondre sore agreed, and righte euell apayd to-wards the Frenchemen, and toward the kyng, and the Dolpynne, and thoughte to ansewe hym upon hem as sone as God wold send hym grace and myghte; and anon bete make tenys-ballis for the Dolp[h]yne in all the last that the myghte be made, and they were grete gonne-stones for the Dolp[h]yne to play wythe-alle.'

The Dolphin, whom two of these writers make talk of Henry as if he were a boy, was himself in his nineteenth year, and the Eng-lish king more than eight years his senior. "Hume has justly observed," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "that the great offers made by the French monarch, however inferior to Henry's demands, prove that it was his wish rather to appease than exasperate him; and it is almost incredible that, whilst the advisers of Charles evinced so much forbearance, his son should have offered Henry a personal insult.... It should be observed, as additional grounds for doubting that the message or gift was sent by the Dauphin, that such an act must have convinced both parties of the hopelessness of a pacific arrangement afterwards, and would, it may be imagined, have equally prevented the French court and Henry from seeking any other means of ending the dispute than by the sword. This, however, was not the case; for even supposing that the offensive communication was made on the occasion of the last, instead.... of that of the first em-bassy, it is certain that overtures were again sent to Henry whilst he was on his journey to the place of embarkation, and that even when there, he wrote to the French monarch with the object of adjusting his claims with-out a recourse to arms:"

"pp. 9, 12 f.

History repeats itself. Darius writes to Alexander as if he were a boy, and sends him, with other things, a ball to play with; and Alexander, in his reply to Darius, turns the tables upon the Persian king by his in-terpretation of the insolent gifts: Pseudo-Callisthenes, I, 36, ed. Müller, p. 40 f.* The parallel is close. It is not inconceivable that the English story is borrowed, but I am not prepared to maintain this.

It does not appear from any testimony ex-ternal to the ballad that married men or widows' sons had the benefit of an exemption in the levy for France, or that Cheshire, Lancashire, and Derby† were particularly called upon to furnish men: st. 9. The Rev. J. Endell Tyler believes the ballad to be unquestionably of ancient origin, "probably written and sung within a very few years of the expedition," "before Henry's death, and just after his marriage;" which granted, this stanza would have a certain interest. But, says Mr Tyler, "whether there is any founda-tion at all in fact for the tradition of Henry's resolution to take with him no married man or widow's son, the tradition itself bears such strong testimony to the general estimate of Henry's character for bravery at once and kindness of heart that it would be unpardon-able to omit every reference to it," and he has both printed the ballad in the body of his work and placed "that golden stanza" on his title-page. † The question of Henry's kind-

* The gifts are a whip (σωκρας), a ball, and a casket of gold. In Julius Valerian's version, Müller, as above, σωκρας is rendered habena, whip or reins; in Leo's Historia de Preliis, ed. Landgraf, p. 54, we have virga for habena; in Lamprecht's Alexander, Weismann, I, 74, 1296-1301, the habena is a pair of shoe-strings. The French romance, Michelant, p. 52, 25 ff, to make sure, gives us both rod (vergo) and reins; the English Alexander, Weber, I, 75, 1726-28, has a top, a scourge, and a small purse of gold. Weber has noticed the similarity of the stories, Romances, III, 299, and he remarks that in "The Famous Victories of Henry Fifth" a carpet is sent with the two of tennis-ballis, to intiate that the prince is fitter for carpet than camp.

† Cheshire, Lancashire, and the Earl of Derby are made to carry off the honors in ballad-histories of Bosworth and Flodden: see the appendix to No 168. Perhaps the hand of some minstrel of the same clan as the author or authors of those eulogies may be seen in this passage.

‡ Henry of Monmouth, or Memoirs of the Life and Char-acter of Henry the Fifth, II, 121, 197. Jewitt, Derbyshire
ness of heart does not require to be discussed here, but it may be said in passing that there is not quite enough in this ballad to remove the impression which is ordinarily made by his conduct of the siege of Rouen.

The Battle of Agincourt was fought October 25, 1415. It is hardly necessary to say, with reference to the marching to Paris gates, that Henry had the wisdom to evacuate French ground as soon after the battle as convoy to England could be procured.

1. As our king lay musing on his bed,
   He bethought himself upon a time
   Of a tribute that was due from France,
   Had not been paid for so long a time.
   Fal, lal, etc.

2. He called for his lovely page,
   His lovely page then called he,
   Saying, You must go to the king of France,
   To the king of France, sir, ride speedily.

3. O then went away this lovely page,
   This lovely page then went away he;
   And when he came to the king of France,
   Low he fell down on his bended knee.

4. My master greets you, worthy sir;
   Ten ton of gold that is due to he,
   That you will send him his tribute home,
   Or in French land you soon will him see.'

5. Your master's young and of tender years,
   Not fit to come into my degree,
   And I will send him three tennis-balls,
   That with them he may learn to play.'

6. O then returned this lovely page,
   This lovely page then returned he,
   And when he came to our gracious king,
   Low he fell down on his bended knee.

7. 'What news, what news, my trusty page?
   What is the news you have brought to me?'
   'I have brought such news from the king of France
   That you and he will never agree.

Ballads, p. 2, says that there is a tradition in the Peak of Derby that Henry V would take no married man or widow's son when recruiting for Agincourt; but he goes on to say that the ballad is not unfrequently sung by the hardy sons of the Peak, which adequately accounts for the tradition.
a. King Henry V. his Conquest of France, in revenge for the affront offered him by the French king in sending him, instead of the Tribute due, a Ton of Tennis-Balls.

Printed and sold at the Printing Office in Bow Church-Yard, London.

1. due to.

b. Title the same, with omission of the first him and due.

Printed and sold in Aldermary Church Yard, Bow Lane, London. st.

1. due from. 3. Low he came.

3'. And when fell. 7. wanting. 7. he and you will ne'er.

10. man or widow's. 12. run.

c. Title as in b. Printed as in b.

1. due from. 3. away went. 3. Lo he.

3'. And then he. 7. he and you will ne'er.

9. man or widow's. 12. run.

d. Title as in b. Imprint not given.

1. due from. 3. Low he came.

3'. And when fell. 7. he and you will ne'er.

9. man or. 12. run.

e. 2. Then he called on.

2. With a message from King Henry.

3. Away then went.

3. Away and away and away.

3. He fell low down. 42. of gold wanting. 4. And you must send him this.

4. you'll soon. 5. 8. tender age.

5. 8. not meet to come in.

5. So I'll send him home some.

61.4 as in 33.4. 7. my lovely.

7. what news bring you to me?

7. That I'm sure with him you'll ne'er agree.

8. So he's sent you here some.

9. that be. 9. 10. man nor widow's.

9. For wanting.

10. Then they recruited Lankashire, Cheshire and Derby Hills so free.

10. brave for bold. 11. 13. so wanting.


12. them were forsd to free.

13. Lord have mercy on [my] men and me.

14. send this.

14. fairest flower in all French land.

14. make free.

f. "Communicated by Bertram Mitford, of Mitford Castle, in Northumberland, who wrote it from the dictation of a very aged relative."

1. As a.

1. Those tributes due from the French king.

2. Those tributes that are due to me.

33.6. Away, away went this lovely page, Away and away and away went he, nearly as in e.

4. My master he does greet you well, He doth greet you most heartily.

4. If you don't. 5. 8. come within.

5. And in French land he ne'er dare me see.

7. my lovely, as in e.

7. from the French king.

7. That with him I'm sure you can ne'er agree.

8. And in French land you ne'er dare him see.

9. Go, 'cruit me. 10. jovial brave, as in e.

12. The first that fired it was the French.

12. them were forced to flee.

13. The first that spoke was the French king.

13. Lord a mercy on my poor men and me.

14. O go and take your tributes home, Five tons of gold I will give thee.

14. in all French land, as in e.

f was clearly derived from the same source as e.

g. The fourth line repeated as burden.

2. O then call'd he his lovely page,

His lovely page then called he,

Who, when he came before the king,

Lo, he fell down on his bended knee.

'Welcome, welcome, thou lovely page,

Welcome, welcome art thou here;

Go sped thee now to the king of France,

And greet us well to him so dear.

'And when thou com'st to the king of France,

And hast greeted us to him so dear,

Thou then shall ask for the tribute due,

That has not been paid for many a year'

3. Away then went this lovely page, Away, away, O then went he.

3'. Lo, he. Between 3 and 4:

'What news, what news, thou royal page?

What news, what news dost thou bring to me?'

'I bring such news from our good king

That him and you may long agree.
4. 'My master then does greet you well,
   Does greet you well and happy here,
   And asks from you the tribute due,
   That has not been paid this many a year.'

610. Away, away went this lovely page,
   Away, away, then away went he.*

74. That he and you can ne'er agree.
After 8:

O then in wroth rose our noble king,
   In anger great then up rose he:
   'I'll send such balls to the king in France
   As Frenchmen ne'er before did see.'

93. Go 'cruit me.
1084. The no married man, nor no widow's son,
   They recruited three thousand men and three.

Between 10 and 11:

And when the king he did them see,
   He greeted them most heartily:
   'Welcome, welcome, thou trusty band,
   For thou art a jolly brave company.

'Go now make ready our royal fleet,
   Make ready soon, and get to sea;
I then will shew the king of France
   When on French ground he does me see.'

And when our king to Southampton came,
   There the ships for him did wait a while;
   Sure such a sight was ne'er seen before,
   By any one in this our isle.

Their course they then made strait for France,
   With streamers gay and sails well fill'd;
   But the grandest ship of all that went
   Was that in which our good king sail'd.

1184. The Frenchmen they were so dismayd,
   Such a sight they ne'er did wish to see.
121. The first that fired it was the French, as in f.
131. The first that spoke was the French king, as in f.
134. Lo yonder comes proud King Henry.

* Cf. g 6 and 'Lord Bateman,' 14, II, 508.

After 13:

'Our loving cousin, we greet you well,
   From us thou now hast naught to fear;
   We seek from you our tribute due,
   That has not been paid for this many a year.'

1410. 'O go and take your tributes home,
   Five tons of gold I will give to thee,' as in f.

144. And the fairest flower in all French land, as in e, f.

h. "The author, to whom the following Song of Agincourt has been familiar from his childhood, cannot refrain from inserting it here.'

18. musing wanting.
18. All musing at the hour of prime: "conjectural."
18. He bethought him of the king of France.
18. And tribute due for so long a time.
294, 38. king in.

After 2:

Tell him to send me my tribute home,
   Ten ton of gold that is due to me;
   Unless he send me my tribute home,
   Soon in French land I will him see.

314, 612. Away then goes this lovely page,
   As fast, as fast as he could hie.

48. gold is due to me.
58. send him home some.
78. That you and he can. 88. come up to.
88. He has sent you home some. After 8:

Oh! then bespoke our noble king,
   A solemn vow then vowed he;
   I'll promise him such English balls
   As in French lands he ne'er did see.

Cf. g.

98. Go! call up. 98. 108. But neither . . . nor.
98. For wanting. 108. They called up.

After 10:

He called unto him his merry men all,
   And numbered them by three and three,
   Until their number it did amount
   To thirty thousand stout men and three.
Cf. g 1084.
11. Away then marched they.
11, 13. and fifes.
12. The first that fired it was the French, as in f, g.
13. Then marched they on to.
14. due from me. 14, the very best flower.

i. From the singing of a Yorkshire minstrel, with "one or two verbal corrections" from a modern broadside.

2, 3, 6. trusty for lovely. After 2:

And tell him of my tribute due,
Ten ton of gold that's due to me;
That he must send me my tribute home,
Or in French land he soon will me see.

3, 6. Away and away and away, as in e, f.
After 8: Oh! then, etc., as in h, but tennis-balls in line three.

9. Go call up, as in h.
10. They called up, as in h.
12. And the rest of them they were forced to flee, nearly as in f.
13. Lord have mercy on my poor men and me, as in f.
14. And the fairest flower that is in our French land: cf. e, f, g.
14. shall go free, as in g.

j. A Scottish version of the broadside from recitation of the beginning of this century: of slight value.

1. On his bed lay musing he: for the ee rhyme.
After 2 (cf. g, h, i):

Ye gae on to the king of France,
Ye greet him well and speedily,
And ye bid him send the tributes due,
Or in French lands he'll soon see me.

5, 8. some tennis.
5. may play him merrilie.
6. Away, away went. 7. him an you.
8. may pla f. merrilie.
9, 10. Chester and Lincolnshire.
11. wi drum an pipe. 12 wanting.
13. wi pipe an drum.
13. God be mercie on my poor men and me: cf. f, i.
14 wanting.

k. Received, 1886, from Mr. Alexander Kirk, Inspector of Poor, Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire, who learned it many years ago from David Rae, Barlay, Balmaclollan.

3, 6. Away, away . . . Away, away, and away: cf. e, f, g, i.


After 8 (cf. g, h, i):

Go call to me my merry men all,
All by thirties and by three,
And I will send him such tennis-balls
As on French ground he did never see.

12 wanting.

13. But when they came to the palace-gates.

l. 'Henry V and King of France:"
2, 3. king in. 5. come unto.
7. him and you. 8. come to.
11. Then they. 13. Have mercy, Lord.

m. 'The Two Kings:"

3, 4. When he came to the king of France,
He fell down on his bended knee:
'My master greets you, noble sir,
For a tribute that is due to he.'

5. come to. 5. send him home ten.

6, 7. When he came to our noble king,
He fell low on his bended knee:
'What news, what news, my lovely page?
What news have ye brought unto me?'

8. He's sent you hame ten.

After 8:

Out then spake our noble king,
A solemn vow then vowed he:
'I shall prepare such English balls
That in French land he ne'er did see.'

9. You do recruit. 10. They did recruit.
11 wanting.

12. The rest of them were forced to flee.
13. As we came in at the palace-gates.
13. Have mercy on my men and me.
165

SIR JOHN BUTLER

'Sir John Butler,' Percy MS., p. 427; Hales and Furnivall, III, 205.

The subject of this ballad is the murder of a Sir John Butler at Bewsey Hall, near Warrington, Lancashire.

The story, which may be imperfect at the beginning, is that a party of men cross the moat in a leathern boat, and among them William Savage is one of the first. Sir John Butler's daughter Ellen awakens her father and tells him that his uncle Stanley is within his hall. If that be true, says Sir John, a hundred pound will not save me. Ellen goes down into the hall, and is asked where her father is; she avers that he is ridden to London, but the men know better, and search for him. Little Holcroft loses his head in trying to keep the door of the room where Sir John is; they enter, and call on him to yield. He will yield to his uncle Stanley, but never to false Peter Legh. Ellen Butler calls for a priest; William Savage says, He shall have no priest but my sword and me. Lady Butler was at this time in London; had she been at home she might have begged her husband's life of her good brother John. She dreams that her lord is swimming in blood, and long before day sets out for Bewsey Hall. On her way she learns that her husband is slain, and the news impels her to go back to London, where she begs of the king the death of false Peter Legh, her brother Stanley, William Savage, and all. Would ye have three men to die for one? says the king; if thou wilt come to London, thou shalt go home Lady Gray.

The papers of Roger Dodsworth,* the antiquarian († 16...), give the following account of the transaction, according to the tradition of his time. "Sir John Boteler, Knight, was slain in his bed by the Lord Standley's procurement, Sir Piers Leigh and Mister William Savage joininge with him in that action, curruptinge his servants, his porter settinge a light in a windowe to give knowledge upon the water that was about his house at Bewsaye, when the watch that watched about his howse at Bewsaye, where your way to ... [i. e. Bold] comes, were gone awaye to their owne houses; and then they came over the moate in letter boates, and se to his chambrere, where one of his servants, called Hon-trost [Holcroft], was slain, being his chamberlaine; the other brother betrayed his master. They promised him a great reward, and as going with them a way, they hanged him at a tree in Bewsaye Park. After this Sir John Boteler's lady pursued those that sleue her husband, and indyted xx. men for that 'saute,' but being married to Lorde Gray, he made her suites voyd, for which cause she parted from her husband, the Lorde Graye, and came into Lancastershyre, and sayd, If my lord wyll not helpe me that I may have my wyll of mine enemies, yet my bodye shall be berried by him; and she caused a tombe of alabaster to be made, where she lyeth upon the right hand of her husband, Sir John Butler." †

Another paper in the same collection as-

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* Vol. exiii, fol. 14, Bodleian Library; cited (p. 303 f.) in Beaumont's Annals of the Lords of Warrington, Chetham Society, 1872, where may be found the fullest investigation yet attempted of this obscure matter. I have freely and thankfully used chapters 17-19 of that highly interesting work.

† For Lord Grey's making the suit void, and his lady's resolution to be buried near Sir John, see Beaumont, p. 319 f., pp. 297-99.
sumes to give the cause of the murder. "The occasion of the murder was this. The king being to come to Lathom, the Earl of Derby, his brother-in-law, sent unto hym [Sir John Butler] a messenger to desire him to wear his clouthe [appear as his retainer] at that tyme; but in his absence his lady said she scorned that her husband should wayte on her brother, being as well able to entertaine the kyngge as he was; which answer the erle tooke in great disdayne, and persecuted the said Sir John Butler with all the mallice that coud be."

After mutual ill-services, they took arms one against the other, Sir Piers Legh and William Savage siding with the earl, and in the end these three corrupted Sir John Butler's servants and murdered him in his bed. "Hys lady, at that instant being in London, did dreame the same night that he was slayne, that Bewsaye Hall did swym with blood; whereupon she presently came homewards, and heard by the report of his death." *

Sir John Boteler, son of Sir John, born in 1429, married for his third wife Margaret Stanley, widow of Sir Thomas Troutbeck, daughter of Thomas first Lord Stanley, and sister of Thomas the second lord, whom Dodsworth calls by anticipation Earl of Derby, which he was not until 1485. Sir John Boteler had by his first wife four daughters, but no Ellen; by Margaret Stanley he had a son Thomas, born in 1461. He died in 1463, and his wife afterwards married for her third husband Henry Lord Grey of Codnor.

According to st. 23 of the ballad, Dame Margaret's brother Stanley, that is Lord Thomas, is directly concerned in the murder which in the Dodsworth story he is said only to have procured. But an uncle Stanley appears to be a prominent member of the hostile party in sts 5, 12; how, we cannot explain. A 'good' brother John is mentioned in st. 15, of whom Lady Butler might have begged her husband's life, and who must, therefore, have been present. Lady Butler had a brother John. But the alleged participation of Sir Peter Legh and William Savage in this murder, perpetrated in 1463, is an impossibility. Sir Peter Legh was born in 1455, and was only eight years old at that time, and William Savage, nephew of Lord Thomas Stanley, was also a mere child. As to the part ascribed to Lord Thomas Stanley, Sir Thomas Butler, the son of Sir John, is said to have lived on the most friendly terms with him in after days, and to have limited "an estate in remainder, after the limitation to himself and his heirs, to the Earl of Derby in fee," which we can hardly suppose he would have done if the earl had been his father's murderer.

The occasion of the murder is represented in the tradition reported by Dodsworth to have been Sir John Butler's refusal (through his wife) to wear the Earl of Derby's livery at the time of the king's coming to Lathom. The king (Henry VII) did indeed come to Lathom, but not until the year 1495, thirty-two years after Sir John's death, and three years after that of his wife. It is true that other accounts make Sir Thomas, the son of Sir John, to have been the victim of the murder; but Sir Thomas died in 1522, and the Earl of Derby in 1504.† There is not, as Dr. Robson says, a tittle of evidence to show that there was any murder at all, whether of Sir John or any other of the Butler family. But it was an unquiet time, and the conjecture has been offered "that, being a consistent Lancastrian," Sir John "may have incurred some Yorkist resentments, and have been sacrificed by a confederacy of some of those who, though his private friends, were his political enemies." ‡

Sir John Butler, son of Sir John, is of course the only person that the ballad and the parallel tradition can intend, for Margaret Stanley was the only Stanley that ever mar-

* Beamont, p. 304.
† Pennant, in the second half of the last century, heard that both Sir Thomas and his lady were murdered in his house by assassins, who, in the night, crossed the moat in leathern boats. Again, Sir Peter Legh, simply, was said to have slain Sir Thomas Butler. Sir Thomas died quietly in his bed, and Sir Peter, who had turned priest, administered ghostly consolations to him not long before his decease. ‡ See Beamont, p. 368; and also p. 296 for another hypothesis.
ried a Butler, and Margaret Stanley's third husband was Lord Grey of Codnor. But Sir John the elder, who died in 1430, had a daughter Ellen, "old enough to raise an alarm when her father was attacked, while he was actually nephew by marriage to the second Sir John Stanley of Lathom, who survived him." (If we might proceed according to established mythological rules, and transfer to the son what is told of the father, we might account for the "uncle Stanley" and the Ellen of the ballad.) Sir John the senior's widow, Lady Isabella, was in 1437 violently carried off and forced into marriage by one William Poole, and her petition to Parliament for redress calls this Poole an outlaw "for felony for man's death by him murdered and slain." It has been thought a not overstrained presumption that this language may refer to the death of Lady Isabella's husband, the earlier Sir John, though it would be strange, if such were the reference, that no name should be given.*

The Bewsey murder has been narrated, with the variations of later tradition, by John Fitchett in 'Bewsey, a Poem,' Warrington, 1796; in a ballad by John Roby, Traditions of Lancashire, 1879, II, 72; and in another ballad in Ballads and Songs of Lancashire, Harland and Wilkinson, 1882, p. 18 (at p. 15 Fitchett's verses are cited). See also Dr Robson, in the preface to the Percy ballad, p. 208, and Beamont, Annals of the Lords of Warrington, p. 318.

1 Bur word is come to Warrington,
   And Busye Hall is laid about;
   Sir John Butler and his merry men
   Stand in full great doubt.

2 When they came to Busye Hall
   It was the merke midnight,
   And all the bridges were vp drawnen,
   And never a candle-light.

3 There they made them one good boat,
   All of one good bull skinne;
   William Savage was one of the first
   That ever came itt within.

4 Hee sayled ore his merrymen,
   By two and two together,
   And said itt was as good a bote
   As eie was made of lether.

5 'Waken you, waken you, deare ffather!
   God waken you within!
   For heere is your vnckle Standlye
   Come your hall within.'

6 'If that be true, Ellen Butler,
   These tydings you tell mee,
   A hundred pound in good redd gold
   This night will not borrow mee.'

* Beamont, pp. 259, 321.

7 Then came downe Ellen Butler
   And into her ffathers hall,
   And then came downe Ellen Butler,
   And shee was laced in pull.

8 'Where is thy ffather, Ellen Butler?
   Have done, and tell itt mee.'
   'My ffather is now to London ridden,
   As Crist shall have part of mee.'

9 'Now nay, now nay, Ellen Butler,
   Ffor soe itt must not bee;
   Ffor eie I goe ffforth of this hall,
   Your ffather I must see.'

10 The sought that hall then vp and downe
    Theras John Butler lay;
    The sought that hall then vp and downe
    Theras John Butler lay.

11 Ffaire him fffall, little Holcroft!
    Soe merrilye he kept the dore,
    Till that his head from his shoulders
    Came tumbling downe the floore.

12 'Yeeld thee, yeeld thee, John Butler!
   Yeeldl thee now to mee!'
   'I will yeeld me to my vnckle Standlye,
   And neere to false Peeter Lee.'
13 'A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
'To housle and to shrine!'  
A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
'While that my father is a man alime!'

14 Then bespake him William Sausage,  
A shames death may hee dye!  
Sayes, Hee shall have no other preist  
But my bright sword and mee.

15 The Ladye Butler is to London rydden,  
Shee had better haue beene att home;  
Shee might haue beggd her owne marryed lord  
Att her good brother Iohn.

16 And as shee lay in leene London,  
And as shee lay in her bedd,  
Shee dreamed her owne marryed lord  
Was swimminge in blood soo red.

17 Shee called vp her merry men all,  
Long ere itt was day;  
Saies, Wee must ryde to Busiye Hall,  
With all speed that wee may.

18 Shee mett with three Kendall men,  
Were ryding by the way:  
'Tydings, tydings, Kendall men,  
I pray you tell itt mee!'

19 'Heauy tydings, deare madam;  
Ffrom you wee will not leane;

The worthiuest knight in merry England,  
Iohn Butler, Lord! hee is shaine!'

20 'Ffarewell, Ffarewell, Iohn Butler!  
Ffor thee I must neuer see:  
Ffarewell, Ffarewell, Busiye Hall!  
For thee I will neuer come nye.'

21 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,  
In all the speed might bee,  
And when shee came before her prince,  
Shee kneeled low downe on her knee.

22 'A boone, a boone, my lege!' shee saies,  
'Ffor Gods lone grant itt mee!'  
'What is thy boone, Lady Butler?  
Or what wold thou haue of mee?

23 'What is thy boone, Lady Butler?  
Or what wold thou haue of mee?'  
'That ffalse Peeres of Lee, and my brother  
Stanley,  
And William Sausage, and all, may dye.'

24 'Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
Come you ower this stone;  
Wold you haue three men ffor to dye,  
All ffor the losse off one?

25 'Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
With all the speed you may;  
If thou wilt come to London, Lady Butler,  
Thou shalt goe home Lady Gray.'
The title of this ballad, as Percy notes in his manuscript, is quoted in Fletcher's Mon- sieur Thomas (printed in 1639), act third, scene third, Dyce, VII, 364. The subject is the winning of the crown of England from Richard III by Henry VII, and the parties on both sides, though some of them are sometimes called by their proper names, are mostly indicated by their badges or cognizances,* which were perfectly familiar, so that though there is a "perpetual allegory," it is not a "dark conceit."

The red rose of Lancaster was rooted up by a boar, Richard, who was generally believed to have murdered Henry VI and his son Edward, the Prince of Wales; but the seed of the rose, the Earl of Richmond, afterwards wore the crown. The sixth stanza gives us to understand that the young Earl of Richmond was under the protection of Lord Stanley at Lathom before his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, fled with him to Brittany, in 1471; but this does not appear in the histories. The Earl of Richmond came back to claim his right (in 1485), and brought with him the blue boar, the Earl of Oxford, to encounter, with Richard, the white boar. Richmond sends a messenger to the old eagle, Lord Stanley, his stepfather, to announce his arrival; Stanley thanks God, and hopes that the rose shall flourish again. The Welshmen rise in a mass under Rice ap Thomas and shog on to Shrewsbury. Master Mitton, bailiff of Shrewsbury, refuses at first to let Richmond enter, but, upon receiving letters from Sir William Stanley of Holt Castle, opens the gates. The Earl of Oxford is about to smite off the bailiff's head; Richmond interferes, and asks Mitton why he was kept out. The bailiff knows no king but him that wears the crown; if Richmond shall put down Richard, he will, when sworn, be as true to Richmond as to Richard now. Richmond recognizes this as genuine loyalty, and will not have the bailiff harmed. The Earl moves on to Newport, and then has a private meeting at Ath- erstone with Lord Stanley, who makes great moan because the young eagle, Lord Strange, his eldest son, is a hostage in the hands of the white boar. At the battle Oxford has the van; Lord Stanley follows 'fast'! The Tal- bot-dog (Sir Gilbert Talbot) bites sore; the unicorn (Sir John Savage) quits himself well; then comes in the hart's head (Sir William Stanley), the field is fought, the white boar slain, and the young eagle saved as by fire.†

How the Earl of Richmond compassed the crown of England is told at more length in two histories in the ballad-stanza, 'Bosworth Field' and 'Lady Bessy.' The first of these (656 verses) occurs only in the Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, III, 235. It is on the whole a tame performance. Richmond is kept quite subordinate to the Stanleys, kneeling to Sir William, v. 371, and "desiring" the van of Lord Stanley, who grants his request, 449–51. The second exists in two versions: (1) Harleian MS. 367, printed by Mr Halliwell-Phillipps, Percy Society, vol. xx, 1847, p. 43, and Palatine Anthology, 1850, p. 60; Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, III, 321 (each of about 1100 verses); (2) Percy Society and

* These are duly interpreted in Hales and Furnivall.
† Lord Strange's hair-breadth escape is, however, perhaps apocryphal: see Croston, County Families of Lancashire and Cheshire, 1887, p. 25 f.
1 Throughout a garden green and gay,  
   A seemly sight it was to see  
   How flowers did flourish fresh and gay,  
   And birds doe sing melodiously.

2 In the midst of a garden there sprang a tree,  
   Which tree was of a mickle price,  
   And there upon sprang the rose so red,  
   The goodlyest that ever sprang on rise.

3 This rose was faire, fresh to behold,  
   Springing with many a royall lance;  
   A crowned king, with a crowne of gold,  
   Ouer England, Ireland, and of France.

4 Then came in a beast men call a boar,  
   And he rooted this garden vpp and downe;  
   By the seede of the rose he set no store,  
   But afterwards itt wore the crowne.

5 Hee tooke the branches of this rose away,  
   And all in sunder did them teare,  
   And he buried them vnder a clod of clay,  
   Swore they shold never blome nor beare.

6 Then came in an egle gleaming gay,  
   Of all ffaire birds well worth the best;  
   He took the banche of the rose away,  
   And bore itt to Latham to his nest.

7 But now is this rose out of England exiled,  
   This certaine truth I will not laine;  
   But if itt please you to sitt a while,  
   I'll teell you how the rose came in againe.

8 Att Milford Hauen he entered in;  
   To claime his right, was his delight;  
   He brought the blew boare in with him,  
   To encounter with the boare soe white.

9 The[n] a messenger the rose did send  
   To the egle's nest, and bidd him hye:

we cannot suppose we have) must have been nearly contemporary. 'Bosworth Field' borrows some verses from it.

17\2, 22\4. This affirmation of the trustworthiness of the chronicle occurs in 'The Battle of Otterburn,' No 161, 35\3, and again in 'Flodden Field,' No 178, appendix, 121\4.

'To my father, the old egle, I doe [me] comend,  
His aide and helpe I crave speedlye.'

10 Saies, I desire my father att my cominge  
Of men and mony att my need,  
And alsoe my mother of her deer blessing;  
The better then I hope to speede.

11 And when the messenger came before thold egle,  
   He kneelded him downe vpon his knee;  
   Saith, Well greeteth you my lord the rose,  
   He hath sent you greetings here by me.

12 Safe from the seas Christ hath him sent,  
   Now he is entered England within:  
   'Let vs thanke God,' the old egle did say,  
   'He shall be the flower of all his kine.'

13 'Wend away, messenger, with might and maine;  
   Itt's hard to know who a man may trust;  
   I hope the rose shall flourish againe,  
   And have all things att his owne lust.'

14 Then Sir Rice ap Thomas drawes Wales with him:  
   A worthy sight itt was to see,  
   How the Welchmen rose wholy with him,  
   And shoggeled them to Shrewsburye.

15 Att that time was baylye in Shrewsburye  
   One Master Mitton, in the towne;  
   The gates were strong, and he mad them ffast,  
   And the porteullis he let downe.

16 And through a garrett of the walls,  
   Ouer Severne these words said hee:  
   'Att these gates no man enter shall,'  
   But he kept him out a night and a day.
17 These words Mitton did Erle Richmond tell
(I am sure the chronicles of this will not lye);
But when letters came from Sir William Stan-
ley of the Holt castle.
Then the gates were opened presentlye.

18 Then entred this towne the noble lord,
The Erle Richmond, the rose soe redd ;
The Erle of Oxford, with a sword,
Wold have smitt of the bailiffes head.

19 'But hold your hand,' saies Erle Richmond,
'Ffor his lone that dyed vpon a tree !
Ffor if wee begin to head so soone,
In England wee shall beare no degree.'

20 'What ofence haue I made thee,' sayd Erle Rich-
monde,
'That thon kept me out of my towne?'
'I know no king,' sayd Mitton then,
'But Richard now, that weares the crowne.'

21 'Why, what wilt thou say,' said Erle Rich-
monde,
'When I haue put King Richard downe ?'
'Why, then Ile be as true to you, my lorde,
After the time that I am sworne.'

22 'Werde itt not great pitty,' sayd Erle Rich-
monde,
'That such a man as this shold dye,
Such loyall service by him done?
(The chronickles of this will not lye.)

23 'Thou shalt not be harmed in any case ;'
He pardoned him presentlie ;
They staid not past a night and a day,
But towards Newport did they lye.

24 But [at] Atherston these lords did meete ;
A worthy sight itt was to see,
How Erle Richmond tooke his hatt in his hand,
And said, Cheshire and Lanecashire, welcome

to me !

25 But now is a bird of the egle taken ;
From the white bore he cannot fliee ;
Therfore the old egle makes great moue,
And prayes to God most certainly.

26 'O stedfast God, verament,' he did say,
'Three persons in one god in Trinytye,
Saue my sonne, the young egle, this day
From all false craft and trecherye !'

27 Then the blew bore the vanward had ;
He was both warry and wise of witt;
The right hand of them he tooke,
The sunn and wind of them to gett.

28 Then the egle sfolowed fast vpon his pray,
With sore dints he did them smyte;
The tailbott he bitt wondervous sore,
Soe well the unicorne did him quite.

29 And then came in the harts head ;
A worthy sight itt was to see,
The inckettas that were of white and redd,
How they laid about them lustilye.

30 But now is the sheare sheeld foughten and ended,
And the white bore there lyeth slaine,
And the young egle is preserved,
And come to his nest againe.

31 But now this garden flourishes freshe and gay,
With ffragrant flowers comely of hew,
And gardners itt doth maintaine ;
I hope they will prove iust and true.

32 Our kinge, he is the rose soe redd,
That now does flourish fresh and gay :
Confound his foes, Lord, weee beseeche,
And lune His Grace both night and day !
SIR ANDREW BARTON


Given in Old Ballads, 1723, I, 159; in Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 177, a copy made up from the Folio MS. and B b, with editorial emendations; Ritson's Select Collection of English Songs, 1783, I, 313. B f is reprinted by Halliwell, Early Naval Ballads, Percy Society, vol. ii, p. 4, 1841; by Moore, Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry, p. 256, 1853. There is a Bow-Churchyard copy, of no value, in the Roxburghe collection, III, 726, 727, dated in the Museum catalogue 1710.

A collation of A and B will show how ballads were retouched and marred in the process of preparing them for the vulgar press. * B a-g clearly lack two stanzas after 11 (12, 13, of A). This omission is perhaps to be attributed to careless printing rather than to reckless cutting down, for the stanzas wanted are found in h. h is a transcript, apparently from recitation or dictation, of a Scottish broadside. It has but fifty-six stanzas, against the sixty-four of B a and the eighty-two of A, and is extremely corrupted. Besides the two stanzas not found in the English broadside, it has one more, after 50, which is perhaps borrowed from 'Adam Bell':

'Foul in the hands,' says Horsley then,
'This day that did that eot put on;
For had it been as thin as mine,
Thy last days had been at an end.'

A has a regrettable gap after 35, and is corrupted at 232, 472.

In the year 1476 a Portuguese squadron seized a richly loaded ship commanded by John Barton, in consequence of which letters of reprisal were granted to Andrew, Robert, and John Barton, sons of John, and these letters were renewed in 1506, § "as no opportunity had occurred of effectuating a retaliation;" that is to say, as the Scots, up to the later date, had not been supplied with the proper vessels. The king of Portugal remonstrated against reprisals for so old an offence, but he had put himself in the wrong four seize all Portuguese ships till repaid 12,000 ducats of Por-
tugal. Pinkerton, whose excellent account, everywhere justified by documents, I have been indebted to above, re-
marks: "The justice of letters of reprisal after an interval of thirty years may be much doubted. At any rate, one prize was sufficient for the injury, and the continuance of their captures, and the repeated demands of our kings, even so late as 1540, cannot be vindicated. Nay, these reprisals on Portugal were found so lucrative that, in 1543, Arran, the regent, gave similar letters to John Barton, grandson of the first John. In 1563 Mary formally revoked the letters of marque to the Bartons, because they had been abused into piracy." Pinkerton's History of Scotland, II, 60 f, 70.

* B begins vilely, but does not go on so ill. The forty merchants coming 'with fifty sail' to King Henry on a mountain top, 317, requires to be taken indulgently.
† 'God's curse on his hart,' says William,
'This day thy cote dyd on;
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone ner thy thine.'

(Vol. iii, 23, st. 27.)

‡ An approach to sense may be had by reading 'either in hach-bord or in hall,' that is, by striking with his beam either the side or the body of the vessel; but I do not think so well of this change as to venture it.
§ The letters granted to the Bartons authorized them to
years before by refusing to deal with a herald sent by the Scottish king for the arrangement of the matter in dispute. It is probable that there was justice on the Scottish side, "yet there is some reason to believe that the Bartons abused the royal favor, and the distance and impunity of the sea, to convert this retaliation into a kind of piracy against the Portuguese trade, at that time, by the discoveries and acquisitions in India, rendered the richest in the world." All three of the brothers were men of note in the naval history of Scotland. Andrew is called Sir Andrew, perhaps, in imitation of Sir Andrew Wood; but his brother attained to be called Sir Robert.*

We may now hear what the writers who are nearest to the time have to say of the subject-matter of our ballad.

Hall's Chronicle, 1548. In June [1511], the king being at Leicester, tidings were brought to him that Andrew Barton, a Scottish man and a pirate of the sea, saying that the king of Scots had war with the Portingales, did rob every nation, and so stopped the king's streams that no merchants almost could pass, and when he took the Englishmen's goods, he said they were Portingales' goods, and thus he haunted and robbed at every haven's mouth. The king, moved greatly with this crafty pirate, sent Sir Edmund Howard, Lord Admiral of England; and Lord Thomas Howard, son and heir to the Earl of Surrey, in all the haste to the sea, which hastily made ready two ships, and without any more abode took the sea, and by chance of weather were severed. The Lord Howard, lying in the Downs, perceived where Andrew was making toward Scotland, and so fast the said lord chased him that he overtook him, and there was a sore battle. The Englishmen were fierce, and the Scots defended them manfully, and ever Andrew blew his whistle to encourage his men, yet for all that, the Lord Howard and his men, by clean strength, entered the main deck; then the Englishmen entered on all sides, and the Scots fought sore on the hatches, but in conclusion Andrew was taken, which was so sore wounded that he died there; then all the remnant of the Scots were taken, with their ship, called The Lion. All this while was the Lord Admiral in chase of the bark of Scotland called Jenny Pirwyn, which was wont to sail with The Lion in company, and so much did he with other that he laid him on board and fiercely assailed him, and the Scots, as hardy and well stomached men, them defended; but the Lord Admiral so encouraged his men that they entered the bark and slew many, and took all the other. Then were these two ships taken, and brought to Blackwall the second day of August, and all the Scots were sent to the Bishop's place of York, and there remained, at the king's charge, till other direction was taken for them. [They were released upon their own ing that they deserved death for piracy, and appealing to the king's mercy, says Hall.] The king of Scots, hearing of the death of Andrew of Barton and taking of his two ships, was wonderful wroth, and sent letters to the king requiring restitution according to the league and amity. The king wrote with brotherly salutations to the king of Scots of the robberies and evil doings of Andrew Barton, and that it became not one prince to lay a breach of a league to another prince in doing justice upon a pirate or thief, and that all the other Scots that were taken had deserved to die by justice if he had not extended his mercy. (Ed. of 1809, p. 525.)

Buchanan, about twenty years later, writes to this effect. Andrew Breton † was a Scots trader whose father had been cruelly put to death by the Portuguese, after they had plundered his ship. This outrage was committed within the dominion of Flanders, and the year. Edmund was his younger brother. Lesley has Edmund again; Stowe has Edward.

* Robert was skipper of the Great Michael, a ship two hundred and forty feet long, with sides ten feet thick, and said to be larger and stronger than any vessel in the navy of England or of France.

† A mistake of Edmund for Edward and an anticipation. Sir Edward Howard was not made admiral till the next
Flemish admiralty, upon suit of the son, gave judgment against the Portuguese; but the offending parties would not pay the indemnity, nor would their king compel them, though the king of Scots sent a herald to make the demand. The Scot procured from his master a letter of marque, to warrant him against charges of piracy and freebooting while prosecuting open war against the Portuguese for their violation of the law of nations, and in the course of a few months inflicted great loss on them. Portuguese envoys went to the English king and told him that this Andrew was a man of such courage and enterprise as would make him a dangerous enemy in the war then impending with the French, and that he could now be conveniently cut off, under cover of piracy, to the advantage of English subjects and the gratification of a friendly sovereign. Henry was easily persuaded, and dispatched his admiral, Thomas Howard,* with two of the strongest ships of the royal navy, to lie in wait at the Downs for Andrew, then on his way home from Flanders. They soon had sight of the Scot, in a small vessel, with a still smaller in company. Howard attacked Andrew's ship, but, though the superior in all respects, was barely able to take it after the master and most of his men had been killed. The Scots captain, though several times wounded and with one leg broken by a cannon-ball, seized a drum and beat a charge to inspirit his men to fight until breath and life failed. The smaller ship was surrendered with less resistance, and the survivors of both vessels, by begging their lives of the king (as they were instructed to do by the English), obtained a discharge without punishment. The Scottish king made formal complaint of this breach of peace, but the answer was ready: the killing of pirates broke no leagues and furnished no decent ground for war. (Rer. Scot. Historia, 1582, fol. 149 b, 150.)

Bishop Lesley, writing at about the same time as Buchanan, openly accuses the English of fraud. "In the month of June," he says, "Andrew Barton, being on the sea in warfare contrar the Portingals, against whom he had a letter of mark, Sir Edmund Howard, Lord Admiral of England, and Lord Thomas Howard, son and heir to the Earl of Surrey, past forth at the king of England's command, with certain of his best ships; and the said Andrew, being in his voyage sailing toward Scotland, having only but one ship and a bark, they set upon at the Downs, and at the first entry did make sign unto them that there was friendship standing betwix the two realms, and therefore thought them to be friends; wherewith they, nothing moved, did cruelly invade, and he manfully and courageously defended, where there was many slain, and Andrew himself sore wounded, that he died shortly; and his ship, called The Lion, and the bark, called Jenny Pirryyne, which, with the Scots men that was living, were had to London, and kept there as prisoners in the Bishop of York's house, and after was sent home in Scotland. When that the knowledge hereof came to the king, he sent incontinent a herald to the king of England, with letters requiring dress for the slaughter of Andrew Barton, with the ships to be rendered again; otherwise it might be an occasion to break the league and peace contracted between them. To which it was answered by the king of England that the slaughter being a pirate, as he alleged, should be no break to the peace; yet not the less he should cause commissioners meet upon the borders, where they should treat upon that and all other enormities betwix the two realms."† (History of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1830, p. 82 f.)

* Another anticipation. Sir Thomas Howard became admiral only after his brother Edward's death, in 1513. The expedition of the Howards against Barton appears to have been a private one, though with the consent of the king.

† The commissioners met, and "the wrongs done unto Scotland many ways, specially of the slaughter of Andrew Barton and taking of his ships, were conferred," but the commissioners of England would not consent to make any redress or restitution till after a certain date when they expected to know the issue of their king's invasion of France. Hereupon a herald was sent to King Henry in France, with a letter from King James, rehearsing the great wrongs and unkindnesses done to himself and his lieges, and among these the slaughter of Andrew Barton by Henry's own command, though he had done no offence to him or his lieges;
The ballad displaces Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, and puts in their place Lord Charles Howard, who was not born till twenty-five years after the fight. Lord Charles Howard, son of William, a younger half-brother of Thomas and Edward, was, in his time, like them, Lord High Admiral, and had the honor of commanding the fleet which served against the Armada. He was created Earl of Nottingham in 1596, and this circumstance, adopted into A 78,* puts this excellent ballad later than one would have said, unless, as is quite possible, the name of the English commander has been changed. There is but one ship in the ballad, as there is but a single captain, but Henry Hunt makes up for the other when we come to the engagement. The dates are much deranged in A. The merchants make their complaint at midsummer, the summer solstice (in May, B 1), and here there is agreement with Hall and Lesley. The English ship sails the day before midsummer-even, A 17; the fight occurs not more than four days after (A 18, 33, 34; B 16, 31); four days is a large allowance for returning, but the ship sails into Thames mouth on the day before New Year’s even, A 71, 72, 74.† In B the English do not sail till winter, and although the interval from May is long for fitting out a ship, inconsistency is avoided. According to Hall, the English ships brought in their prizes August 2d.

A. King Henry Eighth, having been informed by eighty London merchants that navigation is stopped by a Scot who would rob them were they twenty ships to his one, and no satisfaction being obtained, the herald, according to his instructions, “denounced war to the king of England,” August, 1513. (Lesley, pp. 87-91.)

* B 63, “Lord Howard shall Earl Bury high.” Admiral Thomas Howard, for his good service at Flodden and elsewhere, was created Earl of Surrey in 1514. Bury is, one would suppose, a corruption of Surrey, and if so, Surrey may have been the reading of earlier copies, and perhaps Thomas again, instead of Charles.

† By reading midwinter in A 17, this difficulty would be removed.

These beams, Henry Hunt intimates in 32, would be dangerous to boarders, which is conceivable should they chance to hit the right heads; but they are evidently meant to be dropped on the adversary’s vessel, and this by a process which is not distinctly described, and was, I fear, not perfectly grasped by the minstrel. The veriest landsman must think that a magazine of heavy timbers stowed in either castle (there is an upper and a lower in the pictures of Henry VII’s Great Harry and of Henry VIII’s Grace de Dieu, and the lower is well up the mast) would not be favorable to sailing; but this is a minor difficulty. Stones and fire-balls were sometimes thrown from the topcastle, which, properly, should be a stage at the very tip of the mast, as we find it in old prints: see Nicolao’s History of the Royal Navy, II, 170. Stones and iron bars thrown from the high decks of Spanish ships did much harm to the English in a fight in 1572: Froissart, Buchon, V, 276. An intelligible way of operating the ancient “dolphins,” heavy masses of metal dropped from the end of a yard, is suggested in Graser, De veterum re navali, 1864, p. 52 f.
mast.’ Sir Andrew has been admiral on the
sea for more than three years, and no Eng-
lishman or Portugall passes without his leave:
he orders his pinnace to bring the pedlars
back; they shall hang at his main-mast tree.
The pinnace fires on Lord Howard and brings
down his foremost and fifteen of his men,
but Simon sinks the pinnace with one dis-
charge, which, to be sure, includes nine yards
of chain besides other great shot, less and
more. Sir Andrew cuts his ropes to go for
the pedlar himself. Lord Howard throws off
disguise, sounds drums and trumpets, and
spreads his ensign. Simon’s son shoots and
kills sixty; the perjured Henry Hunt comes
in on the other side, brings down the fore-
mast, and kills eighty. One wonders that
Barton’s guns do not reply; in fact he never
fires a shot; but then he has that wonder-
ful apparatus of the beams, which, whether
mechanically perfect or not, is worked well
by the poet, for not many better passages are
met with in ballad poetry than that which
tells of the three gallant attempts on the
main-mast tree, 52–66. Sir Andrew had not
taken the English archery into his reckoning.
Gordon, the first man to mount, is struck
through the brain; so is James Hamilton,
Barton’s sister’s son. Sir Andrew dons his
armor of proof and goes up himself. Hors-
ley hits him under his arm; Barton will not
loose his hold, but a second mortal wound
forces him to come down. He calls on his
men to fight on; he will lie and bleed awhile,
and then rise and fight again; “fight on for
Scotland and St Andrew, while you hear my
whistle blow!” Soon the whistle is mute,
and they know that Barton is dead; the Eng-
lish board; Howard strikes off Sir Andrew’s
head, while the Scots stand by weeping, and
throws the body over the side, with three
hundred crowns about the middle to secure it
a burial. So Jon Rimaardssen binds three
bags about his body when he jumps into the
sea, saying, He shall not die poor that will
bury my body: Danske Viser, II, 225, st. 39.
Lord Howard sails back to England, and is
royally welcomed. England before had but
one ship of war, and Sir Andrew’s made the
second, says the ballad, but therein seems to
be less than historically accurate: see South-
ley’s Lives of the British Admirals, 1833, II,
171, note. Hunt, Horsley, and Simon are
generously rewarded, and Howard is made
Earl of Nottingham. When King Henry
sees Barton’s ghastly head, he exclaims that
he would give a hundred pounds if the man
were alive as he is dead: ambiguous words,
which one would prefer not to interpret by
the later version of the ballad, in which
Henry is eager himself to give the doom, B
58; nor need we, for in the concluding stan-
za the king, in recognition of the manful part
that he hath played, both here and beyond the
sea, says that each of Barton’s men shall have
half a crown a day to take them home.
The variations of B, as to the story, are of
slight importance. There is no pinnace in
B. Horsley’s shots are somewhat better ar-
ranged: Gordon is shot under the collar-bone,
the nephew through the heart; the first ar-
row rebounds from Barton’s armor, the second
smites him to the heart. ‘Until you hear
my whistle blow,’ in 584, is a misconception,
coming from not understanding that till (as
in A 664) may mean while.

The copy in Percy’s Reliques is translated by
Von Marées, p. 88.

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A


1 As itt beffell in m[fj]sumer-time,  
When burds singe sweetely on euer tree,  
Our noble king, King Henery the Eighth,  
Ouer the river of Thames past hee.
They swore by the rood the were saylers good,
But rich merchants they cold not bee.

4 'To Ffrance nor Fflanders dare we nott passe,
Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not faire,
And all for a false robber that lies on the seas,
And robb[e]s vs of our merchants-ware.'

5 King Henery was stout, and he turned him about,
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
'I thought he had not thee in the world throughout
That durst haue wrought England such vn-right.'

6 But euer they sighed, and said, alas!
Vnto King Harry this answere againe:
'He is a proud Scott that will robb vs all
If wee were twenty shippes and hee but one.'

7 The king looket ouer his left shoulder,
Amongst his lords and barrons soe free:
'Haue I neuer lord in all my realme
Will fletch yond traitor vnto mee?'

8 'Yes, that dare I!' says my lord Chareles Howard,
Neere to the king wheras hee did stand;
'If that Your Grace will giue me leaue,
My selfe wilbe the only man.'

9 'Thou shalt haue six hundred men,' saith our king,
'And chuse them out of my realme soe free;
Besids marriners and boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

10 'I le goe speake with Sir Andrew,' sais Charles, my lord Haward;
'Vpon the sea, if hee be there;
I will bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or before my prince I will never come neere.'

11 The first of all my lord did call,
A noble gunner hee was one;
This man was three score yeerees and ten,
And Peeter Simon was his name.

12 'Peeter,' sais hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,
To seake out an enemie; God be my speed!'
Before all others I haue chosen thee;
Of a hundred gunners thoust be my head.'

13 'My lord,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Hange me att your mainemast tree
If I misse my marke past three pence bread.'

14 The next of all my lord he did call,
A noble bowman hee was one;
In Yorekeshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horsley was his name.

15 'Horsley,' says hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,
To seake out an enemie; God be my speede!
Before all others I haue chosen thee;
Of a hundred bowmen thoust be my head.'

16 'My lord,' says he, 'if you haue chosen mee
Of a hundred bowmen to be the head,
Hang me att your mainemast-tree
If I misse my marke past twelve pence bread.'

17 With pikes, and gunnes, and bowmen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea
On the day before midsummer-euen,
And out att Thames mouth sayled they.

18 They had not sayled dayes three
Vpon their journey they tooke in hand,
But there they mett with a noble shipp,
And stouetly made itt both stay and stand.

19 'Thou must tell me thy name,' sais Charles, my lord Haward,
'Or who thou art, or ffrom whence thou came,
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,
To whom and where thy shipp does belong.'

20 'My name,' says hee, 'is Henery Hunt,
With a pure hart and a penitent mind;
I and my shipp they doe belong
Vnto the New-castle that stands vpon Tine.'

21 'Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by day and by night,
Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?
Men calls him Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.'
22 But ever he sighed, and sayd, Alas!  
   Full well, my lord, I know that wight;  
   He robbd me of my merchents ware,  
   And I was his prisoner but yesternight.

23 As I was sayling vpon the sea,  
   And [a] Bordeaux voyage as I did flare,  
   He chapset me to his archbord,  
   And robd me of all my merchents-ware.

24 And I am a man both poore and bare,  
   And every man will haue his owne of me,  
   And I am bound towards London to flare,  
   To complainte to my prince Henerye.

25 'That shall not need,' saies my lord Haward;  
   'If thou canst lett me this robber see,  
   For every peny he hath take the frove,  
   Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,' quoth hee.

26 'Now God fforesend,' saies Henery Hunt,  
   'My lord, you shold worke soe ffarr amisse!  
   God keepe you out of that traitors hands!  
   For you wott ffull litle what a man hee is.

27 'Hee is brasse within, and steele without,  
   And beames hee beares in his topecastle stronge;  
   His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;  
   Besids, my lord, hee is verryy well warded.

28 'He hath a pinnace, is deereyley dight,  
   Saint Andrews crosse, that is his guide;  
   His pinnace beares nine score men and more,  
   Besids fifteen cannons on every side.

29 'If you were twenty shippes, and he but one,  
   Either in archbord or in hall,  
   He wold overcomme you enery one,  
   And if his beames they doe downe ffall.'

30 'This is cold comfort,' saies my Lord Haward,  
   'To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea;  
   I le bring him and his shipp to shore,  
   Or else into Scotland shee shall carrye mee.'

31 'Then you must gett a noble gunner, my lord,  
   That can sett well with his eye,  
   And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
   And soone then overcome will hee bee.

32 'And when that you haue done this,  
   If you chance Sir Andrew for to bord,  
   Lett no man to his topecastle goe;  
   And I will give you a glasse, my lord,

33 'And then you need to sfear no Scott,  
   Whether you sayle by day or by night;  
   And to-morrow, by seuen of the clocke,  
   You shall meete with Sir Andrew Bartton, knight.

34 'I was his prisoner but yester night,  
   And he hath taken mee sworne,' quoth hee;  
   'I trust my L[ord] God will me ffrage'  
   And if that oath then broken bee.

35 'You must lend me sixe peeces, my lord,'  
   'Into my shipp. to sayle the sea,  
   And to-morrow, by nine of the clocke,  
   Your Honour againe then will I see.'

36 And the haue-bord where Sir Andrew lay  
   Is hachet with gold deereyley dight:  
   'Now by my ffithe,' saies Charles, my lord Haward,  
   'Then yonder Scott is a worthy wight!'

37 'Take in your ancients and your standards,  
   Ye that no man shall see,  
   And put me fforthe a white willow wand,  
   As merchants vse to sayle the sea.'

38 But they stirred neither top nor mast,  
   But Sir Andrew they passed by:  
   'What English are yonder,' said Sir Andrew,  
   'That can so little curtesye?'

39 'I haue beene admirall ouer the sea  
   More then these yeeres three;  
   There is never an English dog, nor Portingall,  
   Can passe this way without leaue of mee.

40 'But now yonder pedlers, they are past,  
   Which is no little greffe to me;  
   Ffeich them backe,' says Sir Andrew Barton,  
   'They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'

41 With that the pinnace itt shott of,  
   That my Lord Haward might itt well ken;  
   Itt stroke downe my lords fforemast,  
   And killed fourteen of my lord his men.
42 'Come hither, Simon!' says my lord Haward,
'Looke that thy words be true than sayd;
I'le hang thee att my maine-mast tree
If thou misse thy marke past twelve pence bread.'

43 Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold;
Hee tooke downe a peece, and hyld itt fellow;
He put in chaine yeards nine,
Besides other great shott leasse and more.

44 With that hee lett his gun-shott goe;
Soe well hee settell itt with his eye,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
Hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

45 When hee saw his pinace sunke,
Lord! in his hart hee was not well:
'Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!
I'le goe fleitch yond pedlers backe my selfe!'

46 When my lord Haward saw Sir Andrew loose,
Lord! in his hart that hee was faine:
'Strike on your drummes! spread out your aneyses!
Sound out your trumpetts! sound out amaine!'

47 'Ffight on, my men!' sais Sir Andrew Barton;
'Weate, howseuer this geere will swaye,
Itt is my lord Adm[i]ralle of England
Is come to seeke mee in the sea.'

48 Simon had a sonne; with shott of a gunn —
Well Sir Andrew might itt ken —
He shott itt in att a priuye place,
And killed sixty more of Sir Andrews men.

49 Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,
And att Sir Andrew hee shott then;
He drone downe his fformast-tree,
And killed eighty more of Sir Andriwes men.

50 'I have done a good turne,' says Harry Hunt;
'Sir Andrew is not our kings freind;
He hoped to have vndone me yesternight,
But I hope I haue quitt him well in the end.'

51 'Euer alas!' sayd Sir Andrew Barton,
'What shold a man either thinke or say?
Yonder false theefe is my strongest ennemy,
Who was my prisoner but yesterday.

52 'Come hither to me, thou Gourden good,
And be thou readye att my call,
And I will gie thee three hundred pound
If thou wilt lett my beames downe fall.'

53 With that hee swarued the maine-mast tree,
Soe did hee itt with might and maine;
Horseley, with a bearing arrow,
Stroke the Gourden through the braine.

54 And he fell into the haches againe,
And sore of this wound that he did bleed;
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
That the Gourden hee was dead.

55 'Come hither to me, James Hambliton,
Thou art my sisters sonne, I haue no more;
I will giue [thee] six hundred pound
If thou will lett my beames downe fll.'

56 With that hee swarued the maine-mast tree,
Soe did hee itt with might and maine:
Horseley, with another broad arrow,
Strake the yeaman through the braine.

57 That hee fll downe to the haches againe;
Sore of his wound that hee did bleed;
Cuncteouness gets no gaine,
Iitt is very true, as the Welchman sayd.

58 But when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,
Lord! in his heart hee was not well:
'Goe fleitch me downe my armour of proue,
Ffor I will to the topcastle my-selfe.'

59 'Goe fleitch me downe my armour of prooffe,
For itt is gailed with gold soe cleere;
God be with my brother, John of Bartton!
Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.'

60 But when hee had his armour of prooffe,
And on his body hee had itt on,
Every man that looked att him
Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none.

61 'Come hither, Horsley!' says my lord Haward,
'And looke your shaft that itt goe right;
Shoot a good shooite in the time of need,
And ffor thy shooting thoust be made a knight.'

62 'I'le doe my best,' sayes Horslay then,
'Your Honor shall see beffore I goe;
If I shold be hanged att your mainemast, 
I haue in my shipp but arrowes tow.'

But att Sir Andrew hee shott then; 
Hee made sure to hitt his marke; 
Vnder the spole of his right arme 
Hee smote Sir Andrew quite throw the hart.

Yett ffrom the tree hee wold not start, 
But hee clinged to itt with might and maine; 
Vnder the coller then of his iacke, 
He stroke Sir Andrew thorrow the braine.

'Ffight on my men,' saies Sir Andrew Bartton, 
'I am hurt, but I am not slaine; 
I le lay mee downe and bleed a-while, 
And then I le rise and flight againe.

'Ffight on my men,' saies Sir Andrew Bartton, 
'These English dogs they bite soe love; 
Ffight on for Scottland and Saint Andrew 
Till you heare my whistle blow!'

But when the cold not heare his whistle blow, 
Says Harry Hunt, I le lay my head 
You may bord yonder noble shipp, my lord, 
For I know Sir Andrew hee is dead.

With that they borded this noble shipp, 
Soe did they itt with might and maine; 
The shipp eighteen score Scotts aline, 
Besids the rest were mained and slaine.

My lord Haward tooke a sword in his hand, 
And smote of Sir Andrews head; 
The Scotts stood by did weepe and mourne, 
But never a word durst speake or say.

He caused his body to be taken downe, 
And over the hatch-bord cast into the sea, 
And about his middle three hundred crownes: 
'Wheresoener thou lands, itt will bury thee.'

With his head they sayled into England againe, 
With right good will, and force and main, 
And the day before Newyeeres euin 
Into Thames mouth they came againe.

My lord Haward wrote to King Heneryes grace, 
With all the newes hee cold him bring: 
'Such a Newyeeres giift I haue brought to your Gr[ace] 
As never did subject to any king.

'Ffor merchandyes and manhood, 
The like is not to be found; 
The sight of these wold doe you good, 
Ffor you haue not the like in your English ground.'

But when hee heard tell that they were come, 
Full royally hee welcome them home; 
Sir Andrews shipp was the kings Newyeeres giift; 
A brauer shipp you never saw none.

Now hath our king Sir Andrews shipp, 
Besett with pearles and precious stones; 
Now hath England two shippes of warr, 
Two shippes of warr, before but one.

'Who holpe to this?' saies King Henerye, 
'That I may reward him for his paine:' 
'Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon, 
William Horseley, and I the same.'

'Harry Hunt shall hauue his whistle and chaine, 
And all his jewells, whatsoeuer they bee, 
And other rich giifts that I will not name, 
For his good service he hath done mee.

'Horsley, right thoust be a knight, 
Lands and liuings thou shalt haue store; 
Howard shalbe erle of Nottingham, 
And soe was never Haward before.

'Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old; 
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne; 
Thou shalt haue five hundred pound all in gold 
Ffor the good service that thou hast done.'

Then King Henerye shifted his roome; 
In came the Queene and ladyes bright; 
Other arrands they had none 
But to see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.

But when they see his deadly face, 
His eyes were hollow in his head; 
'I wold giue a hundred pound,' saies King Henerye, 
'The man were aline as hee is dead!

'Yett ffor the manfull part that hee hath playd, 
Both heere and beyond the sea, 
His men shall hauue halfe a crowne a day 
To bring them to my brother, King Iamy.'
1 When Flora, with her fragrant flowers,
Bedeck'd the earth so trim and gay,
And Neptune, with his dainty showers,
Came to present the month of May,

2 King Henry would a progress ride;
Over the river of Thames past he,
Unto a mountain-top also
Did walk, some pleasure for to see.

3 Where forty merchants he esp'y'd,
With fifty sail, come towards him,
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
But on their knees did thus complain.

4 'An 't please Your Grace, we cannot sail
To France no voyage, to be sure,
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
And robs us of our merchant-ware.'

5 Vext was the king, and turned him,
Said to the lords of high degree,
Have I ner a lord within my realm
Dare fetch that traitor unto me?

6 To him repli'd Lord Charles Howard:
I will, my liege, with heart and hand;
If it please you grant me leave, he said,
I will perform what you command.

7 To him then spake King Henry:
I fear, my lord, you are too young,
'No whit at all, my liege,' quoth he;
'I hope to prove in valour strong.

8 'The Scottish knight I vow to seek,
In what place soever he be,
And bring a shore, with all his might,
Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'

9 'A hundred men,' the king then said,
'Out of my realm shall chosen be,
Besides saylors and ship-boys
To guide a great ship on the sea.

10 'Bow-men and gunners of good skill
Shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will
In all affairs shall wait on thee.'

11 Lord Howard call'd a gunner then
Who was the best in all the realm;
His age was threescore years and ten,
And Peter Simon was his name.

12 My lord call'd then a bow-man rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame,
A gentleman born in Yorkshire,
And William Horsly was his name.

13 'Horsly,' quoth he, 'I must to sea,
To seek a traytor, with great speed;
Of a hundred bow-men brave,' quoth he,
'I have chosen thee to be the head.'

14 'If you, my lord, have chosen me
Of a hundred men to be the head,
Upon the main-mast I 'le hanged be,
If twelve-score I miss one shillings breadth.'

15 Lord Howard then, of courage bold,
Went to the sea with pleasant cheer,
Not curb'd with winters piercing cold,
Though it was the stormy time of the year.

16 Not long he had been on the sea,
No more in days then number three,
Till one Henry Hunt he there espied,
A merchant of Newcastle was he.

17 To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,
And strictly charg'd him to stand;
Demanding then from whence he came,
Or where he did intend to land.

18 The merchant then made him answer soon,
With heavy heart and careful mind,
'My lord, my ship it doth belong
Unto Newcastle upon Tine.'

19 'Canst thou show me,' the lord did say,
'As thou didst sail by day and night,
A Scottish rover on the sea,
His name is Andrew Barton, knight?'

20 Then to him the merchant sigh'd and said,
With grieved mind and well a way,
'Bout over well I know that wight,
I was his prisoner but yesterday.'
21 'As I, my lord, did pass from France,
   A Burdeaux voyage to take so far,
    I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
      Who robed me of my merchant-ware.

22 'And nicker debts, God knows, I owe,
    And every man did crave his own;
    And I am bound to London now,
      Of our gracious king to beg a boon.'

23 'Shew me him,' said [Lord] Howard then,
    'Let me but once the villain see,
      And one penny he hath from the tane,
        I'le double the same with shillings three.'

24 'Now, God forbid,' the merchant said;
    'I fear your aim that you will miss;
      God bless you from his tyranny,
        For little you know what man he is.

25 'He is brass within and steel without,
    His ship most huge and mighty strong,
      With eighteen pieces strong and stout,
        He carrieth on each side along.

26 'With beams for his top-castle,
    As also being huge and high,
      That neither English nor Portugal
        Can pass Sir Andrew Barton by.'

27 'Hard news thou shewst,' then said the lord,
    'To welcome strangers to the sea;
      But, as I said, I'le bring him aboard,
        Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'

28 The merchant said, If you will do so,
    Take counsel, then, I pray withal:
      Let no man to his top-castle go,
        Nor strive to let his beam[s] down fall.

29 'Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,
    Of each side of my ship,' quoth he,
      'And to-morrow, my lord, twixt six and seven,
        Again I will Your Honour see.

30 'A glass I'le set that may be seen
    Whether you sail by day or night;
      And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,
        You shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'

31 The merchant set my lord a glass,
    So well apparent in his sight
      That on the morrow, as his promise was,
        He saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight.

32 The lord then swore a mighty oath,
    'Now by the heavens that be of might,
      By faith, believe me, and by troth,
        I think he is a worthy knight.

33 'Fetch me my lyon out of hand,'
    Saith the lord, 'with rose and streamer high;
      Set up withal a willow-wand,
        That merchant-like I [may] pass by.'

34 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,
    And did on anchor rise so high;
      No top-sail at all he cast,
        But as his foe he did him defy.

35 Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
    Thus scornfully to pass by,
      As though he cared not a pin
        For him and all his company,

36 Then called he his men amain,
    'Fetch back yon pedler now,' quoth he,
      'And against this way he comes again
        I'le teach him well his courtesie.'

37 A piece of ordnance soon was shot
    By this proud pirate fiercely then
      Into Lord Howards middle deck,
        Which cruel shot kill'd fourteen men.

38 He calld then Peter Simon, he:
    'Look now thy word do stand in stead,
      For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast
        If thou miss twelve score one penny breadth.'

39 Then Peter Simon gave a shot
    Which did Sir Andrew nicker scare,
      In at his deck it came so hot,
        Kill'd fifteen of his men of war.

40 'Alas!' then said the pyrate stout,
    'I am in danger now, I see;
      This is some lord, I greatly doubt,
        That is set on to conquer me.'

41 Then Henry Hunt, with rigor hot,
    Came bravely on the other side,
      Who likewise shot in at his deck,
        And kill'd fifty of his men beside.

42 Then 'Out, alas!' Sir Andrew cri'd,
    'What may a man now think or say!
      Ye merchant thief that pierceth me,
        He was my prisoner yesterday.'
43 Then did he on Gordion call,
   Unto top-castle for to go,
   And bid his beams he should let fall,
     'For I greatly fear an overthrow.'

44 The lord said Horsly now in haste:
     'Look that thy word stand now in stead,
   For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast
     If thou miss twelve score one shillings
       breadth.'

45 Then up [the] mast-tree swarved he,
   This stout and mighty Gordion;
But Horsly, he most happily
   Shot him under the collar-bone.

46 Then called he on his nephew then,
   Said, Sisters sons I have no mo;
Three hundred pound I will give thee,
   If thou wilt to top-castle go.

47 Then stoutly he began to climb,
From off the mast scornd to depart;
   But Horsly soon prevented him,
   And deadly pierced him to the heart.

48 His men being slain, then up amain
Did this proud pyrate climb with speed,
   For armour of proof he had put on,
   And did not dint of arrow dread.

49 'Come hither, Horsly,' said the lord,
   'See thine arrow aim aright;
     Great means to thee I will afford,
     And if you speed, I 'le make you a knight.'

50 Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
   With right good will and all his main;
Then upon the breast hit Horsly he,
   Till the arrow did return again.

51 Then Horsly spied a private place,
   With a perfect eye, in a secret part;
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
   And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

52 'Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
   A little I am hurt, yet not slain;
I 'le but lie down and bleed a while,
   And come and fight with you again.

53 'And do not,' he said, 'fear English rogues,
   And of your foes stand not in awe,
But stand fast by St Andrews cross,
   Until you hear my whistle blow.'

54 They never heard his whistle blow,
   Which made them [all] sore afraid:
Then Horsly said, My lord, aboard,
   For now Sir Andrew Barton's dead.

55 Thus boarded they this gallant ship,
With right good will and all their main,
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,
   Besides as many more were slain.

56 The lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
   And quickly thence cut off his head:
   'I should forsake England many a day,
     If thou wert alive as thou art dead.'

57 Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
   With mickle joy and triumphing;
The pyrates head he brought along
   For to present unto our king:

58 Who briefly then to him did say,
   Before he knew well what was done,
   'Where is the knight and pyrate gay?
     That I my self may give the doom.'

59 'You may thank God,' then said the lord,
   'And four men in the slip,' quoth he,
   'That we are safely come ashore,
     Sith you had never such an enemy:

60 'That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,
   William Horsly, and Peters son;
Therefore reward them for their pains,
   For they did service at their turn.'

61 To the merchant then the king did say,
   'In lieu of what he hath from the tane,
I give to the a noble a day,
   Sir Andrews whistle and his chain:

62 'To Peter Simon a crown a day,
   And half-a-crown a day to Peters son,
And that was for a shot so gay,
   Which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.

63 'Horsly, I will make thee a knight,
   And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell:
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,
   For this title he deserveth well.
64. 'Seven shillings to our English men,
Who in this fight did stantly stand,

All the copies in stanzas of eight lines.

A. 1. 8th. 2nd. 80.
3rd. MS. pared away. From the Reliques.
Percy's marginal reading is For sailors
good are welcome to me. The tops of letters
left do not suit either of Percy's lines, says
Furnivall.
61. 20. 9th. 600. 11th. 60: B, three score.
12th. 13th. 15th. 16th. 100th. 100th. 13th. 18th. 3.
16th. they for the. 16th. 42th. 12th.
15th. says, a letter blotted out before a: Furnivall.
20th. poor would read better than pure (cf. B,
18th. heavy heart), but is not satisfactory.
23rd. archbore for hachborde: cf. 36, 70.
27th. 29th. 52th. 55th. beans, or beanes. 28th. 9.
28th. 15. 29th. 20.
29th. clare-bord: should perhaps be hachbord.
33rd. fferae. 33th. 7. 35th. 43th. 9.
36th. is perhaps out of place. 36th. lies for lay?
37th. Part II. 41th. they for the.
41th. strokes. 44th. sumke.
47th. Weate I cannot emend. 48th. 60.
49th. ffornost. 49th. 80: Andirwes. 52th. 300th.
53th. 56th. perhaps swarmed: Furnivall.
55th. 600th.
57th. three follows four: transposed for rhyme.
64th. they for the.
65th. Only half the n of againe in the MS.: Furnivall.
68th. 18. 70th. 300th. 71st. meanyre for main.
71st. againe they came. 75th. 2.
76th. paime. 79th. 500th. 81th. 100th.

B. a. The Relation of the life and death of Sir
Andrew Barton, a Pyrate and Rover on the
Seas.
The tune is, Come follow my love.
Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright
[1655-80].
13th. ly in Horsly is worn or torn away, and
so is to in the next line.
20th. But ever.
24th. the Lord he: c, g, my Lord he: the
others, the merchant.

And twelve pence a-day to the Scots, till they
Come to my brother kings high land.'*

26th. Can S. A. B. pass by. So all but h.
28th. beam. 33, 34 follow 36.
38th. to for do. 43th. Thus.
47th. Cut off: supplied from b, c.
53th. Sir Andrew, and so b, c, d.
54th. all supplied from c.
63th. bright for hight.
64th. ey of they cut off, and land in the follow-
ing line.

b. A True Relation, etc. Tune is, etc.
Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thack-
ery, and T. Passinger [1670-82 ?].
From a transcript made for Bishop Percy,
who has in a few places made corrections
which are not always easily distinguished
from those of the copyist.
5th. to his. 10th. great changed to good.
13th. To seek: good speed.
14th. Of: I wanting. 15th. was stormy.
16th. But one: there he 'spy'd.'
17th. did inserted by Percy, but perhaps in the
text.
18th. him wanting. 20th. over well.
20th. but wanting. 21st. did sail.
22th. deps. 23th. [Lord] wanting.
24th. the merchant. 25th. pieces of ordnance.
28th. beams. 29th. twix. 33, 34 follow 36.
33th. [may] wanting. 36th. is men.
36th. And again. 38th. to for do.
38th. 44th. breath. 44th. a shilling.
47th. But Horsly soon prevented him.
49th. if thou. 53th. said he.
53th. Sir: corrected by Percy to St. 54th. hear.
54th. [all] wanting. 57th. unto the.
59th. never wanting. 61th. lien. 63th. shall.
63th. hight. 64th. they. 64th. land.
c. A true Relation, etc. The tune is, etc.
Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gil-
bertson. [1648-80. Coles, Vere, Wright,
and Gilbertson are found together as early
as 1655.]
4th. An't like. 5th. lord in all.
8th. In place wheresoever. 8th. on shore.
11th. year. 13th. To see. 14th. the wanting.
18th. him wanting. 20th. ever: knew.
21st. with wanting. 21st. wares.
23th. that villain. 24th. my Lord he.
24th. you little know. 26th. for her.
31. to his. 33, 34 follow 36.
33. streamers. 34. ride for rise.
35. Although. 36. he on. 36. come.
38. To stand. 39. care for sea.
39. fifty. 41. shot it. 41. five for fifty.
42. But yesterday. 44. shining bred.
45. then swarmed he. 46. son: no more.
47. As in b. 49. that thine.
49. a wanting. 53. Sir Andrews.
54. them all sore. 57. he wanting.
59. are come safely to the shore.
62. half crown. 63. there shalt thou.
69. height. 69. he hath deserved.
64. to this.
d, e, f. Title as in b. Tune, Come follow my love, etc.
d. Printed by and for W. O[nley], and sold by the Booksellers of Pye-corner and London-Bridge. [1650–1702.]
e. Printed by and for W. O., and sold by C. Bates at the Sun and Bible in Pye-corner.
f. Printed by and for W. O., and sold by the booksellers.
d and e are dated in the Museum Catalogue 1670; f. 1672.
23. a hunting. 51. turning. 52. d, e. to his.
63. Charles Lord Howard.
71. d, e. speak. f. spoke. 81. Scotch.
13. with good. 15. the wanting.
16. f. the wanting. 16. f. no wanting.
16. But one: there he. 18. him wanting.
20. to him wanting. 20. over well.
20. but wanting. 21. did sail.
22. doth: but And means if.
23. Lord Howard. 23. but wanting.
23. And e'ry. 24. the merchant.
24. you think. 25. pieces of ordnance.
27. stranger. 28. beams.
29. twixt six and seven wanting.
30. d, e. set as. f. I set as.
33, 34. follow 36. 33. I may.
34. did wanting. 34. at last.
34. as a doe did. 36. And ere. 37. e. By his.
38. how thy word do. 38. shall.
38. f. breath. 40. greatly fear.
43. Unto the. 43. For he: feared.
44. d, e. now stand. f. now wanting.
44. d, e. a shilling. f. shilling's breath.
45. swerved. 45. f. under his.
47. As in b, c. 48. arrows.
49. See thou thy arrows.
50. if thou speedest: make thee knight.
52. f. with wanting. 53. he said.
53. e. iuwe. 53. Sir Andrews.
54. all full sore. 56. were.
58. unto for then to. 59. never had.
61. f. merchant therefore the king he said.
63. sight. 63. e. this girl. 64. this act.
64. f. Ninety pound.
g. A true Relation, etc. To the tune of Come follow me, love.
London, Printed for E. W.
This copy has been considerably corrected, and only a part of the variations is given.
2. of wanting. 2. mountains.
3. with swiftest. 4. An't like. 5. to his.
5. in all my. 11. one for And.
14. shilling.
16. No more then days in number three.
18. him wanting. 20. said and sighted.
20. a g. m. and a w. 20. over.
23. Lord Howard. 23. that for the.
23. for one. 24. my Lord, quoth he.
26. beams from her. 28. beams.
32. weight (that is, wight) for knight.
33. streamers. 33. I may. 34. ride.
34. he wanting. 35. 36. wanting.
38. do stand. 38. bred. 39. fifty.
41. five. 42. but yesterday.
43. on one Gordin. 45. then swarmed.
48. this stout. 49. See that thy arrow.
49. if thou: thee knight.
53. stand in no awe. 53. S. Andrew's.
54. them all full sore. 55. mee.
56. I would forsware. 57. the king.
59. in this ship with me. 59. to shore.
59. never had. 60. paine.
63. there shalt thou.
63. his title he hath deserved. 64. to this.
64. king his land.
Old Ballads, 1723, and Roxburghe, III, 726, have Iris for the Neptune of B, in 1:;
Charles Lord Howard in 6:; Ninety pounds in 64.
h. This being a Scottish copy, and the variations also numerous, it seems advisable to
give the whole text rather than only the divergent readings. The transcript may be
inferred, from passages phonetically misrendered, to have been made from recitation or
reading, more probably from recitation, since many of the differences from the
printed copies are of the sort which are made by reciters; that is, immaterial
expressions are imperfectly remembered; and
107. SIR ANDREW BARTON

again, 162 is adopted from popular ballad phraseology, and, as already observed, the stanza following 50 is borrowed from 'Adam Bell.' Cases of writing sound for sense are 45, makes us squails for makes us quail; 75, I quitted all for No whit at all; 485, The spirit for 'This pirate; 61, A nobler day for A noble a day. Verses of 25, 26 have been interchanged. 8, 94, 10-12, 21, 28, 29, 30, 32, 36, 44, 49, 52, 54, 53 are wanting. 33, 34 are in the right order. It is a little surprising that a Scottish copy should have Sir Andrew Cross for St Andrew's cross, 53b. a-d have Sir Andrews Cross.

1 When Febus, with her fragrant flowers,
bedeck the earth so trim and gay,
And Neptan, with his dainty shows,
came to present the month of May,

2 King Hendry would a hunting ride,
and over the river Thames past he,
Unto a mountain-top also
he walkd, some pleasures to espy.

3 There fortie merchants he espy'd,
with fiftie sail, came towards him;
No sooner there they were arrived
but on their knees they did complain.

4 'My lodge,' said they, 'we cannot sail
to France nor Spain, for to be sure;
Sir Andrew Barton makes us squails,
and berubs (?) us of our merchant-wair.'

5 The king was grieved and turnd him,
said to his lords of high degree,
Is there not a lord in my realm
can fetch yon traitor unto me?

6 Then out bespoke Lord Charles Howard,
and says, My ludge, with heart and hand,
If that you 'll give me leave, said he,
I will perform what you command.

7 But out bespoke King Hendrie:
'I fear, my lord, you are too young,'
'I quitted all, my ludge,' said he,
'for I think to prove one valient strong.'

9-12 A hundred men out of my realm
shall for this service chosen be,

1014 And they, at thy command and will,
in all affairs, shall wait on thee.

11 The king call'd on a gunner then,
whose age was 'bove three score and ten;
He was the best in that realm,
and Petter Simon height his name.

[A 12] 'Now Peter,' said he, 'we'er bound to sea,
to fetch a traitor with good speed,
And over a hundred gunners good
I've chosen thee to be the head.'

[A 13] 'My lodge,' says he, 'if he have chosen me
oer a hundred men to be the head,
Upon mine mast I hangd shall be,
if I mess twelve score on a shilling breadth.'

12 My lord call'd on a bow-man then,
whose hands and acts had gained fame;
He was the best in that realm,
and William Horsley height his name.

13 'Now Horsley,' says he, 'we'er bound to sea,
to fetch a traitor wi good speed,
And over a hundred archers good
I've chosen thee to be the head.'

14 'My lord,' sais he, 'if ye hae chosen me
oer a hundred men to be the head,
Upon my mast I hangd shall be,
if I mess twelve score a shilling breadth.'

15 Lord Howard he's gone to the wars,
wi muckle mirth and merrie cheer;
He was not curb'd with winters cold,
tho it was the stormy time a year.

16 He had not been upon the seas,
no not a day but only three,
Till he espy'd Sir Hendry Hunt,
a merchant of Newcastle he.

17 A peice of ordinance was shot,
which straitly charged him to stand;
Demanding of him from whence he came,
and where he was intend to land.

18 The merchant he made answer then,
with a heavy heart and carefull mind,
'If it please Your Grace, my ship belongs unto Newcastle upon Tine.'

19 'Canst thou but show me,' said the lord, 'as those did sail by day or night, A Scottish rubber on the seas, whose name's Sir Andrew Burton, knight?'

20 The merchant sigh'd, and said, Alas! full over well I do him know; Good keep you frae his tiranie! for I was his prisoner yesterday.

22 And muckle debt, God knows, I owe, if every man would crave his son; But I am bound for London now, of our gracious king to beg a bon.

23 'Wilt you go with me,' said the lord, 'and once that villain let me see, For every penny he's from thee taen I double the same wi shillings three.'

24 But the merchant sigh'd, and said, Alas! I fear, my lord, your aims you miss; Good keep you frae his tiranie! for little you ken what a man he is.

25 For he's brass within and steel without, and his great ship's mighty huge high, So that neither English nor Portugees can pass Sir Andrew Burton by.

26 And he has beams for his top-castle which is both mighty huge and strong; He has eighteen peice of ordinance he carries on each side along.

27 'Bad news thou tells,' then said the lord, 'to welcome strangers to the sea; But as I have said, I'll bring him abord, or into Scotland he's carry me.'

31 So the merchant set my lord a glass, that well appeared in his eye, And the morning, as his promise was, he did Sir Andrew Burton see.

33 'Fetch me my lyon out of hand, set up our rose on streamers high; Set up likewise a willie wand, that merchant like we may pass by.'

34 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass, upon an anchor rose so high; No topsail at last he did upcast, but like a foe did him defie.

35 Sir Andrew Barton, seeing him thus scornful-like for to pass by, As tho he cared not a pin for him and all his company,

37 Sir Andrew Barton gave a shott which did Lord Howard muckle dear; For it came so hotly in at his deck killed fifteen of his men a ware.

38 My lord call'd on o' Petter Seymorc, says, See hotly does stand in stead; For upon main-mast thou hang'd shall be, if thou miss twelve score a shilling breed.

39 Then Petter Symore gave a shot which did Sir Andrew muckle s care; It came so hotly in his deck kil'd fifty of his men a ware.

40 Then 'Out, alas!' Sir Andrew cryes, 'and aye alas, and woe's me! This is some lord, I greatly fear, that is set out to conquer me.'

41 Then Hendry Hunt, with rigor hot, came bravely on the other side; He shot so hotly in at his deck kil'd fittie of his men beside.

42 Then 'Out, alas!' Sir Andrew cryes, 'what can a man now do or say? This merchant thief it perceives me, he was my prisoner yesterday.'

43 Sir Andrew call'd on Gordon then, and bad him to top-castle go And strive to let his beems down fall, for he greatly feared an overthrow.

45 Then up mass'tree then climed he, that stout and mighty Gordon; But Horsley soon prevented him, and shot him in at collar-bone.

46 Sir Andrew call'd his nephew then; says, Sisters son I li nè mae;
A hundred pounds I'll to thee give
if thou 'l up to top-castle gae.

47 Then up mast-tree then climed he,
from of the deck for to depart;
But Horsley soon prevented him,
and deadly peirced him to the heart.

48 His men being slain, then up amain
the spirit proud did climb wi speed;
Armour of proof he did put on,
and of arrows dint he had nè dread.

50 Then up mast-tree then climed he,
the spirit proud did climb amain;
But Horsley hat him upon the breast,
till his arrow did return again.

'Feul fit the hands,' says Horsley then,
'this day that did that coat put on!
For had it been as thin as mine,
thy last days had been at an end.'

50 But Horsley spy'd a private part,
with a canie hand and secret art,
And his arrows swiftly flew amain,
and pierced Sir Andrew to the heart.

521 Fight on, fight on, my mirrie men all,
532 and of English rogues stand ye nè aw;
But stand fast by Sir Andrew cross
till that ye hear my whistle blå.'

54 But they never heard his whistle blå,
which made them mightily to dread;
Say Horsley, My lord, we 'l go abord,
for now I know Sir Andrew 's dead.

55 Then boarded they this great ship then,
with muckle might and a' their main,
And in her was eighteen score o Scots alive,
besides there mony mæ were slain.

56 My lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
and hastyly cut of his head:
'I'd forsake England this mony a day,
if thou were alive as thou art dead.'

57 So Lord Howard he's come from the wars,
with muckle mirth and triumphing,
And the pilote's head he brought along,
for to present unto their king.

58 But out bespoke King Hendry,
before he knew well what was done:
'Bring here to me that villain strong,
that I mysell may give the doom.'

59 'Ye may be thankfa,' said the lord,
'at what is done, my ludge,' said he,
'That we'r returned alive again;
for ye 'd never such an enemy.

60 'There's Hendry Hunt, and Petter Symore,
and William Horsley, and Petter's son;
Therefore reward them for their pain,
for they did service at their turn.'

61 The king he said to Hendry Hunt,
'For every pennie he's from the tane,
A nobler day I 'l to thee give,
and Sir Andrew's whistle and his chain.

62 A crown a day to Petter Symore,
and half a crown to Petter's son;
And that was for the shots they gave,
which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.

63 Horsley, I 'l make of thee a knight,
and in Yorkshire thou shall dwell;
Lord Howard shall Earl Bewry height,
for the tittle he deserves full well.

64 Seven rosenobles to our English men,
which in the fight did stoutly stand,
And twelve pence a day unto the Scots,
till they come to my brother king's land.'

381 on O'. o' may mean old.
62 follows 63.
Printed in Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 115; Evans's Old Ballads, 1810, III, 55.

A booke called Jack of Newbery was entered to Thomas Millington, March 7, 1597: Arber, Stationers' Registers, III, 81. The edition of 1633, the earliest which Mr Halliwell-Phillipps had met with, was the ninth, published by Cuthbert Wright. The author has introduced several pieces of verse into his tale, two of them popular ballads, 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland' and this of Flodden, of which Deloney says, "in disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous achieved history, the commons of England made this song, which to this day is not forgotten of many:" p. 47.

King James has made a vow to be in London on St James's day. Queen Margaret begs him to keep faith with her brother Henry, and reminds him that England is hard to win; for which James says she shall die. Lord Thomas Howard, the queen's chamberlain, comes to the defence of his mistress, but the king in his rage declares that he shall be hanged and she burned as soon as he comes back. But James never came back; he was slain at Bramstone Green with twelve thousand of his men.

1, 2. St James's day is selected, as being the king's. King James's letter to King Henry is dated the 20th of July, the day following St James's day, and the Scottish herald delivered it in France, and announced war to the king of England, in consequence of the unsatisfactory answer, on the 12th of August, or shortly before.

3–5. Queen Margaret's remonstrance is historical. James, says Lindsay, would "give no credence to no counsel, sign nor token that made against his purpose, but refused all godly counsel which was for the weal of his crown and country; neither would he use any counsel of his wise and prudent wife, Margaret, queen of Scotland, for no prayer nor supplication that she could make him. . . . She assured him, if he past in England at that time, that he would get battle. Yet this wise and loving counsel could not be taken in good part by him, because she was the king of England's sister." Chronicles, 1814, p. 267 f.

6. The Earl of Surrey, uncle by marriage to Margaret Tudor, had the charge of escorting her to Scotland in 1503, and this is ground enough for the ballad's making him her chamberlain ten years later.

8. "This battle was called the Field of Flodden by the Scotsmen and Brankston [Bramstone] by the Englishmen, because it was stricken on the hills of Flodden beside a town called Brankston; and was stricken the ninth day of September, 1513." Lesley, History, 1830, p. 96.

10. Hall says that the English slew "twelve thousand, at the least, of the best gentlemen and flower of Scotland." The gazette of the battle (Pinkerton's History, II, 457), Polydore Vergil, and modern Scottish historians, say ten thousand. Among these were twelve earls, thirteen lords, and many other persons of high rank.

12. 'Jack with a feather' is said in contempt of the Scottish king's levity or foolhardiness. "Then was the body bowelled, embawmed and cered:" Hall, p. 564, ed. 1809. "His body was bowelled, rebowelled, and enclosed in lead," "lapped in lead:" Stowe,
Chronicle, p. 494 b, ed. 1631; Survey, Book III, p. 81 a, ed. 1710. Fair Rosamond's bones, when they were exhumed at Godstow, says Leland, were closed in lead and within that closed in leather: Dugdale's Monasticon, ed. 1823, IV, 365, No viii.

In the letter sent to Henry VIII in France James included the slaughter of Andrew Barton among the undressed grievances of which he had to complain. A few days before the battle of Flodden, Lord Thomas Howard, then admiral, used the occasion of his father's dispatching a herald to the King of Scots to say that "inasmuch as the said king had divers and many times caused the said lord to be called at days of true to make redress for Andrew Barton, a pirate of the sea, long before that vanquished by the same Lord Admiral, he was now come, in his own proper person, to be in the vanguard of the field, to justify the death of the said Andrew against him and all his people, and would see what could be laid to his charge the said day:" Hall's Chronicle, ed. 1809, p. 558.

There is a slight resemblance in one or two particulars, such as might be expected from similarity of circumstances, between this ballad and 'Durham Field.' In the latter the King of Scots swears that he will hold his parliament in leave London, st. 6. A squire warns him that there are bold yeomen in England; the king is angry, draws his sword, and kills the squire, 7–9. In 'Scottish Field,' Percy Folio, Hales and Furnivall, I, 217,* the French king says there is nothing left in England save millers and mass-priests, v. 109; and in the poem on Flodden, reprinted by Weber, and recently by Federer,† Lord Home makes this same assertion, Weber, p. 10, 187–92; Federer, p. 8, sts 46, 47. Cf. 'Durham Field,' p. 282.

The forged manuscript formerly in the possession of J. Payne Collier, containing thirty ballads alleged to be of the early part of the seventeenth century, has for the second piece in the volume a transcript of this ballad, with variations.

The battle of Flodden called out a great deal of verse. The most notable pieces are two already referred to, and a third which will be given here in an appendix; the less important will be found in Weber's volume.

1 King Jamie hath made a vow,
   Keepe it well if he may!
   That he will be at lovely London
   Upon Saint James his day.

2 'Upon Saint James his day at none,
   At faire London will I be,
   And all the lords in merrie Scotland,
   They shall dine there with me.'

3 Then bespake good Queene Margaret,
   The teares fell from her eye:
     'Leave off these warres, most noble king,
   Keepe your fidelitie.'

4 'The water runnes swift and wondrous deepe,
   From bottome unto the brimme;
   My brother Henry hath men good enough;
   England is hard to winne.'

* A better, but defective, copy is in the second volume of Chetham Miscellanies, edited by Dr J. Robson, 1855.
† Harleian MS. No 3526, date of about 1636; a printed copy of 1664, from which the poem was edited by Weber,

5 'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly foole!
   In prison fast let her lie:
   For she is come of the English bloud,
   And for these words she shall dye.'

6 With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,
   The queenes chamberlaine that day:
     'If that you put Queene Margaret to death,
   Scotland shall rue it alway.'

7 Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
   'Away with this foolish mome!
   He shall be hanged, and the other be burned,
   So soone as I come home.'

8 At Flodden Field the Scots came in,
   Which made our English men faine;
   At Bramstone Greene this battale was scene,
   There was King Jamie slaine.

Edinburgh, 1808; a printed copy of 1755–62, from a different source, excellently edited by Charles A. Federer, Manchester, 1884. See further this last, pp. 134–37.
9 Then presently the Scots did fly,
   Their cannons they left behind;
   Their ensignes gay were won all away,
   Our souldiers did beate them blinde.

10 To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were slaine
   That to the fight did stand,
   And many prisoners tooke that day,
   The best in all Scotland.

3°. he spake.

The copy followed by Ritson puts st. 11 after
5°. The principal variations of the Collier copy may be given, though they are without
authority or merit.

After 2:
March out, march out, my merry men,
   Of lie or low degree;
I'le weare the crowne in London towne,
   And that you soone shall see.

4°. To venture life and limme.

Then doe not goe from faire Scotland,
   But stay thy realm within;
Your power, I weene, is all to weake,
   And England hard to winne.

5°. this sillie mome.
7°. this other mome.

After 8:
   His bodie never could be found,
   When he was over throwne,
And he that wore faire Scotlands crowne
   That day could not be knowne.

For 12, to adapt the piece to the seventeenth
century:

Now heaven we laude that never more
   Such tiding shall come to hand;
Our king, by othe, is king of both
   England and faire Scotland.

APPENDIX

FLODDEN FIELD

a. 'Flodden Field,' Percy MS., p. 117; Hales and Furnival, I, 313. b. Harleian MS. 233, fol. 55. c. Harleian MS. 367, fol. 120.

A text made from b and c is printed by Weber, Flodden Field, p. 366, and by R. H. Evans, Old Ballads, 1810, III, 58. b, c lack all that follows 102 except 103, with which all three copies alike end. This stanza makes a natural conclusion to the vindication of Lancashire, Cheshire and the Earl of Derby, and what intervenes in a, after 102, seems to be an interpolation. Nevertheless I have preferred to give the Percy text (though the others are not inferior to it, and possess the unity which

has to be brought about in this case by transferring the last stanza), on account of the pleasing story How Rowland Egerton came to the lordship of Ridley, 107–119, which would make no bad ballad by itself.

At the battle of Flodden, the right wing of the van, commanded by Sir Edmund Howard, the third son of the Earl of Surrey, was routed by the Scots under Lord Home, Chamberlain of Scotland, and the Earl of Huntly. "Edmund Howard had with him a thousand Cheshire men, and five hundred Lancashire men, and many gentlemen of Yorkshire, on the right wing of the lord Howard; and the Lord Chamberlain of Scotland, with many lords, did set on him, and the Cheshire and Lancashire men never abode stroke, and few of the gentlemen of Yorkshire abode, but fled. . . . And the said Edmund Howard was thrice felled, and to his relief
the lord Dacre came, with fifteen hundred men." *

On the other hand, the Cheshire and Lancashire men of the extreme left, under command of Sir Edward Stanley, discomfitted the Scottish division of Lennox and Argyle. King Henry received the news of the victory while he was lying before Tournay, "and highly praised the Earl, and the Lord Admiral and his son, and all the gentlemen and commons that were at that valiant enterprise; howbeit, the king had a secret letter that the Cheshire men fled from Sir Edmund Howard, which letter caused great heart-burning and many words; but the king thankfully accepted all thing, and would no man to be dispraised." †

This poem, a history in the ballad style, was composed to vindicate the behavior of Lancashire and Cheshire at Flodden, and to glorify the Stanleys; § in the accomplishment of which objects it becomes incumbent upon the minstrel to expose the malice of the Earl of Surrey, to whom he imputes the "wrong writing" which caused such heart-burning.

The Earl of Surrey sends a letter by a herald to King Henry, then at Tournay. The king asks the news before he breaks the seal, and who fought and who fled. The herald answers that King James is slain, and that Lancashire and Cheshire fled; no man of the Earl of Derby's durst face the foe. The king opens the letter, which confirms the herald's report, and calls for the Earl of Derby. Sir Ralph Egerton suggests that if Lancashire and Cheshire fled, it must have been because they had a Howard, and not a Stanley, for their captain. The Earl of Derby comes before the king, and says the same; let him have Lancashire and Cheshire, and he will burn up all Scotland and conquer to Paris gate. The king says cowards will fight to retrieve what they have lost. We were never cowards, rejoins Derby; who brought in your father at Milford Haven? (It was not precisely the Stanleys.) The king turns away; the Duke of Buckingham is ready to lay his life that all this comes from a false writing of the Earl of Surrey. Derby is not to be comforted, and breaks out in farewells to all his kith and kin, Edward Stanley, John Stanley, and many more; they must be slain, for they never would flee. The Earl of Shrewsbury bids him take heart; Derby goes on with farewells to Lan-

* Articles of the battle betwix the Kings of Scottes and the Erle of Surrey in Brankstone Field, the 9 day of September: State Papers, vol. iv, King Henry the Eighth, Part iv, p. 2, 1836.
† Hall's Chronicle, p. 564.
§ Who are celebrated also in three other pieces, 'Scottish

caster, Latham, and all familiar places. In the midst of his exclamations, James Garsed, "Long Jamie," a yeoman of the guard, comes flying to the Earl of Derby for protection: he had killed two men, and wounded three. Derby's intercession can do only harm now, but he will ask friends to speak for Jamie. A messenger arrives from the king ordering Long Jamie to be delivered up; he is to be hanged. Buckingham takes Jamie by one arm and Shrewsbury takes him by the other, and with Derby in front and many gentlemen following, they go to the king. Welcome, dukes and earls, says the king, but most welcome of all our traitor, Long Jamie! Jamie, how durst thou show thyself in our presence after slaying thy brethren? Jamie explains that his fellows had called him coward, and bidden him flee to that coward the Earl of Derby. The Earl of Derby had befriended him when he was little and maintained him till he was able to shoot. Then one day a Scottish minstrel brought King Henry a bow which none of his guard could bend. Jamie shot seven times with it, and the eighth time broke it; then told the Scot to pick up the pieces and take them to his king; upon which Henry had made him yeoman of the guard, thanks to His Grace and to the Earl of Derby who had brought him up. And now, to have the earl taunted, to be false to the man who had been true to him — he had rather die. Stand up, Jamie, says the King; have here my charter; but let there be no more fighting while you are in France. Then you must grant me one thing, says Jamie — that he that abuses Lancashire or Cheshire shall die; and the king commands proclamation to be made that any man abusing Lancashire or Cheshire shall have his judgment on the next tree. The next morning comes a messenger from the queen wishing the king joy, for his brother-in-law, King Jamie, is slain. Henry asks again, Who fought and who fled? "Lancashire and Cheshire have done the deed," is the reply; "had not the Earl of Derby been true to thee, England had been in great hazard." The king on the moment promotes Edward and John Stanley and 'Rowland' Egerton, who had fought with Edward. Buckingham runs for Derby, and the king welcomes the earl, and returns to him all that he had taken from him. But one thing

§ "He never loved thee, for thy uncle [that is, Sir William Stanley] slew his father" [the Duke of Norfolk]; which, however, is not true.
grieveth me still, says Derby — to have been called coward yesterday. "It was a wrong writing that came from the Earl of Surrey," says the king, "but I shall teach him to know his prince." Derby asks no more than to be judge over Surrey, and the king makes him so; as he says, so it shall be. "Then his life is saved," says the earl; "if my uncle slew his father" (but, as before said, there was no occasion for uneasiness on that score), "he would have taken vengeance on me." And so the glory is all shifted to Derby, and nothing remains for Surrey.

The minstrel goes on to speak of the surrender of Tournay, and then of an essay of the king's to reward an Egerton for good service done.* Egerton would be glad to have his reward in Cheshire. The king has nothing there to give but five mills at Chester; Egerton does not wish to be called a miller. The king offers the forest of Snowdon; Egerton, always kneeling on his knee, does not wish to be called a ranger. Nothing will please thee, Egerton, says the king; but Egerton asks for Ridley in Cheshire, and gets it.

The last twelve verses profess to enumerate Henry Eighth's victories in France: 'Hans and Gynye' (neither of which I recognize, unless Gynye stands for Guinegatte, the Battle of the Spurs), Tournay and Thérouanne, these in the campaign of 1515, and Boulogne and Montreuil † during the invasion of 1544.

1 Now let vs talke of [the] Mount of Flodden,
Forsooth such is our chance,
And let vs tell what tydings the Earl[.]e of Surrey
Sent to our king into France.

2 The earle he hath a writting made,
And sealed it with his owne hand;
From the Newcastle vpon Tine
The herald passed from the land.

3 And after to Callice hee arrived,
Like a noble leed of high degree,
And then to Turwin soone he hyed,
There he thought to haue found King Henery.

4 But there the walls were beaten downe,
And our English soliers therin laine;
Sith to Tour[na]y the way hee nune,
Wheras lay the emperour of Almaine,

* Sir Ralph Egerton is made marshal in st. 91; but this Rowland is really Ralph over again. Ralph was knighted at Tournay, and was granted the manor of Ridley in February of the next year.

And there he found the king of England,
Blessed Jesus, preserve that name!*

5 When the herald came before our king,
Lowlye he fell downe on his knee,
And said, Christ, christen king, that on the crosse dyed,
Noble King Henery, this day thy speed may boe!

6 The first word that the prince did minge,
Said, Welcome, herald, out of England, to me!
How fares my leeds? how fares my lords?
My knights, my esquires, in their degree?

7 'Heere greecheth you well your owne leactenant,
The Honorable Erle of Surrey;
He bidde you in Fraine to venter your chance,
For staine is your brother, King Iamye,
And att lonelie London you shall him finde,
My comelye prince, in the presence of thee.'

8 Then bespoke our comelye king,
Said, Who did ficht and who did dee?
And who bore him best of the Mount of Flodden?
And who was false, and who was true to me?

9 'Lancashire and Cheshire,' sayd the messenger,
'Cleeane they be feld and gone;
There was nere a man that longd to the Erle of Darby
That durst looke his enemies vpon.'

10 S[J]ill in a study stood our noble king,
And tooke the writting in his hand;
Shortlye the seal he did vnclose,
And readilye he read as he found.

11 Then bespoke our comlye king,
And called upon his chiallaree,
And said, Who will fetch me the King of Man,
The Honorable Thomas Erle of Darbye?

12 He may take Lancashire and Cheshire,
That he hath called the cheeff of chiallaree;
Now falsely are they fled and gone,
Neuer a one of them is true to mee!

13 Then bespoke Sir Raphe Egerton, the knight,
And lowlye knedded vpon his knee,
And said, My soveraigne lord, King Henery,
If it like your Grace to pardon mee,

14 If Lancashire and Cheshire be fled and gone,
Of those tydings wee may be vafaine;*

† "Where they lay a long time, and left the town as they found it:" Hall, p. 861.
But I dare lay my life and land
It was for want of their capitaine.

15 For if the Erle of Derby our capitaine had beene,
And vs to lead in our arraye,
Then noe Lancashire man nor Cheshire
That euer wold have fled awaye.

16 'Soe it proued well,' said our noble king,
'By him that deerely dyed vpon a tree!
Now when woe had the most neede,
Falslye they serv'd then to mee.'

17 Then spake William Brewerton, knight,
And lowlye kneeld his prince before,
And sayd, My soueraigne king, Henery the Eighth,
If your Grace sett by vs soe little store,

18 Wherefoere you come in any feild to fight,
Set the Earle of Darby and vs before;
Then shall you see wether wee fight or flee,
Trew or false whether we be borne.

19 Compton rowned with our king,
And said, Goe wee and leane the cowards right;
'Heere is my glowe to thee,' quoth Egerton,
'Compton, if thou be a knight.'

20 'Take my glowe, and with me fight,
Man to man, if thou wilt turne againe;
For if our prince were not present right,
The one of vs two shold be slaine,

21 'And neuer foote beside the ground gone
Untill the one dead shold bee.'
Our prince was moued theratt anon,
And returned him right teenously.

22 And to him came on the other hand
The Honorable Erle of Darbye;
And when he before our prince came,
He lowlye kneeld vpon his knee,

23 And said, Jesu Christ, that on the crosse dyed,
This day, noble Henery, thy speel may bee!
The first word that the king did speake,
Sayd, Welcome, King of Man and Erle of Darbye!

24 How likest thou Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Which were counted cheefe of chivalree?
Falslye are they fled and gone,
And neuer a one is trow to mee.

25 'If that be soe,' said the erle free,
'My leve, therof I am not faire;
My cowlye prince, rebuke not mee,
I was not there to be there capitaine.

26 'If I had beene their capitaine,' the erle said then,
'I durst haue layd both life and land
He never came out of Lancashire nor Cheshire
That wold have fled beside the ground.

27 'But if it like your noble Grace
A little boone to grant itt mee,
Lett me haue Lancashire and Cheshire both,
I desire noe more helpe trueleye;

28 'If I maye to beare vp all Scotland,
Take me and hang me vp on a tree!
I, I shall conquer to Paris gate,
Both cowlye castells and towers bye.

29 'Wheras the walls beene soe stronge,
Lancashire and Cheshire shall beate them downe.'
'By my fathers soule,' sayd our king,
'And by him that dyed on the roode,

30 'Thou shalt neuer haue Lancashire nor Cheshire right
Att thy owne obedience for to bee!
Cowards in a feild follye will fight
Againe to win the victorie.'

31 'Wee were neuer cowards,' said the erle,
'By him that deerelye dyed on tree!
Who brought in your father att Milford Haune?
King Henery the Seuenth forsooth was bee.

32 'Thorow the towne of Fortune wee did him bring,
And soe conveyd him to Shrewesburye,
And soe crowned him a noble king;
And Richard that day wee deemed to dye.'

33 Our prince was greatlye moued at that wordes,
And returned him hastilye againe;
To comfort the erle came on the other hande
The doughtye Edward, Duke of Buckingham.

34 'Plucke vp thy hart, brother Stanlye,
And lett nothing greene thee!
For I dare lay my life to vndee
It is a false writing of the Erle of Surrey.

35 'Sith King Richard fell, he neuer loued thee
For thy vyncke shee his father deere,
And deerelye deeme deemon to dye;
Sir Christopher Savage his standard away did beare.'

36 'Alas, brother,' sayd the Erle of Darbye,
'Woe be the time that I was made knight,
Or were ruer of any lande,
Or euer had manhood in feild to fight!'
37 'Soe bold men in battle as were they,  
    Forsooth had neither lord nor swaine;  
Ffarwell my vackle, Sir Edward Stanley!  
    For well I wott that thou art slaine.

38 'Surelye whiles thy life wold last  
    Thou woldest neuer shrinke beside the plaine;  
Nor John Stanley, that child soe younge;  
    Well I wott that thou art slaine.

39 'Ffarwell Kighlye! coward was thou neuer;  
    Old Sir Henery, the good knight,  
I left th[e] ruler of Latham,  
    To be [my] depute by both day and night.

40 'Ffarwell Townlye, that was soe true!  
    And that noble Ashton of Middleton!  
And the sad Southwarke, that euer was sure!  
    For well I wott that thou art gone.

41 'Ffarwell Ashton vnde[r] Line!  
    And manlye Mullenax! for thou art slaine;  
For doubtlesse while your lives wold last  
    You wold never shun beside the plaine.

42 'Ffarwell Adderton with the leaden mall!  
    Well I know thow art deemed to dye;  
I may take my leave att you all;  
    The flower of manhoode is gone from mee.

43 'Ffarwell Sir John Booth of Barton, knight!  
    Well I know that thou art slaine;  
While thy life wold last to fight,  
    Thou wold never by-sids the plaine.

44 'Ffarwell Butler, and Sir Bode!  
    Sure you haue beene euere to mee;  
And soe I know that [still] you wold,  
    If that vnslaine you bee.

45 'Ffarwell Christopher Savage, the wighte!  
    Well I know that thou art slaine;  
For whiles thy life wold last to fight,  
    Thou wold neuer besids the plaine.

46 'Ffarwell Dutton, and Sir Dane!  
    You haue beene euere trew to mee;  
Ffarwell the Baron of Kinderton!  
    Beside the field thou wold not see.

47 'Ffarwell Effiton of Gawsworth!  
    Either thou art taken or slaine;  
Doublelesse while thy life wold last,  
    Thou wold neuer beside the plaine.'

48 As they stood talkinge together there,  
    The duke and the erle truleye,  
Came sfor to comfort him th[e] trew Talbott,  
    And the noble Erle of Shrewsburye.

49 'Plucke vp thy hart, sonne Thomas, and be merry,  
    And let noe tydings greeve thee!  
Am not I godfather to our king?  
    My owne god-sonne forsooth is hee.'

50 He tooke the Duke of Buckingham by the arme,  
    And the Earle of Shrewsburye by the other:  
'To part with you it is my harme;  
    Farwell, my father and my brother!

51 'Ffarwell Lancaster, that little towne!  
    Farwell now for euer and aye!  
Many pore men may pray for my soule  
    When they lye weeping in the lane.

52 'Ffarwell Latham, that bright bower!  
    Nine towers thou beares on lyce,  
And other nine thou beares on the outer walls;  
    Within thee may be lodged kings three.

53 'Ffarwell Knowesley, that little tower  
    Vndermeth the holtes soe hore!  
Euer when I thinke on that bright bower,  
    Wite me not though my hart be sore.

54 'Ffarwell Toestaffe, that trustyke parke,  
    And the fayre riuer that runnes there beside,  
There I was wont to chase the hindle and hart!  
    Now therin will I neuer abide.

55 'Ffarwell bold Birkhead! there was I boorne,  
    Within the abbey and that monestere;  
The sweet covent for mee may mourne;  
    I gane to you the tythe of Beeston, truleye.

56 'Ffarwell Westchester for euermore!  
    And the Watter Gate! it is my owne;  
I gane a mace for the sericante to weare;  
    To waite on the maior, as it is knowne.

57 'Will I neuer come that citye within;  
    But, sonne Edward, thou may clayme it of right:  
Ffarwell Westhardine! I may thee [call] myn,  
    Knight and lord I was of great might.

58 'Sweete sonne Edward, white bookes thou make,  
    And euer haue pittye on the pore cominalyte!  
Ffarwell Hope and Hopedale!  
    Moold and Moulesdale, God be with thee!  
I may take lease with a sorry cheere,  
    For within thee will I neuer bee.'

59 As they stooed talking together there,  
    The duke and the lords truleye,  
Came Ianie Garsed, a yeman of the guard,  
    That had beeene brought vp with the Erle of Derbye;  
Like the devill with his followes he had fared,  
    He s[t]icked two, and wounded three.
60 After, with his sword drawn in his hand, 
    He fled to the noble Earle of Derby: 
    'Stand vp, Iamye!' the erle said, 
    'These tydings nothing liketh mee.

61 'I haue scene the day I cold haue sawed thee, 
    Such thirty men if thou hadst slaine, 
    And now if I shold speake for thee, 
    Sure thow wert to be slaine.

62 'I will once desire my brotheren ech one 
    That they will speake for thee.' 
    He prayd the Duke of Buckingham, 
    And alsoe the Erle of Shrewsburye,

63 Alsoe my lord Fitzwater soe wise, 
    And the good Lord Willoubye, 
    Sir Rice Ap Thomas, a knight of price; 
    They all spake for Long Iamye.

64 They had not staid but a little while there, 
    The duke and the erles in their talkinge, 
    But straight to the erle came a messenger, 
    That came lateleye from the king,

65 And bad that Long Iamie shold be sent; 
    There shold neither be grith nor grace, 
    But on a bouge he shold be hanged, 
    In middest the feild, before the erles face.

66 'If that be soc,' said the Erle of Derby, 
    'I trust our prince will better bee; 
    Such tydings maketh my hart full heavye 
    Afore his Grace when that wee bee.'

67 The Duke of Buckingham tooke Iamie by the one arme, 
    And the Erle of Shrewsburye by the other; 
    Afore them they put the King of Man, 
    It was the Erle of Darbye and noe other.

68 The lord Fitzwater followed fast, 
    And soe did the lord Willowbye; 
    The comfortable Cobham mad great hast; 
    All went with the noble Erle of Derby.

69 The bind Hassall hoved on fast, 
    With the lusty Lealand truelye; 
    Soe did Sir Alexander Osbaston, 
    Came in with the Erle of Derby.

70 The royall Ratcliffe, that rude was neuer, 
    And the trustye Trafford, keene to trye, 
    And wight Warburton, out of Cheshire, 
    All came with the Erle of Darbye.

71 Sir Rice ap Thomas, a knight of Wales, 
    Came with a feerce menye; 
    He bent his bowes on the bent to abyde, 
    And cleane vnsett the gallow-tree.

72 When they came afore our king, 
    Lowlye they kneelded upon their knees; 
    The first word that our prince did myn, 
    'Welcome, dukes and erles, to mee'

73 'The most welcome hither of all 
    Is our owne prince, Long Iamie: 
    Iamie, how durst thou be soe bold 
    As in our presence for to bee?'

74 'To slay thy brotheren within their hold! 
    Thou was sworne to them, and they to thee.' 
    Then began Long Iamie to speake bold: 
    'My lege, if it please your Grace to pardon mee,

75 'When I was to my supper sett, 
    They called me coward to my face, 
    And of their talking they wold not let, 
    And thus with them I vpbrayed was.

76 'The bade me flee from them apace 
    To that coward the Erle of Darbye! 
    When I was little, and had small grace, 
    He was my helpe and succour trueyle.

77 'He tooke [me] from my father deere, 
    And kepeed me within his woone 
    Till I was able of my selfe 
    Both to shoote and picke the stone.

78 'Then after, vnder Grenwich, vp a day 
    A Scottish minstrell came to thee, 
    And brought a bow of yew to drawe, 
    And all the guard might not sterr that tree.

79 'Then the bow was given to the Erle of Derby, 
    And the erle deliuered it to mee; 
    Seven shoots before your face I shot, 
    And att the eighth in sunder it did flee.

80 'Then I bad the Scott bow downe his face, 
    And gather vp the bow, and bring it to his king; 
    Then it liked your noble Grace 
    Into your guard for me to bring.

81 'Sithen I have lised a merry liffe, 
    I thanke your Grace and the Erle of Darbye; 
    But to haue the erle rebuked thus, 
    That my bringer-vp forsooth was hee,

82 'I had rather suffer death,' he said, 
    'Then be false to the erle that was true to me.' 
    'Stand vp Iamie!' said our king, 
    'Have heere my charter, I give it thee.

83 'Let me hane noe more fighting of thee 
    Whilst thou art within FFrance lande.' 
    'Then one thing you must grant,' said Iamie, 
    'That your word theron may stand:
84 'Whosoe rebuketh Lancashire or Cheshire
    Shortlye shall be deemed to dye.'
Our king comanded a cry i-wis
    To be proclaimed hastily.
85 'If the dukes and erles kneele on their knees,
    Itt geteth on sturr the comonaltye;
If wee be vpbrayed thus,
    Manye a man is like to dye.'
The king said, He that rebuketh Lancashire or Cheshire
    Shall have his judgment on the next tree.
86 Then soe they were in rest
    For the space of a night, as I weene,
And on the other day, without leasinge,
    There came a messenger from the queene.
87 And when he came before our king,
    Lowlye he kneeld on his knee,
And said, Chr[is]te saue, our noble king,
    And thy speed this day may bee!
Here hee greeteth thee well thy loun and liking,
    And our honorable queene and ladye,
88 And biddeth you in France to be glad,
    For slaine is your brother-in-law King Iamie,
And att louelye London he shalbe found,
    My comlye prince, in the presence of thee.
89 Then bespake our comlye prince,
    Saininge, Who did fight and who did flee?
And who bare them best of the Mount of Ffiolden?
    And who is false, and who is true to mee?
90 'Lancashire and Cheshire,' said the messenger,
    'They have done the deed with their hand;
Had not the Erle of Derby bee to thee true,
    In great adventure had bee all England.'
91 Then bespake our prince on hye,
    'Sir Raphe Egerton, my marshall I make thee;
Sir Edward Stanley, thou shalt be a lord,
    Lord Mounteagle thou shalt bee.
92 'Yonge John Stanley shalbe a knight,
    And he is well worthy for to bee.'
The Duke of Buckingham the tydings hard,
    And shortlye ran to the Erle of Darbye:
93 'Brother, plucke vp thy hart and be merrye,
    And let noe tydings greeve thee!
Yesterday, thy men called cowerdys were,
    And this day they have woone the victorye.'
94 The duke tooke the erle by the armye,
    And thus they leddeth to the prince [true].
Seven roods of ground the king he came,
    And sayd, 'Welcome, King of Man and Erle of Derby!
The thing that I have taken from thee,
    I greeve it to thee againe whollye.
95 'The manrydden of Lancashire and Cheshire both,
    Att thy bidding euere to bee;
For those men bee true, Thomas, indeed;
    They beeone trew both to thee and mee.'
96 'Yet another grevueth me,' said the erle,
    'And in my hart maketh me heavye,
This day to heare the wan the feild,
    And yesterdaye cowards to bee.'
97 'It was a wronge wrytting,' sayd our king,
    'That came from the Erle of Surrey;
But I shall him teach his prince to know,
    If ever wec come in our countrye.'
98 'I ask noe more,' sayd the noble erle,
    'For all that my men have done true,
But that I may be iudge my selfe
    Of that noble Erle of Surreye.'
99 'Stand vp, Thomas!' sayd our prince,
    'Lord Marshall I make thee,
And thou shalt be iudge thy selfe,
    And as thou saiest, soo shall it bee.'
100 'Then is his liffe saued,' sayd the erle,
    'I thanke Jesu and your Grace true;
If my vuckle slew his father deere,
    He wold have venged him on mee.'
101 'Thou art verrye patient,' sayd our king;
    'The Holy Ghost remaines, I thinke, in thee;
On the south side of Turnay thou shalt stande,
    With my godfather the Erle of Shrewsburye.'
102 And soo to that seeghe forth the went,
    The noble Shrewsburye and the Erle of Derby,
And the laid seeghe vnto the walls,
    And wan the towne in dayes three.
103 Thus was Lancashire and Cheshire rebuked
    Thorow the pollicye of the Erle of Surrey.
Now God, that was in Bethlem borne,
    And for vs dyed upon a tree,
Sane our noble prince that wereth the crowne,
    And hane mercy on the Erles soule of Derby!' 
104 And then bespake our noble king,
    These were the words said hee;
Sayes, Come, Alexander Ratcliffe, knight,
    Come hither now vnto mee,
FLODDEN

For thou shalt goe on the south side of Tournay,  
And with thee thou shalt have thousands three.

Then forth is gone Alexander Ratcliffe, knight;  
With him he leads men thousand three;  
But or ere three dayes were come to an end,  
The Frenchmen away did flee.

Then King Henery planted three hundred Englishmen  
That in the citey shold abyde and bee:  
Alexander Ratcliffe, he wold haue mad him gouernour there,  
But he forsooke it certeinylye,  
And made great intretye to our king  
That he might come into England in his company.

And then bespake noble King Henery,  
And these were the words said bee:  
Sayes, Come hither, Rowland Egerton, knight,  
And come thou hither vnto mee;

For the good service that thou hast done,  
Well rewarded shalt thou bee.  
Then forth came Rowland Egerton,  
And knelled downe vpon his knee.

Sayes, If it like your Grace, my gracious king,  
The reward that you will bestow on mee,  
I wold verry gladlye have it in Cheshire,  
For that’s att home in my owne country.

And then bespake him noble King Harrye,  
And these were the words said bee;  
‘I haue nothing, Egerton, in all Cheshire  
That wille any pleasure for thee  
But five mills stands att Chester townes end;  
The gone all over the water of Dee.’

Still knelled Rowland Egerton,  
And did not rise beside his knee;  
Sayes, If it like your Highnesse, my gracious king,  
A milner called I wold never bee.

And then bespake him noble King Harrye,  
These were the words said bee;  
Saith, I’le make mine awoe to God,  
And asoee to the Trinitye,  
There shall never be king of England  
But the shalbe milner of the mills of Dee!

I have noe other thing, Egerton,  
That wille for thy delight;  
I will giue thee the forest of Snoden in Wales,  
Wherby thou may giue the horne and lease;

In silver it will be verrry white,  
And most thinkes shold thee well please.

Still knelled Rowland Egerton on his knee;  
He sayes, If itt like your Highnesse, my gracious king,  
A ranger called wold I neuer bee.

Then our king was wrathe, and rose away,  
Sayes, I thinke, Egerton, nothing will please thee.  
And then bespake him, Rowland Egerton,  
Kneeling yet still on his knee:

Sayes, If itt like your Highnesse, my gracious king,  
That your Highnesse pleasure will now heer mee,  
In Cheshire there lyes a little grange-house,  
In the lordshippe of Rydeley it doth lye.

A tanner there in it did dwell;  
My lege, it is but a cote with one ey,  
And if your Grace wold bestow this on mee,  
Ffull well it wold please me.

Then bespake our noble King Harrye,  
And these were the words saith bee;  
Saies, Take thee that grange-house, Egerton,  
And the lordshippe of Rydeley, faire and free.

For the good service thou hast to me done,  
I will giue it vnto thy heyres and thee;  
And thus came Row[land] Egerton  
To the lordshippe of Rydeley, faire and free.

This noble King Harry wan great victoryes in France,  
Thorrow the might that Christ Jesus did him send.

First our king wan Hans and Gynye,  
And [two] walled townes, the truth to say;  
And afterwards wan other two townes,  
The names of them were called Turwin and Turnay.

High Bullen and Base Bullen he wan alsoe,  
And other village-townes many a one,  
And Muttrell he wan alsoe —  
The chronicles of this will not lye —  
And kept to Calleis, plaines with Englishmen,  
Vnto the death that he did dye.
168. FLOODEN FIELD

a. 14. soldiers. 16. them. 17. 8th. 20. wright.
20. vs. 2. 31. 73. 35. seele.
35. xopher Savage, and again 45: always for away.
41. videline. 49. Knight for wighte.
52. 3. 52. 3. 53. were. 53. white.
56. give: pro for for. 57. wright.
58. Lookes for bookes. 2d Parte at 59.
59. 2: 3. 61. 90. 69. Ianie. 79. 7.
79. 8th: breake for fle, cf. b. c.
83. ward: cf. b. 84. I cry for a cry: a in b. c.
89. who his for the first who is. 94. 7. 95. Mau-
ryddene.
102. 104. 3. 103. 121 in the MS.
104. 105. 105. 1605. 3. 106. 3. 300. 4.
112. 5. 112. he for the? 117. me pleasure.
120. 2. And for & always.

b, c. In stanzas of eight lines. A battle of the
Batall of Flodden Field betwene the Earle of
Surrey and the King of Scots. c. Flodden
Feild.

Trivial variations of spelling are not regarded.
1. of. the. 12. our fortune and channce.
13. tell of. b. tyndhames. c. tythanne.
2. surily after And: his wanting. 3. as for to.
35. b. lorde for leed. b. c. great for high.
36. b. found Henry our kyngse.
45-47. Two stanzas, the first ending at 67.
48. the prince. 49. c. leseus.
52. he kneeld vpon. 53. King wanting.
64. and for the second my. 73. biddeth. 75. ye.
82. Prefix And.
83. bare: uppon, upon, for of. b. them for him.
92. they bene both. 93. non for nere. b. belonged.
101. b. a stand. 101. And he.
104. First he wanting. b. tould (corrected from
coulde?) for found.
111. b. noble for comlye. 112. And he.
121. b. C. and L. b. c add bothe.
129. the wanting. 124. Not a. 139. King wanting.
132. b. And it, c. Yf it, like you my souereigne
lord.
141. c. bene. 142. c. tythannes.
163. on for vpon a.
165. For now: greatest for most.
167. then served they for they served then.
174. And for If. 18. ye: any wanting.
181. c. ye.
182. b. whether (altered from wher) that wee are.
189. b. rounded. b. c. anon added to king.
189. And wanting. b. Sayenge.
190. to thee wanting. 21. b. neuver a: besydes.
214. b. right angrily. 22. other sydle.
217. lowly he. 225. b. our king sayde. c. speake.
219. b. War for Saylet. 241. c. L. and C.
241. was for were. 24. now inserted before are.
241. b. Neuer a one of them. c. Neuer one of
them ys (but are, in a later hand).

251. c. then for free. 251. b. fell a foote.
252. b. to for itt. 250. to brene, brene.
253. First me wanting.
254. First I wanting: all to. b. gates.
255. b. Botch the. 256. walles they.
259. then sayd. 30. and for nor. 30. c. thynke.
259. b. freely for felly. 31. for me for on tre.
322. b. To the towne of. 326. we after noe.
332. b. vpon the same for againe. c. in same, but
on the for in, in a later hand.
334. side, syde, for hande. 341. b. duke for erle.
335. Sycus: feekle, feyldye.
335. c. thynke: thecare, there for deere.
335. awaye for aways.
336. c. therby added by a later hand.
374. c. myne. 374. c. art altered to weart.
381. whileste that, whiles that.
385. schunte besides. 381. nowe before that.
392. b. for before coward. b. c. none for neuer.
393. be my. 406. the for that.
402. b. Sotherwarke. c. Sotherwarke altered to
Sotheworke.
412. c. whilst. 411. schunte. 42. b. Anderton.
423. leave nowe. b. at altered to of.
423. For whileste, For whiles.
431. wouldeste (c wouldle) never beside the playne.
441. b. Bolde. 442. ye. 44. style, still.
444. Vnslayne nowe yf, (b) that you bee, (c) you
had bee.
453. weighte, wighte. 453. b. whileste.
453. woldeste, wouldest : beside.
471. b. Seton altered to Fitton. 472. Other.
471. Prefix For: whiles. 471. woldeste, wouldest.
481. for wanting. 492. c. tythandes. 494. myne.
511. c. lawne. 52. bearest, bearest.
524. in the vtt. 53. whor. 53. Wyte.
542. roonethe, reneth. b. besydes.
543. b. was I. 54. b. I will.
553. Berkenhede, Byrkenhead altered to Byrkenhead.
555. c. the wanting. 562. myn, myne.
563. gau: pro (or for) wanting.
577. mayeste, maiest. c. yt clayme.
577. c. call after may, in a later hand.
583. bookes, bokes. 582. comentye, comyntye.
588. Hopeshaile.
591. Mouleshalle, Moulesdale.
591. take my: heviev, heavie, for sorry.
595. stycked, sticket. 601. b. And after.
602. b. Jamys. 604. 66. c. tythandes.
612. hadeste, had. 614. waerte for, were for.
622. will nowe.
633. b. Fitzwaters. c. Feighwater altered to Fitz-
water. 633. 71. c. vp for ap.
634. And all they spake. 644. standen.
644. But wanting.
651. 736. 743. 823. b. James. 651. c. send.
653. Amydste. 661. c. see wanting.
69. b. makes. 67. non.
68. c. Feighwater. b. he followed.
69. b. lied for loved. 69c. b. Osboldstone.
69d. b. come. 70. b. wighty.
71a. came forthe even with. 71b. c. hond.
71c. gallowes. 72. When as. b. the king.
72b. b. ninge. 72c. Prefix Said : unto.
73. Prefix But.
73a. c. our owne altered to yonder.
74. c. waste. 74b. lyke, like, for please.
75. vpbrayed that I for I vpbrayed.
77. toke me. 77b. b. kepte. 78. of vewe.
79. b. did flee. c. be altered to flee.
80. b. Then I layd the bowe one his face, and
bade him gather vp the bowe, etc. c. geder.
80d. for wanting. 82. had lyuer, leaver.
83. c. while. b. Frenche. 83c. ye.
83c. b. word. 84. Our prince : a cry.
85. b. setethe one and. 85b. If that.
85c. rebuketh. b. and for or. 86. style at rest.
86. b. as wanting. 87. b. prince for king.
87a. b. kneene, rhyming with 85a.
87c. prince for king.
87d. This owere (c our) noble kyngue this (c thy)
speede may be.
87e. greetes (c gretteth) yow well your lyffe and
spouse (c liking).
87f. Your honorable : fair ladye. 88. for to.
88a. in-law wanting. 89. And sayd.
89b. vpon, vpon, the for of the.
89c. And who weare, were, his.
91a. b. on highe, originally ; altered in the same
hand to with ane highe word.
91b. Ye, yea, prefixed : shalt thou.
92. As for And.
92b. b. thes for the. c. tythands. b. adds rights
at the end.
93. Brother after hart. 93c. c. tythands.
93d. b. this (written upon thy) men cowards were
they. c. cowardes called for called cowards.
94. they wanting. 94b. b. him for the erlc.
94d. adds truely at the end. b. and lede him for
thus they ledden.
94e. haue from the taken. 94f. agayne to the.
95. b. marshallynge. c. manrattyn. b. men for
both.
95c. for to. b omits ener. 95c. these. b. be.
95c. b. be. 96b. b. the earle saide. 96c. for to.
97. b. our kinge sayd.
97a. And for II.
98. b. the earle nowe.
98a. b. That I my selfe his iudmente maye pro-
nounce. c. But that I gyve iudgment my selfe.
99. b. will I. c. that I shall.
99a. shalt geue (gyue) the iudgment.
100. b. Then sayd the earle, saved is his lyfe.
100b. If wanting. 101b. b. our kyng sweare.
101a. remayneth : I thinke wanting.
101b. c. the wanting. 102c. b. they ganged.
102a. b adds batled at the end.
102b. b. towers. c. townes. b. c. within.
103c. b. werees.
103a. b. And shewe this merseye one the Earle of
Derby.
104-121 wanting.

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169

JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG

A. a. 'A Northern Ballet,' Wit Restord in severall
Select Poems not formerly publish'd, London, 1658,
p. 30, in Facetiae, London, 1817, I, 132. b. 'A
Northern Ballad,' Wit and Drollery, London, 1682,
p. 57.

B. a. 'John Arm-strongs last Good - Night,' etc.,
Wood, 401, fol. 33 b, Bodleian Library. b. Pepys
Ballads, II, 133, No 117. c. 'Johnny Armstrongs
last Good-Night,' Old Ballads, 1723, I, 170.

C. 'Johnie Armstrong.' The Ever Green, 1724, II, 190.

A b is not found in Wit and Drollery, 1661; it is literally repeated in Dryden's
Miscellanies, 1716, III, 307. B is in the
Roxburghhe collection, III, 513, the Bagford,
I, 64, II, 94, and no doubt in others. It was
printed by Evans, 1777, II, 64, and by Rit-
son, English Songs, 1783, II, 322. C was
printed by Herd, 1769, p. 260, 1776 (with
spelling changed), I, 13; by Ritson, Scottish
Songs, 1794, II, 7; by Scott, 1802, I, 49,
1833, I, 407 (with a slight change or two).
'Ionne Ermistrangis dance' is mentioned
in The Complaynt of Scotland, 1549, ed. Murray, p. 66. The tune of C is No 556 of Johnson's Museum; see further Stenhouse, in the edition of 1853, IV, 335 f.

Of his copy C, Ramsay says: "This is the true old ballad, never printed before. . . . This I copied from a gentleman's mouth of the name of Armstrong, who is the sixth generation from this John. He tells me this was ever esteemed the genuine ballad, the common one false." Motherwell remarks, Minstrelsy, p. lixii, note 3: "The common ballad alluded to by Ramsay [A, B] is the one, however, which is in the months of the people. His set I never heard sung or recited; but the other frequently." A manuscript copy of B, entitled Gillnokie, communicated to Percy by G. Paton, Edinburgh, December 4, 1778, which has some of the peculiar readings of B a, introduces the 27th stanza of C * in place of 12, and has 'Away, away, thou traitor strong' for 12†. A copy in Buchan's MSS, I, 61, 'The Death of John Armstrong,' has the first half of C 18 and also of C 19 (with very slight variations). Another Scottish copy, which was evidently taken from recitation, introduces C 23 after 14‡.

Both forms of the ballad had been too long printed to allow validity to any known recited copy. Besides the three already mentioned, there is one in Kinloch's MSS, V, 263, which intermixes two stanzas from Johnie Scot. The Scottish copies naturally do not allow 'Scot' to stand in 17*. Paton's substitues 'chiell'; the others 'man,' and so a broadside reprinted by Maidment, Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary, I, 130.

The Armstrongs were people of consideration in Liddesdale from the end, or perhaps from the middle, of the fourteenth century, and by the sixteenth had become the most important sept, as to numbers, in that region, not only extending themselves over a large part of the Debatable Land,‡ but spreading also into Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchope, and Amandale. The Earl of Northumberland, in 1528, puts the power of the Armstrongs, with their adherents, above three thousand horsemen. Mangerton, in Liddesdale, on the east bank of the Liddel, a little north of its junction with the Kersope, was the seat of the chief. John Armstrong, known later as Gilnockie, a brother of Thomas, laird of Mangerton, is first heard of in 1525. Removing from Liddesdale early in the century, as it is thought, he settled on the church lands of Canonby, and at a place called The Hollows, on the west side of the Esk, built a tower, which still remains.§

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* 'Where got thou these targits, Jonny,'
  That hings so low down by thy knee?'
  'I got them, cukeel king, in the field,
  Where thou and thy men durst not come see.'
† This copy I have in MS. and have not noted, neither can I remember, how I came by it, but it is probably a transcript from recent print. It diverges from the ordinary text more than any that I have seen. After 17 comes this stanza (cf. 'Robin Hood rescuing Three Squires,' No 140, B 29):

Their took the gallows fraw the slack,
An there they set it on a plain,
An there they hanged Johnnie Armstrong,
Wi sixty of his warlike men.

18-20, 23 are wanting. A "pretty little boy," in what corresponds to 21, 22, says, 'Johnnie Armstrong you'll never see,' and the lady ends the ballad with:

If that be true, my pretty little boy,
Aye the news you tell to me,
You'll be the heir to a' my lands,
You an your young son after thee.

‡ A tract on the extreme western border, beginning be-
Others of the Armstrongs erected strong houses in the neighborhood. Lord Daere, the English warden of the West Marches, essayed to surprise these strengths in the early part of 1528, but was foiled by John and Sym Armstrong, though he had a force of two thousand men. The Armstrongs, if nominally Scots, were so far from being "in due obedience" that, at a conference of commissioners of both realms in November of the year last named, the representatives of the Scottish king could not undertake to oblige them to make redress for injuries done the English, though a peace depended upon this condition. Perhaps the English border suffered more than the Scottish from their forays (and the English border, we are informed, was not nearly so strong as the Scottish, neither in "capetayn nor the commynaltie"), but how little Scotland was spared appears from what Sym Armstrong, the laird of Whitaugh, the same year again, told the Earl of Northumberland: that himself and his adherents had laid waste in the said realm sixty miles, and laid down thirty parish churches, and that there was not one in the realm of Scotland dare remedy the same. Indeed, our John, Thomas of Mangerton, Sym of Whitaugh, and the rest, seem to be fairly enough described in an English indictment as "enemies of the king of England, and traitors, fugitives, and felons of the king of Scots."

Other measures having failed, King James the Fifth, in the summer of 1530, took the pacifying of his borders into his own hand, and for this purpose levied an army of from eight to twelve thousand men. The particulars of this noted expedition are thus given by Lindsay of Pitscottie:

"The king . . . made a convention at Edinburgh with all the lords and barons, to consult how he might best stanch theifff and river within his realm, and to cause the commons to live in peace and rest, which long time had been perturbed before. To this effect he gave charge to all earls, lords, barons, freeholders and gentlemen, to compeir at Edin-

burgh with a month's victual, to pass with the king to dauntin the thieves of Teviotdale and Annandale, with all other parts of the realm; also the king desired all gentlemen that had dogs that were good to bring them with them to hunt in the said bounds, which the most part of the noblemen of the High-
lands did, such as the earls of Huntly, Argyle, and Athol, who brought their deer-hounds with them and hunted with his majesty. These lords, with many other lords and gentle-
men, to the number of twelve thousand men, assembled at Edinburgh, and therefrom went with the king's grace to Meggat-land, in the which bounds were slain at that time eighteen score of deer. After this hunting the king hanged John Armstrong, laird of Kilnokie; which many a Scotsman heavily lamented, for he was a doubtit man, and as good a chieftain as ever was upon the borders, either of Scotland or of England. And albeit he was a loose-living man, and sustained the number of twenty-four well-horsed able gentlemen with him, yet he never molested no Scotsman. But it is said, from the Scots border to New-
castle of England, there was not one, of whatsoever estate, but paid to this John Armstrong a tribute, to be free of his cumber, he was so doubtit in England. So when he entered in before the king, he came very reverently, with his foresaid number very richly appara-
cled, trusting that in respect he had come to the king's grace willingly and voluntarily, not being taken nor apprehended by the king, he should obtain the more favor. But when the king saw him and his men so gorgeous chopedale, and The Debatable Land, by Robert Bruce Armstrong, 1883, pp 177 f, 227 f, 245, 259 f; Appendix, pp. xxvi, xxxi.
1 The Chronicles of Scotland, etc., edited by J. G. Dal-
yll, 1814, II, 341 ff. (partially modernized, for more com-
fortable reading).

Wherein, if this be true, John differed much from Sym.
in their apparel, and so many braw men under a tyrant's commandment, throwarllie he turned about his face, and bade take that tyrant out of his sight, 'saying, What wants you knave that a king should have? But when John Armstrong perceived that the king kindled in a fury against him, and had no hope of his life, notwithstanding of many great and fair offers which he offered to the king — that is, that he should sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready to await upon his majesty's service, and never to take a penny of Scotland nor Scotsmen; secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, lord, or baron, but within a certain day he should bring any of them to his majesty, quick or dead — he, seeing no hope of the king's favor towards him, said very proudly, I am but a fool to seek grace at a graceless face. But had I known, sir, that ye would have taken my life this day, I should have lived upon the borders in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would down weigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day. So he was led to the scaffold, and he and all his men hanged."

Buchanan's account is, that the king undertook an expedition for the suppressing of freebooters in July, 1530, with an army of about eight thousand men, and encamped at Ewes water, near which was the hold of John Armstrong, a chief of a band of thieves, who had struck such terror into the parts adjacent that even the English for many miles about paid him tribute. Under enticement of the king's officers, John set out to pay a visit to the king with about fifty horsemen, both unarmed and without a safe-conduct, and on his way fell in with a body of scouts, who took him to their master as a pretended prisoner, and he and most of his men were hanged. The authors of his death averred that Armstrong had promised the English to put the neighboring Scots territory under their sway, if they would make it for his interest; whereas the English were extremely pleased at his death, because they were rid of a redoubtable enemy.*

Bishop Lesley says simply that in the month of June (apparently 1529) the king passed to the borders with a great army, where he caused forty-eight of the most noble thieves, with John Armstrong, their captain, to be taken, who being convict of theft, reiff, slaughter, and treason, were all hanged upon growing trees.†

Another account gives us positively and definitely to understand that the Armstrongs were not secured without artifice. "On the eighth of June the principals of all the surnames of the clans on the borders came to the king, upon hope of a proclamation proclaimed in the king's name that they should all get their lives if they would come in and submit themselves in the king's will. And so, upon this hope, John Armstrong, who kept the castle of Langholm (a brother of the laird of Mangerton's, a great thief and oppressor, and one that kept still with him four and twenty well-horsed men), came in to the king; and another called Ill Will Armstrong, another stark thief, with sundry of the Scots and Elliotts, came all forward to the camp where the king was, in hope to get their pardons. But no sooner did the king perceive them, and that they were come afar off, when direction was given presently to enclose them round about; the which was done, accordingly, and were all apprehended, to the number of thirty-five persons, and at a place called Carlawerock Chapel were all committed to the gallows, . . . The English people was exceeding glad when they understood that John Armstrong was executed, for he did great robberies and stealing in England, maintaining twenty-four men in household every day upon reiff and oppression."‡

The place of execution is mentioned by no other historian than Anderson, just quoted, year both as 1527 and 1528. Cited by Armstrong, History of Liddesdale, etc., p. 274 f. For what immediately follows, Armstrong, pp. 273, 279.

* Rerum Scoticarum III-teria, 1582, fol. 163 b, 164.
† History of Scotland, Bannatyne Club, 1830, p. 143.
‡ Anderson's History, MS., Advocates Library, I, fol. 153 l. Anderson flourished about 1618-35. He gives the
and he gives it as Carlaverock Chapel. But this must be a mistake for Carlenrig Chapel, Carlaverock not being in the line of the king's progress. James is known to have been at Carlenrig * on the 5th of July, and Johnie Armstrong not to have been alive on the eighth. It has been popularly believed that Johnie and his band were buried in Carlenrig churchyard (where the graves used to be shown), and their execution made so deep an impression on the people † that it is not unplausible that the fact should be remembered, and that the ballad C, in saying that John was murdered at Carlenrig, has followed tradition rather than given rise to it.

It appears from Lindsay's narrative that Johnie Armstrong came to the king voluntarily, and that he was not "taken or apprehended." Buchanan says that he was enticed by the king's officers, and Anderson that the heads of the border-clans were induced to come in by a proclamation that their lives should be safe. It is but too likely, therefore, that the capture was not effected by honorable means, and this is the representation of the ballads. There is no record of a trial,‡ and the execution was probably as summary as the arrest was perfidious.

The ballads treat facts with the customary freedom and improve upon them greatly. In A, B, English ballads, Johnie is oddly enough a Westmorland man,§ though in B 11 he admits himself to be a subject of the Scots king. The king writes John a long letter promising to do him no wrong, A 4; a loving letter, to come and speak with him speedily, B 4, C 2. Johnie goes to Edinburgh with the eight-score men that he keeps in his hall, all in a splendid uniform, asks grace, and is told that he and his eight-score shall be hanged the next morning. They are not unarmed, and resolve to fight it out rather than be hanged. They kill all the king's guard but three, B

16, but all Edinburgh rises; four-score and ten of Johnie's men lie gasping on the ground, A 14. A cowardly Scot comes behind Johnie and runs him through; like Sir Andrew Barton, he bids his men fight on; he will bleed awhile, then rise and fight again. Most of his company are killed, but his foot-page escapes and carries the bad news to Gilnock Hall. His little son, by or on the nurse's knee, vows to revenge his father's death.

C differs extensively from A, B, indeed resembles or repeats the English ballad only in a few places: C 2 = A 4, B 4; C 6 = B 10; C 7 = A g, B 11; C 22, 4 = A 1134, B 1384.

The Eliots go with the Armstrongs according to C 3, and it is the intention to bring the king to dine at Gilnockie. In C 9–17 Johnie offers twenty-four steeds, four of them laden with as much gold as they can carry, twenty-four mills, and as much wheat as their hoppers can hold, twenty-four sisters-sons, who will fight to the utterance, tribute from all the land between "here" and Newcastle,—all this for his life. The king replies to each successive offer that he never has granted a traitor's life, and will not begin with him. Johnie gives the king the lie as to his being a traitor; he could make England find him in meal and malt for a hundred years, and no Scot's wife could say that he had ever hurt her the value of a fly. Had he known how the king would treat him, he would have kept the border in spite of all his army. England's king would be a blithe man to hear of his capture. At this point the king is attracted by Johnie's splendid girdle and hat, and exclaims, What wants that knife that a king should have! Johnie bids farewell to his brother, Laird of Mangerton (Thomas, here called Kirsty), and to his son Kirsty, and to Gilnock-IHall, and is murdered at Carlenrig with all his band.

It will be observed that the substance, or tenants broke through the king's guard, and carried to Gilnockie Tower the news of the bloody catastrophe: " but that is in the English ballad, B 80.

* Dr Hill Burton has made a slight slip here, III, 146, ed. 1863; compare Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, I, 154.

† He lived in the West March, if that helps to an explanation.
at least the hint, of C 2141, 1724, 26, 15, 2234, 23, 2142, is to be found in Lindsay’s narrative.

In the last stanza of A and of B, Johnie Armstrong’s son (afterwards known as Johnie’s Christy) sitting on his nurse’s knee, B (cf. C 30), or standing by his nurse’s knee, A, vows, if he lives to be a man, to have revenge for his father’s death.* Not infrequently, in popular ballads, a very young (even unborn) child speaks, by miracle, to save a life, vindicate innocence, or for some other kindly occasion; † sometimes again to threaten revenge, as here. So a child in the cradle in ‘Fraudgehævn,’ Grundtvig, I, 28, No 4, B 34 (= C 63), and in ‘Hævnersværdet,’ I, 351, No 25, st 29, 30; and Kullervo in his third month, Kalevala, Rune 31, Schiefer, p. 194, vv. 109–112.‡

Johnie’s plain speech to the king in C 19, ‘Ye lied, ye lied, now, king!’ is such as we have often heard before in these ballads: see I, 427, No 47, A 14; I, 446, No 50, A 8, 9; I, 452 f, No 52, C 10, D 7; II, 25 f, No 58, G 7, H 10; II, 269 ff, No 83, D 13, E 16, F 22; II, 282, No 86, A 6; III, 62, 67, No 117, sts 114, 222. It is not unexampled elsewhere. So Sthenelos to Agamennon, II, iv, 204; ‘Ἀρείδων, μη ἰείδε’, ἕπειτα μένος σάφα εἰρώ; and Bernardo del Carpio, on much the same occasion as here,

Mentides, buen rey, mentides,
que no decides verdad,
que nunca yo ful traidor,

Wolf & Hofmann, Primavera, I, 38 and 41; see also I, 186, II, 100, 376.

This ballad was an early favorite of Goldsmith’s: “The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong’s Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.” Essays, 1765, p. 14.

C is translated by Talvi, Versuch, u. s. w., p. 543; by Schubart, p. 179; by Loève-Veimars, p. 270.

O the golden bands an about their necks,
And their weapons, they were all alike.

3 Newes then was brought unto the king
That there was sicke a won as hee,
That lived lyke a bold out-law,
And robbed all the north country.

4 The king he writt an a letter then,
A letter which was large and long;
He signed it with his owne hand,
And he promised to doe him no wrong.

* Found also in one copy of Hugh the Græme, Buchan’s MSS, I, 63, st. 15. Borrowed by Sir Walter Scott in The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I, ix.

† See many cases in Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 210 f, to which may be added: Milla, Romanceirillo, No 243, pp. 219–21; Briz, II, 222; Amador de los Ríos, Historia de la Lit. Esp., VII, 449; El Folk-Lore Andaluz, 1882, pp. 41, 77; Almeida-Garrett, II, 56, note; Nigrà, C. P. del Piemonte, No 1, E–I, N, O; ‘Le serpent vert,’ Poésies p. de la France, MS., III, fol. 126, 508, now printed by Rolland, III, 10; Kolberg, Pieśni ludu polskiego, No 18, p. 208; Luzel,

I, 81, II, 357, 515; Brewer, Dictionary of Miracles, pp. 205, 355 f.; Gaido’s, and others, Melasius, IV, 228 ff, 272 ff, 298, 323 f, 405.

‡ Grundtvig, No 84, ‘Ilustra og Manda Moter,’ is not so good a case, though a boy just born announces that he will revenge his mother, because the boy is born nine years old; II, 412, D 30, E 18. This again in Kristensen, I, 202 f, No 74, B 12, C 11, and II, 113 ff, No 33, A 18, B 14, C 11. The stanza cited by Dr Prior, I, 37, from ‘Hammen von Renstett,’ Wunderhorn, 1808, II, 179, is hardly to the purpose.
5 When this letter came Ionnë until,  
   His heart it was as blythe as birds on the tree:  
   'Never was I sent for before any king,  
      My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.

6 'And if wee goe the king before,  
   I would we went most orderly;  
   Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,  
   Laced with silver laces three.

7 'Every won of you shall have his velvett coat,  
   Laced with silver lace so white;  
   O the golden bands an about your necks,  
      Black hatts, white feathers, all alykė.'

8 By the morrow morning at ten of the clock,  
   Towards Eddenburrough gon was hee,  
   And with him all his eight score men;  
   Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see!

9 When Ionnë came befower the king,  
   He fell downe on his knee;  
   'O pardon, my soveraine leige,' he said,  
       'O pardon my eight score men and mee!'

10 'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,  
   For thy eight score men nor thee;  
   For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,  
       Both thou and them shall hang on the gallow-tree.'

11 But Ionnë looke'd over his left shoulder,  
   Good Lord, what a grevious look hee!  
   Saying, Asking grace of a graceles face —  
      Why there is none for you nor me.

12 But Ionnë had a bright sword by his side,  
   And it was made of the mettle so free,  
   That had not the king stept his foot aside,  
       He had smitten his head from his faire boddē.

13 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
   And see that none of you be taine;  
   For rather then men shall say we were hange'd,  
       Let them report how we were slaine.

14 Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrough rose,  
   And so besett poore Ionnë roundē,  
   That fowerscore and tenn of Ionnës best men  
       Lay gasping all upon the ground.

15 Then like a mad man Ionnë laide about,  
   And like a mad man then fought hee,  
   Untill a false Scot came Ionnë behinde,  
       And runn him through the faire boddee.

16 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
   And see that none of you be taine;  
   For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,  
       And then will I come and fight againe.

17 Newes then was brought to young Ionnë Armstrong,  
   As he stood by his nurses knee,  
   Who vowed if ere he live'd for to be a man,  
       O the treacherous Scots revengd hee'd be.

3 He has horse and harness for them all,  
   And goodly steeds that be milk-white,  
   With their goodly belts about their necks,  
       With hats and feathers all alike.

4 The king he writ a lovely letter,  
   With his own hand so tenderly,  
   And has sent it unto John Armstrong,  
       To come and speak with him speedily.

5 When John he looked the letter upon,  
   Then, Lord! he was as blithe as a bird in a tree:  
   'I was never before no king in my life,  
      My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.
6 'But seeing we must [go] before the king, 
Lord! we will go most valiantly;
You shall every one have a velvet coat, 
Laid down with golden laces three.

7 'And you shall every one have a scarlet cloak, 
Laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks, 
With hats [and] brave feathers all alike.'

8 But when John he went from Guiltknoch Hall!
The wind it blew hard, and full sore it did rain:
'Now fare you well, brave Guiltknoch Hall!
I fear I shall never see thee again.'

9 Now John he is to Edenborough gone, 
And his eightscore men so gallantly, 
And every one of them on a milk-white steed, 
With their bucklers and swords hanging down to the knee.

10 But when John he came the king before, 
With his eightscore men so gallant to see, 
The king he moved his bonnet to him; 
He thought he had been a king as well as he.

11 'O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege, 
Pardon for my eightscore men and me! 
For my name it is John Armstrong, 
And a subject of yours, my liege,' said he.

12 'Away with thee, thou false traitor! 
No pardon I will grant to thee, 
But, to-morrow before eight of the clock, 
I will hang thy eightscore men and thee.'

13 O how John looked over his left shoulder! 
And to his merry men thus said he: 
I have asked grace of a graceless face, 
No pardon here is for you nor me.

14 Then John pulld out a nut-brown sword, 
And it was made of mettle so free; 
Had not the king moved his foot as he did, 
John had taken his head from his body.

15 'Come, follow me, my merry men all, 
We will scorn one foot away to fly;
It never shall be said we were hung like doggs; 
No, wee 'l fight it out most manfully.'

16 Then they fought on like champions bold — 
For their hearts was sturdy, stout, and free —
Till they had killed all the kings good guard; 
There was none left alive but onely three.

17 But then rise up all Edenborough, 
They rise up by thousands three;
Then a cowardly Scot came John behind, 
And run him thorow the fair body.

18 Said John, Fight on, my merry men all, 
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;
I will lay me down for to bleed a while, 
Then I 'le rise and fight with you again.

19 Then they fought on like mad men all, 
Till many a man lay dead on the plain;
For they were resolved, before they would yield, 
That every man would there be slain.

20 So there they fought courageously, 
'Till most of them lay dead there and slain, 
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page, 
With his bonny grissell got away untaint.

21 But when he came up to Guiltknoch Hall, 
The lady spied him presently: 
'What news, what news, thou little foot-page? 
What news from thy master and his company?'

22 'My news is bad, lady,' he said, 
'Which I do bring, as you may see; 
My master, John Armstrong, he is slain, 
And all his gallant company.'

23 'Yet thou are welcome home, my bonny grisel! 
Full oft thou hast fed at the corn and hay, 
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine, 
And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say.'

24 O then bespoke his little son, 
As he was set on his nurses knee: 
'If ever I live for to be a man, 
My fathers blood revenged shall be.'
C

Allan Ramsay, The Ever Green, II, 190, "copied from a gentleman's mouth of the name of Armstrong, who is the 6th generation from this John."

1 Sum speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
And sielyke men of lie degrie;
Of a gentleman I sing a song,
Sumtyme called Laird of Gilnockie.

2 The king he wrytes a luvyng letter,
With his ain hand sae tenderly:
And he hath sent it to Johny Armstrong,
To sum and speik with him speidily.

3 The Eliots and Armanstrangs did convene,
They were a gallant company:
'We 'ill ryde and meit our lawful king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.'

4 'Make kinnen and capon ready, then,
And venison in great plenty;
We 'ill welcome hame our royal king;
I hope he 'ill dyne at Gilnockie!'

5 They ran their horse on the Langum howm,
And brake their speirs with mekle main;
The lady's huikit frae their loft-windows,
'God bring our men weil back again!'

6 When Johny came before the king,
With all his men sae brave to see,
The king he movit his bonnet to him;
He weyard he was a king as well as he.

7 'May I find grace, my sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johny Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my liege,' said he.

8 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!
Out of my sicht thou mast yne be!
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

9 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a bony gift I will give to thee;
Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt steids,
Were a' foald in a yeir to me.

10 'I'll gie thee all these milk-whyt steids,
That prance and nicher at a speir,
With as mekle gude Inglis gilt
As four of their braid backs dow heir.'

11 'Away, away, thou traytor strang!
Out of my sicht thou mast yne be!
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

12 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a bony gift I'll gie to thee;
Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
That gang throw a' the yeir to me.

13 'These four-and-twenty mills complete
Sall gange for thee throw all the yeir,
And as mekle of gude reid weig
As all their happers dow to bear.'

14 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!
Out of my sicht thou mast yne be!
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

15 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a great gift I'll gie to thee;
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,
Sall for the fecht, tho' all sauld flee.'

16 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!
Out of my sicht thou mast yne be!
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

17 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
All betwene heir and Newcastle town
Sall pay thair yeirly rent to thee.'

18 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!
Out of my sicht thou mast yne be!
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

19 'Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,' he says,
'Althoche a king and prince ye be,
For I haid naething in all my lyfe,
I dare well say it, but honesty;

20 'But a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bony dogs to kill a deir:
But Ingland suld haif found me meil and malt,
Gif I had livd this hundred yeir!
21 'Scho suld ha'f found me me in all plente ;
And baif and mutton in all plente ;
But nei a Scots wyfe could ha'f said
That eir I skaiuthd her a pure flie.

22 'To seik het water beneth cauld yce,
Surely it is a great folie ;
I haif asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is none for my men and me.

23 'But had I kend, or I came frae hame,
How thou unkynd waist bene to me,
I wad haif kept the border-syd,e
In spye of all thy force and thee.

24 'Wist Englands king that I was tane,
O gin a blyth man wald he be !
For ancs I slew his sisters son,
And on his breist-bane brak a tree.'

25 John wore a girdle about his midle,
Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,
Besplagled with the same mettle,
Maist beauffull was to behold.

26 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,
And ilk an worth three hundred pound :
'What wants that knave that a king suld haif,
But the sword of honour and the crown !

27 'O whair gat thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie ?'
   'I gat them in the field fechting,
    Wher, cruel king, thou durst not be.

28 'Had I my horse, and my harness gude,
And ryding as I woult to be,
It sould haif bene takd this hundred yeir
The meltng of my king and me.

29 'God be with thee, Kirsty, my brither,
Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun !
Lang mayst thou live on the border-syd,e
Or thou se thy brither ryde up and don.

30 'And God be with thee, Kirsty, my son,
Whair thou sitts on thy nurses knee !
But and thou live this hundred yeir,
Thy fathers better thoul't never be.

31 'Farweil, my bonny Gilnock-Hall.
Whair on Esk-syde thou standest stout !
Gif I had livd but seven yeirs mair,
I wald haif gitt thee round about.'

32 John murdred was at Carlinrigg,
And all his galant companie :
But Scotslands heart was never sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die.

33 Because they savd their country deir
Frae Englishmen ; nane were sae bauld,
Whyle Johnie livd on the border-syd,e,
Nane of them durst cum neir his hald.

A. a. 3\textsuperscript{a}, syke a. 17\textsuperscript{i}. O th' the.
b. 3\textsuperscript{o}. sick a man. 5\textsuperscript{a}. it wanting.
6\textsuperscript{i}. And therefore if. 7\textsuperscript{i}. and white.
8\textsuperscript{a}. an it: for wanting. 9\textsuperscript{i}. Johnnee.
10\textsuperscript{i}. Ne for. 11. There Johnie.
11\textsuperscript{i}. Said he. 11\textsuperscript{t}. yee. 12\textsuperscript{a}. the wanting.
13\textsuperscript{i}. that we. 14\textsuperscript{a}. Johnnee's.
15\textsuperscript{a}. thorough.

B. a. John Arm-strings last good night. Declar-
ing How John Arm-strong and his eightscore
men fought a bloody bout with a Scottish
king at Edinbourgh. To a pretty no-
thern tune called, Fare you well, guilt Knock-
hall.
6\textsuperscript{i}. we must before; perhaps rightly.
8\textsuperscript{a}, 21\textsuperscript{i}. guilt Knock-hall.

Signed T. R.

London, Printed for Francis Grove on S[n]ow-
hill.
Entered according to order.

b. Title: with the Scottish. To a pretty new
northern tune: called, &c., omitted.
1\textsuperscript{a}. estate. 1\textsuperscript{b}. of treachery.
2\textsuperscript{a}. Jonny: they do. 4\textsuperscript{a}. writes a loving.
4\textsuperscript{a}. And with. 4\textsuperscript{a}. hath. 5\textsuperscript{a}. this letter.
5\textsuperscript{a}. Good Lord. 5\textsuperscript{a}. he lookt. 5\textsuperscript{b}. a king.
6\textsuperscript{a}. must go.
6\textsuperscript{b}. most gallantly. 7\textsuperscript{i}. And ye.
7\textsuperscript{a}. hats and. 8\textsuperscript{a}, 21\textsuperscript{i}. guilt Knock-hall.
8\textsuperscript{a}. full fast. 8\textsuperscript{t}. fare thee well thou guilt.
9\textsuperscript{i}. Johnny. 9\textsuperscript{a}. to their. 10\textsuperscript{a}. he wanting.
12\textsuperscript{i}. to morrow morning by eight.
12\textsuperscript{t}. hang up. 13\textsuperscript{i}. Johnny. 14\textsuperscript{a}. out his.
15\textsuperscript{a}. It shall ne'r. 15\textsuperscript{a}. We will.
170. THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

16. were. 16. but two or. 17. rose.
17. Then wanting.
18. little wounded but am. 19. up on.
22. Johnny Armstrong is.
23. been fed with. 24. bespake.
24. for wanting. 24. father’s death.
Signed T. R.
c. Johnny Armstrougs, last Good-night, shewing how John Armstrong, with his Eightscore
Men, fought a bloody Battle with the Scotch
King at Edenborough. To a Northern Tune.
1. ever. 2. estate. 3. our king.
4. full of treachery. 5. Johnny: they do.
6. horses. 7. writes a loving.
8. And with. 9. hath: Johnny.
10. this letter. 11. He lokd as blith.
12. a king. 13. must go. 14. most gallantly.
15. Ye. 16. And every one shall.
17. hats and feathers.
20. fare thee well thou Giltnock.
23. hanging to their.
24. he wanting. 11. Johnny.
11. a wanting. 12. will I.
12. to-morrow morning by eight.
13. hang up. 13. Then Johnny.
14. there is: you and.
14. his good broad sword.
14. That was made of. 14. his fair.
15. foot for to. 15. shall never be: hangd.
16. We will. 16. were.
16. were: but one, two or three.
17. rose. 17. Then wanting.
17. through. 18. little wounded but am.
18. for wanting. 21. up wanting.
23. last been fed with corn. 24. bespake.
24. he sat on. 24. for wanting.
24. fathers death.

C. Printed in stanzas of eight lines.
Zours, zeir, etc., are here printed yours, yeir, etc.; whair, quheit, here, whair, wheit.
5. hown.
11, 14, 16, 18, only Away, away thou traytor, etc., is printed.
19. sayit.

170.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

A. Percy papers, 1776. B. ‘Queen Jeanie,’ Kinloch’s
D. ‘The Death of Queen Jane,’ Bell’s Ancient
Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England,
68. F. Notes and Queries, Second Series, XI, 131.
G. A fragment from William Motherwell’s papers.

This threnody is said to have been current throughout Scotland. There is another,
not in the popular style, in the Crowne Gar-
land of Golden Roses, 1612, Percy Society,
vol. vi, p. 29: The Wofull Death of Queene
Jane, wife to King Henry the Eight, and
how King Edward was cut out of his mother’s
belly. This is reprinted in Old Ballads, 1723,
II, 115, and Evans’s Collection, 1777, 1784,
* Jamieson cites the first two verses in The Scots Maga-
zine, October, 1803, and says: Of this affecting composition
II, 54, and is among Pepys’s Penny Merri-
ments, vol. iii. ‘A ballett called The Lady
Jane’ and another piece entitled The Lamen-
tation of Quene Jane were licensed in 1560;
Stationers’ Registers, Arber, I, 151 f.
Jane Seymour gave birth to Prince Edward
October 12, 1537, and by a natural process,
but, in consequence of imprudent manage-
ment, died twelve days after. There was a
I have two copies, both imperfect, but they will make a
pretty good and consistent whole between them.
belief that severe surgery had been required, under which the queen sank. The editor of Old Ballads, II, 116 f., cites Sir John Hayward as saying: "All reports do constantly run that he [Prince Edward] was not by natural passage delivered into the world, but that his mother’s belly was opened for his birth, and that she died of the incision the fourth day following." And Du Chesne: "Quand ce vint au terme de l’accouchement, elle eut tant de tourment et de peine qu’il lui fallut fendre le costé, par lequel on tira son fruit, le douzième jour d’Octobre. Elle mourut douze jours après." But Echard again: "Contrary to the opinion of many writers," the queen "died twelve days after the birth of this prince, having been well delivered, and without any incision, as others have maliciously reported."

A

Communicated to Percy by the Dean of Derry, as written from memory by his mother, Mrs. Bernard, February, 1776.

1 Queen Jane was in labour full six weeks and more,
And the women were weary, and fain would give oer,
'O women, O women, as women ye be,
Rip open my two sides, and save my baby!'

2 'O royal Queen Jane, that thing may not be;
We'll send for King Henry to come unto thee.'
King Henry came to her, and sate on her bed:
'What ails my dear lady, her eyes look so red?'

3 'O royal King Henry, do one thing for me:
Rip open my two sides, and save my baby!'
'O royal Queen Jane, that thing will not do;
If I lose your fair body, I'll lose your baby too.'

B

Kinloch’s Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 116.

1 Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, traveld six weeks and more,
Till women and midwives had quite gien her oer:
'O if ye were women as women should be,
Ye would send for a doctor, a doctor to me.'

2 The doctor was called for and set by her bed-side:
'What aileth thee, my ladie, thine eyes seem so red?

4 She wept and she waild, and she wrang her hands sore;
O the flour of England must flurish no more!
She wept and she waild till she fell in a swoond,
They opend her two sides, and the baby was found.

5 The baby was christened with joy and much mirth,
Whilst poor Queen Jane’s body lay cold under earth:
There was ringing and singing and mourning all day,
The princess Elix[abeth] went weeping away.

6 The trumpets in mourning so sadly did sound,
And the pikes and the muskets did trail on the ground.

'O doctor, O doctor, will ye do this for me,
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'

3 'Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that’s the thing
I’ll neer do,
To rip up your two sides to save your babie:
Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, traveld six weeks and more,
Till midwives and doctors had quite gien her oer.

4 'O if ye were doctors as doctors should be,
Ye would send for King Henry, King Henry to me:'
King Henry was called for, and sat by her bedside,
'What aileth thee, Jeanie? what aileth my bride?'

5 'King Henry, King Henry, will ye do this for me,
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'
'Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's what I'll never do,
To rip up your two sides to save your babie.'

6 But with sighing and sobbing she's fallen in a swoon,
Her side it was ript up, and her babie was found;
At this bonie babie's christning there was meikle joy and mirth,
But bonnie Queen Jeanie lies cold in the earth.

O

a. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 182; "from two fragments, one transmitted from Arbrouth and another from Edinburgh." b. Herd's MSS, I, 103.

1 Queen Jeany has traveld for three days and more,
Till the ladies were weary, and quite gave her oer;
'O ladies, O ladies, do this thing for me,
To send for King Henry, to come and see me.'

2 King Henry was sent for, and sat by her bedside:
'Why weep you, Queen Jeany? your eyes are so red.'
'O Henry, O Henry, do this one thing for me, Let my side straight be open, and save my babie!'

3 'O Jeany, O Jeany, this never will do, It will leese thy sweet life, and thy young babie too.'
She wept and she wailed, till she fell in a swoon: Her side it was opened, the babie was found.

7 Six and six coaches, and six and six more, And royal King Henry went mourning before;
O two and two gentlemen carried her away, But royal King Henry went weeping away.

8 O black were their stockings, and black were their bands, And black were the weapons they held in their hands;
O black were their mufflers, and black were their shoes, And black were the cheverons they drew on their luses.

9 They mourned in the kitchen, and they mourned in the ha. But royal King Henry mourned langest of a': Farewell to fair England, farewell for evermore! For the fair flower of England will never shine more.

4 Prince Edward was christened with joy and with mirth, But the flower of fair England lies cold in the earth. O black was King Henry, and black were his men, And black was the steed that King Henry rode on.

5 And black were the ladies, and black were their fans, And black were the gloves that they wore on their hands, And black were the ribbands they wore on their heads, And black were the pages, and black were the maids.

6 The trumpets they sounded, the cannons did roar, But the flower of fair England shall flourish no more.
D

Robert Bell's Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England, p. 113; "taken down from the singing of a young gipsy girl, to whom it had descended orally through two generations."

1 Queen Jane was in travail for six weeks or more, 
   Till the women grew tired and fain would give oer:
   'O women, O women, good wives if ye be,
   Go send for King Henrie, and bring him to me!' 

2 King Henrie was sent for, he came with all speed,
   In a gownd of green velvet from heel to the head:
   'King Henrie, King Henrie, if kind Henrie you be,
   Send for a surgeon, and bring him to me!' 

3 The surgeon was sent for, he came with all speed,
   In a gownd of black velvet from heel to the head; 
   He gave her rich cauldle, but the death-sleep slept she,
   Then her right side was opened, and the babe was set free. 

4 The babe it was christened, and put out and nursed,
   While the royal Queen Jane she lay cold in the dust. 

5 So black was the mourning, and white were the wands,
   Yellow, yellow the torches they bore in their hands;
   The bells they were muffled, and mournful did play,
   While the royal Queen Jane she lay cold in the clay. 

6 Six knights and six lords bore her corpse through the grounds,
   Six dukes followed after, in black mourning gownds;
   The flower of Old England was laid in cold clay,
   Whilst the royal King Henrie came weeping away. 

E

Macmath MS., p. 68. "From my aunt, Miss Jane Webster, 1886-1887. She learned it at Airds of Kells, Kirkcudbrightshire, over fifty years ago, from the singing of James Smith."

1 'Ye midwives and women-kind, do one thing for me; 
   Send for my mother, to come and see me.' 

2 Her mother was sent for, who came speedilie:
   'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?' 

3 'O mother, dear mother, do one thing for me; 
   O send for King Henry, to come and see me.' 

4 King Henry was sent for, who came speedilie:
   'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?' 

5 'King Henry, King Henry, do one thing for me; 
   O send for a doctor, to come and see me.' 

6 The doctor was sent for, who came speedilie:
   'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?' 

7 'O doctor, oh doctor, do one thing for me; 
   Open my left side, and let my babe free.' 

8 He opened her left side, and then all was oer,
   And the best flower in England will flourish no more.
THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

Notes and Queries, Second Series, XI, 131; sung by an illiterate nursemaid "some forty years since" (1861).

QUEEN JANE lies in labour six weeks or more,
Till the women were tired, go see her no more:
'Oh women, oh women, if women you be,
You'll send for King Henry, to come and see me.'

They church'd her, they chimed her, they dug her grave,
They buried her body, and christend her babe.

Wi weeping and wailing, lamenting full sore,
That the flower of all England should flourish no more.

King Henry was sent for, who came in great speed,
Standing weeping and wailing at Queen Jeanie's bedside;
Standing weeping and wailing, etc.

'O King Henry, King Henry, King Henry,'
quo she,
'Will ye send for my mother . . . .

24th March, 1887. "I can never remember them, sitting thinking about them. Yesterday I was humming away, not knowing what I was singing, until I sung this:

He opened her left side, Queen Jeanie's life's oer,
And the last rose of England will flourish no more."
JUNE 10, 1540, Thomas Lord Cromwell, "when he least expected it," was arrested at the council-table by the Duke of Norfolk for high-treason, and on the 28th of July following he was executed. Cromwell, says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, judged "his perdition more certain that the duke was uncle to the Lady Katherine Howard, whom the king began now to affect." Later writers* have asserted that Katherine Howard exerted herself to procure Cromwell's death, and we can understand nobody else but her to be doing this in the third stanza of this fragment; nevertheless there is no authority for such a representation. The king had no personal interview with the minister whom he so suddenly struck down, but he did send the Duke of Norfolk and two others to visit Cromwell in prison, for the purpose of extracting confessions pertaining to Anne of Cleves. Cromwell wrote a letter to the king, imploring the mercy which, as well as confession, he refuses in stanza five.

Percy inserted in the Reliques, 1765, II, 58, a song against Cromwell, printed in 1540, and apparently before his death, and he observes, 1767, II, 86, that there was a succession of seven or eight more, for and against, which were then preserved, and of course are still existing, in the archives of the Antiquarian Society.

1
"Ffor if yowr boone be askable,
Soone granted it shalbe:

2 'If it be not touching my crowne,' he said,
'Nor hurting poore cominalyte.'
'Nay, it is not touching your crowne,' shee says,
'Nor hurting poore cominalyte,

3 'But I begg the death of Thomas Cromwell,
For a false traitor to you is hee.'
'Then feitch me hither the Earle of Darby
And the Earle of Shrewsbury,

4 'And bidde them bring Thomas Cromawell;
Let's see what he can say to mee;
For Thomas had woont to have carried his head vp,
But now he hanges it vppon his knee.

5 'How now? How now?' the king did say,
'Thomas, how is it with thee?'
'Hanging and drawing, O king!' he saide;
'You shall neuer gette more from mee.'

Half of the page is gone before the beginning.
* Burnet; Rapin-Thoyras, 1724, V, 401.
172

MUSSELBURGH FIELD

"Musleboorrowe field," Percy MS., p. 54; Hales and Furnivall, I, 123.

The Protector Somerset, to overcome or to punish the opposition of the Scots to the marriage of Mary Stuart with Edward VI, invaded Scotland at the end of the summer of 1547 with eighteen thousand men, supported by a fleet. The Scots mustered at Musselburgh, a town on the water five or six miles east of Edinburgh, under the Earls of Arran, Angus, and Huntly, each of whom, according to Buchanan, had ten thousand men, and there the issue was tried on the 10th of September. The northern army abandoned an impregnable position, and their superior, but ill-managed, and partly ill-composed, force, after successfully resisting a cavalry charge, was put to flight by the English, who had an advantage in cannon and cavalry as well as generalship. A hideous slaughter followed; Leslie admits that, in the chase and battle, there were slain above ten thousand of his countrymen. Patten, a Londoner who saw and described the fight, says that the one anxiety of the Scots was lest the English should get away, and that they were so sure of victory that, the night before the battle, they fell "to playing at dice for certain of our noblemen and captains of fame" (cf. stanza 3), as the French dined for prisoners on the eve of Agincourt. The dates are wrong in 172, 51; Huntly is rightly said to have been made prisoner, 71.

6, 8. When the Scots were once turned, says Patten, "it was a wonder to see how soon and in how sundry sorts they were scattered; the place they stood on like a wood of staves, strewed on the ground as rushes in a chamber, unpassable, they lay so thick, for either horse or man." Some made their course along the sands by the Frith, towards Leith; some straight toward Edinburgh; "and the residue, and (as we noted then) the most, of them toward Dalkeith, which way, by means of the marsh, our horsemen were worst able to follow." *

The battle is known also by the name of Pinkie or Pinkie Cleuch, appellations of an estate, a burn and a hill ("a hill called Pinkinecleuche," Leslie), near or within the field of operations.

Percy remarks upon 32: "It should seem from hence that there was somewhat of a uniform among our soldiers even then." There are jackets white and red in No 166, 299. Sir William Stanley has ten thousand red coats at his order in 'Lady Bessy,' vv 593, 809–11, 937 f, Percy MS., III, 344, 352, 358; Sir John Savage has fifteen hundred white hoods in the same piece, v. 815.

1 On the tenth day of December,
    And the fourth yeere of King Edwards reign,
    Att Musleboorrowe, as I remember,
    Two goodly hosts there mett on a plaine.

2 All that night they camped there,
    Soe did the Scotts, both stout and stubborne;

* W. Patten, The Expedition into Scotlande, etc., reprinted in Dalyell's Fragments of Scottish History, pp. 51, 66.
But "wellaway," it was their song,
For wee hane taken them in their owne
turne.

3 Over night they carded for our English men's
coates;
They fished before their nets were spunn;
A while for sixpence, a red for two groates;
Now wisdome wold hane stayed till they had
been woone.

4 Wee feared not but that they wold fight,
Yett it was turned vnto their owne paine;
Thoe against one of vs that they were eight,
Yett with their owne weapons wee did them
beat.

5 On the twelfth day in the morn
The made a face as the wold fight,

1. 10th. 2. 4th. 1st. 2nd. all night that.
2nd. horne may be the reading, instead of turne.

But many a proud Scott there was downe
borne,
And many a ranke coward was put to flight.

6 But when they heard our great gunnes cracke,
Then was their harts turned into their hose;
They cast down their weapons, and turned
their backes.
They ran soe fast that the fell on their nose.

7 The Lord Huntley, wee had him there;
With him hee brought ten thousand men,
Yett, God bee thanked, wee made them such a
banquet
That none of them returned againe.

8 Wee chased them to D[alkeith]

173

MARY HAMILTON

A. a. 'Marie Hamilton,' Sharp's Ballad Book, 1824,
p. 18. b. Communicated by the late John Francis
Campbell. c. Aungervyle Society's publications, No
V, p. 18.

B. 'Mary Hamilton,' Motherwell's MS., p. 337;
printed in part in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 313 ff.

C. 'Mary Myles,' Motherwell's MS., p. 265.

D. 'Mary Hamilton,' Motherwell's MS., p. 267; Moth-
erwell's Minstrelsy, p. 316.

E. 'Lady Maisry,' Buchan's MSS, II, 186; Buchan's
Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 190.

F. Skene MS., p. 61.

G. 'Mary Hamilton,' MS. of Scottish Songs and Bal-
lads copied by a granddaughter of Lord Woodhouse-
lee, p. 51.

H. 'Mary Hamilton,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Bal-
lads, p. 252.

I. a. 'The Queen's Marie,' Scott's Minstrelsy, 1833,
III, 294. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, 1802, II, 164, three
stanzas.

J. 'Marie Hamilton,' Harris MS., fol. 10 b.

K. 'The Queen's Mary,' Motherwell's MS., p. 96.

L. 'Mary Hamilton,' Motherwell's MS., p. 280.

M. 'Mary Hamilton,' Maidment's North Countrie
Garland, p. 19. Repeated in Buchan's Gleanings,
p. 164.

N. 'The Queen's Maries,' Murison MS., p. 33.

O. 'The Queen's Marie,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I,
xix.
The scene is at the court of Mary Stuart, A-N, Q. The unhappy heroine is one of the queen's Four Maries, A a 18, b 14, c 1, 18, 23, B 19, D 21, F 3, 12, G 16, H 18, I 19, J 8, 10, K 8, M 7, N 1; Mary Hamilton, A a 1, b 2, c 2, B 3, D 8, G 1, H 4, I 1, J 6; Lady Mary, F 5, 6; Mary Mild, Myle, C 5, M 1, N 1, also A c 6, Moil, O, but Lady Mairsy, E 6. She gangs wi' bairn; it is to the highest Stewart of a', A a 1, A c 2, B 3, C 5; cf. D 3, G 1–3, I 1–6, L 9, P 1. She goes to the garden to pull the leaf off the tree, in a vain hope to be free of the babe, C 3; it is the saven-tree, D 4, the deceivin-tree, N 3, the Abbey-tree (and pulled by the king), I 6.* She rolls the bairn in her apron, handkerchief, and throws it in the sea, A a 3, A b 3, A c 4, C 4, D 5, 9, I 7, K 2, 4, L 5 (inconsistently), O 3; cf. B 7. The queen asks where the babe is that she has heard greet, A a 4, b 4, c 6, B 4, 6, C 6, D 6, 8, E 6, 7, F 6, G 5, H 5, I 9, J 3, L 1, M 1; there is no babe, it was a stitch in the side, colic, A a 5, b 5, c 7, B 5, C 7, D 7, E 8, F 7, G 6, H 6, I 10, J 4, L 2, M 2; search is made and the child found in the bed, dead, E 9, F 9, H 7, J 5, L 4, M 4 (and A c 8 inconsistently). The queen bids Mary make ready to go to Edinburgh (i. e., from Holyrood), A a 6, A b 6, A c 10, C 8, D 11, E 10, F 12, H 8, I 11. The purpose is concealed in A, a, b, c, and for the best effect should be concealed, or at least simulated, as in B, D, G, I, where a wedding is the pretence, Mary Hamilton's own wedding in D. The queen directs Mary to put on black or brown, A a 6, A b 6, A c 10; she will not put on black or brown, but white, gold, red, to shine through Edinburgh town, A a 7, A b 7, A c 11, B 9, C 9, D 13, E 11, H 10, K 6, N 5, O 5. When she went up the Canongate, A a 8, b 8, c 13, L 6, up the Parliament stair, A a 9, b 9, c 14, D 16, up the Tolbooth stair, C 12, E 14, H 15, I 17, came to the Netherbow Port, G 10, I 18, M 6, she laughed loudly or lightly, A a 8, b 8, c 13, D 16, E 14, G 10, H 15, I 18, L 6, M 6; the heel, lap, came off her shoe, A a 9, b 9, c 14, C 12, the corks from her heels did flee, I 17; but ere she came down again she was condemned to die, A a 9, b 9, c 14, C 12, D 16, E 14, H 15, I 17; but when she reached the gallows-foot, G 10, I 18, M 6, ere she came to the Cowgate Head, L 6, when she came down the Canongate, A a 8, b 8, c 13, the tears blinded her eyes. She calls for a bottle of wine, that she may drink to her well-wishers and they may drink to her, A a 12, b 10, c 17, B 14; cf. D 19, 20, G 13. She adjures sailors, travellers, not to let her father and mother get wit what death she is to die, A a 14, b 12, c 19, B 15, C 13, D 20, F 15, G 13, H 21, I 23, L 7, M 8, or know but that she is coming home, A a 13, b 11, B 16, C 14, D 19, E 15, F 16, G 14, H 20, I 22, L 8. Little did her mother think when she cruelled her (brought her from home, F 18) what lands she would travel and what end she would come to, A a 15, c 21, B 17, 18, C 15, D 17, G 15, I 25, J 9, N 9, R; as little her father, when he held her up, A a 16, c 22, C 16, brought her over the sea, F 17. Yeestreen the queen had four Maries, to-night she'll have but three (see above); yeestreen she washed Queen Mary's feet, etc., and the gallows is her reward to-day, A a 17, b 13, B 20, C 17, G 11, 12, H 19, I 20, 21, N 8.

It is impossible to weave all the versions into an intelligible and harmonious story. In E 10, F 12, H 8 the intention to bring Mary to trial is avowed, and in A c 9, B 8, F 10, K 5, M 5 she is threatened with death. In

* Deceivin, Abbey, are of course savin misunderstood. One of the reciters of D (49) gave 'saving.'
D 12, H 9, J 7, N 4, the queen is made to favor, and not inhibit, gay colors. Mary may laugh when she goes up the Parliament stair, but not when she goes up the Tolbooth stair. She goes up the Canongate to the Parliament House to be tried, but she would not go down the Canongate again, the Tolbooth being in the High Street, an extension of the Canongate, and the Parliament House in the rear. The tears and alacres and o/phoes as Mary goes by, A a 10, c 15, B 10, C 10, D 14, E 12, F 13, H 11, I 16, are a sufficiently effective incident as long as Mary is represented to be unsuspicious of her doom, as she is in D 15, G 9, I 15, 16; but in A a 11, c 16, B 11, C 11, H 12, 22, she forbids condolment, because she deserves to die for killing her babe, which reduces this passage to commonplace. Much better, if properly introduced, would be the desperate ejaculation, Seek never grace at a graceless face! which we find in E 13, F 14, H 13, N 7.

At the end of B the king tells Mary Hamilton to come down from the scaffold, but she scorches life after having been put to public shame. So in D, with queen for king.

In A a 4, b 4, 13, G 5 the queen is "the astid queen," and yet Mary Stuart.

E, from 16, F, from 19, are borrowed from No 95, 'The Maid freed from the Gallows:' see II, 346. G 8 (and I 13, taken from G) is derived from 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' D a 11, e 10, g 11: see II, 187, 196, 197. The rejection of black and brown, A 7, C 9, D 13, etc., or of green, K 6, is found in the same ballad, C 10, E 16, F 12, 15, etc., B 20. B 21 is perhaps from 'The Laird of Wariston:' see further on, A 9, B 10, C 4. I 12, 14 look like a souvenir of 'Fair Janet,' No 64.

There are not a few spurious passages. Among these are the extravagance of the queen's bursting in the door, F 8; the platitude, of menial stamp, that the child, if saved, might have been an honor to the mother, D 10, L 3, O 4; the sentimentality of H 3, 16.

Allan Cunningham has put the essential incidents of the story into a rational order, that of A, for example, with less than usual of his glistening and saccharine phraseology: Songs of Scotland, I, 348. Ayton's language is not quite definite with regard to the copy which he gives at II, 45, ed. 1859: it is, however, made up from versions previously printed.

When Mary Stuart was sent to France in 1548, she being then between five and six, she had for companions "sundry gentlewomen and noblemen's sons and daughters, almost of her own age, of which the four in special of whom every one of them bore the same name of Mary, being of four sundry honorable houses, to wit, Fleming, Living- ston, Seton, and Beaton of Cricht; who re- mained all four with the queen in France during her residence there, and returned again in Scotland with her Majesty in the year of our Lord 1561:" Lesley, History of Scotland, 1830, p. 209. We still hear of the Four Mariies in 1564, Calendar of State Papers (Foreign), VII, 213, 230; cited by Burton, IV, 107. The ballad substitutes Mary Hamilton and Mary Carmichael for Mary Livingston and Mary Fleming; but F 3, 12 has Livingston. N, of late recitation, has Heatton for Seton and Michel for Carmichael.

D 4, etc. In 'Tam Lin,' No 39, Janet pulls the rose to kill or scathe away her babe; A 19, 20, F 8, I 24, 25 (probably repeated from A). In G 18, 19, the herb of 15 and the rose of 17 becomes the pile of the gravel green, or of the gravel gray; in H 5, 6 Janet pulls an unspecified flower or herb (I, 341 ff).

We have had in 'The Twa Brothers,' No 49, a passage like that in which Mary begs sailors and travellers not to let her parents know that she is not coming home; and other ballads, Norse, Breton, Roman, and Slavic, which present a similar trait, are noted at I, 496 f, II, 14. To these may be added Passow, p. 400, No 523; Jeanmaraki, p. 116, No 118; Sakellarios, p. 98, No 31; Puymaigre, 1865, p. 62, Buejeaud, II, 210 (Liebrecht); also Guillon, p. 107, Nigra, No 27, A, B, pp. 164, 166, and many copies of 'Le Déserteur,' and some of 'Le Plongeur,' 'La ronde du Battoir.'

Scott thought that the ballad took its rise
from an incident related by Knox as occurring in "the beginning of the regiment of Mary, Queen of Scots." "In the very time of the General Assembly," says Knox, "there comes to public knowledge a heinous murder committed in the court, yet, not far from the queen's own lap; for a French woman that served in the queen's chamber had played the whore with the queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a child, whom, with common consent, the father and the mother murdered. Yet were the cries of a new-born bairn heard; search was made, and the child and mother was both apprehended, and so were both the man and the woman damned to be hanged upon the public street of Edinburgh."* "It will readily strike the reader," says Scott, "that the tale has suffered great alterations, as hanged down by tradition; the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton, and the queen's apothecary † into Henry Darnley. Yet this is less surprising when we recollect that one of the heaviest of the queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants." This General Assembly, however, met December 25, 1563, and since Darnley did not come to Scotland until 1565, a tale of 1563, or of 1563-4, leaves him unscathed.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in his preface to A, Ballad Book, 1824, p. 18, observes: "It is singular that during the reign of the Czar Peter, one of his empress's attendants, a Miss Hamilton, was executed for the murder of a natural child. ... I cannot help thinking that the two stories have been confused in the ballad, for if Marie Hamilton was executed in Scotland, it is not likely that her relations resided beyond seas; and we have no proof that Hamilton was really the name of the woman who made a slip with the queen's apothecary." Sharpe afterwards communicated details of the story ‡ to Scott, who found in them "a very odd coincidence in name, crime and catastrophe:" Minstrelsy, 1833, III, 296, note. But Sharpe became convinced "that the Russian tragedy must be the original" (note in Laing's edition of the Ballad Book, 1880, p. 129); and this opinion is the only tenable one, however surprising it may be or seem that, as late as the eighteenth century, the popular genius, helped by nothing but a name, should have been able so to fashion and color an episode in the history of a distant country as to make it fit very plausibly into the times of Mary Stuart.

The published accounts of the affair of the Russian Mary Hamilton differ to much the same degree as some versions of the Scottish ballad. The subject has fortunately been reviewed in a recent article founded on original and authentic documents.§

When the Hamiltons first came to Russia does not appear. Artemon Sergheieivitch Matveief, a distinguished personage, minister and friend of the father of Peter the Great, married a Hamilton, of a Scottish family settled at Moscow, after which the Hamilton family ranked with the aristocracy. The name of Mary's father, whether William or Daniel, is uncertain, but it is considered safe to say that she was niece to Andrei Artemonovitch Matveief, son of the Tsar Alexei's friend. Mary Hamilton was cre-

* History of the Reformation, Knox's Works, ed. Laing, II, 415 f. Knox continues: "But yet was not the court purged of whores and whoredom, which was the fountain of such enormities; for it was well known that shame hasted marriage betwix John Semple, called the Dancer, and Mary Livingston, surnamed the Lusty. What bruited the Maries and the rest of the dancers of the court had, the ballads of that age did witness, which we for modesty's sake omit." This Mary Livingston is one of the Four Marys, but, as already said, is mentioned in version P only of our ballad.

† "In this set of the ballad" [D], says Motherwell, "from its direct allusion to the use of the savin tree, a clue is perhaps afforded for tracing how the poor mediciner mentioned by Knox should be implicated in the crime of Mary Hamilton." Maidment goes further: "The reference to the use of the savin tree in Motherwell induces a strong suspicion that the lover was a mediciner." Maidment should have remembered that there is a popular pharma
copoeia quite independent of the professional. No apot-
ecary prescribes in 'Tam Lin.'

‡ In an extract from Gordon's History of Peter the Great, Aberdeen, 1755, II, 308 f.

§ 'Maid-of-Honor Hamilton,' by M. I. Semefsky, in Slovo i Dyelo (Word and Deed), 1886, St Petersburg, 3d edition, p. 187. I am indebted to Professor Vinogradof of the University of Moscow, for pointing out this paper, and to Miss Isabel Florence Happgood for a summary of its con-
ets.
ated maid-of-honor to the Empress Catharine chiefly on account of her beauty. Many of Catharine's attendants were foreigners; not all were of conspicuous families, but Peter required that they should all be remarkably handsome. Mary had enjoyed the special favor of the Tsar, but incurred his anger by setting afloat a report that Catharine had a habit of eating wax, which produced pimples on her face. The empress spoke to her about this slander; Mary denied that she was the author of it; Catharine boxed her ears, and she acknowledged the offence. Mary Hamilton had been having an amour with Ivan Orlof, a handsome aide-de-camp of Tsar Peter, and while she was under the displeasure of her master and mistress, the body of a child was found in a well, wrapped in a court-napkin. Orlof, being sent for by Peter on account of a missing paper, thought that his connection with Mary had been discovered, and in his confusion let words escape him which Peter put to use in tracing the origin of the child. The guilt was laid at Mary's door; she at first denied the accusation, but afterwards made a confession, exonerating Orlof, however, from all participation in the death of the babe; and indeed it was proved that he had not even known of its birth till the information came to him in the way of court-gossip. Both were sent to the Petro-paulovsk fortress, Orlof on April 4, Mary on April 10, 1718. Orlof was afterwards discharged without punishment. Mary, after being twice subjected to torture, under which she confessed to having previously destroyed two children, was condemned to death November 27, 1718, and executed on March 14, 1719, the Tsar attending. She had attired herself in white silk, with black ribbons, hoping thereby to touch Peter's heart. She fell on her knees and implored a pardon. But a law against the murder of illegitimate children had recently been promulgated at fresh and in terms of extreme severity. Peter turned aside and whispered something to the executioner; those present thought he meant to show grace, but it was an order to the headman to do his office. The Tsar picked up Mary's head and kissed it, made a little discourse on the anatomy of it to the spectators, kissed it again, and threw it down. That beautiful head is said to have been kept in spirits for some sixty years at the Academy of Sciences in St Petersburg.

It will be observed that this adventure at the Russian court presents every material feature in the Scottish ballad, and even some subordinate ones which may or may not have been derived from report, may or may not have been the fancy-work of singers or reciters. We have the very name, Mary Hamilton; she is a maid-of-honor; she has, as some versions run, an intrigue with the king, and has a child, which she destroys; she rolls the child in a napkin and throws it into a well (rolls the child in her handkerchief, apron, and throws it in the sea); she is charged with the fact and denies; according to some versions, search is made and overwhelming proof discovered; she is tried and condemned to die; she finds no grace. The appeal to sailors and travellers in the ballad shows that Mary Hamilton dies in a foreign land—not that of her ancestors. The king's coming by in B 22 (cf. D 22, 23) may possibly be a reminiscence of the Tsar's presence at the execution, and Mary's dressing herself in white, etc., to shine through Edinburgh town a transformation of Mary's dressing herself in white to move the Tsar's pity at the last moment; but neither of these points need be insisted on.

There is no trace of an admixture of the Russian story with that of the French woman and the queen's apothecary, and no ballad about the French woman is known to have existed.

* The parentage of these was not ascertained. Some accounts make Mary Hamilton to have been Peter's mistress: for example [J. B. Schérer's], Anecdotes intéressantes et secrètes de la cour de Russie, London, 1792, I, 272 ff. See also Mélanges de Littérature, etc., par François-Louis, comte d'Eschery, Paris, 1811, I, 7 ff. (The white gown with black ribbons is here.)

† “Hamilton, imperturbable, n'est. Menikoff engagea l'empereur à faire une perquisition dans les coffres d'Hamil-ton, où l'on trouva le corps du delit, l'arriere-faix et du linge ensanglanté.” Schérer, Anecdotes, p. 274.
We first hear of the Scottish ballad in 1790, when a stanza is quoted in a letter of Robert Burns (see R). So far as I know, but one date can be deduced from the subject-matter of the ballad; the Netherbow Port is standing in G, I, M, and this gate was demolished in 1764. The ballad must therefore have arisen between 1719 and 1764. It is remark-
able that one of the very latest of the Scott-
ish popular ballads should be one of the very
best.

I a is translated by Gerhard, p. 149; Ay-
toun's ballad by Knortz, Schottische Balla-
den, p. 76, No 24.

---

A

1 Wonth's gane to the kitchen,
   And word's gane to the ha,
   That Marie Hamilton gangs wi bairn
   To the hichest Stewart of a'.

2 He's courted her in the kitchen,
   He's courted her in the ha,
   He's courted her in the laigh cellar,
   And that was warst of a'.

3 She's tyed it in her apron
   And she's thrown it in the sea;
   Says, Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe!
   You'll neer get mair o me.

4 Down then cam the auld queen,
   Goud tassels tying her hair:
   'O Maric, where's the bounny wee babe
   That I heard greet sae sair?'

5 'There never was a babe intill my room,
   As little designs to be;
   It was but a touch o my sair side,
   Come oer my fair bodie.'

6 'O Maric, put on your robes o black,
   Or else your robes o brown,
   For ye maun gang wi me the night,
   To see fair Edinbro town.'

7 'I winna put on my robes o black,
   Nor yet my robes o brown;
   But I'll put on my robes o white,
   To shine through Edinbro town.'

8 When she gaed up the Cannogate,
   She laughd loud laughters three;
   But when she cam down the Cannogate
   The tear blinded her ee.

9 When she gaed up the Parliament stair,
   The heel cam aff her shee;
   And lang or she cam down again
   She was condemn to dee.

10 When she cam down the Cannogate,
   The Cannogate sae free,
   Many a ladie lookd oer her window,
   Weeping for this ladie.

11 'Ye need nae weep for me,' she says,
   'Ye need nae weep for me;
   For had I not slain mine own sweet babe,
   This death I wadna dee.

12 'Bring me a bottle of wine,' she says,
   'The best that eer ye hae,
   That I may drink to my weil-wishers,
   And they may drink to me.

13 'Here's a health to the jolly sailors,
   That sail upon the main;
   Let them never let on to my father and mother
   But what I'm coming hame.

14 'Here's a health to the jolly sailors,
   That sail upon the sea;
   Let them never let on to my father and mother
   That I cam here to dee.

15 'Oh little did my mother think,
   The day she cradled me,
   What lands I was to travel through,
   What death I was to dee.
16 'Oh little did my father think,
The day he held up me,
What lands I was to travel through,
What death I was to see.

17 'Last night I washed the queen's feet,
And gently laid her down;

And a' the thanks I've gotten the night
To be hang'd in Edinbro town!

18 'Last nicht there was four Maries,
The nicht there '1 be but three;
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.'

There is a wedding in Glasgow town
This day we'll go and see.'

9 She put not on her black clothing,
She put not on her brown,
But she put on the glistening gold,
To shine thro Edinburgh town.

10 As they came into Edinburgh town,
The city for to see,
The bailie's wife and the provost's wife
Said, Och an alace for thee!

11 'Gie never alace for me,' she said,
'Gie never alace for me;
It's all for the sake of my poor babe,
This death that I maun die.'

12 As they gaed up the Tolbuith stair,
The stair it was sae hie,
The bailie's son and the provost's son
Said, Och an alace for thee!

13 'Gie never alace for me,' she said,
'Gie never alace for me!
It's all for the sake of my pair babe,
This death that I maun die.

14 'But bring to me a cup,' she says,
'A cup bot and a can,
And I will drink to all my friends,
And they'll drink to me again.

15 'Here's to you all, travellers,
Who travels by land or sea;
Let us wit to my father nor mother
The death that I must die.

16 'Here's to you all, travellers,
That travels on dry land;
Let us wit to my father nor mother
But I am coming hame.
17 'Little did my mother think,  
First time she cradled me,  
What hand I was to travel on,  
Or what death I would die.

18 'Little did my mother think,  
First time she tied my head,  
What land I was to tread upon,  
Or where I would win my bread.

19 'Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries,  
This night she'll bae but three;  
She had Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

20 'Yestreen I wish Queen Mary's feet,  
And bore her till her bed;

This day she's given me my reward,  
This gallows-tree to tread.

21 'Cast off, cast off my goun,' she said,  
'But let my petticoat be,  
And tye a napkin on my face,  
For that gallows I downa see.'

22 By and cum the king himself,  
Lookd up with a pitiful ce:  
'Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton,  
This day thou wilt dine with me.'

23 'Hold your tongue, my sovereign leige,  
And let your folly be;  
An ye had a mind to save my life,  
Ye should na shamed me here.'

'C

Motherwell's MS. p. 265; from Mrs Crum, Dumbarton,  
7 April, 1825.

1 There lived a lord into the west,  
And he had dochters three,  
And the youngest o them is to the king's court,  
To learn some courtesie.

2 She was not in the king's court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till she was neither able to sit nor gang,  
Wi the gaining o some play.

3 She went to the garden,  
To pull the leaf aff the tree,  
To tak this bonnie babe frae her breast,  
But alas it would na do!

4 She rowed it in her handkerchief,  
And threw it in the sea:  
'O sink ye, swim ye, wee wee babe!  
Ye'll get nae mair o me.'

5 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the han,  
That Mary Myle she goes wi child  
To the highest Steward of a'.

6 Down and came the queen hersell,  
The queen hersell so free:

'O Mary Myle, where is the child  
That I heard weep for thee?'

7 'O hold your tongue now, Queen,' she says,  
'O hold your tongue so free!  
For it was but a shower o the sharp sickness,  
I was almost like to die.'

8 'O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Myle,  
O busk, and go wi me;  
O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Mile,  
It's Edinburgh town to see.'

9 'I'll no put on my robes o black,  
No nor yet my robes [o] brown;  
But I'll put on my golden weed,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.'

10 When she went up the Cannongate-side,  
The Cannongate-side so free,  
Oh there she spied some ministers' lads,  
Crying Och and alace for me!

11 'Dinna cry och and alace for me!  
Dinna cry [o]ch and alace for me!  
For it's all for the sake of my innocent babe  
That I come here to die.'

12 When she went up the Tolbooth-stair,  
The lap cam aff her shoe;  
Before that she came down again,  
She was condemned to die.
13 'O all you gallant sailors,
   That sail upon the sea,
   Let neither my father nor mother know
   The death I am to die!

14 'O all you gallant sailors,
   That sail upon the faem,
   Let neither my father nor mother know
   But I am coming hame!

15 Little did my mother know,
   The hour that she bore me,

What hands I was to travel in,
   What death I was to die.

16 Little did my father know,
   When he held up my head,
   What hands I was to travel in,
   What was to be my deid.

17 'Yestreen I made Queen Mary's bed,
   Kenbed down her yellow hair;
   Is this the reward I am to get,
   To tread this gallows-stair!

It was mysel' wi a fit o the sair colic,
   I was sick just like to die.'

8 'O hold your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
   Let all those words go free!
   O where is the little babie
   That I heard weep by thee?'

9 'I rowed it in my handkerchief,
   And threw it in the sea;
   I bade it sink, I bade it swim,
   It would get nae mair o me.'

10 'O wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton,
   And an ill deid may you die!
   For if ye had saved the babie's life
   It might hae been an honour to thee.

11 'Busk ye, busk ye, Marie Hamilton,
   O busk ye to be a bride!
   For I am going to Edinburgh toun,
   Your gay wedding to bide.

12 'You must not put on your robes of black,
   Nor yet your robes of brown;
   But you must put on your yellow gold stuffs,
   To shine thro Edinburgh town.'

13 'I will not put on my robes of black,
   Nor yet my robes of brown;
   But I will put on my yellow gold stuffs,
   To shine thro Edinburgh town.'

14 As she went up the Parliament Close,
   A riding on her horse,
   There she saw many a cobler's lady,
   Sat greeting at the cross.
15 'O what means a' this greeting?
   I'm sure its nac for me;
   For I'm come this day to Edinburgh town
   Weel wedded for to be.'

16 When she gade up the Parliament stair,
   She gied loud laughters three;
   But ere that she came down again,
   She was condemned to die.

17 'O little did my mother think,
   The day that she prinned my gown,
   That I was to come sae far frae hame
   To be hangid in Edinburgh town.

18 'O what'll my poor father think,
   As he comes thro the town,
   To see the face of his Molly fair
   Hanging on the gallows-pin!

19 'Here's a health to the marineres,
   That plough the raging main!
   Let neither my mother nor father know
   But I'm coming hame again!

20 'Here's a health to the sailors,
   That sail upon the sea!
   Let neither my mother nor father ken
   That I came here to die!

21 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
   This night she'll hae but three;
   There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
   And Mary Carmichael, and me.'

22 'O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,
   Let all those words go free!
   This night eer ye be hanged
   Ye shall gang hame wi me.'

23 'O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,
   Let all those words go free!
   For since I have come to Edinburgh town,
   It's hanged I shall be,
   And it shall neer be said that in your court
   I was condemned to die.'

I did take strong travilling
As ever yet was seen.'

6 Ben it came the queen hersell,
   Was a' gowd to the hair;
   'O where's the bairn, Lady Maisry,
   That I heard greeting sair?'

7 Ben it came the queen hersell,
   Was a' gowd to the chin:
   'O where's the bairn, Lady Maisry,
   That I heard late yestreen.'

8 'There is no bairn here,' she says,
   'Nor never thinks to be;
   'T was but a stoun o sair sickness
   That ye heard seizing me.'

9 They sought it out, they sought it in.
   They sought it but and ben,
   But between the bolster and the bed
   They got the baby slain.

10 'Come busk ye, busk ye, Lady Maisdry,
   Come busk, an go with me;
Mary and 389
Hold. Hold
Ye
The
There
She
Open
A'

11 She would not put on the black, the black,
Nor yet wad she the brown,
But the white silk and the red scarlet,
That shin’d frae town to town.

12 As she gaed down thro’ Edinburgh town
The burgheurs’ wives made meen,
That sic a dainty damsel
Sud ever hae died for sin.

13 ‘Make never meen for me,’ she says,
‘Make never meen for me;
Seek never grace frae a graceless face,
For that ye’ll never see.’

14 As she gaed up the Tolbooth stair,
A light laugh she did gie;
But lang ere she came down again
She was condemned to die.

15 ‘A’ you that are in merchants-ships,
And cross the roaring faem,
Hae nae word to my father and mother,
But that I’m coming hame.

16 ‘Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,
Hold them a little while!
For yonder comes my father and mother,
That’s travelld mony a mile.

4 Queen Mary sat in her bower,
Sewing her silver seam;
She thought she heard a baby greet,
But an a lady meen.

5 She threw her needle frae her,
Her seam out of her hand,
An she is on to Lady Mary’s bower,
As fast as she could gang.

6 ‘Open yer door, Lady Mary,’ she says,
‘And let me come in;
For I hear a baby greet,
But an a lady meen.’

7 ‘There is na bab in my bower, madam,
Nor never thinks to be,
But the strong pains of gravel
This night has seized me.'

8 She pat her fit to the door,
But an her knee,
Baith of brass and iron bands
In flinders she gard flee.

9 She pat a hand to her bed-head,
An ither to her bed-feet,
An bonny was the bab
Was blabbering in its bleed.

10 'Wae worth ye, Lady Mary,
An ill dead sall ye die!
For an ye widna kept the bonny bab,
Ye might ha sen 't to me.'

11 'Lay na the wate on me, madam,
Lay na the wate on me!
For my fas love bare the brand at his side
That gared my barrine die.'

12 'Get up, Lady Beaton, get up, Lady Seton,
And Lady Livestone three,
An we will on to Edinburgh,
An try this gay lady.'

13 As she came to the Cannoongate,
The bargers' wives they cried
Hon ohon, ochree!

14 'O had you still, ye bargers' wives,
An make na meen for me;
Seek never grace of a graceless face,
For they hae nane to gie.

15 'Ye merchants and ye mariners,
That trade upon the sea,
O dinna tell in my country
The dead I 'm gaen to die!

16 'Ye merchants and ye mariners,
That sail upo the faeme,
O dinna tell in my country
But that I 'm comin hame!

17 'Little did my father think,
When he brought me oun the sea,
That he wad see me yellow locks
Hang on a gallow's tree.

18 'Little did my mither think
When she brought me fra hame,
That she maught see my yellow loks
Han[g] on a gallow-pin.

19 'O had your hand a while!
For yonder comes my father,
I 'm sure he 'l borrow me.

20 'O some of your goud, father,
An of your well won fee,
To save me [frae the high hill]
[And] frae the gallow-tree !'

21 'Ye's get nane of my goud,
Nor of my well won fee,
For I would gie five hundred pawn
To see ye hangit hie.'

22 'O had yer hand a while!
Yonder is my love Willie,
Sure he will borrow me.

23 'O some o your goud, my love Willie,
An some o yer well won fee,
To save me frae the high hill,
And frae the gallow-tree !'

24 'Ye's get a' my goud,
And a' my well won fee,
To save ye fra the headin-hill,
And frae the gallow-tree.'

An the king thocht mair o Marie
Then onie that were there.

2 Mary Hamilton's to the preaching gane.
Wi ribbons on her breast;
An the king thocht mair o Marie
Than he thocht o the priest.
3 Syne word is thro the palace gane,  
I heard it taud yestreen,  
The king loes Mary Hamilton  
Mair than he loes his queen.  

4 A sad tale thro the town is gaen,  
A sad tale on the morrow;  
Oh Mary Hamilton has born a babe,  
An slain it in her sorrow!  

5 And down then cam the auld queen,  
Goud tassels tied her hair:  
'What did ye wi the wee wee bairn  
That I heard greet sae sair?'  

6 'There neer was a bairn into my room,  
An as little designs to be;  
'I was but a stitch o my sair side,  
Cam owre my fair bodie.'  

7 'Rise up now, Marie,' quo the queen,  
' Rise up, an come wi me,  
For we maun ride to Holyroo,  
A gay wedding to see.'  

8 The queen was drest in scarlet fine,  
Her maidens all in green;  
An every town that they cam thro  
Took Marie for the queen.  

9 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
As she rode owre the lea,  
That she was gaun to Edinbro town  
Her doom to hear and dree.  

10 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She laughed loud laughters three;  
But when she reached the gallows-tree,  
The tears blinded her ee.  

11 'Oh aften have I dressed my queen,  
An put gowd in her hair;  
The gallows-tree is my reward,  
An shame maun be my share!  

12 'Oh aften hae I dressed my queen,  
An saft saft made her bed;  
An now I've got for my reward  
The gallows-tree to tread!  

13 'There's a health to all gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the sea!  
Oh never let on to my father and mither  
The death that I maun dee!  

14 'An I charge ye, all ye mariners,  
When ye sail owre the main,  
Let neither my father nor mither know  
But that I'm comin hame.  

15 'Oh little did my mither ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
What lauds I was to tread in,  
Or what death I should dee.  

16 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The nicht she 'll hae but three;  
There's Marie Seaton, an Marie Beaton,  
An Marie Carmichael, an me.'  

H  

It was my dimpling rosy cheeks  
That 's been the dule o me;  
And wae be to that weirdless wicht,  
And a' his witcherie!'  

4 Word's gane up and word's gane doun,  
An word's gane to the la,  
That Mary Hamilton was wi bairn,  
An na body kend to wha.  

5 But in and cam the queen hersel,  
Wi gowd plait on her hair:  
Says, Mary Hamilton, where is the babe  
That I heard greet sae sair?
6 'There is na babe within my bower, 
And I hope there neer will be; 
But it ’s me wi a sair and sick colic, 
And I 'm just like to dee.'

7 But they looked up, they looked down, 
Atween the bowsters and the wa, 
It ’s there they got a bonnie lad-bairn, 
But its life it was awa.

8 'Rise up, rise up, Mary Hamilton, 
Rise up, and dress ye fine, 
For you maun gaug to Edinbruch, 
And stand afore the nine.

9 'Ye ’ll no put on the doowie black, 
Nor yet the doowie brown; 
But ye ’ll put on the robes o red, 
To sheen thro Edinbruch town.'

10 'I ’ll no put on the doowie black, 
Nor yet the doowie brown; 
But I ’ll put on the robes o red, 
To sheen thro Edinbruch town.'

11 As they gaed thro Edinbruch town, 
And down by the Nether-bow, 
There war monie a lady fair 
Siching and crying, Och how!

12 'O weep na mair for me, ladies, 
Weep na mair for me! 
Yestreen I killed my ain bairn, 
The day I deserve to dee.

13 'What need ye hech and how, ladies? 
What need ye how for me? 
Ye never saw grace at a graceless face, 
Queen Mary has none to gie.'

14 'Gae forward, gae forward,' the queen she said, 
'Gae forward, that ye may see; 
For the very same words that ye hae said 
Sall hang ye on the gallows-tree.'

15 As she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs, 
She gied loud laughters three; 
But or ever she cam down again, 
She was condemn’d to dee.

16 'O tak example frae me, Maries, 
O tak example frae me, 
Nor gie your lave to courtly lords, 
Nor heed their witchin’ ee.

17 'But war be to the Queen hereel, 
She nicht hae pardoned me; 
But sair she ’s striven for me to hang 
Upon the gallows-tree.

18 'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries, 
The nieth she ’ll hae but three; 
There was Mary Beatoun, Mary Seaton, 
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

19 'Aft hae I set pearls in her hair, 
Aft hae I laed her gown, 
And this is the reward I now get, 
To be hang’d in Edinbruch town!

20 'O a’ ye mariners, far and near, 
That sail ayont the faem, 
O dinna let my father and mither ken 
But what I am coming hame!

21 'O a’ ye mariners, far and near, 
That sail ayont the sea, 
Let na my father and mither ken 
The death I am to dee!

22 'Sae, weep na mair for me, ladies, 
Weep na mair for me; 
The mither that kills her ain bairn 
Deserves weel for to dee.'

1 Marie Hamilton ’s to the kirk gane, 
Wi ribbons in her hair;

2 Marie Hamilton ’s to the kirk gane, 
Wi ribbons on her breast;

The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton 
Than ony that were there.
3 Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,
Wi gloves upon her hands;
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton,
Than the queen and a' her hands.

4 She hadna been about the king's court
A month, but barely one,
Till she was beloved by a' the king's court,
And the king the only man.

5 She hadna been about the king's court
A month, but barely three.
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,
Marie Hamilton durstna be.

6 The king is to the Abbey gane,
To put the Abbey-tree.
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,
But the thing it wadna be.

7 O she has rowd it in her apron,
And set it on the sea:
'Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe!
Ye's get nae mair o me.'

8 Word is to the kitchen gane,
And word is to the la,
And word is to the noble room,
Aman the ladyes a',
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,
And the bonny babe's mist and awa.

9 Rarely had she lain down again,
And scarcely fa'en asleep,
When up then started our gude queen,
Just at her bed-feet,
Saying, Marie Hamilton, where's your babe?
For I am sure I heard it greet.

10 'O no. O no, my noble queen,
Think no such thing to be!
'T was but a stitch into my side,
And sair it troubles me.'

11 'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,
Get up and follow me;
For I am going to Edinburgh town,
A rich wedding for to see.'

12 O slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly put she on,
And slowly rode she out the way,
Wi mony a weary groan.

13 The queen was clad in scarlet,
Her merry maids all in green,
And every town that they cam to,
They took Marie for the queen.

14 'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,
Ride hooly now wi me!
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd
Rade in your cumpanie.'

15 But little wist Marie Hamilton,
When she rade on the brown,
That she was gane to Edinburgh town,
And a' to be put down.

16 'Why weep ye so, ye burgess-wives,
Why look ye so on me?
O I am going to Edinburgh town
A rich wedding for to see!'

17 When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,
The corks frae her heels did flee;
And lang or eer she cam down again
She was condemned to die.

18 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,
She laughed loud laughers three;
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,
The tears blinded her ee.

19 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
The night she'll hae but three;
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

20 'O often have I dressed my queen,
And put gold upon her hair;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows to be my share.

21 'Often have I dressed my queen,
And often made her bed;
But now I've gotten for my reward
The gallows-tree to tread.

22 'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
When ye sail ower the faem,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
But that I'm coming hame!

23 'I charge ye all, ye mariners,
That sail upon the sea,
Let neither my father nor mother get wit
This dog's death I'm to die!
24 'For if my father and mother got wit,  
    And my bold brethren three,  
    O mickle wad be the guite red blade  
    This day wad be spilt for me!'  

25 'O little did my mother ken,  
    That day she cradled me,  
    The lands I was to travel in,  
    Or the death I was to die!'  

6 'Come doon, come doon, Marie Hamilton,  
    Come doon an speak to me;  

7 'You'll no put on your dowie black,  
    Nor yet your dowie brow;  
    But you'll put on your ried, ried silk,  
    To shine through Edinborough toun.'  

8 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
    The nicht she 'll hae but three;  
    There was Marie Bethune, an Marie Seaton,  
    An Marie Carmichael, an me.'  

9 'Ah, little did my mother ken,  
    The day she cradled me,  
    The lands that I sud travel in,  
    An the death that I suld dee.'  

10 Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
    The nicht she has but three;  
    For the bonniest Marie amang them a'  
    Was hanged upon a tree.  

4 'O I tyed it up in a napkin,  
    And flang it in the sea;  
    I bade it sink, I bade it soon,  
    'T wad get nae mair o me.'  

5 Out and spak King Henrie,  
    And an angry man was he:  
    'A' for the drowning o that wee babe  
    High hanged ye shall be.'  

6 'I'll no put on a goun o black,  
    Nor yet a goun o green,  
    But I'll put on a goun o gowd,  
    To glance in young men's een.'
7 'O gin ye meet my father or mother,
   Ye may tell them frae me,
   'I was for the sake o' a wee wee bairn
   That I came here to die.

8 'Yestreen four Maries made Queen Mary's
   bed,
   This nicht there'll be but three,

   L
   Motherwell's MS., p. 280; from the recitation of Mrs Trail of Paisley.

1 Doun and cam the queen hersell,
   Wi the goud links in her hair:
   'O what did you do wi' the braw lad bairn
   That I heard greet sae sair?'

2 'There was never a babe into my room,
   Nor ever intends to be;
   It was but a fit o' the sair colie,
   That was like to gar me die.'

3 Doun and cam the king himself,
   And an angry man was he:
   'If ye had saved that braw child's life,
   It might hae been an honour to thee.'

4 They socht the cham'r up and doun,
   And in below the bed,
   And there they fand a braw lad-bairn
   Lying lauphin in his blood.

5 She rowed it up in her apron green,
   And threw it in the sea:

   M

1 Then down cam Queen Marie,
   Wi gold links in her hair,
   Saying, Marie Mild, where is the child,
   That I heard greet sae sair?

2 'There was nae child wi' me, madam,
   There was nae child wi' me;
   It was but me in a sair cholie,
   When I was like to die.'

3 'I'm not deceived,' Queen Marie said,
   'No, no, indeed not I!
   So Marie Mild, where is the child?
   For sure I heard it cry.'

4 She turned down the blankets fine,
   Likewise the Holland sheet,
   And underneath, there strangled lay
   A lovely baby sweet.

5 'O cruel mother,' said the queen,
   'Some fiend possessed thee;

   A Mary Beaton, a Mary Seaton,
   A Mary Carmichael, and me.

9 'O what will my three brither say,
   When they come hame frae sea,
   When they see three locks o' my yellow hair
   Hinging under a gallows-tree!'

   'Een sink or swim, you braw lad bairn!
   Ye'll neer get mair o' me.'

   * * * * * * *

6 When she gaed up the Camogate,
   She gied loud lauphin three;
   But or she cam to the Cowgate Head
   The tears did blind her ee.

7 'Come a' ye jovial sailors,
   That sail upon the sea,
   Tell neither my father nor mother
   The death that I'm to die!

8 'Come a' ye jovial sailors,
   That sail upon the main,
   See that ye tell baith my father and mother
   That I'm coming sailing hame!

9 'My father he's the Duke of York,
   And my mother's a gay ladie,
   And I myself a pretty fair lady,
   And the king fell in love with me.'
396

173. MARY HAMILTON

But I will hang thee for this deed,  
My Marie thou be!'

* * * * * * * * *

6 When she cam to the Netherbow Port  
She laught lou'd laughter's three;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
The saut tear blinded her ee.

7 'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The night she'll hae but three;

N

Murison MS. p. 33; from recitation at Old Deer, 1876.

1 The streen the queen had four Maries,  
This night she'll hae but three;  
There's Mary Heaton, an Mary Beaton,  
An Mary Michel, an me,  
An I mysel was Mary Mild,  
An flower oer a' the three.

2 Mary's middle was aye sae neat,  
An her clothing aye sae fine,  
It caused her lie in a young man's airms,  
An she's ruet it aye sin syne.

3 She done her doon yon garden green,  
To pull the deceivin tree,  
For to keep back that young man's bairn,  
But forward it would be.

4 'Ye winna put on the dowie black,  
Nor yet will ye the broon,  
But ye'll put on the robes o red,  
To shine through Edinburgh toon.'

O

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xix, from recitation.

1 There lived a lord into the south,  
And he had dochters three,  
And the youngest o them went to the king's court,  
To learn some courtesie.

2 She rowd it in a wee wee clout

There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beaton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

8 'Ye mariners, ye mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let not my father or mother wit  
The death that I maun die!

9 'I was my parents' only hope,  
They neer had ane but me;  
They little thought when I left hame,  
They should nac mair me see!'
5 She wadna put on her gown o black,
   Nor yet wad she o brown,
But she wad put on her gown o gowd,
   To glance through Embro town.

P
Kinkell's MSS, VII, 95, 97.
My father's the Duke of Argyll,
My mither's a lady gay,
And I myself am a dainty dame,
And the king desired me.

Q
Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, ed.
Allardyce, 1888, II, 272, in a letter from Sharpe to W.
Scott [1823].
1 The Duke of York was my father,
   My mother a lady free,

R
Burns, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, January 25, 1790;
Currie, II, 290, 1860.
Little did my mother think,
   That day she cradled me,

A. b. 1. There's news is gaen in the kitchen,
   There's news is gaen in the ha,
   There's news is gaen in the laigh cellar,
   And that was worst of a'.

2. There's news is gaen in the kitchen,
   There's news is gaen in the ha',
   That Mary Hamilton's gotten a wean,
   And that was worst of a'.

3. She's rowed. 32. She's cuist it.
32. My bonnie bairn ga sink or swim.
33. Ye's no hear mair. 43. Then doon.
4. Wi tasslets.
43. Cri'n, M. H., whaur's the bairn.
43. That wanting.
5. There's no a bairn in a' the toon.
52. Nor yet. 53. 'T was but a steek in.
6. And ye maun.

6 'Come saddle not to me the black,' she says,
   'Nor yet to me the brown,
But come saddle to me the milk-white steed,
   That I may ride in renown.'

He schawd [me] up, he shawed me doun,
He schawd me to the ha;
He schawd me to the low cellars,
   And that was waurst of a'.

Myself a dainty damsell,
   Queen Marie sent for me.

2 The queen's meat it was sae sweet,
   Her cleiding was sae rare,
   It gart me grieved for sweet Willie,
   And I'll rue it evermair.

What land I was to travel in,
   Or what death I should die!

64. And ye maun awa wi me the morn.
71. I'se no. 72. To see fair. 81. And when.
83. And when. 84. tear stood in.
91. And when. 92. heel slipped off.
93. And when she came doon the Parliament stair.
10, 11 wanting. 121. But bring: she cried.
131, 141. And here's to the jolly sailor lad.
132, 142. sails: faem.
133. And let not my father nor mother get wit.
134. that I shall come again.
143. But let, as in 134.
144. O the death that I maun dee.
15, 16 wanting. 171. auld queen's.
172. And I laid her gently.
173. I hae gotten the day. 174. Is to.
181. night the queen had.
182. This night she'll hae.
184. M. Beton and M. Seton.
c. Begins: This night the queen has four Maries,
Each fair as she can be;
There's Marie Seton, etc.

31. The bairn's tyed. 32. And thrown intill.
4. O sink.

After 3:
Oh I have born this bonnie wee babe
Wi mickle toil and pain;
Gae hame, gae hame, you bonnie wee babe!
For nurse I dare be none.

4. Then down cam Queen Marie.
4. Saying, Marie mild, where is the babe.
5. There was nae babe.
5. There was nae babe wi me.
5. o a sair cholie.

After 5 (mostly spurious):
The queen turned down the blankets fine,
 Likewise the snae-white sheet,
And what she saw caused her many a tear,
And made her sair to greet.

O cruel mither, said the queen,
A fiend possessed thee:
But I will hang thee for this deed,
My Marie though thou be.

After 7:
And some they mounted the black steed,
And some mounted the brown,
But Marie mounted her milk-white steed,
And rode foremost thro the town.

8. But when. After 12:

Yestreen the queen had four Maries,
The nieht she 'll hae but three;
There was M. S., and M. B.
And M. C., and me.

14. The death that I maun dee.

After 14:
I was my parents' only hope,
They neer had ane but me;
They little thought, when I left hame,
They should nae mair me see.

17 wanting. 18. there were.
Largely taken from a, 1, 2, 6-12, 15, 16 being literally repeated.

B. 3. us up. 84, wrongly:
And we'll ride into Edinburgh town,
High hanged thou shalt be.

C. 9. Altered from I'll put on my brown.
Var. between 9 and 10:
Nor I'll no put on my suddling silks,
That I wear up and down.
up and down altered from ilka day.

10. went altered from gaed.
13, 14. Oh.

D. From two reciters, which accounts for the alterations and insertions.
1. Altered from There was a lord lived in the north.
2. Altered from And the third.
2. Altered from that he.
4. gay added later.
4. Altered from And paed the saving tree.
4. for inserted later. 4. it inserted later.
7. a fit o inserted later.
7. Altered from I am just.
9. After 9, Motherwell wrote A stanza wanting, and subsequently added 10, 11.
12. Originally, gold stars.
13. Originally,
She did not put on her robes of black,
Nor yet her robes of brown,
But she put on her yellow gold stars (stays?).

14. Originally,
And when she came into Edinborough, (bad reading)
And standing at the cross,
There she saw all the coblers' wives,
Sat greeting at the cross.

154. Originally, For I am come to, etc.,
Weeded for to be.
A marginal note by Motherwell, opposite the last line, but erased, has A rich wedding to sie.
16. stair altered from close.
19, 20. Written in the margin, after those which follow.
23 and And, 23, are of later insertion.

E. For the seven stanzas after 15, see No 95, 11, 346.
F. 3. Mary Beaton & Mary Seaton & Lady Livinston
   Three we’ll [or will] never meet
   In queen Mary’s bower
   Now Maries tho ye be.

   13. then cryed. 14. had your. 18. pine.
   For the six stanzas after 18, see No 95, II, 346.

G. 1. Oh.

H. 3, 16, 17, 22 are put into smaller type as being evidently spurious.
   a. 24 is certainly spurious, and reduces the pathos exceedingly.
   b. 18. tear.

   23. O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,
       That sail upon the sea,
       Let not my father nor mother to wit
       The death that I maun die!

K. From Jean Macqueen, Largo, in the MS.

   “More likely to be Largs, which is on the Clyde, than Largo, on the east coast”:
   note of Mr J. B. Murdoch.

   4. Oh.
   6 is the last stanza but one in the MS.

L. 9 might better be 1.

N. Variations.

   1. There’s Mary Beaton, an Mary Seaton,
       An Mary Carmichael, an me;
       An I mysel, Queen Mary’s maid,
       Was flower oer a’ the three.

   2. sae jimp. 2. She loved to lie.
   3. the savin tree.

   34. But the little wee babe came to her back,
       An forward it would be.

   8 is 4 in the MS.

O. “The unfortunate heroine’s name is Mary Moil”: Finlay, p. xix.

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174

EARL BOTHWELL


Printed in Percy’s Reliques, with changes, 1765, II, 197, ‘The Murder of the King of Scots;’ with some restorations of the original readings, 1794, II, 200.

This ballad represents, 8, 13, that the murder of Darnley was done in revenge for his complicity in the murder of Riccio; in which there may be as much truth as this, that the queen’s resentment of Darnley’s participation in that horrible transaction may have been operative in inducing her assent — such assent as she gave — to the conspiracy against the life of her husband.

2. Darnley came to Scotland in February, 1565 (being then but just turned of nineteen), not sent for, but very possibly with some hope of pleasing his cousin, ‘the queen [dowager] of France,’ to whom he was married in the following July. His inglorious career was closed in February, 1567.

5. On the fatal evening of the ninth of March, 1566, Riccio was sitting in the queen’s cabinet with his cap on; “and this sight was perhaps the more offensive that a few Scotsmen of good rank seem to have been in attendance as domestics.”

6. The ballad should not be greatly in excess as to the number of the daggers, since Riccio had fifty-six [fifty-two] wounds.

* Bedford and Randolph to the Council, Wright’s Queen Elizabeth, etc., p. 227; Burton, History of Scotland, IV, 145.
7. After Riccio had been dragged out of the queen's cabinet, Darnley fell to charging the queen with change in her ways with him since "you fellow Davie fell in credit and familiarity" with her. In answer to his reproaches and interpellations her Majesty said to him that he was to blame for all the shame that was done to her; "for the which I shall never be your wife nor lie with you, nor shall never like well till I gar you have as sore a heart as I have presently." *

9–14. A large quantity of powder was fired in the room below that in which "the worthy king" slept, but the body of Darnley and that of his servant were found lying at a considerable distance from the house, without any marks of having been subject to the explosion. One theory of the circumstances was that the two had been strangled in their beds, and removed before the train was lighted; another account is that Darnley, who would naturally hear some stir in the house, made his escape with his page, but "was intercepted and strangled after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house." † Bothwell, though the author of all these proceedings and personally superintending the execution of them, did not openly appear.

It will be observed that King James says that his father [MS. mother] was hanged on a tree, in 'King James and Brown,' No 180, 52.

Bothwell and Huntly, who by virtue of their offices had apartments in the palace, not being in sympathy with the conspirators, are said in the Diurnal of Occurrents, p. 90, to have broken through a window, in fear of their lives, and to have let themselves down by a cord. Bothwell, as the champion of the queen against the confederate lords, might naturally be supposed by the minstrel to take a personal interest in revenging Riccio.

15, 16. The Regent Murray is here described as "bitterly banishing" Mary, wherefore she durst not remain in Scotland, but fled to England. The queen escaped from Lochleven Castle on the second of May, 1568, and took refuge in England on the sixteenth. We must suppose the ballad to have been made not long after.

Translated by Bodmer, II, 51, from Percy's Reliques.

1 Woe worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scotlande!
   For thou hast ever wrought by a sleight:
   For the worthyest prince that ever was borne,
   You hanged vnnder a cloud by night.

2 The Queene of France a letter wrote,
   And sealed it with hart and ringe,
   And bade him come Scotlande within,
   And shee wold marry him and crowne him king.

3 To be a king, itt is a pleasant thing,
   To be a prince vnto a peere;
   But you hame heard, and so hame I too,
   A man may well by gold to deere.

4 There was an Italyan in that place,
   Was as wel beloncd as enuer was hee;
   Lord David was his name,
   Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

5 Ffor if the king had risen forth of his place,
   He wold haue sitt him downe in the cheare,
   And tho itt be seemed him not soe well,
   Altho the king had beene present there.

6 Some lords in Scotlande waxed wonderous wroth,
   And quarrelld with him for the nonce;
   I shall you tell how itt beffell;
   Twelue daggers were in him all att once.

† The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 6; Diurnal of Occurrents, p. 105 f; Tytler's History, VII, 83.
7 When this queene see the chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her cheeks shee did wecete,
And made a vow for a twelve month and a day
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

8 Then some of the lords of Scottland waxed wrothe,
And made their vow vehemently.
For death of the queenes chamberlaine
The king himselfe he shall dye.'

9 They strowed his chamber ouer with gunpowder,
And layd greene rushes in his way;
For the traitors thought that night
The worthy king for to betray.

10 To bedd the worthy king made him bowne,
To take his rest, that was his desire;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fyer.

11 Vp he lope, and a glasse window broke,
He had thirty foote for to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a priuy wach
Vnderneath his castle-wall:

't Who haue wee heere?' sayd Lord Bodwell;
'Answer me, now I doe call.'

12 'King Henery the Eghth my vuckle was;
Some pitty show for his sweet sake!
Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take!'

13 'I le pitty thee as much,' he sayd,
'And as much favor I le show to thee
As thou had on the queene's chamberlaine
That day thou deemedst him to dye.'

14 Through halls and towers this king they ledd,
Through castles and towers that were hye,
Through an arbor into an orchard,
And there hanged him in a pear tree.

15 When the governor of Scottland he heard tell
That the worthye king he was slaine,
He hath banished the queene soe bitterlye
That in Scottland shee dare not remaine.

16 But shee is fled into merry England,
And Scottland to a side hath laine,
And through the Queene of Englands good grace
Now in England shee doth remaine.

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6*. noncett, with it blotted out. (?) Furnivall.
6*, 7*, 12. 10*, sleepee. 11*, 30.

16* to aside.

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175

THE RISING IN THE NORTH


Printed in Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 250, "from two MS. copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history." Bearing in mind Percy's express avowal that he "must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in amendments under some such general title as a modern copy, or the like," one
would conclude without hesitation that there was but a single authentic text in this case, as in others. Percy notes on the margin of his manuscript: "N. B. To correct this by my other copy, which seems more modern. The other copy in many parts preferable to this." But this note would seem to be a private memorandum. Or are we to suppose that Percy might employ, from habit perhaps, the same formula, not to say artifice, with himself as with the public? In notes in the Folio to 'Northumberland betrayed by Douglas' (No 176), Percy speaks of a second copy of that ballad also as being in his possession, and describes it as containing much which is omitted in the other, and as beginning like 'The Earl of Westmoreland,' (No 177). Of the beginning of this last he says, in a note in the Folio, "these lines are given in one of my old copies to Lord Northumberland." "Old copies" is staggering; for any one who examines the variations of the texts in the Reliques from the texts in the Folio will find them of the same character and style as Percy's acknowledged improvements of other ballads, and will be compelled to impute them to the editor or his double.*

The earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, having for a time succeeded, by exuberant professions, in allaying very sufficiently grounded suspicions of their loyal dealing, at last, upon receiving the Queen's summons to London, found compliance unsafe, and went into rebellion. They took this step with but half a heart and against their judgment, overcome by the clamor and urgency of a portion of their fellow-conspirators. The intent of the insurgents was, in Northumberland's own words, "the reformation of religion, and the preservation of the Queen of Scots, whom they accounted by God's law and man's law to be right heir, if want should be of issue of the Queen's Majesty's body." These two causes, they were confident, were favored by the larger number of noblemen within the realm.† Protestantism had no hold in the north, and the Queen's officers in those parts were, for the moment, not strong enough to make opposition. With leaders of energy and military skill, and a good chest to draw upon,‡ the rising would have been highly dangerous. As things were, it collapsed in five weeks without the shedding of a drop of blood; but hundreds of simple people were subsequently hanged.

The earls, with others, among whom Richard Norton, then sheriff of York, was the most conspicuous, entered Durham in arms on Sunday, the fourteenth of November (1569). They went to the minster, overthrew the communion-table, tore the Bible and service-books, replaced the old altar (which had been thrown into a rubbish-heap), and had mass said. The next day they turned southwards, with nobody to molest or stop them in their rear or in front. The Earl of Sussex was collecting a force at York, but it came in slowly, and it could not be trusted. "To get the more credit among the favorers of the old Romish religion, they had a cross, with a banner of the five wounds, borne after them, sometime by old Norton, sometime by others" (Holinshed). They proceeded to Ripon, Wetherby, and Clifford Moor (Bramham Moor) near Tadcaster. "Their main body was at Wetherby and Tadcaster, their advanced horse were far down across the Ouse." Their numbers, according to Holinshed, never exceeded about two thousand horse and five thousand foot. Tutbury, where Mary Stuart was confined, was but a little more than fifty miles from their advance; they proposed to release the Queen of Scots, and then to move on London, or wait for a rising in the south.

* To save appearances, we may understand "old copies" to mean copies restored or brought nearer to what is imagined to have been the original form. The variations will be given in notes as pièces justificatives.
† Sir Cuthbert Sharp, Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569, p. 202; a collection of many original papers pertaining to this rising, with much subsidiary information. But the story should be read in the eighteenth chapter of Mr Froude's Reign of Elizabeth. Both works have been used here passim; Froude in the edition of New York, 1870.
‡ Northumberland, on being asked how much money he spent in the quarrel, says, "about one hundred and twenty pound." The Queen's proclamation, Nov. 24, declares that the earls were two persons as ill chosen for the reformation of any great matters as any could be in the realm, for they were both in poverty, etc. Sharp, pp. 208, 66; also 290.
Mary Stuart, at the nick of time, was removed to Coventry. On the twenty-fourth we hear that the rebels were drawn back to Knaresborough and Boroughbridge; on the thirtieth, that they are returned into the Bishopric. There they laid siege to Barnard Castle, which Sir George Bowes was obliged to surrender on December twelfth; on the fifteenth the earls were still at Durham. On the thirteenth the earls of Warwick and Clinton, commanders of the Army of the South, met at Wetherby with a combined force of eleven thousand foot and above twelve hundred horse, "eager to encounter the rebels, if they would abide." But on the sixteenth the "lords rebels" warned their footmen to shift for themselves, and fled with such horse as they had left into Northumberland. The twenty-second of December, the Earl of Sussex, qui cunctando restitution rem, Lord Hunsdon, who had been joined with him in command, and Sir Ralph Sadler, who had been deputed to watch him, write to the Queen: "The earls rebels, with their principal confederates and the Countess of Northumberland, did the twentieth of this present in the night, flee into Liddesdale with about a hundred horse; and there remain under the conduction of Black Ormiston, one of the murtherers of the Lord Darnley, and John of the Side and the Lord's Jock, two notable thieves of Liddesdale, and the rest of the rebels be utterly sealed." *

The ballad, which is the work of a loyal but not unsympathetic minstrel, gives but a cursory and imperfect account of "this geere." Earl Percy has come to the conclusion that he must fight or flee; his lady urges him thrice over to go to the court, and right himself, but he tells her that his treason is known well enough; if he follows her advice she will never see him again. He sends a letter to Master Norton, urging that gentleman to ride with him. Norton asks counsel of his son Christopher, who advises him not to go back from the word he has spoken, and much pleases his father thereby. He asks his nine sons how many of them will take part with him. All but the eldest at once answer that they will stand by him till death: Francis Norton, the eldest, will not advise acting against the crown. Coward Francis, thou never tookest that of me! says the father. Francis will go with his father, but unarmed, and he wishes an ill death to them that strike the first stroke against the crown. There is a muster at Wetherby, and Westmoreland and Northumberland are there with their proper banners,† and with another setting forth the Lord on the cross. Sir George Bowes "rising to make a spoil," they besiege him in a castle to which he retires, easily win the outer walls, but cannot win the inner. Word comes to the Queen of the rebels in the north; she sends thirty thousand men against them, under the "false" Earl of Warwick, and they never stop till they reach York. (A gap occurs here, which need not be a large one, considering the leaps taken already.) Northumberland is gone, Westmoreland vanished, and Norton and his eight sons fled.

5–10. The Countess of Northumberland would have been the last person to give such advice as is attributed to her. "His wife, being the stouter of the two, doth encourage him to persevere, and rideth up and down with the army, so as the grey mare is the better horse." Hunsdon to Cecil, November twenty-sixth, MS. cited by Froude.

11–27. Richard Norton, miscalled Francis in 40, was a man of seventy-one when he engaged in the rising, and the father of eleven sons and eight daughters. Seven of the sons were involved in the rebellion. Francis, the eldest son, so far from standing out, took a prominent part with his father. But what is said of Francis is true of William, the fourth son. Sir George Bowes says of him: "I neither heard or could perceive William Norton to deal with any office or charge amongst the rebels, but, as I have heard

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* Sharp, p. 113.
† The dun-hull of the Nevilles is given in Sharp, p. 87, and one greyhound's head, with what may pass for a golden collar, at p. 316; the three dogs are not warranted. Percy's half-moon is improperly mixed up with the banner of the five wounds in 31.
it affirmed, he both refused the taking charge of horsemen when it was offered unto him, and also would wear no armor. Farther, upon my departure from the castle [Barnard Castle], he came to me, and in the way as he rode with me, he entered to declare that he greatly misliked of all their doings and practices, saying that he was there amongst them for his father's sake, and to accompany him, and otherways he never had been with them," etc. MS. cited by Sharp, p. 284.

Christopher Norton deserves the distinction accorded him in the ballad. "Christopher had been among the first to enroll himself a knight of Mary Stuart. His religion had taught him to combine subtility with courage, and through carelessness or treachery, or his own address, he had been admitted into Lord Scrope's guard at Bolton Castle. There he was allowed to assist his lady's escape, should escape prove possible; there he was able to receive messages and carry them; there, to throw the castellan off his guard, he pretended to flirt with her attendants, and twice at least, by his own confession, closely as the prisoner was watched, he contrived to hold private communications with her." (Froude, Reign of Elizabeth, III, 505, where follow lively particulars of these two encounters.) Christopher was the only one of the Nortons who is known to have suffered the death-penalty of treason; it was "after he had beheld the death of his uncle, as well his quartering as otherwise, knowing and being well assured that he himself must follow the same way." (Sharp, p. 286.) Richard Norton, the father, fled to Flanders with his sons Francis and Sampson, and all three seem to have died there.

33 f. Sussex to Cecil: Dec. 6. "The rebels have shot three days together at the wall of the outer ward, but they have done no hurt." Dec. 8. "The rebels have won the first ward." Sir George Bowes' men leaped the walls, one day some eighty at a time, and the next day seven or eight score of the best disposed, who had been appointed to guard the gates, suddenly set them open, and went to the rebels; whereupon Sir George was driven to composition, and there was no need to take the inner walls.*

A considerable number of "balletts" were called forth by the northern rebellion, and a few of these have been preserved. See Arber, Stationers' Registers, I, 404–6, 407–9, 413–15; A Collection of Seventy-Nine Blackletter Ballads, etc., 1870, pp. xxv, 1, 56, 231, 239.

The copy in the Reliques is translated by Seekendorf, Musenalmanach, 1807, p. 103; by Doenniges, p. 102.

1 Listen, lively lording all,
   And all that beene this place within:
   If you 'le giue care unto my songe,
      I will tell you how this geere did begin.

2 It was the good Erle of Westmorlande,
   A noble erle was called hee,
   And he wrought treason against the crowne ;
      Alas, it was the more pitty !

3 And soe itt was the Erle of Northumberland,
   Another good noble erle was hee;
   They tooken both vpon one part,
      Against the crowne they wolden bee.

4 Earle Pearcy is into his garden gone,
   And after walkes his awne ladye :
      'I heare a bird sing in my eare
         That I must either flieght or flixe.'

5 'God fforbidd,' shee sayd, 'good my lord,
   That ever see that it shalbee !
   But goe to London to the court,
      And faire ffull truth and honestye ! '

6 'But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
   That ever it shold soe bee : 
      My treason is knowne well enough ;
         Att the court I must not bee.'

* Sharp, pp. 92, 95, 97 f.
7 'But goe to the court yet, good my lord,
Take men enowe with thee;
If any man will doe you wronge,
Your warrant they may bee.'

8 'But nay, now nay, my lady gay,
For soe it must not bee;
If I goe to the court, ladye,
Death will strike me, and I must dye.'

9 'But goe to the court yet, [good] my lord,
I my-selfe will ryde with thee;
If any man will doe you wronge,
Your borrow I shall bee.'

10 'But nay, now nay, my lady gay,
For soe it must not bee;
For if I goe to the court, ladye,
Thon must me never see.'

11 'But come hither, thou little foot-page,
Come thou hither vnto mee,
For thou shalt goe a message to Master Norton,
In all the hast that ever may bee.

12 'Comend me to that gentleman;
Bring him here this letter from mee,
And say, I pray him earnestlye
That hee will ryde in my companye.'

13 But one while while the foote-page went,
Another while he ramm;
Vntill he came to Master Norton,
The foote-page neuer blanne.

14 And when he came to Master Norton,
He kneeled on his knee,
And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it see.

15 And when the letter itt was reade,
Affore all his companye,
I-wis, if you wold know the truth,
There was many a weeping eye.

16 He said, Come hither, Kester Norton,
A finel fellow thou seems to bee;
Some good counsell, Kester Norton,
This day doe thou glue to mee.

17 'Marry, I le glue you counsell, father,
If you le take counsell att mee,
That if you have spoken the word, father,
That backe againe you doe not flee.'

18 'God a mercy! Christopher Norton,
I say, God a mercye!
If I doe line and scape with liffe,
Well advanced shal thee bee.

19 'But come you hither, my nine good sonses,
In mens estate I thinke you bee;
How many of you, my children deare,
On my part that wilbe?'

20 But eight of them did answer soone,
And spake fflull lastilye;
Sayes, We wilbe on your part, father,
Till the day we doe dye.

21 'But God a mercy! my children deare,
And euer I say God a mercy!
And yet my blessing you shall haue,
Whether-soure I live or dye.

22 'But what sayst thou, thou Ffrancis Norton,
Mine eldest sonne and mine heyre trulye?
Some good counsell, Ffrancis Norton,
This day thou glue to me.'

23 'But I will give you counsell, father,
If you will take counsell att mee;
For if you wold take my counsell, father,
Against the crowne you shold not bee.'

24 'But ffye vpon thee, Ffrancis Norton!
I say ffye vpon thee!
When thou was younge and tender of age
I made fflull much of thee.'

25 'But your head is white, father,' he sayes,
'And your beard is wonderous gray;
Itt were shame for your countrie
If you should rise and flee away.'

26 'But ffye vpon thee, thou coward Ffrancis!
Thou never tookest that of mee!
When thou was younge and tender of age
I made too much of thee.'

27 'But I will goe with you, father,' quoth hee;
'Like a naked man will I bee;
He that strikes the first strone against the crowne,
An ill death may hee dye!'
28 But then rose vpp Master Norton, that esquier,
With him a full great companye;
And then the erles they cemen downe
To ryde in his companye.

29 Att Whetbersbye the musterl their men,
Vpon a full faire day;
Thirteen thousand there were scene
To stand in battel ray.

30 The Erle of Westmoreland, he had in his aneuynt
The dunn bull in sight most hye,
And three doggs with golden collers
Were set out royallye.

31 The Erle of Northumberland, he had in his aneuynt
The halfe moone in sight soe hye,
As the Lord was crucifyed on the crosse,
And set forthe pleasantlye.

32 And after them did rise good Sir George Bowes,
After them a spoyle to make;
The erles returned backe againe,
Thought ever that knight to take.

33 This barron did take a castle then,
Was made of lime and stone;
The vittermost walls were ese to be woon;
The erles haue woon them anon.

34 But tho they woue the vittermost walls,
Quickly and anon,
The innermost walles the cold not wim;
The were made of a roke of stone.

35 But newes it came to leue London,
In all the speede that ever might bee;
And word it came to our royall queene
Of all the rebells in the north countrye.

36 Shee turned her grace then once about,
And like a royall queene shee sware;
Sayes, I will ordaine them such a breake-fast
As was not in the north this thousand yeere!

37 Shee caused thirty thousand men to be made,
With horsse and harneis all quickelye;
And shee caused thirty thousand men to be made,
To take the rebells in the north countrye.

38 They tooke with them the false Erle of Warwicke,
Soe did they many another man;
Vntill they came to Yorke castle,
I-wis they never stined nor blan.

39 * * * * * * * * * *

40 But the halfe-moone is fled and gone,
And the dun bull vanished awaye;
And Ffrancis Norton and his eight soune
Are fled away most cowardlye.

41 Ladds with mony are counted men.
Men without mony are counted none;
But hold your tongue! why say you soe?
Men wilbe men when mony is gone.

Variations of the copy in Percy's Reliques,
1765, I, 250.

1. Their for the.
2. they altered in MS. from them.
3. amery: and afterwards. 19. 9.
4. 8th. 21. godamery. 29. 13000.
6. i 3.
7. innermost. 35. all they. 36. 1000.
8. Only half the n in many. Furnicall.
And for & throughout.
512. Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
    That ever such harm should hap to thee.

61. Now for But.
62. Alas thy counsell suits not mee;
    Mine enemies prevail so fast.

7. And take thy gallant men.
71. any dare to doe.
71. Then your warrant.
81. thou lady faire.
8. The court is full of subtiltie. 81. And if.
81. Thou more I may thee see.
91. Yet goe to the court, my lord, she says.
91. And I: will goe wi. ryde in ed. 1794.
91. At court then for my dearest lord.
91. His faithfull borrow I will.
101. lady deare.

1014. Far lever had I lose my life,
    Than leave among my cruel foes
    My love in jeapardy and strife.

111. come thou: my little.
111. To maister Norton thou must goe.
121. And beare this letter here fro mee.
121. And say that earnestly I praye.
121. That wanting.
131. But wanting: little footpage.
131. And another.
131. to his journeys end.
131. little footpage.
141. When to that gentleman he came.
141. Down he knelt upon.

1414. Quoth he, My lord commendeth him,
    And sends this letter unto thee.

The reading of the Folio is restored in ed. 1794.

151. Affore that goodbye.
151. you the truth wold know.
161. thither, Christopher.
161. A gallant youth thou seemst.

1614. What dost thou counsell me, my sonne,
    Now that good earle 's in jeapardy.

171. Father, my counsell 's fair and free;
    That earle he is a noble lord,
    And whatsoever to him you hight,
    I wold not have you breake your word.

1812. Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
    Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
    And if we speed, and

191. Gallant men I trowe.
191. Will stand by that good earle and mee.
201. But wanting: answer make.
201. Eight of them spake hastilie.

2014. O father, till the daye we dye,
    We 'll stand by that good earle and thee.

211. Gramercy now, my children deare,
    You showe yourselves right bold and brave;
    And whethersoever I live or dye,
    A fathers blessing you shal have.

221. O Francis.

2214. Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire;
    Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast,
    Whatever it bee, to mee declare.

23 wanting, and instead, this stanza, like 25:
    Father, you are an aged man,
    Your head is white, your beard is gray;
    It were a shame, at these your yeares,
    For you to ryse in such a fray.

24. 26. For these:
    Now yce upon thee, coward Francis,
    Thou never learnedst this of mee;
    When thou wert yong and tender of age,
    Why did I make soe much of thee?

2712. But, father, I will wend with you.
    Unarmd and naked will I bee.

271. And he: the first stroake wanting.
271. Ever an.

28. Then rose that reverend gentleman,
    And with him came a goodbye band,
    To join with the brave Earl Percy,
    And all the flower o Northumberland.

29. With them the noble Nevill came,
    The earle of Westmorland was hee;
    At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
    Thirteen thousand faire to see.
3012. Lord Westmorland his ancyan raisde,
    The dun bull he raysd on huye.

304. And wanting: collars brave.
304. Were there sett out most.

31. Earl Percy there his ancyent spred,
    The half moone shining all soe faire;
    The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
    And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

321. Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose.
322. some spoyle.
322. Those spoyle Earles turnd.
324. And aye they vowed that.

33. That baron he to his castle fled,
    To Barnard castle then fled hee;
    The uttermost walles were cathe to win.
    The earles have wonne them presentlie.

34. The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;
    But thonghe they won them soon anone,
    Long eer they wan the innermost walles;
    For they were cut in rocke of stone.

35. Then newes unto leewe London came.
352. ever may. 353. word is brought.
354. Of the rysing in.
36. Her grace she turned her round about.

363. swore. 363. Sayes wanting.
364. As never was in the North before.
371. be raysd. 372. harneis faire to see.
374. And wanting: be raised.
374. the earles i th'.

3812. Wi them the false Earle Warwick went,
    Th' earle Sussex and the lord Hunsden.

384. to Yorke castle came. 384. stint ne.

39. Now spread thy ancyent, Westmorland,
    Thy dun bull faire would we spye;
    And thou, the Earl o Northumberland,
    Now rayse thy half moone up on huye.

404. the dun bulle is.
404. the half moone vanished.
4044. The Earles, though they were brave and bold,
    Against soe many could not stay.

41. Thee, Norton, wi thine eight good sonnes,
    They doomd to dye, alas! for ruth!
    Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
    Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

    Wi them full many a gallant wight
    They cruellye bereavd of life,
    And many a childe made fatherlesse,
    And widowed many a tender wife.

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NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS

'Northumberland betrayd by Dowglas,' Percy MS., p. 259; Hales and Furnivall, xi, 217.

Printed in Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 257, "from two copies [which contained great variations, 1794, I, 297], one of them in the Editor's folio MS." In this manuscript Percy makes these notes. "N. B. My other copy is more correct than this, and contains much which is omitted here. N. B. The other copy begins with lines the same as that in page 112 [that is, the 'Earl of Westmorland']. The minstrels often made such changes." See the preface to the foregoing ballad as to the probable character of the copy, which "contains much that is omitted here."
The Earl of Sussex writes on December 22d that, the next morning after Northumberland and Westmorland took refuge in Liddesdale, Martin Eliot and others of the principal men of the dale raised a force against the earls, Black Ormiston, and the rest of their company, and offered fight; but in the end, Eliot, wishing to avoid a feud, said to Ormiston that "he would charge him and the rest before the Regent for keeping of the rebels of England, if he did not put them out of the country, and that if they [the earls] were in the country after the next day, he would do his worst against them and all that maintained them." Whereupon the earls were driven to quit Liddesdale and to fly to one of the Armstrongs in the Debateable Land, leaving the Countess of Northumberland "at John of the Sydes house, a cottage not to be compared to any dog-kennel in England." Three days later Sussex and Sadler wrote that "the Earl of Northumberland was yesterday [the 24th], at one in the afternoon, delivered by one Hector, of Harlaw wood, of the surname of the Armstrongs, to Alexander Hume, to be carried to the Regent."* The Regent took Northumberland to Edinburgh, and on the second of January, 1570, committed him to the castle of Lochleven, attended by two servants.†

The sentiment of Scotsmen, and especially of borderers, was outraged by this proceeding: "for generally, all sorts, both men and women, cry out for the liberty of their country; which is, to succor banishd men, as themselves have been received in England not long since, and is the freedom of all countries, as they allege."‡

Northumberland remained in confinement at Lochleven until June, 1572. Meanwhile the Countess of Northumberland, who had escaped to Flanders, had been begging money to buy her husband of the Scots, and had been negotiating with Douglas of Lochleven to that effect. She was ready to give the sum demanded, which seems to have been two thousand pounds, as soon as sufficient assurance could be had that her husband would be liberated upon payment of the money. Lord Hunsdon discussed the surrender of Northumberland with the Earl of Morton and the Commendator of Dunfermling, on the occasion of their coming to Berwick to treat about the pacification of the troubles in Scotland. "They made recital of the charges that the lord of Lochleven hath been at with the said earl, and how the earl hath offered the lord of Lochleven four thousand marks sterling, to be paid presently to him in hand, to let him go. Notwithstanding, both he and the rest shall be delivered to her Majesty upon reasonable consideration of their charges." (November 22, 1571.) Political considerations turned the scale, and on the seventh of June Lord Hunsdon paid the two thousand pounds which the countess had offered, and Northumberland was put into his hands. Hunsdon had the earl in custody at Berwick until the following August. He was then made over to Sir John Forster, Warden of the Middle Marches, taken to York and there beheaded (August 27th, 1572).§

* Sharp, pp. 114 f, 118. "My lord Regent convened with Martin Eliot that he should betray Thomas, Earl of Northumberland, who was fled in Liddesdale out of England for refuge, in this manner: that is to say, the said Martin caused Heckle Armstrong desire my lord of Northumberland to come and speak with him under trust, and caused the said earl believe that, after speaking, if my lord Regent would pursue him, that he and his friends should take plain part with the Earl of Northumberland. And when the said earl came with the same Heckle Armstrong to speak the said Martin, he caused certain light-horsemen of my lord Regent's, with others his friends, to lie at await, and when they should see the said earl and the said Martin speaking together, that they should come and take the said earl; and so as was devised, so came to pass." Diurnal of Occurrences, p. 154.

† From a letter of January 6, we learn that the Earl of Northumberland was then in Edinburgh, attended by James Swyno, William Burton, and others. James Swyno is apparently the chamberlain of the ballad. Sharp, p. 139.

‡ Lord Hunsdon, Sharp, p. 125.

§ Sharp, pp. 324-29. To whom the money went, if to anybody besides William Douglas, we are not distinctly told. Tyler intimates that Morton had a share: "this base and avaricious man sold his unhappy prisoner to Elizabeth," VII, 395. There was baseness enough without the addition of avarice: "The Earl of Northumberland was rendered to the Queen of England, forth of the castle of Lochleven, by a certain condition made between her and the Earl of Morton for gold. . . . And indeed this was unthankfully remembered, for when Morton was banished from Scotland he found no such kind man to him in England as this earl.
The ballad-minstrel acquaints us with circumstances concerning the surrender of Northumberland which are not known to any of the historians. One night, when many gentlemen are supping at Lochleven Castle, William Douglas, the laird of the castle, rallies the earl on account of his sadness; there is to be a shooting in the north of Scotland the next day, and to this Douglas has engaged his word that Percy shall go. Percy is ready to ride to the world's end in Douglas's company. Mary Douglas, William's sister, interposes: her brother is a traitor, and has taken money from the Earl [Morton?] to deliver Percy to England. Northumberland will not believe this; the surrender of a banished man would break friendship forever between England and Scotland. Mary Douglas persists; he had best let her brother ride his own way, and he can tell the English lords that he cannot be of the party because he is in an isle of the sea (an obstacle which must appear to us not greater for one than for the other); and while her brother is away she will carry Percy to Edinburgh Castle, and deliver him to Lord Hume, who has already suffered loss in his behalf. But if he will not give credence to her, let him come on her right hand, and she will shew him something. Percy never loved witchcraft, but permits his chamberlain to go with the lady. Mary Douglas's mother was a witch-woman, and had taught her daughter something of her art. She shows the chamberlain through the belly of a ring many Englishmen who are on the await for his master, among them Lord Hunsdon, Sir William Drury, and Sir John Forster, though at that moment they are thrice fifty mile distant. The chamberlain goes back to his lord weeping, but the relation of what he has seen produces no effect. Percy says he has been in Lochleven almost three years and has never had an 'outrake' (outing); he will not hear a word to hinder him from going to the shooting. He twists from his finger a gold ring—left him when he was in Harlaw wood—and gives it to Mary Douglas, with an assurance that, though he may drink, he will never eat, till he is in Lochleven again. Mary faints when she sees him in the boat, and Percy once and again proposes to go back to see how she fares; but William Douglas treats the fainting very lightly; his sister is crafty enough to beguile thousands like them. When they have sailed the first fifty mile (it will be borne in mind that the Douglas castle is described as being on an isle of the sea), James Swynard, the chamberlain, asks how far it is to the shooting, and gets an alarming answer: fair words make fools fain; whenever they come to the shooting, they will think they have come soon enough! Jamie carries this answer to his master, who finds nothing discouraging in it; it was meant only to try his mettle. But after sailing fifty miles more, Percy himself calls to Douglas and asks what his purpose is. "Look that your bridle be strong and your spurs be sharp," says Douglas (but 49th probably corrupted). "This is mere shouting," replies Percy; "one Armstrong has my horse, another my spurs and all my gear." Fifty miles more of the sea, and they land Lord Percy at Berwick, a deported, "extra-dited" man!

14. The Countess of Northumberland was sheltered for some time at Hume Castle (Sir C. Sharp's Memorials, pp. 143, 146, 150, 344, ff). The castle was invested, and by direction of Lord Hume, then absent in Edinburgh, was surrendered without resistance, in the course of Sussex's destructive raid in April, 1570. Cabala, ed. 1663, p. 175. See also Diurnal of Occurrents, p. 170.

19. Witchcraft was rife at the epoch of this ballad, nor was the imputation of it confined to hags of humble life. The Lady Buccleuch, the Countess of Athole, and the Lady Foullis were all accused of practising the black art. Nothing in that way was charged upon Lady

was." Historie of King James the Sext, p. 106 f. Sir Richard Maitland, who spares Morton and Lochleven no epithets in his spirited invective against those who delivered the Earl of Northumberland, says that they "of his bluide

resavt the pygrall prycz," but does not charge Morton with an act of ingratitude.

* Stanza 43 is corrupted.
Douglas of Lochleven, the mother of William Douglas and of the Regent Murray; but Lady Janet Douglas, sister of the Earl of Angus, had been burnt in 1537 for meditating the death of James V by poison or witchcraft, and it is possible, as Percy has suggested, that this occurrence may have led to the attribution of sorcery to Lady Douglas of Lochleven.  

Mary Douglas shows Northumberland's chamberlain, through the hollow of her ring, the English lords who are waiting for his master "thrice fifty mile" distant, at Berwick. In a Swiss popular song the infidelity of a lover is revealed by a look through a finger-ring. People on the Odenberg hear a drum-beat, but see nothing. A wizard makes one after another look through a ring made by bowing the arm against the side; they see armed men going into and coming out of the hill. So Bicaro is enabled to see Odon on his white horse by looking through Ruta's bent arm.†

32, 33. The day after Northumberland was put into his hands, Hudson writes to Burghley: "For the earl, I have had no great talk with him; but truly he seems to follow his old humours, readier to talk of hawks and hounds than anything else." (Sharp, p. 330.)

51. It was their old manner, as Robin Hood says, to leave but little behind; but what is recorded is that, when "the earls were driven to leave Liddesdale and to fly to one of the Armstrongs upon the Bateable, ... the Liddesdale men stole my lady of Northumberland's horse, and her two women's horses, and ten other horses." Sussex to Cecil, Sharp, p. 114 f.

52. Percy "left Lochleven with joy, under the assurance that he should be conveyed in a Scottish vessel to Antwerp. To his surprise and dismay he found himself, after a short voyage, at Coldingham." Lingard's History, VI, 137, London, 1854.

The copy in the Reliques is translated by Doenniges, p. 111.

1 Now list and lithe, you gentlemen,  
And I' st tell you the veretye,  
How they have dealt with a banished man,  
Driven out of his country.

2 When as hee came on Scottish ground,  
As wo and wonder be them amonge!  
Ffull much was there traitorye  
The wrought the Erle of Northumberland.

3 When they were att the supper sett,  
Before many goodly gentlemen,  
The fell a flouting and mocking both,  
And said to the Erle of Northumberland:

4 'What makes you be soo sad, my lord,  
And in your mind soo sorrowfullye?  
In the north of Scotland to morrow there's a shooting,  
And thither thou 'st goe, my Lord Percy.

* Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Historical Account of Witchcraft in Scotland, pp. 38-54, ed. 1884.
† Rochholz, Schweizersagen aus dem Aargau, II, 162; Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, p. 783 f, ed. 1876, and Saxo Grammaticus (p. 34, ed 1576, Holder, p. 66), quoted by Grimm. These citations are furnished by Liebrecht, Göttingen Gelehrte Anzeigen, 1868, p. 1899, who finds hydromancy in st. 26, where, however, all that seems to be meant is that the mother would let her daughter see from Lochleven what was doing in London. Of daetylomancy proper there is something in Delrio, IV, ii, 6, 4, 5, p. 547, ed. 1624.
9 'Now hold thy tongue, thou goodly ladye,
And let all this talking bee;
For all the gold that's in Long Leuen,
William wold not liuer mee.

10 'It wold breake truce betweene England and Scotland,
And freinds againe they wold neuer bee,
If he shold liuer a banisht erle,
Was druen out of his owne countrey.'

11 'Hold your tongue, my lord,' shee saies,
'There is much falsehood them amoune;
When you are dead, then they are done,
Soone they will part them freinds againe.

12 'If you will give me any trust, my lord,
'I'lle tell you how you best may bee;
You'st lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell those English lords, trulye,

13 'How that you cannot with them ryde,
Because you are in an ile of the sea;
Then, ere my brother come againe,
To Edenborrow castle I 'le carry thee.

14 'I'lle liuer you vnto the Lord Hume,
And you know a trew Scothe lord is hee,
For he hath lost both land and goods
In ayding of your good bodye.'

15 'Marry, I am woe, woman,' he saies,
'That any freind fares worse for mee;
For where one saith it is a true tale,
Then two will say it is a lye.

16 'When I was att home in my [realme],
Amonge my tennants all trulye,
In my time of losse, wherein my need stooe,
They came to ayd me honestlye.

17 'Therfore I left a many a child fatherlesse,
And many a widdow toooke wanne;
And therefore blame nothing, ladye,
But the woefull warres which I began.'

18 'If you will give me noe trust, my lord,
Nor noe credence you will give mee.
And you 'le come hither to my right hand,
Indeed, my lord, I 'le lett you see.'

19 Saics, I neuer loued noe witchcraft,
Nor neuer dealt with treacherye,
But enwer me more the hye waye;
Alas, that may be scene by mee!

20 'If you will not come your selfe, my lord,
You 'le lett your chamberlain goe with mee,
Three words that I may to him speake,
And soone he shall come againe to thee.'

21 When James Swynard came that ladye before,
Shee lett him see thorow the wene of her ring
How many there was of English lords
To wayte there for his master and him.

22 'But who beene yonder, my good ladye,
That walkes soe royallye on yonder greene?'
'Yonder is Lord Hunsden, Iamye,' she saide,
'Alas, hee 'le doe you both tree and teene!'

23 'And who beene yonder, thou gay ladye,
That walkes soe royallye him beside?'
'Yond is Sir William Drurye, Iamye,' shee said,
'And a keene captain hee is, and tryde.'

24 'How many miles is itt, thou good ladye,
Betwixt yond English lord and mee?'
'Marry, thirse fifty mile, Iamye,' shee saide,
'And euene to scale and by the sea.

25 'I neuer was on English ground,
Nor neuer see itt with mine eye.
But as my witt and wisedome serues,
And as [the] booke it teloth mee.

26 'My mother, shee was a witch woman.
And part of itt shee learned mee;
Shee wold lett me see out of Longh Leuen
What they dyd in London cyteye.

27 'But who is yonde, thou good laydye,
That comes yonder with an osternie face?'
'Yond 's Sir Iohn Forster, Iamye,' shee sayd;
'Methinks thou sholdest better know him then I.'
'Enen soe I doe, my goodlye ladye,
And ener alas, soe woe am I!'

28 He pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,
And, Lord, he wept soe tenderlye!
He is gone to his master againe.
And enen to tell him the veretye.
39 'If ought come to yonder ladye but good,
Then blamed sore that I shall bee,
Because a banished man I am,
And driuen out of my owne countrey.'

40 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,
'And lett all such talking bee;
There's ladies now in Lough Leuen
And for to cheere yonder gay ladye.'

41 'And you will not goe your selfe, my lord,
You will lett my chamberlaine go with mee;
Wee shall now take our bonte againe,
And soone wee shall onertake thee.'

42 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,
'And lett now all this talking bee;
For my sister is craftye enoughe
For to beguile thousands such as you and mee.'

43 When they had sayled fifty myle,
Now fifty mile vpyn the sea,
Hee had forgotten a message that hee
Shold doe in Lough Leuen trulye:
Hee asked, how farr it was to that shooting
That William Douglas promised mee.

44 'Now faire words makes fooles faine,
And that may be seene by thy master and thee;
Ffor you may happen think it soone enoughe
When-ever you that shooting see.'

45 Iamye pulled his hatt now ouer his browe,
I wott the tears fell in his eye;
And he is to his master againe,
And ffor to tell him the veretye.

46 'He sayes fayre words makes fooles faine,
And that may be seene by you and mee,
Ffor wee may happen think it soone enoughe
When-ever wee that shooting see.'

47 'Hold vpyn thy head, Iamye,' the erle sayd,
'And never lett thy hart fayle thee;
He did it but to prove thee with,
And see how thow wold take with death trulye.'

48 When they had sayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile vpon the sea,
Lord Percey called to him, himselfe, 
And sayd, Douglas, what wilt thou doe with mee?

49 'Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord, 
That you may goe as a shippe at sea; 
Looke that your spurre be bright and sharpe, 
That you may pricke her while shee 'le awaye.'

50 'What needeth this, Douglas,' he sayth, 
'That thou needest to floute mee?'

For I was counted a horseman good 
Before that ever I meet with thee.

51 'A fasse Hector hath my horse, 
And ever an euill death may hee dye! 
And Willye Armstrengge hath my spurres 
And all the geere belongs to mee.'

52 When the had sayled other fifty mile, 
Other fifty mile upon the sea, 
The landed low by Barwикe-side; 
A deputed lord landed Lord Percey.

6. my Land. 15. 2.
16. This line is partly pared away. Furnivall.
18. Lord, or Louerd; or Lord, with one stroke too many. Furnivall.
20. 3. 221. ny for my. 24* 3* 50.
31. 3. 32. 3.
33. Partly cut away by the binder. Furnivall.
43* 2, 48*, 52* 2. 50.
52. land for lord. And for & throughout.

Variations of Percey's Reliques, 1765, I, 258.

1-3. Cf. the next ballad, 1-3.
How long shall fortune faile me nowe, 
And harrowe me with fear and dread? 
How long shall I in hale abide, 
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while! 
It was my sory and heavye lott; 
And I must leave my native land, 
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken, 
A Scot he is much bound to mee; 
He dwelleth on the border-side, 
To him I'le goe right privilie.

Thus did the noble Percey 'plaine, 
With a heavy heart and wel-away, 
When he with all his gallant men 
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came, 
They dealt with him all treacherously; 
For they did strip that noble earle, 
And ever an ill death may they dye!

False Hector to Earl Murray sent, 
To shew him where his guest did hide, 
Who sent him to the Lough-leven, 
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came, 
He halched him right courtesole; 
Sayld, Welcome, welcome, noble earle, 
Here thou shalt salweylye hide with mee.

When he had in Longh-leven been 
Many a month and many a day, 
To the regent the lord-warden sent, 
That bannisht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold, 
And wrote a letter fair to see, 
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon, 
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percey at the supper sate, 
With many a goodly gentleman; 
The wylie Douglas then bespake, 
And thus to flyte with him began.

4*. To-morrow a shootinge will bee held 
Among the lords of the North country.

5. sett, the shooting's. 
5*. there will be.
6*. hand, thou gentle Douglas: he sayes want ing.
6. And here by my true faith, quoth hee. 
6*. If thou: worldes. 6*. I will. 
7*. bespake a lady faire. 
8*. As I tell you in privitie. 
8*. he has. hath, 1794. 
8*. Into England nowe to 'liver.
9. Now may, now may, thou goodly lady,
   The regent is a noble lord;
Ne for the gold in all England
   The Douglas would not break his word.

When the regent was a banishit man,
   With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or vro betide,
   I still shall find him true and kind.


10*. If they.

11, 12. Alas! alas! my lord, she sayes,
   Nowe mickle is their traitorie;
Then let my brother ride his ways,
   And tell those English lords from thee.

13*. with him.

14-17. 'To the Lord Humne I will thee bring;
   He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life
   Ere he with thee will break his word.'

'Much is my woe,' Lord Perey sayd,
   'When I thinke on my own contrie;
When I thinke on the heavye happe
       My friends have suffered there for mee.

'Much is my woe,' Lord Perey sayd,
   'And sore those wars my minde distresse;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
   And many a child was fatherlesse.

'And now that I, a banishit man,
   Should bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends
   To be suspect of treacherie,

'This rives my heart with double woe;
   And lever had I dye this day
Then thinke a Douglas can be false.
   Or ever will his guest betray.' he will,
   1794.

18. 'If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
   Nor unto mee no credence yield,
Yet step one moment here aside,
   He showe you all your foes in field.'

19*. Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
   Never dealt in privy wyle.

19*. Of truth and honour, free from guile.
20*. If you'll.
20*. Yet send your chamberlaine with.
20*. Let me but speak three words with him.
20*. And he.
21*. James Swynard with that lady went.
21*. She showed him through.
21*. many English lords there were.
21*. Waiting for.
22*. And who walkes yonder.
22*. That walkes wanting.
22*. O yonder is the lord Hunsden.
22*. you drie and teene. 23*. who beth.
23*. so proudly.
23*. That is: lamy wanting.
23*. And wanting. 24*. itt, madame.
24*. lords.
24*. Marry, it is thrice fifty miles,
   To sayl to them upon the sea.
25*. Ne never save.
25*. But as my book it sheweth mee,
   And through my ring I may deserye.
26*. witch ladye. 26*. And of her skills she.
27*. thou lady faire.
27*. That looketh with sic an.
27*. Yonder is Sir John Foster, quoth shee,
   Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.
27*. wanting.
28*. downe over his broue.
28*. And in his heart he was full woe. He
   wept; his heart he was full of woe, 1794.
28*. And he is gone to his noble lord,
   Those sorrowfull tidings him to show.

29. Now may, now may, good James Swynard,
   I may not believe that witch ladie;
The Douglasses were ever true,
   And they can neer prove false to mee.

30, 31 wanting.
32*. I have now in Lough-leven been.
32*. And I have never had. Yett have I never had, 1794.
32*. Ne no good.

33. Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
   As to the Douglas I have hight;
Betide me weale, betide me woe,
   He neer shall find my promise light.
34*. He writhe a gold ring from.
34*. that faire ladie. that gay ladie, 1794.
34*. Sayes, It was all that I cold save.
35. And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord?  
   Then farewell truth and honestie!  
   And farewell heart, and farewell hand!  
   For never more I shall thee see.

36 wanting.

37\textsuperscript{12}. The wind was faire, the boatmen calld,  
   And all the saylors were on bordo;  
   Then William Douglas took to his boat,  
   And with him went that noble lord.

37\textsuperscript{34}. Then he cast up a silver wand,  
   Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well!  
   The lady fett a sigh soe deepe,  
   And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

38, 39. Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,  
   A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie;  
   If ought befall yond ladie but good,  
   Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

40\textsuperscript{2}. Come on, come on, and let her bee.  
40\textsuperscript{4}. For to: that gay.

41. 'If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,  
   Let me goe with my chamberlaine;  
   We will but comfort that faire lady,  
   And wee will return to you againe.

42\textsuperscript{34}. 'Come on, come on, and let her bee;  
   My sister is crafty, and wold beguile  
   A thousand such as you and mee.

43\textsuperscript{3}. Now \textit{wanting: restored, 1794}.  
43\textsuperscript{34} \textit{wanting}.

43\textsuperscript{56}. Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas  
   When they shold that shooting see.  
44\textsuperscript{1}. Faire words, quoth he, they make.  
44\textsuperscript{3}. And that by thee and thy lord is seen.  
44\textsuperscript{4}. You may hap to.  
44\textsuperscript{4}. Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.  
45\textsuperscript{51}. his hatt pulled over.  
45\textsuperscript{54}. He thought his lord then was betrayd;  
   And he is to Earle Percy againe,  
   To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

46 \textit{wanting}.

47\textsuperscript{1}. head, man, quoth his lord,  
47\textsuperscript{34}. Nor thercfore let thy courage fail;  
   He did it but to prove thy heart,  
   To see if he cold make it quail.

48\textsuperscript{1}. had other fifty sayld.
48\textsuperscript{3}. calld to the Douglas himselfe. to D., 1794.  
48\textsuperscript{4}. Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe.  
49\textsuperscript{1}. And your horse goe swift as ship.  
50\textsuperscript{1}. sayd. sayth, 1794.  
50\textsuperscript{2}. What needest thou to flyte with mee.  
51\textsuperscript{1}. he hath. hath, 1794.  
51\textsuperscript{4}. Who dealt with mee so treacheroushe.  
51\textsuperscript{3}. A false Armstrong he hath. hath, 1794.  
51\textsuperscript{4}. geere that. geere, 1794.  
52\textsuperscript{2}. landed him at Berwick towne. \textit{MS. reading restored, 1794}.  
52\textsuperscript{4}. The Douglas landed Lord Percie.  
\textit{MS. reading restored with 'laird' for land.}

Then he at Yorke was doome to dye,  
   It was, alas! a sorrowful sight;  
   Thus they betrayed that noble earle,  
   Who ever was a gallant wight.

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177

THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND

'Earle of Westmorlande,' Percy MS., p. 112; Hales and Furnivall, I, 292.

"These lines," says Percy in a note in his MS. to I\textsuperscript{1}, "are given in one of my old copies to Lord Northumberland; they seem here corrupted." The first three stanzas, with extensive variations, begin 'Northumberland betrayed by Douglas,' as printed in the Reliques,
I. 258. 1765. It will be remarked that Percy does not allege that he has an old copy of this ballad, though he implies he has one of the other, 'Northumberland betrayed by Douglas.'

The earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, as has been seen, upon being forced to leave Liddesdale, took refuge for a short time with one of the Armstrongs, John of the Side (cf. st. 3). They parted company, and Westmoreland, Lady Northumberland, Francis Norton, and others, were received by Sir Thomas Ker at Fernhurst, near Jedburgh; Old Norton, Markenfield, and others, by Bucleuch at Branxholm. Lady Northumberland shortly after removed to Hume Castle. The Regent Murray sent a secret messenger to persuade Fernhurst and Bucleuch to render into his hands the 'Earl of Westmoreland and the other her Majesty's principal rebels being in their bounds,' Jan. 14, 1570 (cf. st. 9). Westmoreland escaped to Flanders in the autumn of 1570, "with very slight means." He was very desirous to make his peace with Elizabeth, but the efforts he made were unsuccessful, and he wore out thirty-one years in the Low Countries, a pensioner of Spain, dying at Newport in November, 1601. The countess, his wife, daughter of the poet Surrey, a highly educated and in every way admirable woman, was treated by Elizabeth as innocent of treason (she was a zealous Protestant), and was granted a decent annuity for the support of herself and her three daughters. The Countess of Northumberland fled to Flanders in 1570, and lived on the King of Spain's bounty, separated from her children, and with no consolation but such as she derived from her intense religious and theological convictions, until 1596.†

The ballad-story is that after the flight (as it is described) from Bramham ("Bramaball") Moor, Westmoreland sought refuge with Jock Armstrong on the west border, who also "took" ‡ or sheltered Old Norton and other of the rebels. Neville does not think the Debateable Land safe, and goes to Scotland, to Hume Castle, where all the banished men find welcome. The Regent is minded to write to Lord Hume to see whether he can be brought to surrender the fugitives, but on second thoughts, being at deadly feud with Hume, he concludes that writing will serve no purpose. (104 is not very intelligible.) He will rather send for troops from Berwick, and take the men by force. Lord Hume gets knowledge of the Regent's intention, and removes his guests to the castle of 'Cameleye.' But still Neville sees that there is no bidding even in Scotland, and he and his comrades take a noble ship, to be mariners on the sea.

So far the ballad, it will be perceived, has an historical substratum, though details are incorrect; what follows is pure fancy work, or rather an imitation of stale old romance.

After cruising three months, a large ship is sighted. Neville calls Markenfield to council. The latter, who knows every banner that is borne, knows whether any man that he has once laid eyes on is friend or foe, knows every language that is spoken, and who has besides (st. 39) a gift of prophecy. By the serpent and the serpent's head and the mole in the midst, Markenfield is able to say that the ship is Don John of Austria's, and he advises flight. This counsel (which would have lost Neville much glory and a hundred pounds a day) does not please the earl; he orders his own standard of the Dun Bull to be displayed. Don John sends a pinnace, with a herald, to fetch the name of the master of the ship he has met. Neville refuses to give up his name until he knows the master of the other vessel; the herald informs him that it is Duke John of Austria, who lives in Seville; then says the Briton, Charles Neville is my name, and in England I was Earl of Westmoreland. The herald makes his report, and is sent back to invite the nobleman to Don John's ship; for Don John had read in the 'Book of Mable' that a Briton, Charles Neville, 'with a child's voice,' should come over

† The most favorable interpretation has been given to *Now hath Armstrong taken. The meaning is rather, per-

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53
the sea. Neville is courteously received; Don John desires to see his men; it is but a small company, says the earl, and calls in Markenfield the prophet, Dacres, Master Norton and four sons, and John of Carnabye. These are all my company, says Neville; when we were in England, our prince and we could not agree. The duke says Norton and his sons shall go to France, and also Dacres, who shall be a captain; Neville and Markenfield shall go to Seville, and the two others (there is but one other, John of Carnabye) are to go with Dacres. Neville will not part with men who have known him in weal and woe, and the duke says that, seeing he has so much manhood, he shall part with none of them. Both ships land at Seville, where the duke recommends Neville to the queen as one who wished to serve her as captain. The queen, first acquainting herself with his name, makes Neville captain over forty thousand men, to keep watch and ward in Seville, and to war against the heathen soldan. The soldan, learning in Barbary that a venturesome man is in Seville, sends him, through the queen, a challenge to single combat, both lands to be joined in one according to the issue of the fight. The queen declines this particular challenge, but promises the soldan a fight every day for three weeks, if he wishes it. Neville overhears all this and offers the queen to fight the soldan; she thinks it great pity that Neville should die, though he is a banished man. Don John informs the queen that he has read in the Book of Mable that a Briton was to come over the sea, Charles Neville by name, with a child’s voice, and that this man there present hath heart and hand. (62 is corrupted.) The queen’s council put their heads together, and it is determined that Neville shall fight with the soldan. The battle is to come off at the Headless Cross. Neville wishes to see the queen’s ensign. In the ensign is a broken sword, with bloody hands and a headless cross. The all-knowing Markenfield pronounces that these are a token that the prince has suffered a sore overthrow. Neville orders his Dun Bull to be set up and trumpets to blow, makes

Markenfield captain over his host during his absence, and rides to the headless cross, where he finds the soldan, a foul man to see. The soldan cries out, Is it some kitchen-boy that comes to fight with me? Neville replies with a commonplace: thou makest* so little of God’s might, the less I care for thee. After a fierce but indecisive fight of an hour, the soldan, with a glance at his antagonist, says, No man shall overcome me except it be Charles Neville. Neville, without avowing his name, waxes bold, and presently strikes off the soldan’s head. The queen comes out of the city with a procession, takes the crown from her head, and wishes to make him king on the spot, but Neville informs her that he has a wife in England. So the queen calls for a penman and writes Neville down for a hundred pound a day, for which he returns thanks, and proffers his services as champion if ever her Grace shall stand in need.

4. Martinfield is Thomas Markenfield of York, one of the most active promoters of the rising. He had been long a voluntary exile on account of religion, but returned to England the year before the rebellion. He fled to the continent with Westmoreland and the Nortons, and had a pension of thirty-six florins a month from Spain.

By Lord Dakers should be meant Edward, son of William, Lord Dacre, for he is in the list of fugitive rebels demanded of the Regent Murray by Lord Sussex. He fled to Flanders. But Leonard Dacre may be intended, who, though he did not take part with the earls, engaged in a rebellion of his own in February, 1570, fought and lost a battle, and like the rest fled to Flanders.

5. Only two of Richard Norton’s sons went to the Low Countries with their father, Francis and Sampson. John Carnaby of Langley is in a list of persons indicted for rebellion. (Sharp, p. 230.) No reason appears why he should be distinguished.

11. Captain Reed, one of the captains of Berwick, was suspected of having to do with the rebels, and on one occasion was observed

* 713. ‘speakest see little.’
to be in company with some of the Nortons, in arms. He was committed to ward, but Lord Hunsdon stood his friend and brought him through safely. Sharp, p. 15 f.
21 ff. Don John's sole connection with the rebels seems to have been the paying of their pensions for the short time during which he was governor of the Netherlands, 1576–78. Westmoreland's pension was two hundred florins a month. (Sharp, p. 228, note.)

1 'How long shall fortune faile me now.
And keepe me heare in deadlye dreads?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to leade?

2 'To falle from my rose, it was my chance;
Such was the Queene of England free;
I tooke a lake, and turned my backe,
On Bramaball More shee caused me flye.

3 'One gentle Armstrong that I doe ken,
Alas, with thee I dare not mocke!
Thou dwelllest soe far on the west border,
Thy name is called the Lord Iocke.'

4 Now hath Armstrong taken noble Nevill,
And as one Martinfield did profecye;
He hath taken the Lord Dakers,
A lords sonne of great degree.

5 He hath taken old Master Norton,
And sonnes four in his companye;
Hee hath taken another gentleman,
Called Iohn of Carnabie.

6 Then bespake him Charles Nevill;
To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,
Sayes, I must into Scottland fare;
Soe nie the borders is noe biding for me.

7 When he came to Humes Castle,
And all his noble companye;
The Lord Hume halched them right soone,
Saying, Banished men, welcome to mee !

8 They had not beene in Humes Castle
Not a month and dayes three,
But the regent of Scottland and he got witt
That banished men there shold be.

9 'I le write a letter,' sayd the regent then,
'And send to Humes Castle hastilye,
To see whether Lord Hume wilhe soe good
To bring the banished men vnto mee.

10 'That lord and I have beene att deadlye fuyde,
And hee and I cold neuer agree;
Writting a letter, that will not serue;
The banished men must not speake with me.

11 'But I will send for the garrison of Barwicke,
That they will come all with speede,
And with them will come a noble captaine,
Which is called Captain Reade.'

12 Then the Lord Hume he got witt
They wold seeke vnto Nevill, where he did lye;
He tooke them out of the castle of Hume,
And brought them into the castle of Came-lye.

13 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,
To all his men, I wott, spoke hee,
Sayes, I must goe take a noble shippe,
And wee le be marriners vpon the sea.

14 I le seeke out fortune where it doth lye;
In Scottland there is noe hyding for mee;
Then the tooke leaue with faire Scottland,
For they are sealing vpon the sea.

15 They had not sayled vpon the sea
Not one day and monthes three,
But they were ware of a Noble shippe,
That fine topps bare all soe hye.

16 Then Nevill called to Martinfield,
Sayd, Martinfield, come hither to mee ;
Some good counsell, Martinfield,
I pray thee gee it vnto mee.

17 Thou told me when I was in England fayre,
Before that I did take the see,
Thou neuer sawst noe banner borne
But thou wold ken it with thine eye.
18 Thou neuer saw noe man in the face,
    If thou had seene before with thine eye,
    [But] thou coldest haue kend thy freind by
    thy foc,
    And then haue told it vnto meec.

19 Thou neuer heard noe speeche spoken,
    Neither in Greeke nor Hebrewe,
    [But] thou coldest haue answered them in any
    language,
    And then haue told it vnto meec.

20 'Master, master, see you yonder faire an-
    ceynt?
    Yonder is the serpent and the serpents head,
    The mould-warpe in the middest of itt,
    And itt all shines with gold soo redde.

21 'Yonder is Duke Iohn of Austria,
    A noble warryour on the sea,
    Whose dwelling is in Cuill land,
    And many men, God wot, hath hee.'

22 Then bespake him Martinfeeld,
    To all his fellowes, I wot, said hee,
    Turne our noble shipp about,
    And that's a token that wee will flee.

23 'Thy counsell is not good, Martinfeeld;
    Itt falleth not out fitting for mee;
    I rue the last time I turnd my baake;
    I did displease my prince and the countrye.'

24 Then bespake him noble Nevill,
    To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,
    Sett me vp my faire Dun Ball,
    With gilden hornes hee bares all soo hye.

25 And I will passe yonder noble Duke,
    By the leane of mild Marye;
    For yonder is the Duke of Austria,
    That travaells now vp on the sea.

26 And then bespake this noble Duke,
    Vnto his men then sayd hee,
    Yonder is sure some nobleman,
    Or else some youth that will not flee.

27 I will put out a pinace fayre,
    A harold of armes vpon the sea,
    And goe thy way to yonder noble shippes,
    And bring the masters name to mee.

28 When the herald of armes came before noble
    Nevill,
    He fell downe low vpon his knee:
    'You must tell me true what is your name,
    And in what countrye your dwelling may
    bee.'

29 'That will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,
    'By Mary mild, that mayden ffree,
    Except I first know thy masters name,
    And in what country his dwelling may bee.'

30 Then bespake the herald of armes,
    O that he spoke soe curteouslye!
    Duke Iohn of Austria is my masters name,
    He will neuer lene it vpon the sea.

31 He hath beene in the citye of Rome,
    His dwelling is in Cuillce:
    'Then wee are poore Britons,' the Nevill can
    say,
    'Where wee travaell vpon the sea.'

32 'And Charles Nevill itt is my name,
    I will neuer lene it vpon the sea;
    When I was att home in England faire,
    I was the Erle of Westmoreland,' sayd hee.

33 Then backe is gone this herald of armes
    Whereas this noble duke did lye;
    'Lye, yonder are poore Britons,' can he say,
    'Where the travauell vpon the sea.'

34 'And Charles Nevill is their masters name,
    He will neuer lene it vpon the sea;
    When he was at home in England fayre,
    He was the Erle of Westmoreland, said hee.'

35 Then bespake this noble duke,
    And enuer he speke soo hastilye,
    And said, Goe backe to yonder noble-man,
    And bid him come and speake with me.

36 For I haue read in the Booke of Mable,
    There shold a Brittaine come ouer the sea,
    Charles Nevill with a child's voice:
    I pray God that it may be hée.

37 When these two nobles they didden meeete,
    They halched eche other right curteouslye;
    Yett Nevill halched Iohn the sooner
    Because a banished man, alas! was hee.
38 'Call in your men,' sayd this noble duke,  
'Taine your men that I wold see,'  
'Euer alas!' said noble Nevill,  
'They are but a little small companye.'

39 First he called in Martinfield,  
_That Martinfield that cold prophecye;_  
He call[ed] in then Lord Dakers,  
A lords some of high degree.

40 Then called he in old Master Nortton,  
And sones four in his companye;  
He called in one other gentleman,  
Called John of Carnabye.

41 'Loe! these be all my men,' said noble Nevill,  
'And all that's in my companye;  
When we were at home in England fayre,  
Our prince and wee cold not agree.'

42 Then bespake this noble duke:  
To try your manhood on the sea,  
Old Master Nortton shall goe over into France,  
And his sones four in his companye.

43 And my lord Dakers shall goe over into  
_France, _  
There a capitaine flor to bee;  
And those two other gentlemen wold goe with him,  
And for to fare in his companye.

44 And you your-selfe shall goe into Ciuill land.  
And Martinfield that can prophecye;  
'That will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
'By Mary mild, that mayden free.

45 'For the hame knowen me in wele and woe,  
_In neede, scar[x]nesse and pouertye; _  
Before I le part with the worst of them,  
'I le rather part with my liffe,' sayd hee.

46 And then bespake this noble duke,  
And euer he speke soo courteouslye;  
Sayes, You shall part with none of them,  
There is soo much manhood in your bodye.

47 Then these two noblemen labored together,  
Pleasantlye vpone the sea;  
Their landing was in Ciuill land,  
In Ciuilee that faire citye.

48 Three nights att this dukes Nevill did lye,  
And serned like a nobleman was hee;  
Then the duke made a supplication,  
And sent it to the queene of Ciuilee.

49 Saying, Such a man is your citeye within,  
I mett him pleasantlye vpone the sea;  
He seems to be a noble man,  
And capitaine to your Grace he faine wold bee.

50 Then the queene sent for [these] noble men  
For to come into her companye;  
When Nevill came before the queene,  
Hee kneele downe vpone his knee.

51 Shee tooke him vp by the lilly-white hand,  
Said, Welcome, my lord, thether to me;  
You must first tell me your name,  
And in what countrye thy dwelling may bee.

52 He said, Charles Nevill is my name;  
I will never lene it in noe countrye;  
When I was att home in England fayre,  
I was the Erle of Westmorland truluye.

53 The queene made him capitaine ouer forty thousand,  
Watch and ward within Ciuill land to kepe,  
And for to warr against the heathen soldan,  
And for to helpe her in her neede.

54 When the heathen soldan he gott witt,  
In Barbarye where he did lye,  
Sainge, Such a man is in yonder citeye within,  
And a bold venturer by sea is hee,

55 Then the heathen soldan made a letter,  
And sent it to the queene instantlye,  
And all that heard this letter reade  
Where it was rehearsed in Ciuilee.

56 Saying, Have you any man your land within  
Man to man dare fight with mee?  
And both our lands shalbe ioyned in one,  
And christened lands they both shalbe.

57 Shee said, I have noe man my land within  
Man to man dare fight with thee;  
But every day thou shalt have a battell,  
If it be for these weckes three.

58 All beheard him Charles Nevill,  
In his bedd where he did lye,  
And when he came the queene before,  
He fell downe low vpone his knee.
59 'Grant me a boon, my noble dame,
   For Christ's sake thet dyed on tree;
   For I will goe fight with youd heathen soldan,
   If you will bestowe the manhood on mee.'

60 Then bespake this curtose queene,
   And over she spake soe curtouselye:
   Though you be a banished man out of your realme,
   It is great pitye that thou shold dye.

61 Then bespake this noble duke,
   As hee stood by the queenes knee:
   As I haue read in the Booke of Mable,
   There shall a Brittone come over the sea,

62 And Charles Nevill shold be his name;
   But a child's voice, I wott, hath hee,
   And if he be in Christendome;
   For hart and hand this man hath hee.

63 Then the queenes counsell cast their heads to gather,
   That Nevill shold fight with the heathen soldan,
   That dwelt in the citye of Barbary.

64 The battell and place appointed was
   In a fayre greene, hard by the sea,
   And they shood meete att the Headless Crosse,
   And there to fight right manfullye.

65 Then Nevill cald for the queenes ancient,
   And faine thet ancient he wold see;
   The brought him forth the broken sword,
   With bloodye hands therein truelye.

66 The brought him forth the headless crosse,
   In that ancietnt it was seene;
   'O this is a token,' sayd Martinfeeld,
   'That sore ouerthrown this prince hath beene.

67 'O set my vp my fayre Dun Bull,
   And trumpetts blow me farr and nee,
   Vntill I come within a mile of the Headlesse Crosse,
   That the Headlesse Crosse I may see.'

68 Then lighted downe noble Nevill,
   And sayd, Martinfeeld, come hither to me;
   Here I make thee choice captaine over my host
   Vntill againe I may thee see.

69 Then Nevill rode to the Headless Crosse,
   Which stands soe fayre upon the sea;
   There was he ware of the heathen soldan,
   Both fowle and vyglye for to see.

70 Then the soldan began for to call;
   Twice he called lowd and lye,
   And sayd, What is this? Some kitchin boy
   That comes hither to fight with mee?

71 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,
   But a child's voice, I wott, had hee:
   'Thou spekest soe little of Gods might,
   Much more lesse I doe care for thee.'

72 At the first meeting that these two mett,
   The heathen soldan and the christen man,
   The broke their speares quite in sunder,
   And after that on foote did stand.

73 The next meeting that these two mett,
   The swapt together with swords soe fine;
   The fought together till they both swett,
   Of blowes that were both derryt and dire.

74 They fought an houre in battell strong;
   The soldan marke[d] Nevill with his eye;
   'There shall never man me overcomne
   Except it be Charles Nevill,' sayd hee.

75 Then Nevill he waxed bold,
   And cunning in fight, I wott, was hee;
   Even att the gorrett of the soldans iacke
   He stroke his head of presentlye.

76 Then kneeling downe noble Nevill,
   And thanked God for his great grace,
   That he shold come soe farr into a strang[e] land,
   To overcomne the soldan in place.

77 Hee tooke the head vpon his sword-poynt,
   And carryed it amongst his host soe fayre;
   When the saw the soldans head,
   They thanked God on their knees there.

78 Seuen miles from the citye the queene him mett,
   With procession that was soe fayre;
   Shee tooke the crowne beside her head,
   And wold hauve crowned him king there.

79 'Now nay! Now nay! my noble dame,
   For soe, I wott, it cannott bee;
I have a ladye in England fayre,  
And wedded againe I wold not bee.'

80 The queene shee called for her pennam,  
I wot shee called him lowd and lyse,  
Saying, Write him downe a hundred pound a day,  
To keepe his men more merylye.

1st. feare for dreade. 2d. fayre for free.  
3d. my for me. 5d. 40d. 42d. 4.  
5th. Carnakie : cf. 40t. 8t. 15t. 48t. 57t. 3.  
8t. he & god. 14t. fortune. 15t. 5.  
20d. midlest flitt. 38. The Second Part.  
37t. 43t. 47t. 72t. 73t. 2. 48t. Caiule. In this and the like names following, the a  
has only one stroke in the MS., as often happens. The letter is not meant for c,  
clearly, as it has not the accent or beak of a c. Furnivall.

53t. 40000. 55t. all they ? all these?  
62t. ben. 70t. 2t. 78t. 3. 80t. 109t.  
And for & always.

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CAPTAIN CAR, OR, EDOM O GORDON

A. Cotton MS. Vespasian, A. xxy, No 67, fol. 187, of the last quarter of the 16th century, British Museum;  
Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790, p. 137; Rödbeck, in Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Sprache und Literatur, XV, 126, 1876 (very incorrectly); Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, 1889-86, Appendix, p. 52†, edited by F. J. Furnivall.

B. Percy MS., p. 34; Hales and Furnivall, I, 79.

C. Percy Papers, from a servant of Rev. Robert Lambe's, 1766.

D. 'Edom of Gordon,' an ancient Scottish Poem. Never  
before printed. Glasgow, printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1755, small 4°, 12 pages.  
Ritson, Scottish Songs, II, 17.

E. 'Edom o Gordon,' Kinloch MSS, V, 384.

F. The New Statistical Account of Scotland, V, 846,  
1845; 'Loudon Castle,' The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire, J. Paterson and C. Gray, 1st Series, p. 74, Ayr, 1846.

G. 'The Burning o Loudon Castle,' Motherwell's MS.,  
p. 543.

First printed by the Foulis, Glasgow,  
1755, after a copy furnished by Sir David Dalrymple, "who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady." This information we derive from Percy, who inserted the Dalrymple ballad in his Reliques, 1765, I, 99.  
* This is the date given me. It is very near to that of the event.  

"improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas recovered from a fragment . . . in the Editor's folio MS." Seven stanzas of the enlarged copy were adopted from this MS., with changes; 16th, 30, 35, 36, are Percy's own; the last three of the Glasgow edition are dropped. Herd's copy, The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs, 1769, p. 234, is from
Percy's Reliques; so is Pinkerton's, Scottish Tragic Ballads, 1781, p. 43, with the omission of the seventh stanza and many alterations. Ritson, Scottish Songs, 1794, II, 17, repeats the Glasgow copy; so the Campbell MSS, I, 155, and Finlay, I, 85. The copy in Buchan's Gleanings, p. 180, is Percy's, with one stanza from Ritson. Of twelve stanzas given in Burton's History of Scotland, V, 70 f., 3–6 are from Percy's Reliques (modified by B, a fragment obtained by Burton), the rest from D.

During the three wretched and bloody years which followed the assassination of the regent Murray, the Catholic Earl of Huntly, George Gordon, was one of the most eminent and active of the partisans of the queen. Mary created him her lieutenant-governor, and his brother, Adam Gordon, a remarkably gallant and able soldier, whether so created or not, is sometimes called the queen's deputy-lieutenant in the north. Our ballad is concerned with a minor incident of the hostilities in Aberdeenshire between the Gordons and the Forbesses, a rival but much less powerful clan, who supported the Reformed faith and the regency or king's party.*

"The queen's lieutenant-deputy in the north, called Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, knight, was very vigilant in his function; for suppressing of whom the Master of Forbes was directed, with the regent's commission. But the first encounter, which was upon the ninth day of October [1571], Auchindown obtained such victory that he slew of the Forbesses a hundred and twenty persons, and lost very few of his own." This was the battle of Tulliangus, on the northern slope of the hills of Coren, some thirty miles northwest of Aberdeen. Both parties having been reinforced, an issue was tried again on the twentieth of November at Crabstone, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, where Adam Gordon inflicted a severe defeat on the Forbesses.†

* Lient.-Col. H. W. Lumsden has very kindly allowed me a discretionary use of an unpublished paper of his upon the historical basis of this ballad, and I freely avail myself of his aid, all responsibility remaining, of course, with me.
† The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 95 ff. The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans, etc., "But what glory and renown," says the contemporary History of King James the Sixth, "he [Gordon] obtained of these two victories was all cast down by the infamy of his next attempt; for immediately after this last conflict he directed his soldiers to the castle of Towie, desiring the house to be rendered to him in the queen's name; which was obstinately refused by the lady, and she burst forth with certain injurious words. And the soldiers being impatient, by command of their leader, Captain Ker, fire was put to the house, wherein she and the number of twenty-seven persons were cruelly burnt to the death."

Another account, reported by a contemporary who lived in Edinburgh, is that "Adam Gordon sent Captain Ker to the place of Toway, requiring the lady thereof to render the place of Carrigill to him in the queen's name, which she would noways do; whereof the said Adam having knowledge, moved in ire towards her, caused raise fire thereintill, wherein she, her daughters, and other persons were destroyed, to the number of twenty-seven or thereby." ‡ This was in November, 1571.

We have a third report of this outrage from Richard Bannatyne, also a contemporary, a man, it may be observed, bitterly hostile to the queen's party. "Adam of Gordon. . . . went to the house of Towie, which he burnt and twenty four persons in the same, never one escaping but one woman that came through the corns and hather which was cast to the house-sides, whereby they were smothered. This was done under assurance; for the laird of Towie's wife, being sister to the lady Crawford (and also died within the house), sent a boy to the laird in time of the truce (which was for the space of twelve hours) to see on what conditions they should render the house. In the mean time, Adam Gordon's men laid the corns and tim-

‡ Diurnal of Occurrents, p. 255. What place is meant by Carrigill here is of no present consequence, since it was Towie that was burnt. Many writers, as Tyler, VII, 367, following Crawford's spurious Memoirs, p. 240, 1706, make the number that perished in the house thirty-seven.
bers and hather about the house, and set all

Buchanan puts the incident which mainly
concerns us between the fights of Tulliangus
and Crabstone; so does Archbishop Spottis-
wood. "Not long after" the former, says the
archbishop, who was a child of six when the
affair occurred, Adam Gordon "sent to sum-
mon the house of Tavoy, pertaining to Alex-
ander Forbes. The lady refusing to yield
without direction from her husband, he put
fire unto it and burnt her therein with chil-
dren and servants, being twenty-seven per-
sons in all. This inhuman and barbarous
cruelty made his name odious, and stained all
his former doings; otherwise he was held
both active and fortunate in his enterprises."

Buchanan dispatches the burning of the
house in a line: Domus Alexandri Forbosii,
cum uxore pregnante, liberes et ministris, cre-
mata. Ed. 1582, fol. 248 b.

Towie was a place of no particular impor-
tance; judging both by the square keep that
remains, which is described as insignificant,
and by the number of people that the house
contained, it must have been a small place.
It is therefore more probable that Captain
Ker burnt Towie while executing a general
commission to harry the Forbeses than that
this house should have been made a special
object. But whether this were so or not, it
is evident from the terms in which the trans-
action is spoken of by contemporaries, who
were familiarized to a ferocious kind of war-
fare,† that there must have been something
quite beyond the common in Captain Ker's
proceedings on this occasion, for they are
denounced even in those days as infamous, in-
human, and barbarously cruel, and the name
of Adam Gordon is said to have been made
odious by them.

It is not to be disguised that the language
employed by Spottiswood might be so inter-
preted as to signify that Ker did not act in
this dreadful business entirely upon his own
responsibility; and the second of the four
writers who speak circumstantially of the
affair even intimates that Ker applied to
his superior for instructions. On the other
hand, the author of the History of James
the Sixth says distinctly that the house was
fired by the command of Ker, whose soldiers
were rendered impatient by an obstinate re-
sis solution to surrender, accompanied with oppro-
brious words. The oldest of the ballads, also,
which is nearly coeval with the occurrence,
speaks only of Captain Car, knows nothing of
Adam Gordon. On the other hand, Banna-
tyne knows nothing, or chooses to say noth-
ing, of Captain Car: Adam Gordon burns
the house, and even does this during a truce.
It may be said that, even if the act were
done without the orders or knowledge of
Adam Gordon, he deserves all the ill fame
which has fallen to him, for not punishing, or
at least discharging, the perpetrator of such
an outrage. But this would be applying the
standards of the nineteenth century (and its
very best standards) to the conduct of the
sixteenth. It may be doubted whether there
was at that time a man in Scotland, nay, even
a man in Europe, who would have turned
away a valuable servant because he had
crudely exceeded his instructions.§

A favorable construction, where the direct
evidence is conflicting, is due to Adam Gordon
because of his behavior on two other oc-
casions, one immediately preceding, and the
other soon following, the burning of the
house of Towie. We are told that he used
his victory at Crabstone "very moderately,
and suffered no man to be killed after the
fury of the fight was past. Alexander Forbes
of Strath-gur-neck, author of all these troubles

* Journal of the Transactions in Scotland during the
contest between the adherents of Queen Mary and those
of her son, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, p. 302 f., Edinburgz, 1806.
† History of the Church of Scotland, ed. 1666, p. 259.
‡ "For many miserable months Scotland presented a
sight which might have drawn pity from the hardest heart:
her sons engaged in a furious and constant butchery of each
other; . . . nothing seen but villages in flames, towns be-

§ These are nearly the words of Lient.-Col. Lumsdon,
upon whom I am very glad to lean. That Ker was a valu-
able officer is well known.
betwixt these two families, was taken at this battle, and as they were going to behead him Auchenindown caused stay his execution. He entertained the Master of Forbes and the rest of the prisoners with great kindness and courtesy; he carried the Master of Forbes along with him to Strathbogie, and in end gave him and all the rest leave to depart." * And again, after another success in a fight called The Bord of Breechin, in the ensuing July, he caused all the prisoners to be brought before him, they expecting nothing but death, and said to them: "My friends and brethren, have in remembrance how God has granted to me victory and the upper hand of you, granting me the same vantage ['vand and sching'] to punish you wherewith my late father and brother were punished at the Bank of Fair; and since, of the great slaughter made on the Queen's Grace's true subjects, and most filthy of the hanging of my soldiers here by the Earl of Lennox; and since, by the hanging of ten men in Leith, with other unlawful acts done contrary to the laws of arms; and I doubt not, if I were under their dominion, as you are under mine, that I should die the death most cruelly. Yet notwithstanding, my good brethren and countrymen, be not afraid nor fear not, for at this present ye shall incur no danger of your bodies, but shall be treated as brethren, and I shall do to you after the commandment of God, in doing good for evil, forgetting the cruelty done to the queen and her faithful subjects, and receiving you as her faithful subjects in time coming. Who promised to do the same, and for assurance hereof each found surety. After which the Regent past lastily out of Sterling to Dundee, charging all manner of man to follow him, with twenty days victuals, against the said Adam Gordon. But there would never a man in those parts obey the charge, by reason of the bond made before and of the great gentleness of the said Adam." †

After the Pacification of February, 1573, Adam Gordon obtained license to go to France and other parts beyond sea, for certain years, on condition of doing or procuring nothing to the hurt of the realm of Scotland; but for private practices of his, contrary to his promise, in conjunction with Captain Ker and others, he was ordered to return home, 12th May, 1574. His brother, the Earl of Huntly, upon information of these unlawful practices in France, was committed to ward, and when released from ward had to give security to the amount of £20,000. Adam Gordon returned in July, 1575, "at the command of the regent," with twenty gentlemen who had gone to France with him, and was in ward in 1576. He died at St. John- ston in October, 1580, "of a bleeding." As he was of tender age in 1562, he must still have been a young man.‡

Thomas Ker was a captain "of men of war"; that is, a professional soldier. As such he is mentioned in one of the articles of the Pacification, where it is declared that Captain Thomas Ker, Captain James Bruce, and Captain Gilbert Wauchop, with their respective lieutenants and ensigns, and two other persons, "shall be comprehended in this present pacification, as also all the soldiers who served under their charges, for deeds of hostility and crimes committed during the present troubles." He was accused of being engaged in practices against the regency, as we have already seen, in 1574. He was released from ward upon caution in February, 1575. 1578, 26th July, he was summoned to appear be-

* The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans, p. 54 f. † Diurnal of Occurrences, p. 304 f. Also The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 111.

As to the 'Bank of Fair,' otherwise called Corrachie, the Earl of Huntly and two of his sons, John and Adam, were made prisoners at the battle there in 1562. The father, a corpulent man, "by reason of the throng that pressed him, expired in the hands of his takers." John was executed, but Adam was spared because of his tender age. (Spottiswood, p. 187.)

Tyler observes of Adam Gordon: "In his character we find a singular mixture of knightly chivalry with the ferocity of the highland freebooter. . . . Such a combination as that exhibited by Gordon was no infrequent production in these dark and sanguinary times." VII, 367. But it would have been a good thing to cite other instances.

fore the king and council to answer to such things as should be inquired of him. He is mentioned as a burgher of Aberdeen 1588, 1591. 1593, 3d March, he is required to give caution to the amount of 1000 merks that he will not assist the earls of Huntly and Errol. His "counsel and convey was chiefly usit" in an important matter at Balrines in 1594, at which battle he "behave himself so valiantly" that he was knighted on the field. November 4, 1594, Captain Thomas Ker and James Ker, his brother, are ordered to be denounced as rebels, having failed to appear to answer touching their treasonable assistance to George, sometime Earl of Huntly; and this seems to be the latest notice of him that has been recovered.*

In the Genealogy of the family of Forbes drawn up by Matthew Lumsden in 1580, and continued to 1667 by William Forbes, p. 43 f., ed. 1819, we read: "John Forbes of Towie married — Grant, daughter to John Grant of Bandallach, who did bear to him a son who was unmercifully murdered in the castle of Corgaff; and after the decease of Bandallach's daughter, the said John Forbes married Margaret Campbell, daughter to Sir John Campbell of Calder, knight, who did bear him three sons, Alex. Forbes of Towie, John Forbes, thereafter of Towie, and William Forbes. . . . The said John Forbes of Towie, after the murder of Margaret Campbell, married — Forbes, a daughter to the Keires," by whom he had a son, who, as also a son of his own, died in Germany. Alexander and William, sons of Margaret Campbell, died without succession, and by the death of an only son of John, junior, the house of Towie became extinct. "The rest of the said Margaret Campbell's bairns, with herself, were unmercifully murdered in the castle of Corgaff." † According to the Lumsden genealogy, then, Margaret Campbell, with her younger children, and also a son of her husband, John Forbes of Towie, by a former marriage, were murdered at the castle of Corgaff. Corgarf is a place "exigni nominis," some fifteen miles west of Towie, and, so far as is known, there is nothing to connect this place with the Forbes family.‡ Three sixteenth-century accounts, and a fourth by an historian who was born before the event, make Towie to be the scene of the "murder," and Towie we know to have been in the possession of a member of the house of Forbes for several generations. Since Lumsden wrote only nine years after the event, and was more particularly concerned with the Forbes family than any of the other writers referred to, his statement cannot be peremptorily set aside. But we


† That a Margaret Campbell was the wife of John Forbes of Towie in 1556-63 appears from the Register of the Great Seal of Scotland, Nos 1124, 1404, 1469. But Lient.-Col. Lumsden remarks that Sir John Campbell of Calder had no daughter of the name of Margaret, and that there is no record of such a marriage in the Cawdor papers. It may be observed in passing that Buchanan's and Spottiswood's error (as it seems to be) of substituting Alexander Forbes for John might easily arise, since, according to the Genealogy, John's father, one of his brothers, a son, and a grandson, all bore the name Alexander.

‡ "After making considerable researches upon the subject, I am come to the conclusion that it was Towie House that was burnt. Corgarff never was in possession of a Forbes." (Joseph Robertson, Kinbow MSS, VI, 28.) What is said of Corgarff in the View of the Diocese of Aberdeen, 1732, Robertson, Collections for a History of the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff, pp. 611, 616, is derived from Lumsden.

Robert Gordon, writing about 1654, says, "Non procul a fossibus [Domus] jacet Corgarff, exigni nominis." A description of the parish of Strathdon, written about 1726, in Maerfahan's Geographical Collections, MS., says of Corgarff, "This is an old castle belonging to the earls of Mar, but nothing remarkable about it:" pp. 26, 616, of the work last cited. The Statistical Accounts of Scotland give no light; the older tells the story of Corgarff, the later of both Corgarff and Towie, and the one is as uncritical as the other.

John Forbes of Towie (Tolies) is one of a long list of that name in an order of the Lords of Council concerning an action of the Forbes clan against the Earl of Huntly in 1573; and in another paper, dated July, 1578, which has reference to the same action, the Forbeses complain that "sum of thair housis, wyffis and bairnis being thairin, were all sterily wraikit and brontit." (Robertson, Illustrations, etc., IV, 762, 765.) Bearing in mind the latitude of phraseology customary in indictments, we are perhaps under no necessity of thinking that the atrocity of Towie was but one of several instances of houses burnt, wives (women) and bairnis being therein. There may be those who will think it plausible that "Cartgillf" in the Diurnal of Occurrents should be Corgarff, and that both were burnt.
may owe Corgarfto the reviser of 1667, although he professes not to have altered the substance of his predecessor's work.

Reverting now to the ballad, we observe that none of the seven versions, of which one is put towards the end of the sixteenth century, one is of the seventeenth century, two are of the eighteenth, and the remainder from tradition of the present century, lay the scene at Towie. E, which is of this century, has Corgarft. A, B, the oldest copies (both English), give no name to the castle. Crecrenybrogie in A, Bittonsborrow in B, are not the name of the castle that is burned, but of a castle suggested for a winter retirement by one of Car's men, and rejected by the captain. The fragment C (English again) also names no place. D transfers the scene from the north to the house of Rode, near Dunse, in Berwickshire, and F, G to Loudoun castle in Ayrshire; the name of Gordon probably helping to the localizing of the ballad in the former case, and that of Campbell, possibly, in the other.

Captain Car is the leader of the bloody band in A, B; he is lord of Eastertown A 6, 18, of Westertown B 5, 9; but 'Adam' is said to fire the house in B 14. Adam Gordon is the captain in C-G. The sufferers are in A Hamiltons,* in F, G, Campbells. The name Forbes is not preserved in any version.

A, B. Martinmas weather forces Captain Car to look for a hold. Crecrenybrogie, A, Bittonsborrow, B, is proposed, but he knows of a castle where there is a fair lady whose lord is away, and makes for that. The lady sees from the wall a host of men riding towards the castle, and thinks her lord is coming home, but it was the traitor Captain Car. By supper-time he and his men have lighted about the place. Car calls to the lady to give up the house; she shall lie in his arms that night, and the morrow heir his land. She will not give up the house, but fires on Car and his men. [Orders are given to burn the house.] The lady entreats Car to save her eldest son. Lap him in a sheet and let him down, says Car; and when this is done, cuts out tongue and heart, ties them in a handkerchief, and throws them over the wall. The youngest son begs his mother to surrender, for the smoke is smothering him. She would give all her gold and fee for a wind to blow the smoke away; but the fire falls about her head, and she and her children are burned to death. Captain Car rides away, A. The lord of the castle dreams, learns by a letter, at London, that his house has been fired, and hurries home. He finds the hall still burning, and breaks out into expressions of grief, A. In B, half of which has been torn from the manuscript, after reading the letter he says he will find Car wherever Car may be, and, long ere day, comes to Dractonsborrow, where the miscreant is. If nine or ten stanzas were not lost at this point, we should no doubt learn of the revenge that was taken.

In the short fragment C, upon surrender being demanded, reply is made by a shot which kills seven of the baleaguerers. An only daughter, smothered by the reek, asks her mother to give up the house. Rather would I see you burnt to ashes, says the mother. The boy on the nurse's knee makes the same appeal; her mother would sooner see him burnt than give up her house to be Adam of Gordon's whore.

D makes the lady try fair speeches with Gordon, and the lady does not reply with firearms to the proposal that she shall lie by his side. Nevertheless she has spirit enough to say, when her youngest son beseeches her to give up the house, Come weal, come woe, you must take share with me. The daughter, and not the eldest son, is wrapped in sheets and let down the wall; she gets a fall on the

* The making Gordon burn a house of the Hamiltons, who were of the queen's party, is a heedless perversion of history such as is to be found only in 'historical' ballads. The castle of Hamilton had been burnt in 1570, "and the town and palace of Hamilton therewith," more than a year before the burning of Towie, but by Lennox and his English allies. (Diurnal of Occurrents, p. 177.)

"The old castle of Loudoun," says the Rev. Norman Macleod, "was destroyed by fire about 350 years ago [that is, about 1500]. The current tradition regarding the burning of the old castle ascribes that event to the clan Kennedy at the period above mentioned, and the remains of an old tower at Auchrigan, on the Galston side of the valley, is still pointed out as having been their residence."
point of Gordon's spear. Then follow deplorable interpolations, beginning with st. 19. Edom o Gordon, having turned the girl over with his spear, and wished her alive, turns her over and over again! He orders his men to bask and away, for he cannot look on the bonnie face. One of his men hopes he will not be damned with a dame, and certainly three successive utterances in the way of sentiment show that the captain needs a little tuning up. At this point the lord of the castle is coming over the lea, and sees that his castle is in flames. He and his men put on at their best rate; lady and babes are dead ere the foremost arrives; they go at the Gordons, and but five of fifty of these get away.

And round and round the wae's he went,
Their ashes for to view:
At last into the flames he flew,
And bad the world adieu.

This is superior to turning her o’er and o’er again, and indeed, in its way, not to be improved.

Nothing need be said of the fragment E further than that the last stanza is modern.

F is purely traditional, and has one fine stanza not found in any of the foregoing:

Out then spake the lady Margaret,
As she stood on the stair;
The fire was at her goud garters,
The lowe was at her hair.

There is no firing at the assailants (though the lady wishes that her only son could charge a gun). Lady Margaret, with the flame in her hair, would give the black and the brown for a drink of the stream that she sees below. Anne asks to be rowed in a pair of sheets and let down the wall; her mother says that she must stay and die with her. Lord Thomas, on the nurse’s knee, says, Give up, or the reek will choke me. The mother would rather be burned to small ashes than give up the castle, her lord away. And burnt she is with her children nine.

G has the eighteen stanzas of F, neglecting slight variations, and twenty more (among them the bad D 21), nearly all superfluous, and one very disagreeable. Lady Campbell, having refused to “come down” and be “kept” (caught) on a feather-bed, 5, 6, is ironically asked by Gordon to come down and be kept on the point of his sword, 7. Since you will not come down, says Gordon, fire your death shall be. The lady had liefer be burnt to small ashes than give up the castle while her lord is from home, 10. Fire is set. The oldest daughter asks to be rolled in a pair of sheets and flung over the wall. She gets a deadly fall on the point of Gordon’s sword, and is turned over and over again, 18, over and over again, 19. Lady Margaret cries that the fire is at her garters and the flame in her hair. Lady Ann, from childbed where she lies, asks her mother to give up the castle, and is told that she must stay and dree her death with the rest. The youngest son asks his mother to go down, and has the answer that was given Gordon in 10. The waiting-maid begs to have a baby of hers saved; her lady’s long hair is burnt to her brow, and how can she take it? So the babe is rolled in a feather-bed and flung over the wall, and gets a deadly fall on the point of Gordon’s ever-ready sword. Several ill-connected stanzas succeed, three of which are clearly recent, and then pity for Lady Ann Campbell, who was burnt with her nine bairns. Lord Loudon comes home a “sorry” man, but comforts himself with tearing Gordon with wild horses.

A slight episode has been passed over. It is a former servant of the family that breaks through the house-wall and kindles the fire, A 21, D 12–14, F 5, 6, G 13, 14. In all but A he makes the excuse that he is now Gordon’s man, and must do or die.

There is a Danish ballad of about 1600 (communicated to me by Svend Grundtvig, and, I think, not yet printed) in which Karl grevens son, an unsuccessful suitor of Lady Linild, burns Lady Linild in her bower, and taking refuge in Maribo church, is there burned himself by Karl kejserens son, Lady
Linild’s preferred lover. See also ‘Liden Engel,’ under ‘Fause Foodrage,’ No 89, II, 298. The copy in Percy’s Reliques is translated by Bodmer, I, 126, and by Doenninges, p. 69; Pinkerton’s copy by Grundtvig, No 9, and by Loëve-Veimars, p. 367; Knörtz, Schottische Balladen, No 13, apparently translates Allingham’s.

A


1 It befell at Martynmas,
When wether waxed colde,
Captaine Care said to his men,
We must go take a holde.

Syek, sike, and to-towe sike,
And sike and like to die;
The sikest nighte that ene I abode,
God lord haue mercy on me!

2 ‘Haille, master, and wether you will,
And wether ye like it best;’
‘To the castle of Crecreyngbrogh,
And there we will take our reste.’

3 ‘I knowe wher is a gay castle,
Is builded of lyme and stone;
Within their is a gay ladie,
Her lord is ridden and gone.’

4 The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,
She lockt vpp and downe;
There was she ware of an host of men,
Come riding to the town.

5 ‘Se yow, my meri men all,
And se yow what I see?
Yonder I see an host of men,
I muse who they bee.’

6 She thought he had ben her wed lord,
As he comd riding home;
Then was it traitor Captaine Care
The lord of Easter-towne.

7 They wer no soner at supper sett,
Then after said the grace,
Or Captaine Care and all his men
Wer lighte aboute the place.

8 ‘Gyue over thy houssse, thou lady gay,
And I will make the a bande;
To-nighte thou shal be within my armes,
To-morrowe thou shal be my lande.’

9 Then bespacke the eldest sonne,
That was both whitt and redde:
O mother dere, gene over your houssse,
Or elles we shalbe deade.

10 ‘I will not gene over my hous,’ she saith.
‘Not for feare of my lyffle;
It shalbe talked throughout the land,
The slaughter of a wyffle.

11 ‘Fetch me my pestilet,
And charge me my gonne,
That I may shott at yonder bloddy butcher,
The lord of Easter-towne.’

12 Styffly vpon her wal she stode,
And lett the pellettes flee;
But then she myst the bloddy bucker,
And she swel other three.

13 ‘[I will] not gene over my hous,’ she saith.
‘Netheir for lord nor lowne;
Nor yet for traitour Captaine Care,
The lord of Easter-towne.

14 ‘I desire of Captaine Care,
And all his bloddy band,
That he would sane my eldest sonne,
The care of all my lande.’

15 ‘Lap him in a shete,’ he sayth,
‘And let him downe to me,
And I shall take him in my armes,
His warne shall I be.’

16 The captayne sayd unto him selfe:
Wyth sped, before the rest,
He cut his tonge out of his head,
His hart out of his brest.
17 He lapt them in a handkerchief,
And knet it of knotes treee,
And cast them over the castell-wall,
At that gay ladye.

18 'Fye vpon the, Captayne Care,
And all thy bloody hand!
For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,
The ayre of all my land.'

19 Then bespake the yongest sonne,
Ther sat on the nurses knee,
Saveth, Mother gay, gene over your house;
It smoldereth me.

20 'I wold gene my gold,' she saith,
'And so I wolde my ffree,
For a blaste of the westryn wind,
To dryne the smoke from thee.'

21 'Fy vpon the, John Hamleton,
That ever I paid the hyre!
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,
And kyndled in the flyre.'

22 The lady gate to her close parler,
The fire fell about her head;
She toke vp her children thre,
Seth, Babes, we are all dead.

23 Then bespake the hyre steward,
That is of hyre degree;
Saveth, Ladye gay, you are in close,
Wether ye fghte or flee.

24 Lord Hamleton dremd in his dream,
In Carnall where he laye,
His halfe were all of fyre,
His ladie slayne or daye.

25 'Busk and bowne, my mery men all,
Even and go ye with me;
For I dremd that my haal was on fyre,
My ladie slayne or day.'

26 He buskst him and bownd hym,
And like a worthi knyghte;
And when he saw his hall burning,
His karte was no dele lighte.

27 He sett a trumpett till his mouth,
He blew as it plesd his grace;
Twenty score of Hamletons
Was light aboute the place.

28 'Had I knowne as much yesternighte
As I do to-daye,
Captayne Care and all his men
Should not haue gone so quyte.

29 'Fy vpon the, Captayne Care,
And all thy blody bande!
Thou hast slayne my lady gay,
More worth the all thy laude.

30 'If thou had ought, say ill will,' she saith,
'Thou shouldst haue taken my lyffe,
And haue saved my children thre,
All and my louesome wyffe.'

4 'See you not, my mery men all,
And see you not what I doe see?
Methinks I see a haost of men;
I muse who they shold be.'

5 She thought it had beene her louly lord,
He had come ryding home;
It was the traitor, Captaine Carre,
The lord of Westerton-towne.

6 They had noe sooner super sett,
And after said the grace,
But the traitor, Captaine Carre,
Was light about the place.

7 'Give over thy house, thy lady gay,
I will make thee a band;
All night with-in mine armes thou'st lye,
To-morrow be the heyre of my land.'

8 'I le not give over my house,' shee said,
'Neither for lads nor man.
Nor yet for traitor Captaine Carre,
Vutill my lord come home.

9 'But reach me my pistoll pe[e]ce,
And charge you well my guine;
I le shoote at the bloody bucher,
The lord of Westerton.'

10 She stood vppon her castle-wall
And let the bulletts flee,
And where shee mist
 . . . . . .

11 But then bespake the little child,
That sate on the nurses knee;
Saies, Mother deere, giue ore this house,
For the smoake it smoothers me.

12 'I wold giue all my gold, my childe,
Soe wold I doe all my fee,
For one blast of the westerne wind
To blow the smoke from thee.'

13 But when shee saw the fier
Came flaming ore her head,
Shee tooke then vpp her children two,
Sayes, Babes, we all beene dead !

14 But Adam then he fired the house,
A sorrowfull sight to see ;
Now hath he burned this lady faire
And eke her children three.

15 Then Captaine Carre he rode away,
He staid noe longer at that tide ;
He thought that place it was to warne
Soe neere for to abide.

16 He calld vnto his merry men all,
Bidd them make hast away ;
'For we haue slaine his children three,
All and his lady gay.'

17 Worde came to louly London,
To London wheras her lord lay,
His castle and his hall was burned,
All and his lady gay.

18 Soe hath he done his children three.
More dearer vnto him
Then either the siluer or the gold,
That men soe faine wold win.

19 But when he looket this writing on,
Lord, in is hart he was woe!
Saies, I will find thee, Captaine Carre,
Wether thou ryde or goe !

20 Buske yee, bowne yee, my merrymen all,
With tempered swords of steele,
For till I haue found out Captaine Carre,
My hart it is nothing weele.

21 But when he came to Draconts-borrow,
Soe long ere it was day,
And ther he found him Captaine Carre ;
That night he ment to stay.

* * * * * * * *

2 She ca'd to her merry men a',
'Bring me my five pistols and my lang gun ;'
The first shot the fair lady shot,
She shot seven of Gordon's men.

3 He turned round about his back,
And swore he woud ha his desire,
And if that castell was built of gowd,
It should gang a' to fire.

4 Up then spak her daughter deere,
She had nae mair than she:
Gie up your house, now, mither deere,  
The reek it skomfishes me.'

1 'I d rather see you birnt,' said she,  
'And down to ashes fa,  
Ere I gie up my house to Adam of Gordon,  
And to his merry men a'.

2 'I've four and twenty kye  
Gaing upo the mair;  
I'd gie em for a blast of wind,  
The reek it blows sae sour.'

3 She had nae sooner busket her sell,  
Nor putten on her gown,  
Till Edom o Gordon and his men  
Were round about the town.

4 They had nae sooner sitten down,  
Nor sooner said the grace,  
Till Edom o Gordon and his men  
Were closed about the place.

5 The lady ran up to her tower-head,  
As fast as she could drie,  
To see if by her fair speeches  
She could with him agree.

6 As soon he saw the lady fair,  
And hir yates all locked fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his heart was aghast.

7 'Cum down to me, ye lady fair,  
Cum down to me; let's see;

D
Robert and Andrew Fouls, Glasgow, 1755; "as preserved in the memory of a lady."

1 It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew schrile and cauld,  
Said Edom o Gordon to his men,  
We maun draw to a hald.

2 'And what an a hald sall we draw to,  
My merry men and me?  
We will gae to the house of the Rhodes,  
To see that fair lady.'

3 She had nae sooner busket her sell,  
Nor putten on her gown,  
Till Edom o Gordon and his men  
Were round about the town.

4 They had nae sooner sitten down,  
Nor sooner said the grace,  
Till Edom o Gordon and his men  
Were closed about the place.

5 The lady ran up to her tower-head,  
As fast as she could drie,  
To see if by her fair speeches  
She could with him agree.

6 As soon he saw the lady fair,  
And hir yates all locked fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his heart was aghast.

7 'Cum down to me, ye lady fair,  
Cum down to me; let's see;

This night ye's ly by my ain side,  
The morn my bride sail be.'

8 'I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,  
I winnae cum down to thee;  
I winnae forsake my ane dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me.'

9 'Gi up your house, ye fair lady,  
Gi up your house to me,  
Or I will burn yoursel therein,  
Bot and your babies three.'

10 'I winnae gie up, you fals Gordon,  
To nae sik traitor as thee,  
Tho you should burn mysel therein,  
Bot and my babies three.'

11 'Set fire to the house,' quoth fals Gordon,  
'Sin better may nae bee;  
And I will burn hersel therein,  
Bot and her babies three.'

12 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
I paid ye weil your fee;  
Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
Let's in the reek to me?

13 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
For I paid you weill your hire;  
Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
To me lets in the fire?'

14 'Ye paid me weill my hire, lady,  
Ye paid me weill my fee,
But now I 'in Edom of Gordon's man,  
Maun either do or die.'

15 O then bespake her youngest son,  
Sat on the nurses knee,  
'Dear mother, gie owre your house,' he says,  
'For the rock it worries me.'

16 'I winnae gie up my house, my dear,  
To nae sik traitor as he;  
Cum weil, cum wae, my jewels fair,  
Ye maun tak share wi me.'

17 O then bespake her dochter dear,  
She was baith jimp and sma;  
'O row me in a pair o sliets,  
And tow me owre the wa.'

18 They rowd her in a pair of sliets,  
And towd her owre the wa,  
But on the point of Edom's speir  
She gat a deadly fa.

19 O bouncy, bonny was hir mouth,  
And chirry were her cheiks,  
And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,  
Whereon the reid bluid dreips!

20 Then wi his speir he turnd hir owr;  
'O gin hir face was wan!  
He said, You are the first that eer  
I wist alive again.

21 He turned hir owr and owr again;  
'O gin hir skin was whyte!  
He said, I might ha spard thy life  
'To been some mans deyle.

22 'Busk and boon, my merry men all,  
For ill dooms I do guess;

1 'Till fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Captain Gordon to his men,  
'We'll a' draw to som hauld.'

2 'And whatena hauhd shall we draw to,  
To be the nearest hame?'

3 'We will draw to the ha o bonny Cargarff;  
The laird is na at hame.'

4 'Now, Lady Cargarff, gie owrer yer house,  
Gie owrer yer house to me;
6 Then up and spak her youngest son,  
Sat at the nourice's knee:

7 'I'll wrap thee on a feather-bed,  
Thy warrand I shall be.'

8 'I'll no come down, I'll no come down,  
For neither laird w[or]t loun;  
Nor yet for any bloody butcher  
That lives in Altringham town.

9 'I would give the black,' she says,  
'And so would I the brown,  
If that Thomas, my only son,  
Could charge to me a gun.'

10 Out then spake the lady Margaret,  
As she stood on the stair;  
The fire was at her goud garters,  
The lowe was at her hair.

11 'I would give the black,' she says,  
'And so would I the brown,  
For a drink of yon water,  
That runs by Galston Town.'

12 Out then spake fair Annie,  
She was bairth jimp and sma  
'O row me in a pair o sheets,  
And tow me down the wa!'

13 'O hold thy tongue, thou fair Annie,  
And let thy talkin be;  
For thou must stay in this fair castle,  
And bear thy death with me.'

14 'O mother,' spoke the lord Thomas,  
As he sat on the nurse's knee,  
'O mother, give up this fair castle,  
Or the reek will worrie me.'

F


1 It fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the wind blew snell and cauld,  
That Adam o Gordon said to his men,  
Where will we get a hold?

2 See [ye] not where yonder fair castle  
Stands on you lily lee?  
The laird and I have a deadly feud,  
The lady fair I see.

3 As she was up on the househead,  
Behold, on looking down,  
She saw Adam o Gordon and his men,  
Coming riding to the town.

4 The dinner was not well set down,  
Nor the grace was scarcely said,  
Toll Adam o Gordon and his men  
About the walls were laid.

5 'It's fause now fa thee, Jock my man!  
Thou might a let me be;  
Yon man has lifted the pavement-stone,  
An let in the low unto me.'

6 'Seven years I served thee, fair ladie,  
You gave me meat and fee;  
But now I am Adam o Gordon's man,  
An maun either do it or die.'

7 'Come down, come down, my lady Loudoun,  
Come down thou unto me!  
'O mother dear, gie ower yer house,  
For the reek o't smothers me.'

8 'I would gie a' my goud, my child,  
Sae would I a' my fee,  
For ae blast o the westlan win,  
'To blow the reek frae thee.'

9 Then up and spak her eldest heir,  
He spak wi muckle pride:  
'Now mother dear, keep weel yer house,  
And I'll fight by yer side.'
15 'I would rather be burnt to ashes sma,
    And be cast on yon sea-foam,
Before I'd give up this fair castle,
    And my lord so far from home.

16 'My good lord has an army strong,
    He's now gone o'er the sea;
He bad me keep this gay castle,
    As long as it would keep me.

G
Motherwell's MS., p. 543, from the recitation of May Richmond, at the Old Kirk of London.

1 It was in and about the Martinmas time,
    When the wind blew schill and cauld,
That Adam o Gordon said to his men,
    Whare will we get a haund?

2 'Do ye not see yon bonnie castell,
    That stands on London lee?
The lord and I hae a deadlie feed,
    And his lady faim wuld I see.'

3 Lady Campbell was standing in the close,
    A preenin o her goun,
Whan Adam o Gordon and his men
    Cam riding thro Galston toun.

4 The dinner was na weel set doun,
    Nor yet the grace weel said,
Till Adam o Gordon and a' his men
    Around the wa's war laid.

5 'Come doun, come doun, Ladie Campbell,' he said,
    'Come doun and speak to me;
I'll kep thee in a feather bed,
    And thy warraner I will be.'

6 'I winna come doun and speak to thee,
    Nor to ony lord or loun;
Nor yet to thee, thou bloody butcher,
    The laird o Auchruglen toun.'

7 'Come doun, come doun, Ladye Campbell,' he said,
    'Cum doun and speak to me;
I'll kep thee on the point o my sword,
    And thy warraner I will be.'

8 'I winna come doun and speak to thee,
    Nor to ony lord or loun,
Nor yet to thee, thou bludie butcher,
    The laird o Auchruglen toun.'

9 'Syne gin ye winna come doun,' he said,
    'A' for to speak to me,
I'll tye the bands around my waist,
    And fire thy death sail be.'

10 'I'd leifer be burnt in ashes sma,
    And cuist in yon sea-foam,
Or I'd gie up this bonnie castell,
    And my gude lord frae hame.

11 'For my gude lord's in the army strong,
    He's new gane over the sea;
He bade me keep this bonnie castell,
    As lang 's it wuld keep me.'

12 'Set fire to the house,' said haud Gordon,
    'Set fire to the house, my men;
We'll gar Lady Campbell come for to rew
    As she burns in the flame.'

13 'O wae be to thee, Carmichael,' she said,
    'And an ill death may ye die!
For ye hae lifted the pavement-stane,
    And loot up the lowe to me.

14 'Seven years ye war about my house,
    And received both meat and fee: '
    'And now I'm Adam o Gordon's man,
    I maun either do or dee.'

15 'Oh I wad gie the black,' she said.
    'And I wuld gie the brown,
All for ae cup o the cauld water
    That rins to Galstoun toun.'
16 Syne out and spak the auld dochter,
   She was baith jimp and sma:
 'O row me in a pair o sheets,
    And fling me ower the wa!' 

17 They row't her in a pair o sheets,
    And flang her ower the wa,
    And on the point o Gordon's sword
    She gat a deadlie fa.

18 He turned her over, and over again,
    And oh but she looked wan!
 'I think I've killed as bonnie a face
    As ere the sun shined on.'

19 He turned her over, and over again,
    And oh but she lookt white!
 'I micht hae spared this bonnie face,
    To hae been some man's delight!'

20 Syne out and spak Lady Margaret,
    As she stood on the stair:
 'The fire is at my gowd garters,
    And the love is at my hair.'

21 Syne out and spak fair Ladie Ann,
    Frae childbed where she lay:
 'Gie up this bonnie castell, mother,
    And let us win away.'

22 'Lye still, lye still, my fair Annie,
    And let your talking be;
 For ye mann stay in this bonnie castell
    And dree your death wi me.'

23 'Whatever death I am to dree,
    I winna die my lane;
 I'll tak a bairn in ilka arm
    And the third is in my wame.'

24 Syne out and spak her youngest son,
    A bonnie wee boy was he:
 'Gae doun, gae doun, mother,' he said,
    'Or the lowe will worry me.'

25 'I'd leif be brent in ashes sma
    And cuist in yon sea-faem,
 Or I'd gie up this bonnie castell,
    And my guid lord frae hame.'

26 'For my gude lord 's in the army strong,
    He's new gane ower the sea ;
  But gin he eer returns again,
    Revenged my death shall be.'

27 Syne out and spak her waitin-maid :
    Receive this babe frae me,
    And save the saikless babie's life,
    And I'll neer seek mair fee.

28 'How can I tak the bairn?' she said,
    'How can I tak 't?' said she,
 'For my hair was ane five quarters lang,
    And 't is now brent to my bree.'

29 She rowit it in a feather-bed,
    And flang it ower the wa,
    But on the point o Gordon's sword
    It gat a deadlie fa.

30 'I wuld gie Loudon's bonnie castell,
    And Loudon's bonnie lee,
 All gin my youngest son Johnnie
    Could charge a gun to me.

31 'Oh, I wuld gie the black,' she said,
    'And sae wuld I the bay,
 Gin young Sir George could take a steed
    And quickly ride away.'

32 Syne out and spak her eldest son,
    As he was gaun to die :
 'Send doun your chamber-maid, mother,
    She gaes wi bairn to me.'

33 'Gin ye were not my eldest son,
    And heir o a' my land,
 I'd tye a sheet around thy neck,
    And hang thee with my hand.

34 'I would gie my twenty gude milk-kye,
    That feed on Shallow lee,
 A' for ae blast o the norland wind,
    To blaw the lowe frae me.'

35 Oh was na it a pitie o yon bonnie castell,
    That was biggit wi stane and lime!
 But far mair pitie o Lady Ann Campbell,
    That was brunt wi her bairns nine.

36 Three o them war married wives,
    And three o them were bairns,
 And three o them were leal maidens,
    That neer lay in men's arms.
A. Stanzas 1–15 have been revised, or altered, in another hand.
22. ed in builded has been run through with a line.
23. ridden & gone struck out, and ryd from hom written over.
24. she struck out.
25. Se yow changed to Com yow hether: merimen in MS.
26. Changed to And look what I do see.
And (&), both in the original text and in the revised, is rendered O in my copy.
27. Changed to Yonder is ther.
28. musen, as a correction: Furnivall.
29. own wed, as a correction: Furnivall.
30. y't had for As he.
31. thou shalt ly in altered to thoust ly w/in.
32. Not is a correction: Furnivall. My copy has no.
33. this substituted for yonder.
34. Changed to She stiffly stod on her castle wall.
35. but then struck out.
36. she struck out.
37. I will: MS. torn.
38. arme, Furnivall: my copy, armes.
39. wyll substituted for shall.

B. 13. 2. 14, 16, 18, 3.
And for &.

Quhen, ze, zour, etc., are here spelled when, ye, your, etc.


G. 6. Another recitation gave Auchindown.
179. ROOKHOPE RYDE


The date of this ryde, or raid, may be precisely ascertained from the ballad itself; it is shown by 13, 11 to be December 6, 1569.

The thieves of Thirlwall (Northumberland) and Williehaver, or Willeva (Cumberland), avail themselves of the confusion incident to the Rising in the North and of the absence of a part of the fencible men (some of whom were with the earls, others with Bowes in Barnard castle) to make a foray into Rookhope, in Weardale, Durham. In four hours they get together six hundred sheep. But the alarm is given by a man whose horses they have taken; the cry spreads through the dale; word comes to the bailiff, who instantly arms, and is joined by his neighbors to the number of forty or fifty. The thieves are a hundred, the stoutest men and best in gear. When the Weardale men come up with them, the marauders get fighting enough. The fray lasts an hour; four of the robbers are killed, a handsome number wounded, and eleven taken prisoners, with the loss of only one of those who fought for the right.

Rookhope is the name of a valley, about five miles in length, at the termination of which Rookhope burn empties itself into the river Wear. Rookhope-head is the top of the vale. (Ritson.)

The Weardale man who was killed was Rowland Emerson, perhaps a kinsman of the bailiff. The family of Emerson of Eastgate, says Surtees, long exercised the offices of bailiff of Wolsingham (the chief town and borough of Weardale) and of forester, etc., etc., under successive prelates. (Surtees to Scott, Memoir by Taylor and Raine, p. 35.)

34. The thieves bare 'three banners' against the Weardale men. They choose three captains in 9.

1 Rookhope stands in a pleasant place,
   If the false thieves wad let it be;
   But away they steal our goods space,
   And ever an ill death may they die!

2 And so is the men of Thirlwa 'nd Williehaver,
   All their companies thereafter,
   That is minded to do mischief,
   And at their stealing stands not out.

3 But yet we will not slander them all,
   For there is of them good enough;

It is a sore consumed tree
   That on it bears not one fresh bough.

4 Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,
   That men dare not drive their goods to t' fell,
   But limmer thieves drives them away,
   That fears neither heaven nor hell?

5 Lord, send us peace into the realm,
   That every man may live on his own!
   I trust to God, if it be his will.
   That Weardale men may never be overthrown.
6 For great troubles they 've had in hand,
With borderers pricking hither and thither,
But the greatest fray that ever they had
Was with the 'men' of Thirlwa'nd Willie-
haver.

7 They gathered together so royally,
The stoutest men and the best in gear,
And he that rode not on a horse,
I wot he ride on a well-fed mear.

8 So in the morning, before they came out,
So well, I wot, they broke their fast;
In the [forenoon they came] unto a bye fell,
Where some of them did eat their last.

9 When they had eaten aye and done,
They sayd some captains here needs must be:
Then they chose forth Harry Corbly,
And 'Symon Fell,' and Martin Ridley.

10 Then oer the moss, where as they came,
With many a rank and whew,
One of them could to another say,
'I think this day we are men enew.

11 'For Weardale men is a journey tane;
They are so far out-oer you fell
That some of them 's with the two earls,
And others fast in Barnard castell.

12 'There we shall get gear enough,
For there is none but women at hame;
The sorrowful fend that they can make
Is loudly cries as they were slain.'

13 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
And there they thought til a had their prey,
But they were spy'd coming over the Dry Rig,
Soon upon Saint Nicholas' day.

14 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,
They ran the forest but a mile;
They gathered together in four hours.
Six hundred sheep within a while.

15 And horses I trow they gat
But either ane or twa,
And they gat them all but ane
That belonged to great Rowley.

16 That Rowley was the first man that did them spy;
With that he raised a mighty cry;
The cry it came down Rookhope burn,
And spread through Weardale hasteyly.

17 Then word came to the bailiff's house,
At the East Gate, where he did dwell;
He was walkd out to the Snale Burns,
Which stands above the Hanging Well.

18 His wife was wae when she heard tell,
So well she wist her husband wanted gear;
She gird saddle him his horse in haste,
And neither forgot sword, jack, nor spear.

19 The bailiff got wit before his gear came
That such news was in the land;
He was sore troubled in his heart,
That on no earth that he could stand.

20 His brother was hurt three days before,
With limer thieves that did him prick;
Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon;
What ferly was 't that he lay sick?

21 But yet the bailiff shrunked nought,
But fast after them he did hie,
And so did all his neighbours near,
That went to bear him company.

22 But when the bailiff was gathered,
And all his company,
They were numbered to never a man
But forty [or] under fifty.

23 The thieves was numbered a hundred men,
I wot they were not of the worst
That could be chosen out of Thirlwa'nd Williehaver,

24 But all that was in Rookhope-head,
And all that was i Nuketon Clengh,
Where Weardale men oertook the thieves,
And there they gave them fighting enough.

25 So sore they made them fain to flee,
As many was 'a' out of hand,
And, for til have been at home again,
They would have been in iron bands;
26 And for the space of long seven years,
   As sore they mightien a had their lives;
   But there was never one of them
   That ever thought to have seen their 'wives.'

27 About the time the fray began,
   I trow it lastet but an hour,
   Till many a man lay weaponless,
   And was sore wounded in that stour.

28 Also before that hour was done,
   Four of the thieves were slain,
   Besides all those that wounded were,
   And eleven prisoners there was taen.

29 George Carrick and his brother Edie,
    Them two, I wot, they were both slain;
    Harry Corbyl and Lennie Carrick
    Bore them company in their pain.

30 One of our Weardale men was slain,
    Rowland Emerson his name bight;
    I trust to God his soul is well,
    Because he 'fought' unto the right.

31 But thus they sayd: 'We'll not depart
    While we have one; speed back again!'
   And when they came amongst the dead men,
   There they found George Carrick slain.

32 And when they found George Carrick slain,
    I wot it went well near their 'heart;'
    Lord, let them never make a better end
    That comes to play them sicken a 'part!'

33 I trust to God, no more they shal,
    Except it be one for a great chance;
    For God will punish all those
    With a great heavy pestilence.

34 Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,
    They nevir think to be oerthrown;
    Three banners against Weardale men they bare,
    As if the world had been all their own.

35 Thir Weardale men, they have good hearts,
    They are as stif as any tree;
    For, if they 'd every one been slain,
    Never a foot back man would flee.

36 And such a storm amongst them fell
    As I think you never heard the like,
    For he that bears his head so high,
    He oft-times falls into the dyke.

37 And now I do entreat you all,
    As many as are present here,
    To pray for [the] singer of this song,
    For he sings to make blithe your cheer.

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24. mischief hither in Bell, who, however,
   prints from Ritson.
24. as: at in Scott, who had his copy, as
   printed in 1792, from Ritson's nephew.
23. Corbyl, it is thought, should be Cor-
   byl, which is a northern name. Both Cor-
   byl and Carrick were new to Surtees.
10*. Bell reads would, not understanding that
   could means did.

11*. Scott, wrongly, have for is: Bell, who
   aims at grammar, are.
17*. He had, Bell, for improvement again.
23*. The reciter, from his advanced age,
   could not recollect this line: Ritson.
25*. Bell, land for hand.
30*. Bell, in for to.
Ritson's emendations, indicated by ' ', have
   necessarily been allowed to stand.
As the minstrel is walking by himself, he hears a young prince lamenting. The prince says to him, Yonder comes a Scot who will do me wrong. Douglas comes with armed men, who beset the king with swords and spears. Are you lords of Scotland, come for council, asks the king, or are you traitors, come for my blood? They say that they are traitors, come for his blood. Fie on you, false Scots! exclaims the king; you have slain my grandfather, caused my mother to flee, and hanged my father. [About nine stanzas are lost here.] Douglas offers Brown his daughter in marriage to betray the king; Brown will never be a traitor. Douglas is making off fast, but Brown takes him prisoner and conducts him to the king. Douglas prays for pardon. The king replies that Douglas has sought to kill him ever since he was born. Douglas swears to be a true subject if pardoned. The king pardons him freely, and all traitors in Scotland, great and small. Douglas mutters to himself (we may suppose), If I live a twelvemonth you shall die, and I will burn Edinburgh to-morrow. This irredeemable traitor hies to Edinburgh with his men, but the people shut the gates against him. Brown is always where he is wanted, and takes Douglas prisoner again; the report that Douglas is secured goes to the king, who demands his taker to be brought into his presence, and promises him a thousand pound a year. So they call Brown; we may imagine that the distance is no greater than Holyrood. How often hast thou fought for me, Brown? asks James. Brown’s first service was in Edinburgh; had he not stood stoutly there, James had never been king.

The second was his killing the sheriff of Carlisle’s son, who was on the point of slaying his Grace. The third was when he killed the Bishop of St Andrews, who had undertaken to poison the king. James had already made the faithful Englishman (for such he is) knight; now he makes him an earl, with professions of fidelity to the English queen.

This third service of Brown is the subject of a poem by William Elderton, here given in an appendix. The bishop is about to give the king (then a child) a poisoned posset. The lady nurse calls for aid. Brown, an Englishman, hears, goes to help, meets the bishop hurrying off with the posset in his hand, and forces him to drink it, though the bishop makes him handsome offers not to interfere. The venom works swiftly, the bishop’s belly bursts. The king knights Brown, and gives him lands and livings.

John Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, must be the person whom Brown slays in the ballad for an attempt to poison the young king. He was, however, hanged by his political enemies, April 7, 1571. This prelate was credited with being an accomplice to the murder of Darnley and to that of the Regent Murray. His elder brother was heir to the throne after the progeny of Mary Stuart, and both of these persons were more or less in the way. Mary Stuart’s son was a step on which the Hamiltons must “fall down or else oerleap,” and the archbishop is said to have sneered at the Duke of Chatelherault for letting an infant live between him and the throne. A report that the archbishop had undertaken to poison this infant would readily be believed. Sir William
Drury thought it worth his while to write to Cecil that Queen Mary had done the same before her son was a year old."

Of Brown's two previous performances, his standing stoutly for the king at Edinburgh, st. 26, and his killing the son of the sheriff of Carlisle, st. 27, we are permitted to know only that, since these preceded the killing of the bishop, they occurred at some time before James was five years old. The epoch of the adventure with Douglas, which is the principal subject of the ballad, could be determined beyond question if we could ascertain when Brown was made an earl. It falls after the murder of the Regent Lennox, 8, that is, later than September, 1571, and the king is old enough to know something of the unhappy occurrences in his family, to forget and forgive, and to make knights and earls. There are correspondences between the ballad and the proceedings by which the Earl of Morton, after his resignation of the regency, obtained possession of the young king's person and virtually reestablished himself in his former power. This was in April, 1578, when James was not quite twelve years old. Morton was living at Lochleven "for policie, devyysing the situation of a fayre gardene with allayis, to remove all suspicion of his consavit treason." James was in the keeping of Alexander Erskine, his guardian, at Stirling Castle, of which Erskine was governor; and the young Earl of Mar, nephew of the governor, was residing there. This young man became persuaded, perhaps through Morton's representations, that he himself was entitled to the custody of the castle, and incidentally of the king. Early in the morning of the 26th of April, before the garrison were astir, Mar (who was risen under pretence of a hunting-party), supported by two Abbot Erskines, his uncles, and a retinue of his own, demanded the castle-keys of the governor. An affray followed, in which a son of Alexander Erskine lost his life. The young king, wakened by the noise, rushed in terror from his chamber, tearing his hair. Mar overpowered resistance and seized the keys. Shortly after this, he and his uncle the governor came to terms at the instance of the king, Mar retaining Stirling Castle and the wardenship of the king, and the uncle being made keeper of the castle of Edinburgh. Morton was received into Stirling Castle, and resumed his sway. All this did not pass without opposition. The citizens of Edinburgh rose in arms against Morton (cf. sts 21, 22), and large forces collected from other parts of the country for the liberation of the king. A civil war was imminent, and was avoided, it would seem, chiefly through the influence of the English minister, Bovys, who offered himself as peacemaker, in the name of his queen (cf. sts 31, 32).†

The Douglas of this ballad is clearly William Douglas of Lochleven, who joined Mar at Stirling as Morton's intermediary. He was afterwards engaged in the Raid of Ruthven.

It may be added that Robert Brown, a servant of the king's, played a very humble part, for the defence of his master, in the Gowrie Conspiracy, but that was nearly twenty years after Andrew Brown was celebrated by Elderton, and when James was no young prince, but in his thirty-fifth year.

---

1 As I did walke my selue alone,  
   And by one garden greene,   
   I heard a yonge prince make great moane,  
   Which did turne my hart to teene.

2 'O Lord!' he then said vnto me,  
   'Why han I liued soe long?  
   For yonder comes a cruell Scott,'  
   Quoth he, 'that will doe me some rogue.'

judged to be very ill compounded." Calendar of State Papers, Foreign, May 20, 1567, p. 235: cited by Burton. Considering that the prince had only just passed his eleventh month, it would seem that the apple or the sugar-loaf might have served without any compounding.

† Historie of King James the Sext, p. 165 ff; Tytler's History, VIII, 35 ff; Burton, V, 163 ff.
And then came traitor Douglas there,
He came for to betray his king;
Some they brought bills, and some they brought
bowes,
And some the brought other things.

The king was abone in a gallery,
With a heavy heart;
Into his body was sett about
With swords and speares soe sharpe.

'Be you the lorde of Scotland,' he said,
'That hither for counsell seeke to me?
Or bee yoe traitors to my crowne,
My blood that you wold see?'

'We are the lords of Scotland,' they said,
'Nothing we come to craue of thee;
But wee be traitors to thy crowne,
Thy blood that wee will see.'

'O fye vp on you, you false Scots!
For you neuer all trew wilbe;
My grandfather you haue slaine,
And caused my mother to flee.

'My grandfather you haue slaine,
And my owne father you hanged on a tree;
And now,' quoth he, 'the like treason
You haue now wrought for me.

'Ffarwell hart, and farwell hand!
Farwell all pleasures alsoe!
Farwell th . . . my head
. . . . . .

'If thou wilt . . .
And soe goe away with mee.'

'Goe marry thy daughter to whome thou wilt,'
Quoth Browne; 'thou marrys none to me;
For I 'le not be a traitor,' quoth Browne,
'For all the gold that euer I see.'

This Douglas, hearing Browne soe say,
Began to flee away full fast:
'But tarry a while,' saies lusty Browne,
'I 'le make you to pay before you passe.'

He hath taken the Douglas prisoner,
And hath brought him before the king;
He knelled low vp on his knee,
For pardon there prainge.

'How shold I pardon thee,' saith the king,
'And thou 'le remaine a traitor still?
For euer since that I was borne,'
Quoth he, 'thou hast sought my blood to spill.'

'For if you will grant me my pardon,' he said,
'Out of this place soe free,
I wilbe sworne before your Grace
A trew subject to bee.'

'God for-gaue his death,' said the king,
'When he was ayed vp on a tree;
And as free as euer God forgane his death,
Douglas,' quoth he, 'I 'le forgive thee.

'And all the traitors in Scotland,
Quoth he, 'both great and small;
As free as euer God forgane his death,
Soe free I will forgive them all.'

'I thanke you for your pardon, king,
That you haue granted forth soe plaine;
If I live a twelue month to an end,
You shall not aline remaine.

'Tomorrow yet, or euer I dine,
I meane to doo thee one good turne;
For Edenborrow, that is thine owne,'
Quoth he, 'I will both h[arry] and [burne].'

Thus Douglas hied towards Edenborrow,
And many of his men were gone befoore,
And after him on euery side,
With him there went some twenty score.

But when that they did see him come,
They cryed lowd with voices, saying,
'Yonder comes a false traitor,
That wold haue slaine our king.'

They chaynd vp the gates of Edenborrow,
And there the made them wonderous fast.
And there Browne sett on Douglas againe.
And quicklye did him ouer cast.

But wordes came backe againe to the king,
With all the speed that euer might bee,
That traitor Douglas there was taken.
And his body was there to see.
24 'Bring me his taker,' quoth the king,
'Come, quickly bring him vnto me!
I 'le give a thousand pound a yeere,
What man soener he bee.'

25 But then they called lusty Browne;
Sayes, 'Browne, come thou hither to mee.
How oft hast thou foughten for my sake,
And alwayes wonne the victory?'

26 'The first time that I fought for you,
It was in Edenborrow, king;
If there I had not stonily stood,
My lege, yeu never had beene king.

27 'The second time I fought for you,
Here I will tell you in this place;
I kild the sheriffs sonne of Carlile,'
Quoth he, 'that wold haue slaine your Grace.

28 'The third time that I fought for you,
Here for to let you vnderstand,'

I slew the Bishopp of S't Andrew[6],'
Quoth he, 'with a possat in [his hand].'

29 . . . . quoth hee,
'That euery manhood I did trye;
I 'le make a vow for Englands sake
That I will never battell flee.'

30 'God amercy, Browne,' then said the king,
'And God amercy heartilye!
Before I made thee but a knight,
But now an earle I will make thee.

31 'God save the queene of England,' he said,
'For her blood is very nesthe;
As neere vnto her I am
As a collops shorne from the fleshe.

32 'If I be false to England,' he said,
' Either in earnest or in jest,
I might be likened to a bird,'
Quoth he, 'that did defile it nest.'

5t. yoe bee. 5t. by my: cf. 6t. 6t. are they. 8t. mother for father.
9t. Half a page torn away.

18t. a 12. 20t. 20 score. 24t. a 1000. 28t. the 3t.
28t. possat? MS. rubbed: Hales.

APPENDIX

THE KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE

A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young King of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an Englishman, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Greenesleeues.

This piece, which is contained in a collection of ballads and proclamations in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, London, is signed W. Elderton, and was "imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Nevgate Market, ouer against Christes Church." It was licensed to James, May 30, 1581: Arber II. 393. Reprinted by Percy, Reliques, 1765, II, 204; here from the original. There is an imperfect and incorrect copy in the Percy MS., p. 273; Hales and Furnivall, II, 265.

Morton was beheaded only three days after these verses were licensed, and had been in durance for several months before at the castle of Edinburgh. Elderton cannot be supposed to have the last news from Scotland, and he was not a man to keep his compositions by him nine years. The exhortation of Morton to his confederate, Douglas, in the last stanza but one is divertingly misplaced. The fictions of the privie banket and the selling of the king beyond seas are of the same mint as those in the ballad.

JESUS, God! what a griefe is this,
That princes subiects cannot be true,
But still the deuill hath some of his
Will play their parts, whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a greuous thing
It is to offend the annointed kinge.
Alas for woe! why shoulde it be so?
This makes a sorrowfull heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonie kinge,
As proper a yonge as neede to be,
Well gien to every happy thing
That can be in a kinge to see;
Yet that vnluckie countrie still
Hath people gien to craftie will.
    Alas for woe! etc.

On Whitson cue it so befell
    A posset was made to give the kinge,
Whereof his ladie-nurse hard tell,
    And that it was a possoned thing.
She cryed, and called pitiefull,
    'Now helpe, or els the kinge shall die!'
    Alas for woe! etc.

One Browne, that was an English man,
    And hard the ladies piteous crye,
Out with his sword, and besturd him then,
    Out of the doores in haste to flye;
But all the doores were made so fast,
    Out of a window he got at last.
    Alas for woe! etc.

He met the bishop comming fast,
    Hauing the posset in his hande;
The sight of Browne made him agast,
    Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
With him were two that ranne away,
    For feare that Browne would make a fray.
    Alas for woe! etc.

' Bishop,' quoth Browne, 'what hast thou there?'
'Nothing at all, my freend,' sayde he,
'But a posset to make the kinge good cheere.'
'Is it so?' sayd Browne, 'that will I see.'
First I will haue thy selfe begin,
    Before thou goe any further in;
    Be it weale or woe, it shall be so.'
    This makes a sorrowfull heigh ho.

The bishop saide, Browne, I doo know
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Linings on thee I will bestowe;
    Let me go on, take thee no care.
'No, no,' quoth Browne, 'I will not be
A traitour for all Christianie.
    Happe weal or woe, it shall be so:
    Drink now, with a sorrowfull heigh ho.'

The bishop dranke, and by and by
His belly burst, and he fell downe:
A just reward for his traytory.
    'This was a posset in deede!' quoth Browne.
He seched the bishop, and found the keyes
To come to the kinge when he did please.
    Alas for woe! etc.

As soone as the kinge gat word of this,
He humbly fell vpoun his knee,
And prayed God that he did misse
    To tast of that extremity:
For that he did perceave and know
His clerge would betray him so.
    Alas for woe! etc.

'Alas,' he said, 'vnhappy realme!
    My father and godfather shine,
My mother banished, O extreame
    Vnhappy fate, and bitter layne!
And now like treason wrought for me.
    What more vnhappy realme can be!'
    Alas for woe! etc.

The kinge did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twentie pound a yeere;
    And trustie Browne to, in like case,
He knighted him, with gallant geere,
    And gave him . . .  blings great,
For dooing such a manly feat.
    As he did sho[w]e, to the clergie woe,
    Which made, etc.

When all this treason don and past
    Took not effect of traytory,
Another treason at the last
    They sought against his Maiestie;
How they might make their kinge away
    By a prinie banket on a daye.
    Alas for woe! etc.

Whereat they ment to sell the king
    Beyonde the seas, it was decreede:
Three noble earles heard of this thing,
    And did present the same with speede.
For a letter came, with such a charmee,
    That they should doo they[r] king no harne,
    For further woe, if they did so;
    Which made a sorrowfull heigh ho.

The Earle Mounton told the Douglas then,
    'Take heede you doo not offend the kinge;
But shew your selues like honest men,
    Obediently in every thing;
For his godmother will not see
    Her noble childe mysnde to be
    With any woe; for if it be so,
    She will make a sorrowfull heigh ho.'

God graunte all subjectes maye be true,
    In England, Scotland, and every where,
That no such daunger maye ensue,
    To put the prince or state in feare;
That God, the highest king, may see
    Obedience as it ought to be,
    In wealth or woe, God graunte it be so!
    To avoide the sorrowfull heigh ho.
THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY


B. 'The Bonnie Earl o Murray,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 11.

A is not in the ninth edition of the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1733, but may be in the tenth (1736? 1740?), which I have not seen. It is printed in Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 210, and in many subsequent collections: Herd's Scots Songs, 1768, p. 32; Ritson's Scottish Songs, 1794, II, 29; Johnson's Museum, No 177; etc.

James Stewart, son of Sir James Stewart of Doune, became Earl of Murray in consequence of his marriage with the eldest daughter and heiress of the Regent Murray. "He was a comely personage, of a great stature, and strong of body like a kemp." * There was a violent hostility between Murray and the Earl of Huntly. The occurrence which is the subject of the ballad may be narrated in the least space by citing the account given by Spottiswood. After his assault on Holyrood House in December (or September), 1591, "Bothwell went into the north, looking to be supplied by the Earl of Murray, his cousin-german; which the king suspecting, Andrew Lord Ochiltrie was sent to bring Murray unto the south, of purpose to work a reconcilement betwixt him and Huntly. But a rumor being raised in the mean while that the Earl of Murray was seen in the palace with Bothwell on the night of the enterprise, the same was entertained by Huntly (who waited then at court) to make him suspected of the king, and prevailed so far as he did purchase a commission to apprehend and bring Murray to his trial. The nobleman, not fearing that any such course should be used, was come to Donibristle, a house situated on the north side of Forth, and belonging to his mother the lady Doune. Huntly, being advertised of his coming, and how he lay there secure, accompanied only with the Sheriff of Murray and a few of his own retinue, went thither and beset the house, requiring him to render. The Earl of Murray refusing to put himself in the hands of his enemy, after some defence made, wherein the sheriff was killed, fire was set to the house, and they within forced by the violence of the smoke and flame to come forth. The earl staid a great space after the rest, and, the night falling down, ventured among his enemies, and, breaking through the midst of them, did so far outrun them all as they supposed he was escaped; yet searching him among the rocks, he was discovered by the tip of his head-piece, which had taken fire before he left the house, and unmercifully slain. The report went that Huntly's friends, fearing he should disclaim the fact (for he desired rather to have taken him alive), made him light from his horse and give some strokes to the dead corpse. . . . The death of the nobleman was universally lamented, and the clamors of the people so great . . . that the king, not esteeming it safe to abide at Edinburgh, removed with the council to Glasgow, where he remained until Huntly did enter himself in ward in Blackness, as he was charged. But he staid not there many days, being dimitted, upon caution, to answer before the justice whencesoever he should be called. The corpses of the Earl and Sheriff of Murray were brought to the church of Leith in two coffins, and there lay divers months unburied, their friends refusing to commit their bodies to the earth till the slaughter was punished. Nor did any

* Historie of King James the Sext, p. 246.
man think himself so much interested in that fact as the Lord Ochiltrie, who had persuaded the Earl of Murray to come south; whereupon he fell afterwards away to Bothwell, and joined with him for revenge of the murder."

This outrage was done in the month of February, 1592. Huntly sheltered himself under the king's commission, and was not punished. He was no doubt a dangerous man to discipline, but the king, perhaps because he believed Murray to be an abettor of Bothwell, showed no disposition that way.

According to Sir James Balfour, "the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before had commended" Murray, "in the king's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man." Balfour may have had gossip, or he may have had a ballad, for his authority (see A 5); the suggestion deserves no attention.*

In B the Countess of Murray is treated as the sister of Huntly.

A is translated by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, No 8, p. 52; by Herder, II, 71. B by Arndt, Blutenlese, p. 196.

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A

Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 1763, p. 356.

1 Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green.

2 'Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi you,
But forbade you him to slay.'

3 He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he might have been a king!

B

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 11; from recitation.

1 'Open the gates,
and let him come in;
He is my brother Huntly,
his 'll do him nae harm.'

2 The gates they were opent,
they let him come in,
But false traitor Huntly,
he did him great harm.

3 He's ben and ben,
and ben to his bed,

4 He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

5 He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh he was the Queen's love!

6 Oh lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle Down,
Eer she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro the town!
Eer she, etc.

And with a sharp rapier
he stabbed him dead.

4 The lady came down the stair,
wringing her hands:
'He has slain the Earl o Murray,
the flower o Scotland.'

5 But Huntly lap on his horse,
rade to the king:
'Ye 're welcome hame, Huntly,
and whare hae ye been?'

* Spottiswood's History, ed. 1666, p. 387. See also The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 246 ff.; Moysie's Memoirs, p. 88 ff.; Birrel's Diary, p. 26 f.
6 'Whare hae ye been?
    and how hae ye sped?'
'I've killed the Earl o' Murray,
    dead in his bed.'

7 'Foul fa' you, Huntly!
    and why did ye so?
You might have taen the Earl o' Murray,
    and saved his life too.'

8 'Her bread it's to bake,
    her yill is to brew;
My sister's a widow,
    and sair do I rue.

9 'Her corn grows ripe,
    her meadows grow green,
But in bonny Dinnibristle
    I darena be seen.'

FRANCIS STEWART, Earl of Bothwell, a madcap cousin of the king, had been guilty of a violent assault upon Holyrood House in December (or September), 1591, and in June, 1592, had "conspired the apprehension of the king's person" while James was residing at Falkland. In August following he attempted to force himself into the king's presence to "make his reconciliation."

"The lairds of Burlie and Logie, delated to [have] had intelligence with the Earl Bothwell, were taken and apprehended by the Duke of Lennox the ninth day of August, 1592, and committed to ward within Dalkeith; where being examined they both confessed the same. Burley gat his life for telling the truth, but Logie, being a great courtier with the king, and dealer with the Earl Bothwell in Bothwell's enterprise which should [have] been done at Dalkeith, to wit, that they should come in at the back gate through the yard and [have] gotten the king in their hands, the said laird of Logie was ordained to be tried by an assize and executed to the death. But the same night that he was examined, he escaped out by the means of a gentlewoman whom he loved, a Dane, who conveyed him out of his keepers' hands, through the queen's chamber, where his Majesty and the queen were lying in their beds, to a window in the backside of the place, where he went down upon a tow [rope], and shot three pistols in token of his onlouping [mounting his horse] where some of his servants, with the laird of Niddry, were awaiting him." (Moysie's Memoirs, p. 95.)

Another account may be added, from The Historie of King James the Sext (p. 253 f.): "It fortuned that a gentleman called Wemyss of Logie, being also in credence at court, was delated as a trafficker with Francis Earl Bothwell; and he, being examined before king and council, confessed his accusation to be of verity; that sundry times he had spoken with
him, expressly against the king's inhibition proclaimed in the contrary; which confession he subscribed with his hand.

"Queen Anne, our noble princess, was served with divers gentlewomen of her own country, and namely with one called Mistress Margaret Twynstoun, to whom this gentleman, Wemyss of Logie, bore great honest affection, tending to the godly band of marriage; the which was honestly required by the said gentlewoman, yea, even in his greatest mister (need). For how soon she understood the said gentleman to be in distress, and apparently by his confession, to be punisht to the death, and she having privilege to lie in the queen's chamber that same very night of his accusation, where the king was also reposing that same night, she came forth of the door privily, both the princes being then at quiet rest, and past to the chamber where the said gentleman was put in custody to certain of the guard, and commanded them that immediately he should be brought to the king and queen; whereunto they giving sure credence obeyed. But how soon she was come back to the chamber-door, she desired the watches to stay till he should come forth again; and so she closed the door and conveyed the gentleman to a window, where she ministered a long cord unto him to convey himself down upon, and so, by her good charitable help, he happily escaped, by the subtlety of love."

Calderwood gives the following account:

"Upon Monday the seventh of August, the king being in Dalkeith, the young laird of Logie and Burlie promised to Bothwell to bring him in before the king to seek his pardon. The king was forewarned, and Bothwell, howbeit brought in quietly within the castle, was conveyed out again. Burlie was accused and confessed; Logie denied, and therefore would have suffered trial. The night before, one of the queen's dames, Mistress Margaret, a Dutchwoman, came to the guard and desired that he might be suffered to come to the queen, who had something to inquire of him. Two of the guard brought him to the king's chamber-door, and staid upon his coming forth, but she conveyed him in the mean time out at a window in a pair of sheets. . . . Logie married the gentlewoman after, when he was received into the king's favor again." * Logie, according to Calderwood, was "a varlet of the king's chamber."

Spottiswood says: John Weymis younger of Logie, gentleman of his Majesty's chamber, and in great favor both with the king and queen, was discovered to have the like dealing with Bothwell, and, being committed to the keeping of the guard, escaped by the policy of one of the Dutch maids, with whom he entertained a secret love. The gentlewoman, named Mistress Margaret Twynstoun, coming one night, whilst the king and queen were in bed, to his keepers, shewed that the king called for the prisoner, to ask of him some question. The keepers, suspecting nothing, for they knew her to be the principal maid in the chamber, conveyed him to the door of the bed-chamber, and making a stay without, as they were commanded, the gentlewoman did let him down at a window, by a cord that she had prepared. The keepers, waiting upon his return, staid there till the morning, and then found themselves deceived. This, with the manner of the escape, ministered great occasion of laughter; and not many days after, the king being pacified by the queen's means, he was pardoned, and took to wife the gentlewoman who had in this sort hazard his credit for his safety.†

The lady, called by Calderwood and Spottiswood a Dutchwoman, but rightly by Moysie a Dane, was one of a train of her countrywomen who attended Queen Anne when she came to Scotland in May, 1590. She is called Mistress Margaret Vinstar in a letter of Robert Bowes to Lord Burghley of August 12, 1592; ‡ Margaret Weiksterne in a charter dated 25th December, 1594.§

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† History of the Church of Scotland, ed. 1666, p. 389.
‡ Calendar of the State Papers relating to Scotland, Thorpe, II, 611.
§ Carta Ioanni, filio nati maximo et heredi Andrea Weymis de Myrcaray, ct Margarete Weiksterne, suo
Young Logie cannot have received a complete pardon within a few days of his escape. At a council meeting, September 14, 1592, it is ordered that Wemyss of Logie the younger, having failed to appear this day to answer touching the "intercommuning and having intelligence with Francis, sometime Earl Bothwell," be denounced rebel.*

A. Young Logie is a prisoner, in Carmichael's† keeping, and May Margaret, who is enamored of him, is weeping for his expected death. The queen can do nothing, and tells her that she must go to the king himself to beg the life of her lover. She goes, accordingly, but gets an ill answer: all the gold in Scotland shall not save Young Logie. In this strait she steals the king's comb and the queen's knife, and sends them to Carmichael as tokens that Logie is to be discharged. She provides the young man with money, and gives him a pair of pistols, which he is to fire in sign that he is at liberty. The king hears the "volley" from his bed, and by his peculiar sagacity recognizes the shot of Young Logie. He sends for Carmichael, and learning that the prisoner was set free in virtue of a royal token, says, You will make his place good tomorrow. Carmichael hurries to Margaret, and wants a word with Logie. Margaret, with a laugh, tells him that the bird is flown. The young pair severally take ship and are married.

In B, the queen, instead of referring Margaret to the king as the only resource, herself undertakes to save the young man's life. She asks it of her consort as her first boon; the king makes her the same answer which he gives Margaret in A. All the gold in Scotland will not buy mercy. Margaret, in desperation, wishes to kill herself, but the queen will put her in a better way to save her lover. The queen steals the prison-keys, and the story proceeds as before. The king threatens to hang all his gaolers, to the number of thirty and three. The gaolers plead that they received the keys (which are also thirty and three) with a strict command to enlarge the prisoner. The queen says that, if the gaolers are to hang, a beginning must be made with her.

B substitutes Ochiltrie for Logie. Andrew Stewart, Lord of Ochiltrie, was an active partisan of Bothwell (see the preceding ballad), and at a council-meeting on May 2, 1594 (the same meeting at which a caution of three hundred merks was required for Young Logie), was ordered to be denounced rebel for not appearing to answer touching his "trespassable attemptatis": that is, for having been Bothwell's main helper in the Raid of Leith, April 3 preceding.‡ So far his case resembles Young Logie's, and it may be that the two became confounded in tradition earlier than the middle of the eighteenth century, about which time B was taken down. But an interchange of names is of the commonest occurrence in traditional ballads, and perhaps Ochiltrie's appearance here no more requires to be accounted for than his figuring, as he does, in one of the versions of 'The Broom of Cowdenknows.'

Although the queen had no hand in the freeing of Young Logie, and is not known even to have winked at it, she stood by Mistress Margaret, and refused to give her up when requested.§

September 27. Sir Johnne Wemyss of Tullibreck, Michaelis Balfour of Monquhaine, and Andro Wemyss of Myrecarnyr, for Johnne Wemyss, son and apparent heir of Andro, £20,000, to go abroad by the 15th October next and not return without licence. Deleted by warrant subscribed by the king and treasurer-depute at Halliwellhouse 20th February, 1594. Ib., pp 141 f., 144, 618. The entries in 1594 may have reference to later offences.

† Sir John Carmichael was appointed captain of the king's guard in 1588, and usually had the keeping of state criminals of rank. Scott.

‡ The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 303 f.; Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, V, 144.

§ Calendar of State Papers relating to Scotland, Thorpe, II, 611, No 6.
C agrees with B as to the part taken by the queen in the rescue. There are but three keepers, and presumably but three keys to steal from under the king’s head, and the queen sends her wedding-ring with the keys, as a warrant to the keepers. In 5, Anne is queen of England as well as queen of Scotland; but we cannot expect that a stall-ballad of this century should be nice about a matter of eleven years.

The offence for which Young Logie is to die in D is the stealing of a kiss “from the queen’s marie,” which shows a high appreciation of the discipline at James’s court.

The queen counterfeits the king’s hand and steals his right glove, and sends the forged paper and the glove to “Pitcairn’s walls” as authority for the liberation of the prisoner. The king, looking over his castle-wall, sees Young Logie approaching, and his exclamation at the sight brings the queen to an instantaneous confession of what she has done. The king very good-naturedly overlooks the offence and absolves the lover for whom it was committed.

Translated from Motherwell by Wolff, Halle der Völker, I, 73.

A

Scott’s Minsrelsy, 1833, III, 128, “as recited by a gentleman residing near Biggar.”

1 I will sing, if ye will hearken,
   If ye will hearken unto me;
The king has taken a poor prisoner,
The wanton laird o Young Logie.

2 Young Logie’s laid in Edinburgh chapel,
   Carmichael’s the keeper o the key;
   And May Margaret’s lamenting sair,
   A’ for the love of Young Logie.

3 ‘Lament, lament na, May Margaret,
   And of your weeping let me be;
   For ye maun to the king himself,
   To seek the life of Young Logie.’

4 May Margaret has kilted her green eiding,
   And she has curled back her yellow hair:
   ‘If I canna get Young Logie’s life,
   Farewell to Scotland for evermair!’

5 When she came before the king,
   She knelt lowly on her knee:
   ‘O what’s the matter, May Margaret?
   And what needs a’ this courtesie?’

6 ‘A booin, a booin, my noble liege,
   A booin, a booin, I beg o thee,
   And the first booin that I come to crave
   Is to grant me the life of Young Logie.’

7 ‘O na, O na, May Margaret,
   Forsooth, and so it manna be;
   For a’ the gowd o fair Scotland
   Shall not save the life of Young Logie.’

8 But she has stown the king’s redding-kaim,
   Likewise the queen her wedding knife,
   And sent the tokens to Carmichael,
   To cause Young Logie get his life.

9 She sent him a purse o the red gowd,
   Another o the white monie;
   She sent him a pistol for each hand,
   And bade him shoot when he got free.

10 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,
   There he let his volley flee;
   It made the king in his chamber start,
   Een in the bed where he might be.

11 ‘Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a’,
   And bid Carmichael come speak to me;
   For I’ll lay my life the pledge o that
   That you’n the shot o Young Logie.’

12 When Carmichael came before the king,
   He fell low down upon his knee;
   The very first word that the king spake
   Was, Where’s the laird of Young Logie?

13 Carmichael turnd him round about,
   I wot the tear blinded his ee:
   ‘There came a token frae your Grace
   Has taen away the laird frae me.’
14 'Hast thou playd me that, Carmichael?
    And hast thou playd me that?' quoth he;
    'The morn the Justice Court's to stand,
    And Logie's place ye maun suppie.'

15 Carmichael's awa to Margaret's bower,
    Even as fast as he may dree:
    'O if Young Logie be within,
    Tell him to come and speak with me.'

16 May Margaret turnd her round about,
    I wot a loud laugh laughed she:
    'The egg is chippe, the bird is flown,
    Ye'll see nae mair of Young Logie.'

17 The tune is shipped at the pier of Leith,
    The tother at the Queen's Ferrie,
    And she's gotten a father to her bairn,
    The wanton laird of Young Logie.

'B'


1 O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,
    Listen to what I tel to thee;
    The king has taiken a poor prisoner,
    The wanton laird of Ochiltrie.

2 When news came to our guidlly queen,
    Sehe sicht, and said right mournfullie,
    'O what will cum of Lady Margret!
    Wha beirs sick luye to Ochiltrie.'

3 Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair
    When as the queen tald hir the sain:
    'I wis that I had neir bin born,
    Nor neir had knawn Ochiltrie's naim!'

4 'Fie, na!' quoth the queen, 'that maunna be;
    Fie, na! that maunna be;
    I'll fynd ye out a better way
    To saif the lyfe of Ochiltrie.'

5 The queen sehe trippit up the stair,
    And lowlie knelt upon hir knie:
    'The first boon which I cum to craive
    Is the life of gentel Ochiltrie.'

6 'O iff you had askd me castels or towirs,
    I wad lae gin thaim, twa or thrue;
    Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland
    Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie.'

7 The queen sehe trippit down the stair,
    And down she gade richt mournfullie:
    'It's a' the monie in fair Scotland
    Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie!'

8 Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair
    When as the queen tald hir the sain:

9 'Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,
    'Fie, na! Fie, na! this maunna be;
    I'll set ye on a better way
    To loose and set Ochiltrie frie.'

10 The queen sehe slippit up the stair,
    And sehe gaid up richt privatlie,
    And sehe has stoun the prison-keys,
    And gane and set Ochiltrie frie.

11 And sehe's gien him a parse of gowd,
    And another of whyt monie;
    Sehe's gien him twa pistoles by's syde,
    Saying to him, Shute, when ye win frie.

12 And when he cam to the queen's window,
    Whaten a joyfou shute gae he!
    'Peace be to our royal queen,
    And peace be in hir companie!'

13 'O whaten a voyce is that?' quoth the king,
    'Whaten a voyce is that?' quoth he;
    'Whaten a voyce is that?' quoth the king;
    'I think it's the voyce of Ochiltrie.'

14 'Call to me a' my gaolours,
    Call thaim by thirtie and by thrue;
    Whairfoir the morn, at twelve a clock,
    It's hangit schall they ilk ane be.'

15 'O dinna ye send your keyis to us?
    Ye sent thaim be thirtie and be thrue,
    And wi thaim sent a strait command
    To set at lairge young Ochiltrie.'
16 'Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,  
    'Fie, my dear love, this maunna be!  
And if ye 're gawn to hang thaim a',  
    Indeed ye maun begin wi me.'

17 The tane was schippit at the pier of Leith,  
    The ither at the Queen's Ferrie,  
And now the lady has gotten his luve,  
    The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

9 She has put off her gown of silk,  
    And so has she her gay clothing:  
'Go fetch me a knife, and I 'll kill myself,  
    Since the laird of Logie is not mine.'

10 Then out bespoke our gracious queen,  
    And she spoke words most tenderlie:  
'Now hold your hand, Lady Margaret,' she said,  
    'And I 'll try to set Young Logie free.'

11 She 's up into the king's chamber gone,  
    And among his nobles so free;  
'Hold away, hold away!' says our gracious king,  
    'No more of your pardons for Young Logie.'

12 'Had you but askd me for houses and land,  
    I would have given you castles three;  
Or anything else shall be at your command,  
    But only a pardon for Young Logie.'

13 'Hold your hand now, my sovereign liege,  
    And of your anger let it be;  
For the innocent blood of Lady Margret  
    It will rest on the head of thee and me.'

14 The king and queen are gone to their bed,  
    But as he was sleeping so quietly,  
She has stole the keys from below his head,  
    And has sent to set Young Logie free.

15 Young Logie he 's on horseback got,  
    Of chains and fetters he 's got free;  
As he passd by the king's window,  
    There he has fired vollies three.

16 The king he awaken out of his sleep,  
    Out of his bed came hastilie;  
Says, I 'll lay all my lands and rents  
    That yonder 's the laird of Logie free.'

17 The king has sent to the prison strong,  
    He has calld for his keepers three;  
Says, How does all your prisoners?  
    And how does the young laird of Logie?
18 'Your Majesty sent me your wedding-ring,
   With your high command to set him free;
   'Then tomorrow, before that I eat or drink,
   I surely will hang you keepers three.'

19 Then out bespoke our gracious queen,
   And she spoke words most tenderlie;

   'If ever you begin to hang a man for this,
   Your Majesty must begin with me.'

20 The one took shipping at [the pier of] Leith,
   The other at the Queen's Forrie;
   Lady Margaret has gotten the man she loves,
   I mean the young laird of Logie.

D

Harris MS., fol. 16; from Mrs Harris's recitation.

1 Pretty is the story I hae to tell,
   Pretty is the praisin o itsel,
   An pretty is the prision oor king 's tane,
   The rantin young laird o Logie.

2 Has he brunt? or has he slain?
   Or has he done any injurie?
   Oh no, no, he 's done nothing at all,
   But stown a kiss frae the queen's marie.

3 Ladie Margaret cam doon the stair,
   Wringin her hands an tearin her hair;
   Cryin, Oh, that ever I to Scotland cam,
   Aye to see Young Logie dee!

4 'Had your tongue noo, Lady Margaret,
   An a' your weepin lat a bee!
   For I 'll gae to the king my sell,
   An plead for life to Young Logie.'

5 'First when I to Scotland cam,
   You promised to gie me askens three;
   The first then o these askens is
   Life for the young laird o Logie.'

6 'If you had asked house or lands,
   They suld hae been at your command;
   But the morn, ere I taste meat or drink,
   High hanged all Young Logie be.'

7 Lady Margaret cam doon the stair,
   Wringin her hands an tearin her hair;

   Cryin, Oh, that ever I to Scotland cam,
   A' to see Young Logie dee!

8 'Haud your tongue noo, Lady Margaret,
   An a' your weepin lat a bee!
   For I 'll counterfiet the king's hand-write,
   An steal frae him his richt hand gloe,
   An send them to Piteairn's wa's,
   A' to lat Young Logie free.'

9 She counterfieted the king's hand-write,
   An stole frae him his richt hand gloe,
   An sent them to Piteairn's wa's,
   A' to let Young Logie free.

10 The king luikit owre his castle-wa,
   Was haikin to see what he cald see:
   'My life to wad an my hand to pawn,
   Yonder comes the young laird o Logie!'

11 'Pardon, oh pardon! my lord the king,
   Aye I pray you pardon me;
   For I counterfieted your hand-write,
   An stole frae you your richt hand gloe,
   An sent them to Piteairn's wa's,
   A' to set Young Logie free.'

12 'If this had been done by laird or lord,
   Or by baron of high degree,
   I 'se mak it sure, upon my word,
   His life suld hae gane for Young Logie.

13 'But since it is my gracious queen,
   A hearty pardon we will gie,
   An for her sake we 'll free the loon,
   The rantin young laird o Logie.'

E

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 56, the third stanza; from recitation.

MAY MARGARET sits in the queen's bower,
Knicking her fingers ane be ane,
Cursing the day that she ere was born,
Or that she ere heard o Logie's name.
B. 64. and towirs in ed. 1776.
Qu in what, etc., is rendered by w, and z in xe, etc., by y.
C. Maidment's copy has some slight variations, such as often occur in different issues of staid-prints.
13. very very. 14. the love. 34. into.

183
WILLIE MACINTOSH


The murder of the "Bonny Earl of Murray" was the occasion of serious commotions in the North Highlands. Towards the end of the year 1592, the Macintoshes of the Clan Chattan, who of all the faction of Murray "most eagerly endeavored to revenge his death," invaded the estates of the Earl of Huntly, and killed four gentlemen of the surname of Gordon. Huntly retaliated, "and rade into Pettie (which was then in the possession of the Clan Chattan), where he wasted and spoiled all the Clan Chattan's lands, and killed divers of them. But as the Earl of Huntly had returned home from Pettie, he was advertised that William Macintosh with eight hundred of Clan Chattan were spoiling his lands of Cabrach: whereupon Huntly and his uncle Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindown, with some few horsemen, made speed towards the enemy, desiring the rest of his company to follow him with all possible diligence, knowing that if once he were within sight of them they would desist from spoiling the country.

* The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans, etc., p. 41 f, in Miscellanea Scotiae. Spottiswood, ed. 1666, p. 396.

B. 42. you be. 64. It's hanged. 74. her own. 75. and so free. 74. Lady Margret. 84. tore. 85, 94. she has. 85. ye. 114. up to. 144. beds. 184. commands. 194. you do hang. 204. at the pier of.


Huntly overtook the Clan Chattan before they left the bounds of Cabrach, upon the head of a hill called Stapliegate, where, without staying for the rest of his men, he invaded them with these few he then had. After a sharp conflict he overthrew them, chased them, killed sixty of their ablest men, and hurt William Macintosh with divers others of his company." *

Two William Macintoshes are confounded in the ballad. The burning of Auchindown is attributed, rightly or wrongly, to an earlier William, captain of the clan, who, in August, 1550, was formally convicted of conspiracy against the life of the Earl of Huntly, then lieutenant in the north, sentenced to lose his life and lands, and, despite a pledge to the contrary, executed shortly after by the Countess of Huntly.†

Auchindown castle is on the banks of the Fiddich, B1. By Cairn Croom, A 4, is meant, I suppose, the noted Cairngorm mountain, at the southern extremity of Banffshire.
A


1 'Turn, Willie Macintosh,
   Turn, I bid you;
   Gin ye burn Auchindow,
   Huntly will head you.'

2 'Head me or hang me,
   That canna flee me;
   I'll burn Auchindow
   Ere the life lea me.'

3 Coming down Deeside,
   In a clear morning,

B

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 89, 1808, as recollected by a lady and communicated by Walter Scott.

1 As I came in by Fiddich-side,
   In a May morning,
   I met Willie Mackintosh,
   An hour before the dawning.

2 'Turn again, turn again,
   Turn again, I bid ye;
   If ye burn Auchindow,
   Huntly he will head ye.'

3 'Head me, hang me,
   That sall never fear me;

A. b. 1<sup>1</sup> Turn, turn.  1<sup>2</sup> If you.
   2<sup>2</sup> That winna.  3 wanting.
   4<sup>1</sup> But wanting.

   After 4:

   5, 6 wanting.

   Light was the mirk hour
   At the day-dawning,
   For Auchindoun was in flames
   Ere the cock-crawing.

4 As I came in by Auchindown,
   In a May morning,
   Auchindown was in a bleeze,
   An hour before the dawning.

   * * * * * *

5 Crawing, crawling,
   For my crowse crawing,
   I lost the best feather i my wing
   For my crowse crawing.
LADS of Wamphray, ane old ballad, sometimes called The Galliard, is the superscription in the manuscript. Printed in Scott's Minstrelsy, I, 208, 1802, II, 148, 1833; with the omission of 4 and 36, the insertion of four verses after 8, two transpositions, and some changes of language.

"The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, betwixt the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryfe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Letenhall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the Galliard, was a noted freebooter. A place near the head of Teviotdale retains the name of the Galliard's Faulds (folds), being a valley, where he used to secrete and divide his spoil with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His nom de guerre seems to have been derived from the dance called the galliard. The word is still used in Scotland to express an active, gay, dissipated character. Willie of the Kirkhill, nephew to the Galliard, and his avenger, was also a noted Border robber."

"Leverhay, Stefenbiggen, Girth-head, etc., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray. The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the Johnstones and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithsdale and Annandale. The Wellpath is a pass by which the Johnstones were treating to their fastnesses in Annandale. Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan water, which falls into the Annan below Moffat. Wamphray-gate was in these days an alehouse." Scott's Minstrelsy, I, 208 ff., ed. 1802.

This affair is briefly noticed in the Historie of King James the Sext in the following terms: "Sum unburydit men of Johnestons... hapnit to ryd a steiling in the moneth of Julij this present yeir of God 1593, in the lands and territoreis pertaining to the Lord Sanequhar and the knyghtis of Drumlanryg, Lag and Closburne, upon the watter of Nyth; whare, attoure the great reaf and spulie that they tuik away with violent hand, thay slew and mutilat a great number of men wha stude for defence of their awin geir and to reskew the same from the hands of sik viciousvers." * P. 297.

It is hard to determine whether the first eight stanzas of the ballad are anything more than a prelude, and whether 5, 7 note the customary practice of the Lads of Wamphray, or anticipate, as is done in 3, certain points in the story which follows. The gap after 8 is filled by Scott with verses which describe the Galliard as incapable of keeping his hands from another man's horse, and as having gone to Nithsdale to steal Sim Crichton's dun. The Galliard makes an unlucky selection from the Crichton stable, and takes a blind horse instead of the coveted dun. Under the impression that he has the right beast, he calls out to Sim to come out and see a Johnstone ride. The Crichtons mount for pursuit; the Galliard upon the lands of Sanwhare and Drumlanrig; and killed eighteen persons that followed for rescue of their goods," etc. Spottiswood, p. 400, ed. 1666.

* "In the end of this year [1593] there fell out great troubles in the west marches. Some of the surname of Johnston having in the July preceding made a great depre-
liard sees that they will be up with him, and tries to hide behind a willow-bush. Resistance is vain, for there is no other man by but Will of Kirkhill; entreaties and promises are bootless; the Crichtons hang the Galliardi high. Will of Kirkhill vows to avenge his uncle's death, and to this end goes back to Wamphray and raises a large band of riders, who proceed to Nithsdale and drive off the Crichtons' cattle. On the return the Johnstones are followed or intercepted by the Crichtons; a fight ensues, and the Crichtons suffer severely. Will of Kirkhill boasts that he has killed a man for every finger of the Galliard. The Johnstones drive the Crichtons' nought to Wamphray.*

There is a story, not sufficiently authenticated, that Lord Maxwell, while engaged in single combat with Johnstone, at the battle of Dryfesands, "was slain behind his back by the cowardly hands of Will of Kirkhill." The New Statistical Account of Scotland, IV, 148, note *.

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1 Twixt the Girthhead and Langwood-end Liv'd the Galliard and Galliard's men.

2 It is the lads of Lethenha, The greatest rogues among them a'.

3 It is the lads of Leverhay, That drove the Crichtons' gier away.

4 It is the lads o the Kirkhill, The gay Galliard and Will o Kirkhill,

5 But and the lads o Stefenebiggin, They broke the house in at the riggin.

6 The lads o Fingland and Hellbackhill, They were neer for good, but aye for ill.

7 Twixt the Staywood Bass and Langside Hill, They stell'd the broked cow and branded bull.

8 It is the lads o the Girthhead, The diel 's in them for pride and greed.

9 . . . . . . . . . . . .

10 The Galliard is to the stable gane; Instead of the Dun, the Blind he 's taen.

11 'Come out now, Simmy o the Side, Come out and see a Johnston ride!

* 37 does not come in happily. Scott put this stanza after 29, omitting 'Sin'; but there is no rational sense gained, unless the Johnstones are supposed to deny the cattle-lifting. Admitting a bold anachronism in the first verse (a mixture of since — so and neither — nor), 37 might stand as and where it is. The Johnstones have done no wanton injury; they have only revenged in a proper way the death of the Galliard. But even then the Johnstones would be made to blink the Galliard's horse-stealing.
Back to Wamphray Willy's gane,
And riders has raised mony a ane.

Saying, My lads, if ye'll be true,
Ye's a' be clad in the noble blue.

Back to Niddale they are gane,
And away the Crichtons' nout they hae taen.

Back to Wamphray Willy's gane,
And riders has raised mony a ane.

Saying, My lads, if ye'll be true,
Ye's a' be clad in the noble blue.

Back to Niddale they are gane,
And away the Crichtons' nout they hae taen.

As they came out at the Wallpath-head,
The Crichtons bad them light and lead.

And when they came to the Biddess-burn,
The Crichtons bad them stand and turn.

And when they came to the Biddess-strand,
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.

But when they cam to the Biddess-law,
The Johnstons bad them stand and draw.

Out then spake then Willy Kirkhill:
'Of fighting, lads, ye's hae your fill.'

Then off his horse Willy he lap,
And a burnish'd brand in his hand he took.

And through the Crichtons Willy he ran,
And dang them down both horse and man.

Not divided into stanzas in the MS. Scott makes stanzas of four lines.

31. Leuerhay.

After 8 Scott inserts:

For the Galliard, and the gay Galliard's men,
They neer saw a horse but they made it their ain.

The Galliard to Nithside is gane,
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun.

20. let Willy bee, in the text: or the Galliard, in the margin.

21. In the margin: Will of Kirkhill.

a. 'An excellent old song call'd Dick of the Cow.' Percy Papers, 1775.  
c. Campbell, Albyn's Anthology, II, 31, 1818.

In a list of books printed for and sold by P. Brooksby, 1688, occurs Dick-a-the-Cow, containing north-country songs: Ritson, in Scott's Minstresy, I, 223, 1833.

Two stanzas are cited in Pennant's Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides in 1772, Part II, p. 276, ed. 1776.

Then Johnie Armstrong to Willie gan say,  
Billie, a riding then will we;  
England and us have been long at feud;  
Perhaps we may hit on some bootie.'

Then they're come on to Hutton-Ha;  
They rade that proper place about;  
But the laird he was the wiser man,  
For he had left na geir without.

Fair Johnie Armstrong* and Willie his brother, having lain long in, ride out on the chance of some booty. They come to Hutton Hall, but find no gear left without by the experienced laird, except six sheep, which they scorn to take. Johnie asks Willie who the man was that they last met, and learning that it was Dick o the Cow, a fool whom he knows to have three as good kine as are in Cumberland, says, These kine shall go with me to Liddesdale. They carry off Dick's three kine, and also three coverlets from his wife's bed. When daylight reveals the theft, Dick's wife raises a wail; he bids her be still, he will bring her three cows for one. Dick goes to his master and makes his loss known, and asks

* As there was no great "coth" of Christian names among the clansmen of the borders, to-names became necessary for the distinction of the numerous Jocks, Christies, Waddies, and Archies. The name of parent, or of parent and grandparent, was sometimes prefixed, as John's Christie, Agnes' Christie, Peggie's Waddie, Gibb's Jack's Johnie, Pat-
tie's Geordie's Johnie; sometimes the place of abode was added, as Jock o the Side; sometimes there was distinction by personal peculiarities, dress, or arms, as Fair Johnie, Red Cloak, John with the Jack, etc., etc.  
See a list of all varieties in Mr. R. B. Armstrong's History of Liddesdale, etc., p. 78f.
leave to go to Liddesdale to steal; his troth is required that he will steal from none but those who have stolen from him. Dickie goes on to Puddingburn, where there are three and thirty Armstrongs, and complains to the Laird's Jock of the wrong which Fair Johnie Armstrong and Willie have done him. Fair Johnie is for hanging Dick, Willie for slaying him, and another young man for tossing him in a sheet, beating him, and letting him go. The Laird's Jock, who is a better fellow than the rest, tells Dick that if he will sit down he shall have a bit of his own cow. Dick observes that a key has been flung over the doorhead by lads who have come in late. With this key he opens the stable where are the Armstrongs' three and thirty horses. He ties all but three with a triple knot,* leaps on one, takes another in his hand, and makes off. Fair Johnie discovers in the morning that his own horse and Willie's have been stolen, borrows the Laird's-Jock's, which Dick (for improvement of the story) happens not to have tied, arms himself, and sets out in pursuit. Overtaking Dick on Canoby lee, Johnie sends a spear at him, which only pierces the innocent's jerkin. Dick turns on Johnie, and has the good fortune to fell him with the pommel of his sword. He strips Johnie of armor and sword, takes the third horse, and goes home to his master, who threatens to hang him for his stealing. The fool plants himself upon the terms his master had made with him: he had stolen from none but those that had stolen from him. His having the Laird Jock's horse requires explanation; but Dick is able to give such satisfaction on that point that his master offers twenty pound and one of his best milk-kye for the horse. Dick exacts and gets thirty, and makes the same bargain with his master's brother for Fair Johnie Armstrong's horse. So he goes back to his wife, and gives her threescore pound for her three coverlets, two kyne as good as her three, and has the third horse over and above. But Dick sees that he cannot safely remain on the border after this reprisal upon the Armstrongs, and removes to Burgh (Brough) under Stainmoor, in the extreme south of Cumberland.†

Henry Lord Scroop of Bolton was warden of the West Marches for thirty years from 1563, and his son Thomas for the next ten years, down to the union of the crowns. Which of the two is intended in this ballad might be settled beyond question by identifying my lord's brother, Ralph Scroop, Bailiff Glazenberrie, or Glozenbarrie, st. 54 f.; but the former is altogether more probable.

The Laird's Jock, in the opinion of Mr R. B. Armstrong, was a son of Thomas of Mangerton, the elder brother of Gilnockie. There are notices of him from 1569 to 1599. In 1569 Archibald Armstrong of Mangerton declined to be pledge for John Armstrong, called the Lardis Jok, Reg. P. Council; in 1599 he and other principal Armstrongs executed a bond,§ and he is mentioned (in what fashion will presently appear) at various intermediate dates.

Jock, the Laird's son, an Armstrong of Liddesdale, had a brother called John,§ MS. General Register House, 1569. (He is not called Fair John in any document besides the ballad.) In a later MS. there is an entry of the marriage of John Armstrong, called the Lord's John. John Armstrong, son to the laird of Mangerton, is witness to two bonds in which John of the Syde is a party, in 1562, 1563: R. B. Armstrong, History of Liddes-

* Ties them with St Mary's knot: hamstrings them, says Caw, and says others after him. A St John's knot is double, a St Mary's triple. Observe that in 31 it is simply said that there is only one horse loose in the stable.
† "The Armstrongs at length got Dick o the Cow in their clutches, and, out of revenge, they tore his flesh from his bones with red-hot pincers:" note in Caw's Museum, p. 35. "At the conclusion of the ballad, the singer used invariably to add that Dickie's removal to Burgh under Stainmoor did not save him from the clutches of the Armstrongs. Having fallen into their power, several years after this exploit, he was plunged into a large boiling pot, and so put to death. The scene of this cruel transaction is pointed out somewhere in Cumberland." Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 55, note. No well-wisher of Dick has the least occasion to be troubled by these puerile supplements of the singers.
§ "It was not unusual to call two sons by a favorite name, and the brother of Gilnockie would have probably called his sons by that name:" R. B. A.
The sheepfold, perhaps warden-meeting, this sides (and sons, have rude been Mangerton), marked and Tenisborne the burn "Armstrongs' according acquainted cattle been place, alluded strong In. 52, misled. The xxxi. Cannobei, This Cow. were feet The or There wonder to Lon- being tower above said is Ilarribie, and serve 48, 56x199 direction feeting a remains keep sure, feared plices, Richard Nook, September, 1587, executed. Mangerton, * Sir the thousand, from the of Westmoreland and Cumberland, I, xxxi. The commendation of the Laird’s Jock’s honesty in st. 47, as Scott says, seems but indifferently founded; “for in July, 1586, a bill was fouled against him, Dick of Dryup, and others, by the deputy of Bewcastle, at a warden-meeting, for four hundred head of cattle taken in open foray from the Drysike in Bewcastle; and in September, 1587, another complaint appears, at the instance of one Andrew Rutledge of the Nook, against the Laird’s Jock and his accom- plices, for fifty kine and oxen, besides furniture to the amount of one hundred merks ster- ling:” Nicolson and Burn, as above. To be sure, we find the laird of Mangerton, on the next page, making complaints of the same kind against various persons, but it is to be feared that the Laird’s Jock, at least, did not keep to the innocent’s golden rule, ‘to steal frue nane but them that sta from thee.’ Sir Richard Maitland gives him his character:

Thay spuilye puire men of thair pakis,
Thay leife thanocht on bed nor bakis;
Baith hene and ek,
With reill and rok,
The Lairdis Jok all with him takis. (MS.)

Hutton Hall, 3, being more than twenty miles from the border, seems remote for the

* "The place which is alluded to by Scott was pointed out to me about thirty years since. There then were the remains of a tower which stood on a small plateau where the Dow Siike and the Blaik Grain join the Stanygilbourn, a tributary of the Timnaisburn. Some remains of the build- ing may still be traced at the northern angle of the sheep- fold of which it forms part. The walls that remain are 4 feet 3 inches thick, and measured on the inside about 6 feet high. They extend about 18 feet 6 inches in one direction and 14 feet in another, forming portions of two Armstrongs’ first reconnaissance, and it is no wonder that Fair Johnie stickled at driving six sheep to such a distance. We might ask how Dick, who evidently lives near Carlisle (for, besides other reasons, he is intimately acquainted with the Armstrongs), should have been met so far from home.

Harribie, 14, mentioned also in ‘Kimmont Willie,’ was the place of execution at Carlisle. Paddingburn House, 16, according to Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 48, was a strong place on the side of the Timnis Hill, about three miles westward from the Syde (and therefore a very little further from the house of Mangerton), of which the ruins now serve for a sheepfold. A MS. cited by Mr R. B. Armstrong says: “Joke Armstronge, called the Lord’s Joke, dwelleth under Denys Hill besides Kyrsoppe in Tenisborne;” and in another MS. the Lord Jock of Tennesborne is stated to have lived a mile west from Ker- sopp-steote. The name Paddingburn has not been found on any map.*

Cannobei, 34, is on the east of the Esk, just above its juncture with the Liddel. Mattan, 52, 58 (Morton in b), is perhaps the small town a few miles east of Whitehaven. There were cattle-fairs at Arlochden, which is very nigh, in the early part of this century: Ly- sons, Cumberland, p. 10.

The Cow in Dick’s name can have no reference to his cattle, for then his style would have been Dick o the Kye. Cow may possibly denote the hut in which he lived; or bush, or broom.

Translated by Knortz, Schottische Balla- den, No 15, p. 42.

side with the angle of the tower. . . . There must have been a considerable building of a rude kind. . . . This place, as the crow flies, is quite two miles and a quarter from Kershope-foot, and by the burn two miles and a half. . . . The Laird’s Jock’s residence is marked on a sketch map of Liddesdale by Lord Burleigh, drawn when Simon was laird of Mangerton. (Simon, son of Thomas, was laird in 1578-9.) It is also marked at the mouth of the Timnais- burn on a ‘platt’ of the country, of 1590.” R. B. A.
'Hald thy tongue, my fool,' he says,  
'For I may not stand to jest with thee.'

'Shame speed a your jesting, my lord,' quo Dickie,  
'For nae such jesting gree with me;  
Liddisdale has been in my house this last night,  
And they have tane my three kyne from me.'

'But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwel,  
To be your poor fool and your leel,  
Unless ye give me leave, my lord,  
To go to Liddisdale and steal.'

'To give thee leave, my fool,' he says,  
'Thou speaks against mine honour and me;  
Unless thou give me thy truth and thy right hand  
Thou'll steal frae nane but them that sta from thee.'

'There is my truth and my right hand;  
My head shal hing on Hairibie,  
I 'le never cross Carlele sands again,  
If I steal frae a man but them that sta frae me.'

Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,  
And I wate a merrie fool was he;  
He has bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,  
And has packed them up in his breek-thigh.

Then Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,  
Even as fast as he may dree;  
Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,  
Where there was thirty Armstrongs and three.

'What's this comd on me!' quo Dické,  
'What meakle wae's this happend on me,'  
quo he,  
'Where here is but ae innocent fool,  
And there is thirty Armstrongs and three!'

Yet he's comd up to the hall among them all;  
So wel he became his curtisie:  
'Well may ye be, my good Laird's Jock!  
But the devil bless all your companie.

'I'm come to plain of your man Fair Johnie Armstrong,  
And syne his billie Willie,' quo he;
'How they have been in my house this last night,
And they have tane my three ky frae me.'

20 Quo Johnie Armstrong, We'll him hang;
'Nay,' than quoth Willie, 'we'll him shae,'
But up bespake another young man, We've
hit him in a four-nooked sheet,
Give him his burden of batts, and lett him gae.

21 Then up bespake the good Laird's Jock,
The best falla in the companie:
Fitt thy way down a little while, Dickie,
And a peice of thine own cow's hough I'll
give to thee.

22 But Dickie's heart it grew so great
That never a bit of it he dought to eat;
But Dickie was war of ane auld peat-house,
Where there at the night he thought for to sleep.

23 Then Dickie was war of that auld peat-house,
Where there at the night he thought for to ly;
And a' the prayers the poor fool prayd was,
'What's that theife?' quo the good Laird's Jock;
'Tel me the truth and the verity.

29 'What's that theife?' quo the good Laird's Jock;
'See unto me ye do not lie:'
'Dick o the Cow has been in the stable this
last night,
And has my brother's horse and mine frae me.'

30 'Ye wad never be told it,' quo the Laird's Jock:
'Have ye not found my tales to keel?
Ye wade never out of England bide,
Till crooked and blind and a' wad steal.'

31 'But will thou lend me thy bay?' Fair Johnie
Armstrong can say,
'There's nae mae horse loose in the stable
but he;
And I leither bring ye Dick o the Kow again,
Or the day is come that he must die.'

32 'To lend thee my bay,' the Laird's Jock can say,
'He's both worth gold and good monie;
Dick o the Kow has away twa horse,
I wish no thou should no make him three.'

33 He has tane the Laird's jack on his back,
The twa-handed sword that hang liengh by
his thigh;
He has tane the steel cap on his head,
And on is he to follow Dickie.

34 Then Dickie was not a mile off the town,
I wate a mile but barely three,
Till John Armstrong has oertane Dick o the Kow,
Hand for hand on Cannoboei lee.

35 'Abide thy[ere], bide now, Dickie than,
The day is come that thou must die;'
Dickie looked oer his left shoulder;
'Johnie, has thow any mae in thy company?

36 'There is a preacher in owr chapell,
And a' the lee-lang day teaches he;
When day is gane, and night is come,
There's never a word I mark but three.
'The first and second's Faith and Conscience;
The third is, Johnie, Take head of thee;
But what faith and conscience had thou, traitor,
When thou took my three kye frae me?

And when thou had tane my three kye,
Thou thought in thy heart thou was no wel sped;
But thou sent thi billie Willie oer the know,
And he took three coerlets of my wife's bed.'

Then Johnie lett a spear fa leaugh by his thigh,
Thought well to run the innocent through;
But the powers above was more than his,
He ran but the poor fool's jerkin through.

Together they ran or ever they blan —
This was Dickie, the fool, and hee —
Dickie could not win to him with the blade of the sword,
But he feld [him] with the plummet under the eye.

Now Dickie has [feld] Fair John Armstrong,
The prettiest man in the south countrey;
'Gramercie,' then can Dickie say,
'I had twa horse, thou has made me three.'

He has tane the laird's jack off his back,
The twa-handed sword that hung leugh by his thigh;
He has tane the steel cape off his head:
'Johnie, I le tell my master I met with thee.'

When Johnie wakend out of his dream,
I wate a dreeiry man was he:
'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?
The shame gae in thy company!'  

'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?
The shame go in thy companie!
For if I should live this hundred year,
I shal never fight with a fool after thee.'

Then Dickie comed home to lord and master,
Even as fast as he may drice:
'Now Dickie, I shal neither eat meat nor drink
Till high hanged that thou shall be!'  

'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie,
'That was no the promise ye made to me;
For I'd never gane to Liddlesdale to steal
Till that I sought my leave at thee.'

'But what gart thou steal the Laird's-Jock's horse?
And, limmer, what gart thou steal him?' quo he;
'For lang might thou in Cumberland dwelt
Or the Laird's Jock had stoln ought frae thee.'

Indeed I wate ye leed, my lord,
And even so loud as I hear ye lie;
I wan him frae his man, Fair John Armstrong,
Hand for hand on Cannobie loe.

'There's the jack was on his back,
The twa-handed sword that hung leugh by his thigh;
There's the steel cap was on his head;
I have a' these tokens to lett you see.'

'If that be true thou to me tels—
I trow thou dare not tel a lie—
I le give thee twenty pound for the good horse,
Wel told in thy cloke-lap shall be.'

'And I le give thee one of my best milk-kye,
To maintain thy wife and children three:
[And that may be as good, I think,
As ony twa o thine might be.]

'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie,
'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?
I le either have thirty pound for the good horse,
Or els he's gae to Mattau fair wi me:'

Then he has given him thirty pound for the good horse,
All in gold and good monie;
He has given him one of his best milk-kye,
To maintain his wife and children three.

Then Dickie's come down through Carlile town,
Even as fast as he may drie:
The first of men that he with mett
Was my lord's brother, Bailife Glazenberrie.
55 'Well may ye be, my good Ralph Serupe!'  
'Welcome, my brother's fool!' quo he;  
'Where did thou get Fair Johnie Armstrong's  
horse?'  
'Where did I get him but steal him,' quo he.

56 'But will thou sell me Fair Johnie Armstrong['s] horse?  
And, billie, will thou sel him to me?' quo he:  
'Ay, and tell me the monie on my cloke-lap,  
For there's not one fathing I 'le trust thee.'

57 'I 'le give thee fifteen pound for the good horse,  
Wel teli on thy cloke-lap shal be;  
And I 'le give [thee] one of my best milk-kye,  
To maintain thy wife and thy children three.'

58 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie.  
'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?' quo he:  
'I 'le either have thirty pound for the good  
horse,  
Or else he 's to Mattan Fair with me.'

59 He has given him thirty pound for the good  
horse,  
All in gold and good monie:

He has given him one of his best milk-kye,  
To maintain his wife and children three.

60 Then Dickie lap a loup on high,  
And I wate a loud laughter leagh he:  
'I wish the neck of the third horse were  
browken,  
For I have a better of my own, and onie  
better can be.'

61 Then Dickie comd hame to his wife again;  
Judge ye how the poor fool he sped;  
He has given her three score of English pounds  
For the three auld coerlets was tane of her  
bed.

62 'Hae, take thee there twa as good kye,  
I trow, as al thy three might be;  
And yet here is a white-footed naigg;  
I think he 'le carry booth thee and me.

63 'But I may no langer in Cumberland dwell;  
The Armstrongs the 'le hang me high:'  
But Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,  
And Burgh under Stanemuir there dwels  
Dickie.

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a. 41. *Over good is written went.*  
10. I wats: cf. 15, 34, 43.
21. *Fitt*: Cow, Sitt. *I take fitt in the sense  
of fettle.*
47. *steal the Laird Jock horse erroneously  
repeated from the line above: corrected  
from Cav.*
51. *wanting*: supplied from b.
55. *Screpe.*
62. *for thy, thye, corrected from three.*

b. *Burden, after the first and fourth line, Fala,  
fala, fala, falldle.*
13. *horses are grown sae lidder fat.*
14. *They downa star out o the sta.*
2. *then we'll gae. 24. Ablins we'll hit on.*
5. *with wanting. 5. men ca.*
6. *me for my, twice. 7. three ky.*
8. *day was. 8. 9. O had.*
9. *In good sooth I 'll. 10. on for 's.*

10. *was he. 10. Now had.*
11. *this wanting. 13. I gi.*
14. *but wha sta. 16. might.*
16. *Now Dickie's. 16. were.*
17. *O what 's this comd o me now.*
18. *Sae weil's. 19. o his. 19. the last.*
20. *We 'll hit him in a four-nooked sheet  
wanting.*
20. *We 'll gie im his batts. 21. in 'a the.*
22. *Then Dickie. 22. 23. there wanting.*
23. *o an auld. 23. was wanting.*
23. *a mense. 24. came na. 24. t' the.*
25. *weary for aevrey: were.*
26. *Then D. into the stable is gane.*
27. *tane: his wanting. 28. 29. O where 's.*
29. *dina. 29. Dickie's been: this wanting.*
it wanting.
But lend me thy bay, Johnie.

aye wanting.  ye wanting.
he shall.  worth baith.
na thou may make.  liegh want ing.
he gave.  was na.
Till he's octane by Johnie A.
Abide, abide.  maun die.
Then wanting.  thy wanting.
neer ae.
third, neer let a traitor free.
But Johnie: houst: traitor wanting.
tane away.  But sent thy.
to hae slain the innocent, I trow.
were mair than he.  For he.
But feld 'im.  has feld.
leagh wanting.  Johnie.
And is.  years.
I neer shall.  come.
I'll neither eat nor.
hanged thou shalt.
Till I had got my.
gard thou steal him, quo he.
And there's.  let thee.  dare na.
50\textsuperscript{h}, 53\textsuperscript{h}, 57\textsuperscript{a}, 58\textsuperscript{a}, 59\textsuperscript{a} puneds.
And that may be as good, I think, As ony twa o thine might be.
cs wanting: Mortan.  He's gien.
dickie came.  he might.
met with.  Glozenburrie.  wilt.
o nee fardin.  gi thee.
thy wanting.  Or he's gae: Mortan.
fa hie.  laugh langheid.
if better can be.  Dickie's.
fool spat.  these for there.
a accidentally wanting: magic.
bide for dwell.  he.
Simple Scottishisms and ordinary contractions have generally not been noted.

Reading of b are not repeated.
Burden: after the first and the second verse,
Lal de ral, thrie, la la de: at the end of the stanza:
Lal la de rile la di, fal la de rile la di,
Fal la di la la, fal la di rile la.
Fair Johnie.  riding we will.
have been: at feld.  we'll light.
they are come.  that proper, as a.
For he.  ca.  And men they call.
they are.  they have come.
frac his.  rase.
ay where thou hast lost ae.
suith I shall.
Now Dickie's gane to the gude Lord Scroop.
Shame fa your.  lae awa.
you.  Thou'lt.  leave o.
And wanting.
on to Pudding-burne house.
Then: on to.  wanting.
house last.  Ha qu fair.
then wanting.
Then up and spak: young Armstrong.
But up and spak.  down thy ways.
gie ye.  the neer.
Then was he aware.
Were I: amends: my gude.
wanting.  they threw.  o that.
There will be a bootie for.
has into the stable gane.
And away as fast as he can lie.
But.  raise.
Ah, whae has done this.
Whae has done this deed.
See that to me.  has taen.
But lend me thy bay, Fair Johnie can say.
save he.  either fetch.  wanting.
A: to hang by.  a, for the.
And galloped on to.
Then wanting: frae aff.
When he was: Fair J. A.
wanting.  fa for fa: misprint?
at him.  Thus.  hast.
the steil-jack aff Johnie's back.
hang low.
The shame and dule is left wi me.
The deceit.  these h. years.
hame to the good Lord Scroop.
he might lie.
Had I not got my leave frae.
ghed thee.  garrd ye.
thou mightst.
wan the horse frae Fair.
Hand to.  This: sword hang.
brought a.  D. And I think thou dares.
fifteen pounds for the horse.  on thy.
could drie.  Well be ye met.
didst.  wanting.  twenty puneds.
could drie.  Baith in.
If ony of the twa were better than he.
Dickie's come.  had sped.
twa score.  was wanting.
And tak.  they would.  So D.
This ballad celebrates a bold and masterly exploit of Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm, laird of Buccleuch, which is narrated as follows by a contemporary, Archbishop Spotswood:

"The Lord Scroop being then Warden of the West-Marches of England, and the Laird of Bacleugh having the charge of Lidisdale, they sent their deputies to keep a day of truce for redress of some ordinary matters. The place of meeting was at the Dayholme of Kershop, where a small brook divideth England from Scotland, and Lidisdale from Bawcastle. There met, as deputy for the Laird of Bacleugh, Robert Scott of Hayninge, and for the Lord Scroop, a gentleman within the West-Wardenry called Mr Salkeld. These two, after truce taken and proclaimed, as the custom was, by sound of trumpet, met friendly, and, upon mutual redress of such wrongs as were then complained of, parted in good terms, each of them taking his way homewards. Meanwhile it happened one William Armstrong, commonly called Will of Kinmouth, to be in company with the Scottish deputy; against whom the English had a quarrel for many wrongs he had committed, as he was indeed a notorious thief. This man having taken his leave of the Scots deputy, and riding down the river of Liddell on the Scottish side, towards his own house, was pursued by the English that espied him from the other side of the river, and after a chase of three or four miles taken prisoner, and brought back to the English deputy, who carried him away to the castle of Carlile.

"The Laird of Bacleugh complaining of the breach of truce (which was always taken from the time of meeting unto the next day at sun-rising) wrote to Mr Salkeld and craved redress. He excused himself by the absence of the Lord Scroop. Whereupon Bacleugh sent to the Lord Scroop, and desired the prisoner might be set at liberty, without any bond or condition, seeing he was unlawfully taken. Scroop answered that he could do nothing in the matter, it having so happened, without a direction from the queen and council of England, considering the man was such a malefactor. Bacleugh, loath to inform the king of what was done, lest it might have bred some misliking betwixt the princes, dealt with Mr Bowes, the resident ambassador of England, for the prisoner's liberty: who wrote very seriously to the Lord Scroop in that business, advising him to set the man free, and not to bring the matter to a farther hearing. But no answer was returned; the matter thereupon was imparted to the king, and the queen of England solicited by letters to give direction for his liberty; yet nothing was obtained. Which Bacleugh perceiving, and apprehending both the king, and himself as the king's officer, to be touched in honor, he resolved to work the prisoner's relief by the best means he could.

"And upon intelligence that the castle of Carlile, wherein the prisoner was kept, was surprisable, he employed some trusty persons to take a view of the postern-gate, and measure the height of the wall, which he meant to scale by ladders; and if those failed, to
break through the wall with some iron instruments, and force the gates. This done so closely as he could, he drew together some two hundred horse, assigning the place of meeting at the tower of Morton," some ten miles from Carlile, an hour before sun-set.

With this company passing the water of Esk about the falling, two hours before day he crossed Eden beneath Carlile bridge (the water through the rain that had fallen being thick), and came to the Sacery [Sacray], a plain under the castle. There making a little halt at the side of a small bourn which they call Cadage [Caday, Caldew], he caused eighty of the company to light from their horses, and take the ladders and other instruments which he had prepared with them. He himself, accompanying them to the foot of the wall, caused the ladders to be set to it; which proving too short, he gave order to use the other instruments for opening the wall, nigh the postern, and finding the business like to succeed, retired to the rest whom he had left on horseback, for assuring those that entered upon the castle against any eruption from the town. With some little labor a breach was made for single men to enter, and they who first went in brake open the postern for the rest. The watchmen and some few the noise awaked made a little restraint, but they were quickly repressed and taken captive. After which they passed to the chamber wherein the prisoner was kept, and having brought him forth, sounded a trumpet, which was a signal to them without that the enterprise was performed. My Lord Scroope and Mr Salkeld were both within the house, and to them the prisoner cried a good-night. The captives taken in the first encounter were brought to Bacleugh, who presently returned them to their master, and would not suffer any spoil, or booty, as they term it, to be carried away. He had straightly forbidden to break open any door but that where the prisoner was kept, though he might have made prey of all the goods within the castle and taken the warden himself captive; for he would have it seen that he did intend nothing but the reparation of his Majesty's honor. By this time the prisoner was brought forth, the town had taken the alarm, the drums were beating, the bells ringing, and a beacon put on the top of the castle to give warning to the country. Whereupon Bacleugh commanded those that entered the castle, and the prisoner, to horse, and marching again by the Sacery, made to the river at the Stony bank, on the other side whereof certain were assembled to stop his passage; but he, causing sound the trumpet, took the river, day being then broken; and they choosing to give him way, he retired in order through the Grahams of Esk (men at that time of great power and his unfriends) and came back into Scott- tish ground two hours after sun-rising, and so homewards. This fell out the thirteenth of April, 1596." (History of the Church of Scotland, 1639, in the second edition, 1666, p. 413 ff.)

Lord Scroope, on the morning after, wrote thus to the Privy Council of England:

"Yesternight, in the dead time thereof, Walter Scott of Hardinge and Walter Scott of Goldylands, the chief men about Bacleugh, accompanied with five hundred horsemen of Bacleugh and Kinmont's friends, did come, armed and appointed with gavlocks and crows of iron, hand-picks, axes, and scaling-ladders, unto an outward corner of the base-court of this castle, and to the postern-door of the same, which they undermined speedily and quickly, and made themselves possessors of the base-court, brake into the chamber where Will of Kinmont was, carried him away, and, in their discovery by the watch, left for dead two of the watchmen, hurt a servant of mine, one of Kinmont's keepers, and were issued again out of the postern before they were descried by the watch of the inner ward, and ere resistance could be made. The watch, as it should seem, by reason of the stormy night, were either on sleep or gotten under some covert to defend themselves from the violence of the weather, by means whereof

*Morton Tower, called Will of Kinmouth, 1569." Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, II, 44.
the Scots achieved their enterprise with less difficulty. . . If Bucleuch himself have been there in person, the captain of this proud attempt, as some of my servants tell me they heard his name called upon (the truth whereof I shall shortly advertise) then I humbly beseech that her Majesty may be pleased to send unto the king to call for and effectually to press his delivery, that he may receive punishment as her Majesty shall find that the quality of his offence shall demerit.” * MS. of the State Paper Office, in Tytler’s History, IX, 436.

Kinmont’s rapacity made his very name proverbial. “Mas James Melville, in urging reasons against subscribing the act of supremacy, in 1584, asks ironically, Who shall take order with vice and wickedness? The court and bishops? As well as Martine Elliot and Will of Kinmont with stealing upon the borders!” Scott, Minstrelsy, 1833, II, 46.

Accordingly, when James was taking measures for bringing the refractory ministers and citizens of Edinburgh into some proper subjection, at the end of the year 1596, a report that Kinmont Willie was to be let loose upon the city caused a lively consternation; “but too well grounded,” says Scott, “considering what had happened in Stirling ten years before, when the Earl of Angus, attended by Home, Bucleuch, and other border chief-

* “The queen of England, having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little,” and her ambassador was instructed to say that peace could not continue between the two realms unless Bucleuch were delivered to England, to be punished at the queen’s pleasure. Bucleuch professed himself willing to be tried, according to ancient treaties, by commissioners of the respective kingdoms, and the Scots made the proposal, but Elizabeth did not immediately consent to this arrangement. At last, to satisfy the queen, Bucleuch was put in ward at the castle of St Andrews. Spotiswood adds that he was “afterwards entered in England, where he remained not long” (and Tytler to the same effect, IX, 226). According to one of the MSS of The History of King James the Sext, the king, to please and please her Majesty, entered Bucleuch in ward at Berwick with all expedition possible, and the queen, of her courtesy, released him back in due and sufficient time: p. 421. But Bucleuch seems to have been entered in England only once, and that in 1597, and not for the assault on Carlisle castle, or for a raid which he made in the next year, but because he did not deliver his pledges, as he was under obligation to do according to a treaty made by a joint commission in 1597. See Ridpath’s Border History, 1848, pp. 472, 477.


‡ “Dike Armstronqe of Dryup dwellth neare High Morthgarte” (Mangerton). Dike Armstronqe of Dryup appears in a list of the principal men in Liddesdale, drawn up when Simon Armstronqe was lord of Mangerton, among Simon’s uncles or uncles’ sons. Dick of Dryup is compleed of, with others, for reif and burning, in 1583, 1586, 1587, 1603, and his name is among the outlaws proclaimed at Carlisle July 23, 1603. (Notes of Mr R. B. Armstrong.)

§ “The informer saith that Bucleuch was the fifth man which entered the castle:’ Lord Scoope’s letter, Tytler, IX, 437. But the MS. used by Scott, Spotiswood’s account (founded chiefly or altogether upon that MS.), and The History of King James the Sext agree in saying that Bucleuch remained outside, “to assure the retreat of his awin from the castell againe.”

‖ “Red Rowy Forster” is one of the list complained of to the Bishop of Carlisle, about 1550 (see ‘Hughie Grame’), and he is in company with Jock of Kimont, one of Wil’s four sons, Archie of Gingles, Jock of Gingles, and George of the Gingles, who may represent “The Chingles” in the informer’s list already cited. Nicolson and Burn, I, lxxii.
which is as it should be in a ballad. And so with the death of the False Sakelede, though not a life seems to have been lost in the whole course of the affair.

"This ballad," says Scott, "is preserved by tradition in the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters, so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular, the Eden has been substituted for the Esk [in 262], the latter name being inconsistent with geography." It is to be suspected that a great deal more emendation was done than the mangling of reciters renders absolutely necessary. One would like, for example, to see stanzas 10-12 and 31 in their mangled condition.*

1 O have ye na heard o the False Sakelede?
   O have ye na heard o the keen Lord Scroop?
   How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,
   On Hairibee to hang him up?

2 Had Willie had but twenty men,
   But twenty men as stout as he,
   False Sakelede had never the Kinmont taen,
   Wi eight score in his company.

3 They band his legs beneath the steed,
   They tied his hands behind his back;
   They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
   And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

4 They led him thro the Liddel-rack,
   And also thro the Carlisle sands;
   They brought him to Carlisle castell,
   To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

5 My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
   And what will dare this deed avow?
   Or answer by the border law?
   Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?

6 'Now hand thy tongue, thou rank reiver!
   There's never a Scot shall set ye free;
   Before ye cross my castle-yate,
   I trow ye shall take farewell o me.'

7 'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo Willie:
   'By the faith o my bodie, Lord Scroop,'
   he said,
   'I never yet lodged in a hosterie
   But I paid my having before I gaed.'

8 Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
   In Branksome Ha where that he lay,
   That Lord Scroope has taen the Kinmont Willie,
   Between the hours of night and day.

9 He has taen the table wi his hand,
   He garrd the red wine spring on hie;
   'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he said,
   'But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!'

10 'O is my basnet a widow's eurch?
   Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
   Or my arm a ladye's liege hand?
   That an English lord should lightly me.

* This is also to be observed: "There are in this collection no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other, though the poetical description is so different that the editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them, as borrowed from the others. As, however, there are several verses which, in recitation, are common to all these three songs, the editor, to prevent unnecessary and disagreeable repetition, has used the freedom of appropriating them to that in which they seem to have the best poetical effect." 'Jock o the Side,' Minstrelsy, II, 76, ed. 1835.
11 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,  
Against the trace of Border tide,  
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch  
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

12 'And have they een taen him Kinmont Willie,  
Withouten either dread or fear,  
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch  
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

13 'O were there war between the lands,  
As well I wot that there is none,  
I would slight Carlisle castell high,  
Tho it were builded of marble-stone.

14 'I would set that castell in a low,  
And soken it with English blood;  
There's nevir a man in Cumberland  
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

15 'But since nae war's between the lands,  
And there is peace, and peace should be,  
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,  
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!'

16 He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,  
I trow they were of his ain name,  
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, calld  
The Laird of Stols, I mean the same.

17 He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,  
Were kinsmen to the bauld Bucelouch,  
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,  
And gleaves of green, and feathers blue.

18 There were five and five before them a',  
Wi hunting-horns and bugles bright;  
And five and five wae Bucelouch,  
Like Warden's men, arrayed for fight.

19 And five and five like a mason-gang,  
That carried the ladders lang and hie;  
And five and five like broken men;  
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

20 And as we crossd the Bateable Land,  
When to the English side we held,  
The first o men that we met wi,  
Whae sould it be but fause Sakolde!

21 'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'  
Quo fause Sakolde; 'come tell to me!'  
'We go to hunt an English stag,  
Has trespassd on the Scots countrie.'

22 'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?'  
Quo fause Sakolde; 'come tell me true!'  
'We go to catch a rank reiver,  
Has broken faith wi the bauld Bucelouch.'

23 'Where are ye gaun, ye mason-lads,  
Wi a' your ladders lang and hie?'  
'We gang to herry a corbie's nest,  
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'

24 'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'  
Quo fause Sakolde; 'come tell to me!'  
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,  
And the nevir a word o leaer had he.

25 'Why trespass ye on the English side?  
Row-footed outlaws, stand!' 'quo he;  
The neer a word had Dickie to say,  
Sae he thrust the lance thro his fause bodie.

26 Then on we held for Carlisle toun,  
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we crossd;  
The water was great, and meikle of spait,  
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

27 And when we reached the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind was rising loud and hie;  
And there the laird gaard leave our steeds,  
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

28 And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind began full loud to blaw;  
But 't was wind and weet, and fire and sleet,  
When we came beneath the castel-wa.

29 We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
Till we placed the ladders against the wa;  
And sae readly was Bucelouch himsell  
To mount the first before us a'.

30 He has taen the watchman by the throat,  
He flung him down upon the lead:  
'Had there not been peace between our lands,  
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.

31 'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo Bucelouch;  
'Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrillie!'  
Then loud the Warden's trumpets blew  
'O whae dare meddle wi me?"
32 Then speedilie to wark we gaed,
   And raised the slogan ane and a',
   And cut a hole thro a sheet of lead,
   And so we wan to the castel-ha.

33 They thought King James and a' his men
   Had won the house wi bow and speir;
   It was but twenty Scots and ten
   That put a thousand in sic a stear!

34 Wi coulters and wi forehammers,
   We garrd the bars bang merrilie,
   Untill we came to the inner prison,
   Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie.

35 And when we cam to the lower prison,
   Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie,
   'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
   Upon the morn that thou 's to die?'

36 'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
   It's lang since sleeping was fleyd frae me;
   Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns,
   And a' gude fellows that speer for me.'

37 Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
   The starkest men in Teviotdale:
   'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
   Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

38 'Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
   My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he cried;
   'I'll pay you for my lodging-maill
   When first we meet on the border-side.'

39 Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
   We bore him down the ladder lang;

   At every stride Red Rowan made,
   I wot the Kinmont's airns playd clang.

40 'O mony a time,' quo 'Kinmont Willie,
   'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
   But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
   I w'en my legs have neer bestrode.

41 'And mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie,
   'I've pricked a horse out oure the furs;
   But since the day I backed a steed
   I nevir wore sic cumbrous spurs.'

42 We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
   When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
   And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
   Cam wi the keen Lord Scroope along.

43 Bucleuch has turned to Eden Water,
   Even where it flowd frae bank to brim,
   And he has plunged in wi a' his band,
   And safely swam them thro the stream.

44 He turned him on the other side,
   And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:
   'If ye like na my visit in merry England,
   In fair Scotland come visit me!'

45 All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
   He stood as still as rock of stane;
   He scarcely dared to trew his eyes
   When thro the water they had gane.

46 'He is either himself a devil frae hell,
   Or else his mother a witch maun be;
   I wad na have ridden that wan water
   For a' the gowd in Christentie.'
JOCK O THE SIDE


The copy in Scott's Minstrelsy, 1802, I, 154, 1833, II, 76, is B b, with the insertion of three stanzas (6, 7, 23) from B a. Neither Campbell nor Scott has the last stanza of B a. Campbell says, in a note to his copy: The melody and particularly the words of this Liddesdale song were taken down by the editor from the singing and recitation of Mr Thomas Shortreed, who learnt it from his father. As to the words (except in the omission of four stanzas), b does not differ significantly from a, and it may, with little hesitation, be said to have been derived from a. Campbell seems to have given this copy to Scott, who published it sixteen years before it appeared in the Anthology, with the addition already mentioned.* The copy in the Campbell MSS, I, 220, is B a.

The earliest appearance of John o the Side is, perhaps, in the list of the marauders against whom complaint was made to the Bishop of Carlisle "presently after" Queen Mary Stuart's departure for France; not far, therefore, from 1550: "John of the Side (Gleed John)."

Mr R. B. Armstrong has printed two bonds in which John Armstrong of the Syde is a party, with others, of the date 1562 and 1563. History of Liddesdale, etc., Appendix, pp ciii, civ, Nos lxv, lxvi.

The earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, after the failure of the Rising in the North, fled first to Liddesdale, and thence "to one of the Armstrongs," in the Debateable Land. The Liddesdale men stole the Countess of Northumberland's horses, and the earls, continuing their flight, left her "on foot, at John of the Syde's house, a cottage not to be compared to any dog-kennel in England." At his departing, "my lord of Westmoreland changed his coat of plate and sword with John of the Syde, to be the more unknown:" Susse to Cecil, December 22, 1569, printed in Sharp's Memorials of the Rebellion, p. 114 f.

John is nephew to the laird of Mangerton in B 1, 3, 4, C 1, 3, and therefore cousin to the Laird's Jock and the Laird's Wat: † but this does not appear in A.

Sir Richard Maitland commemorates both John of the Syde and the Laird's Jock in his verses on the thieves of Liddesdale:

He is weill kend, Johne of Syde,
A greater theife did never ryld:
He never tyres
For to brek byres,
Our muire and myres our guid ane gyde.

(15. f., fol. 4, back, line 13.)

An Archie Armstrong in Syde is complained of, with others, in 1596, for burning eleven houses (Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, V, 294), and Christie of the Syde "I do not say there never was a Laird's Wat, but I do not recollect having met with an Armstrong called Walter during the sixteenth century:" Mr R. B. Armstrong.

* Campbell "projected" his work as early as 1790, and he intimates in his preface, p. viii (if I have rightly understood him), that he gave help to Scott.
† For the Laird's Jock, see 'Dick o the Cow,' No 185.
is “mentioned in the list of border clans, 1597” (Scott).

In Blaen’s map of Liddesdale, “Syil” is on the right bank of the Liddel, nearly opposite Mangerton, but a little higher up the stream.

A. John a Side has been taken in a raid* and carried prisoner to Newcastle. Sybill o the Side (his mother, 20) runs by the water with the news to Mangerton, where lords and ladies are ready to sell all their cattle and sheep for John’s ransom. But Hobby Noble says that with five men he would fetch John back. The laird offers five thousand, but Hobby will take only five. They will not go like men of war, but like poor corn-dealers, and their steeds must be barefoot. When they come to Chollerton, on the Tyne, the water is up. Hobby asks an old man the way over the ford. The old man in threescore years and three has never seen horse go over except a horse of tree; meaning, we may suppose, a foot-bridge. In spite of the old man they find a way where they can cross in pairs. In Howbram wood they cut a tree of three-and-thirty foot, and with help of this, or without it, they climb to the top of the castle, where John is making his farewells to his mother, the lord of Mangerton, Much the Miller’s son, and “Lord Clonagh.” Hobby Noble calls to John to say that he has come to loose him; † John fears that it will not be done. Two men keep the horses, and four break the outer door (John himself breaking five doors within) and come to the iron door. The bell strikes twelve. Much the Miller fears they will be taken, and even John despair of success. Hobby is not daunted; he files down the iron door and takes John out. John in his bolts can neither sit nor stride; Hobby ties the chains to John’s feet, and says John rides like a bride. As they go through Howbram town John’s horse stumbles, and much is again in a panic, which seems to show that John’s commendation of him in 22 applies rather to his capacity as a thief than to his mettle. In Howbram wood they file off John’s bolts at the feet. Now, says Hobby, leap over a horse! and John leaps over five. They have no difficulty in fording the Tyne on their return, and bring John home to Mangerton without further trouble.

It is Hobby Noble, then, that rooses John in A, as he is said to have done in his own ballad, st. 27; but in B, C the Laird’s Jock takes the lead, and Hobie plays a subordinate part. The Laird’s Wat replaces the faint-hearted Much (who, however, is again found in the fragment D); Sybil of the Side becomes Downie (in D Dinah); the liberating party is but three instead of six.

The laird in B orders the horses to be shod the wrong way,‡ whereas in A the shoes were taken off; and the party must not seem to be gentlemen, Heaven save the mark! but look like corn-cadgers, as in A. At Cholerford they cut a tree with fifteen nags, B 11, C with fifty nags, on each side, D twenty snags, and three long ones on the top; but when they come to Newcastle it proves to be too short, as the ladders are in the historical account of the release of Kimmont Willie. The Laird’s Jock says they must force the gate. A proud porter withstands them; they wring his neck, and take his keys, B 13, 14, C 10 (cf. No 116, st. 65, No 119, 70, 71, and III, 95 note †). When they come to the jail, they let Jock know that they mean to free him; he is hopeless; the day is come he is to die; fifteen stone of iron (fifty, C) is laid on him. Work thou within and we without, says the Laird’s Jock. One door they open and one they break. The Laird’s Jock gets John o the Side on his back and takes him down the stair, declining help from Hobie. They put the prisoner on a horse, with the

* If the text is right, John (or was it Hobbie Noble?) had killed Peeter a Whitefield. See ‘Hobie Noble,’ 94.

† “I am a bastard brother of thine,” says Hobby in 26; cf. 28. But in B 7 and ‘Hobie Noble,’ 3, he is an Englishman, born in Bewcastle, and banished to Liddesdale.

‡ This device, whether of great practical use or not, has much authority to favor it:Hereward, De Gestis Herwardi, Michel, Chroniques A. Normandes, p. 81; Fulk Fitz-Warin, Wright, p. 92; Eustache le Moine, Michel, p. 55, vv. 1505 ff. (see Michel’s note, p. 104 f.); Robert Bruce, Scotichronicon, Goodall, II, 226; other cases in Miss Burne’s Shropshire Folk-Lore, pp. 16, 20, 93 note. It is repeated in ‘Archie o Cawfeld.’
same jest as before; the night is wet, as it was when Kinmont Willie was loosed, but they lie on merrily. They had no trouble in crossing the Tyne when they were coming, but now it is running like a sea. The old man had never seen it so big; the Laird Wat says they are all dead men. Set the prisoner on behind me, cries the gallant Laird’s Jock, and they all swim through. Hardly have they won the other side when twenty Englishmen who are pursuing them reach the river. The land-sergeant says that the water will not ride, and calls to them to throw him the irons; they may have the rogue. The Laird’s Jock answers that he will keep the irons to shoe his grey mare.* They bring John to Liddesdale, and there they free him of his irons, B. Now, John, they say, ‘the day was come thou wast to die;’ but thou ‘rt as well at thy own fireside.

In D 5 they cut their mares’ tails before starting, and never stop running till they come to Hatherly Haugh. Tyne is running like a sea when they come to Chollerton, on their way to the resence, as in A. They cut their tree in Swinburn wood. When they are to re-cross the river, Much says his mare is young and will not swim; the Laird’s Jock (?) says, Take thou mine, and I’ll take thine.

The ballad is one of the best in the world, and enough to make a horse-trooper of any young borderer, had he lacked the impulse. In deference to history, it is put after Kinmont Willie, for it may be a free version of his story.

A


1 Peeter a Whiefeld he hath slaine,
And John a Side, he is tane,
And John is bound both hand and foote,
And to the New-castle he is gone.

2 But tydings came to the Sybill o the Side,
By the water-side as shee rann;
Shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,
And fast shee rann to Mangerton.

3 The lord was sett downe at his meate;
When these tydings shee did him tell,
Neuer a morsell might he eate.

4 But lords, the wrunge their fingars white,
Ladyes did pull themselves by the laire,
Crying, Alas and weladay!
For John o the Side wee shall neuer see more.

5 But wee ’le goe sell our drounes of kine,
And after them our oxen sell,
And after them our troopes of sheepe,
But wee will loose him out of the New Castell.’

6 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,
And spoke these words wonderous lyte;
Sayes, Giue me fine men to my selfe,
And I ’le feitch Iohn o the Side to thee.

7 Yea, thou ’st hane fine, Hobby Noble,
Of the best that are in this countrye;
I ’le gie thee five thousand, Hobby Noble.
That walke in Tyuidale trulye.’

8 Nay, I ’le hae but fие,’ saies Hobby Noble,
’Tshall walke away with mee;
Wee will ryde like nce men of wary;
But like poore badgers wee wilbe.’

9 They stufet vp all their baggs with straw,
And their steeds barefoot must bee;
‘Come on, my brethren,’ sayes Hobby Noble,
‘Come on your wayes, and goe with mee.’

10 And when they came to Culerton ford,
The water was vp, they cold it not goe;
And then they were ware of a good old man,
How his boy and bee were at the plowe.

11 But stand you still,’ sayes Hobby Noble.
‘Stand you still heere at this shore,
And I will ryde to yonder old man,
And see whe[e]re the gate it lyes ore.

* Bay and grey should be exchanged in B 10, C 7.
187. Jock o the Side

12 'But Christ you saue, father!' quoth hee,
   'Crist both you saue and see!
   Where is the way over this ford?
   For Christ's sake tell it me!'  

13 'But I haue dwelled heere three score yeere,
   Soe haue I done three score and three;
   I never sawe man nor horse goe ore,
   Except it were a horse of tree.'

14 'But fare thou well, thou good old man!
   The devil in hell I leave with thee,
   Noe better comfort heere this night
   Thou givs my bretheren heere and me.'

15 But when he came to his brother againe,
   And told this tydings full of woe,
   And then they found a well good gate
   They might ryde ore by two and two.

16 And when they were come over the ford,
   All safe gotten att the last,
   'Thanks be to God!' sayes Hobby Nobble,
   'The worst of our perill is past.'

17 And then they came into Howbrame wood,
   And there then they found a tree,
   And cutt it downe then by the roote;
   The length was thirty footes and three.

18 And four of them did take the planke,
   As light as it had beene a fliee,
   And carried it to the New Castle,
   Where as John a Side did lye.

19 And some did clime vp by the walls,
   And some did clime vp by the tree.
   Vntill they came vpp to the top of the castle,
   Where John made his moane trulye.

20 He sayd, God be with thee, Sybill o the Side!
   My owne mother thou art, quoth hee;
   If thou knew this night I were here,
   A woe woman then woldest thou bee.

21 And fare you well, Lord Mangerton!
   And euery I say God be with thee!
   For if you knew this night I were heere,
   You wold sell your land for to loose mee.

22 And fare thou well, Much, Millers sonne!
   Much, Millars sonne, I say;
   Thou has beene better att merke midnight
   Then euery thou was att noone o the day.

23 And fare thou well, my good Lord Clough!
   Thou art thy fother sonne and heire;
   Thou never saw he in all thy life
   But with him durst thou broke a speare.

24 'Wee are brothers childre nine or ten,
   And sisters children ten or eleven.
   We never came to the feild to fight,
   But the worst of us was counted a man.'

25 But then bespeake him Hobby Noble,
   And spake these words vnto him;
   Sayes, Sleenest thou, wakest thou, John o the Side,
   Or art thou this castle within?

26 'But who is there,' quoth John o the Side,
   'That knowes my name soe right and free?'
   'I am a bastard-brother of thine;
   This night I am comen for to loose thee.'

27 'Now nay, now nay,' quoth John o the Side;
   'It feares me sore that will not bee;
   Ffor a pecke of gold and silver,' John sayd,
   'In faith this night will not loose mee.'

28 But then bespeake him Hobby Noble,
   And till his brother thus sayd hee;
   Sayes, Four shall take this matter in hand,
   And two shall tent our geldings free.

29 Four did breake one dore without,
   Then John brake finse himsell;
   But when they came to the iron dore,
   It smote twelue vpon the bell.

30 'Itt feares me sore,' sayd Much, the Miller,
   'That heere taken wee all shallbee,'
   'But goo away, bretheren,' sayd John a Side,
   'For euery alas! this will not bee.'

31 'But fyfe vpon thee!,' sayd Hobby Noble;
   'Much, the Miller, fye vpon thee!
   'Itt sore feares me,' said Hobby Noble,
   'Man that thou wilt neuer bee.'

32 But then he had Fflanders files two or three,
   And hee fyled downe that iron dore,
And tooke Iohn out of the New Castle,
And sayd, Looke thou never come heere
more!

33 When he had him forth of the New Castle,
‘Away with me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde:’
But ever alas! Itt cold not bee;
For Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.

34 But then he had sheets two or three,
And bound Iohns boults fast to his ffeete,
And sett him on a well good steede,
Himselfe on another by him secte.

35 Then Hobby Noble smiled and long[he],
And spake these worde in mickle pryde:
Thou sitts soe finely on thy geldinge
That, Iohn, thou rydes like a bryde.

36 And when they came thorrow Howbranne
towne,
Iohns horsse there stumbled at a stone;
‘Out and alas!’ cryed Much, the Miller,
‘Iohn, thou le make vs all be tane.’


My barns, my byres, and my faulds, a’ weel fild,
And I’ll part wi them a’ ere Johnie shall die.

5 ‘Three men I’ll take to set him free,
Weel harnessed a’ wi best o steel;
The English rogues may hear, and drie
The weight o their braid swords to feel.

6 ‘The Laird’s Jock ane, the Laird’s Wat twa,
Oh, Hobie Noble, thou ane maun be;
Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,
Since England banishd thee, to me.’

7 Now Hobie was an English man,
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;
But his misdeeds they were sae great,
They banishd him neer to return.

8 Lord Mangerton them orders gave,
‘Your horses the wrang way maun a’ be shod;
Like gentlemen ye must not seem,
But look like corn-caugers gawn ae road.

B

a. Caw’s Poetical Museum, 1784, p. 145; “from an old manuscript copy.” b. Campbell’s Albyn’s Anthology, II, 28; “taken down from the recitation of Mr Thomas Shortreed,” of Jedburgh, “who learnt it from his father.”

1 ‘Now Liddisdale has ridden a raid,
But I wat they had better staid at hame;
For Mitchel o Winfield he is dead,
And my son Johnie is priserne tane.’

With my fa ding diddle, la la dow diddle.

2 For Mangerton House auld Downie is gane;
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee,
And down the water wi speed she rins,
While tears in spaits fa fast frae her eie.

3 Then up and bespake the lord Mangerton:
‘What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?’
‘Bad news, bad news, my lord Mangerton;
Mitchel is kild, and tane they hae my son
Johnie.’

4 ‘Neer fear, sister Downie,’ quo Mangerton;
‘I hae yokes of oxen four and twentie,
For if a' Liddisdale were here the night,  
The morn's the day that I maun die.

19 'Full fifteen stane o Spanish iron  
They hae laid a' right sair on me;  
Wi lock and keys I am fast bound  
Into this dungeon mirk and drearie.'

20 'Fear ye no that,' quo the Laird's Jock;  
'A faint heart near wan a fair ladie;  
Work thou within, we'll work without,  
And I'll be bound we set thee free.'

21 The first strong dore that they came at,  
They loosed it without a key;  
The next chand dore that they cam at,  
They gart it a' in flinders flee.

22 The prisner now, upo his back,  
The Laird's Jock's gotten up fu hie;  
And down the stair him, irons and a',  
Wi nae sma speed and joy brings he.

23 'Now, Jock, I wat,' quo Hobie Noble,  
'Part o the weight ye may lay on me;'  
'I wat weel no,' quo the Laird's Jock,  
'I count him lighter than a flee.'

24 Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,  
The prisner's set on horseback hie;  
And now wi speed they've tane the gate,  
While ilk ane jokes fu wantonlie.

25 'O Jock, sae winsomely 's ye ride,  
Wi baith your feet upo ae side!  
Sae weel 's ye 're harnessed, and sae trig!  
In troth ye sit like any bride.'

26 The night, tho wat, they didna mind,  
But hied them on fu mirrile,  
Until they cam to Cholerford brae,  
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

27 But when they came to Cholerford,  
There they met with an auld man;  
 Says, Honest man, will the water ride?  
Tell us in haste, if that ye can.

28 'I wat weel no,' quo the good auld man;  
'Here I hae livd this thirty yeirs and three.  
And I neer yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
Nor running ane sae like a sea.'
29 Then up and spake the Laird’s saft Wat,
   The greatest coward in the company;
   ‘Now halt, now halt, we needna try t;
   The day is comw we a’ mann die!’

30 ‘Poor faint-hearted thief!’ quo the Laird’s Jock,
   ‘There’ll nae man die but he that’s fie;
   I’ll lead ye a’ right safely through;
   Lye it the prisner on ahint me.’

31 Sae now the water they a’ hae tane,
   By anes and twas they a’ swam through;
   ‘Here are we a’ safe,’ says the Laird’s Jock,
   ‘And, poor faint Wat, what think ye now?’

32 They scarce the ither side had won,
   When twenty men they saw pursue;
   Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,
   A’ English lads, right good and true.

33 But when the land-sergeant the water saw,
   ‘It winna ride, my lads,’ quo he;
   Then out he cries, Ye the prisner may take,
   But leave the irons, I pray, to me.

34 ‘I wat weel no,’ cryd the Laird’s Jock,
   ‘I’ll keep them a’, shoon to my marc they’ll be;
   My good grey mare, for I am sure,
   She’s bought them a’ fu dear frae thee.’

35 Sae now they’re away for Liddisdale,
   Een as fast as they could them bie;
   The prisner’s brought to his ain fire-side,
   And there o’s aims they make him free.

36 ‘Now, Jock, my billie,’ quo a’ the three,
   ‘The day was comd thou was to die;
   But thou’s as weel at thy ain fire-side,
   Now sitting, I think, tween thee and me.’

37 They hae gard fill up ae punch-bowl,
   And after it they maun hae another,
   And thus the night they a’ hae spent,
   Just as they had been brither and brither.

And three times as mony sheep,
   And I’ll gie them a’ before my son Jonny die.

5 I will tak three men unto myself;
   The Laird’s Jack he shall be ane,
   The Laird’s Wat another,
   For, Hobbie Noble, thou must be ane.

6 . . . . . . . . .
   . . thy cot is of the blue;
   For ever since thou cam to Liddisdale
   To Mengertown thou hast been true.

7 Now Hobbie hath mounted his frienged gray,
   And the Laird’s Jack his lively bey,
   And Watt with the auld horse behind,
   And they are away as fast as they can ride.

8 Till they are come to the Cholar foord,
   And there they lighted down;
   And there they cut a tree with fifty nags upo
   each side,
   For to clime Newcastle wall.

9 And when they came there . . .
   It wad not reach by ellish three;
'There's nothing for 't,' says the Laird's Jack,
'But forcing o New Castle gate.'

10 And when they came there,
There was a proud porter standing;
And I wot they were obliged to wring his
neck in twa.

11 Now they are come to New Castle gile:
Says they, Sleep thou, wakes thou, John o the
Side?

12 Says he, Whiles I wake, but seldom sleep;
Who is there that knows my name so well?

13 Up speaks the Laird's Jack and says,
Here is Jack and Watt and Hobby Noble,
Come this night to set thee free.

14 Up speaks John of the Side and says,
O hold thy tongue now, billy, and of thy talk
now let me be;
For if a' Lithdisdale were here this night,
The morn is the day that I must die.

15 For their is fifty stone of Spanish iron
Laid on me fast wee lock and key,

16 Then up speaks the Laird's Jack and says,
A faint heart neer wan a fair lady;
Work thou within and we without,
And this night we'll set thee free.

17 The first door that they came at
They lowed without either lock or key,

18 Till now Jack has got the prisner on his
back,
And down the tolbooth stair came he;

19 Up spack Hobby Noble and says,
O man, I think thou may lay some weight o
the prisner upo me;
'I wat weel no,' says the Laird's Jack,
'For I do not count him as havy as ane
poor fleec.'

20 So now they have set him upo horse back,
And says, O now so winsomely as thou dost
ride,
Just like a bride, wee beth thy feet
Unto a side.

21 Now they are away wee him as fast as they
can heye,
Till they are come to the Cholar foord brac
head;
And they met an ald man,
And says, Will the water ride?

22 'I wat well no,' says the ald man,
'For I have lived here this thirty years and
three,
And I think I never saw Tyne running so
like a sea.'

23 Up speaks the Laird's Watt and says —
The greatest coward of the companie —

24 Up speaks the Laird's Jack and says, Poor
cowardly thief,
They will never one die but him that's fee;

Set the prisner on behind me.

25 So they have tain the water by ane and two,
Till they have got safe swum through.

26 Be they wan sae a' through,
There were twenty men pursuing them from
New Castle town.

27 Up speaks the land-sergent and says,
If you be gone with the rog, cast me my irons.

28 'I wat weel no,' says the Laird's Jack,
'For I will keep them to shew my good
grey mere;

For I am sure she has bought them dear.'

29 'Good sooth,' says the Laird's Jack,
'The worst perel is now past.'

30 So now they have set him upo hoseback,
And away as fast as they could hye,
Till they brought him into Liddisdale,  
And now they have set him down at his own fireside.

31 And says, now John,  
The day was come that thou was to die,  
But thou is full as weel sitting at thy own fireside.

32 And now they are fellin to drink,  
And they drank a whole week one day after another,  
And if they be not given over,  
They are all drinking on yet.

And they nevir gave oer s... d running  
Till they came to Hatherly Haugh.

6 And when they came to Chollerton ford  
Tyne was mair running like a sea.

7 And when they came to Swinburne wood,  
Quickly they ha fallen a tree;  
Twenty snags on either side,  
And on the top it had lang three.

8 'My mare is young, she wul na swim,'  
'...  

9 'Now Mudge the Miller, fie on thee!  
Tak thou mine, and I'll tak thine,  
And the deal hang down thy yad and thee.'

A. 1\(^{st}\) whitefield: the first i may be t: Furniwall.  
6\(^{th}\), 7\(^{th}\), 8\(^{th}\), 5.  7\(^{th}\). 5000.  13\(^{th}\), 13\(^{th}\), 3.  
13\(^{th}\), 3: Perry queries, tree?  15\(^{th}\), 2 and 2.  
17\(^{th}\), 30: 3.  18\(^{th}\), 4.  
19\(^{th}\), by. MS. eaten through by ink: Furniwall.  
20\(^{th}\), knight for night.  24\(^{th}\), 9: or: 10:.  
24\(^{th}\), 10: or: 11: The first and the second line might be transposed to the advantage of the rhyme.  
25\(^{th}\), hoiynoble.  27\(^{th}\), infaith.  28\(^{th}\), 4.  
28\(^{th}\), 2.  29\(^{th}\), for 4.  29\(^{th}\), 5.  29\(^{th}\), 12.  
32\(^{nd}\), 34\(^{th}\), 38\(^{th}\), 2 or 3.  39\(^{th}\), 5.

B.  a. 13\(^{th}\), wi maun.  16\(^{th}\), do seik (= dos seik).  
34\(^{th}\), grey mare, but bay in 10\(^{th}\).  b has bay in both.  

b. Burden after the first and the fourth line:  
Wi my fa ding diddle, lal low dow diddle.  

1\(^{st}\), hae staid.  1\(^{st}\), 3\(^{rd}\), Michael.  
1\(^{st}\), And Jock o the Side.  
2\(^{nd}\), Lady Downie has.  2\(^{nd}\), the wanting.  
3\(^{rd}\), and spoke our gude auld lord.  
3\(^{rd}\), and they hae taen.  
4\(^{th}\), oosen eighty and three.  5\(^{th}\), I'll send.  
5\(^{th}\), A' harneist wi the.  
5\(^{th}\), louns for rogues.  6, 7 wanting.
8. then for them. 8. maun be. 9. ye maun. 8. the road. 9. you. 10. yet for ane. 9. on each. 10. a' wanting: the wrang way shod. 10. Jock's on his. 11. nogs on each. 13. the gate until. 14. twa the Armstrangs wrang. 14. Wi fute or hand. 14. cast the. 15. Art thou weary. 16. to meuse my waes does. 17. out and. 17. Now fear ye na. 17. here are. 18. Now hand thy tongue, my gude Laird's Jock. 18. For ever alas this canna be. 18. was. 19. dark and. 20. be sworn we'll. 21. a' to. 22. Jock has. 23 wanting. 25. I hae lived here threty. 29. out and. 29. come. 30. cried the Laird's ane Jock. 30. but him. 30. I'll guide thee. 31. Wi that: they hae. 31. quo the. 32. the other brae. 32. lads baith stout. 33. says he. 33. Then cried aloud, The prisoner take. 33. the fetters. 34. quo the. 34. bay mare. 34. She has: right dear. 35. are onto. 36. is comd. 36. ingle side. 36. twixt thee. 37 wanting.

Scott changes Campbell's readings for Caw's now and then, and Caw's for his own.

C. Written continuously after the first stanza, and mostly without punctuation. The end of a stanza is indicated after 3 by the insertion of the burden. Some one, probably Percy, has attempted to show the proper separation by marks between the lines. B has been taken as a guide for the divisions here adopted.


21. 24, 28. The lines are run together.

31. And says now John the day continues 30 in the MS.

D. 5. s . . . d, illegible. 7. Perhaps Swinburn. 9. gang has been changed to hang, or hang to gang: neither is quite intelligible.

1, 2, 3 are in the MS. 2, 3, 1.

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188. ARCHIE O CAWFIELD

A. 'Archie of the Cawfield,' communicated to Percy by Miss Fisher of Carlisle, 1780.


C. 'The Three Brothers,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 111.

D. 'Billie Archie,' Motherwell's MS., p. 467, communicated by Buchan, and by him derived from James Nicol of Strichen; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 335.

E. Macmath MS., p. 76, fragments.

F. Communicated by Mr J. M. Watson, of Clark's Island, Plymouth Harbor, Massachusetts.

Ba was printed by Scott in the first edition of his Minstrelsy, with the omission of stanzas 11, 13, 15* (15, of the MS.), 17* (18* of the MS.), 27, 28, and with many editorial improvements, besides Scotticising of the spelling. Of B b, the form in which the ballad appears in the later edition of the Minstrelsy, the editor says that he has been enabled to add several stanzas obtained from recitation, of which he remarks that, "as they contrast the brutal indifference of the elder
brother with the zeal and spirit of his associates, they add considerably to the dramatic effect of the whole." The new stanzas are ten, and partly displace some of a. None of the omitted stanzas are restored, and the other changes previously made are retained, except of course where new stanzas have been introduced.

This ballad is in all the salient features a repetition of 'Jock o the Side,' Halls playing the parts of Armstrongs. The Halls are several times complained of for reif and away-taking of ky, oxen, etc., in 1579. There is a Jok Hall of the Sykis, Jok Hall, called Patti's Jok, a Jokie Hall in the Clintia, and the name Archie Hall occurs, which is, to be sure, a matter of very slight consequence. See the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, III, 236 f., 354 f. Caffield is about a mile west of Langholm, in Wauchope Dale. The Armstrongs had spread into Wauchope Dale in the sixteenth century, and Jock Armstrong of the Caffield appears in the Registers of the Privy Council, III, 43, 85, 133, 535. I have not found Halls of Caffield, and hope not to do them injustice by holding that some friend or member of that sept has substituted their name, for the glory of the family.*

From a passage in A History of Dumfries, by William Bennet, in The Dumfries Monthly Magazine, III, 9 f., July, 1826 (kindly brought to my attention by Mr Macmath), there appears to have been a version of this ballad in which the Johnstones played the part of the Halls, or Armstrongs; but against their enemies the Maxwells, not against the public authority. A gentleman of Dumfries informed Bennet that he had "often, in early life, listened to an interesting ballad, sung by an old female chronicle of the town, which was founded upon the following circumstance. In some fray between the Maxwells and Johnstones, the former had taken the chief of the latter prisoner, and shut him up in the jail of Dumfries, in Lochmaben gate; for in Dumfries they possessed almost the same power as in the Stewarty of Annandale, Crichton of Sanquhar, who was then hereditary sheriff of Nithsdale, being their retainer. In a dark night shortly afterwards, a trusty band of the Johnstones marched secretly into Dumfries, and, surprising the jail-keepers, bore off their chief, manacled as he then was, and, placing him behind one of their troopers, galloped off towards the head of Locher, there to regain the Tinwald side and strike into the mountains of Moffat before their enemies should have leisure to start in pursuit. A band of the Maxwells, happening to be in town, and instantly receiving the alarm, started in pursuit of the fugitives, and overtook them about the dawn of morning, just as they had suddenly halted upon the banks of the Locher, and seemed to hesitate about risking its passage; for the stream was much swollen by a heavy rain which had lately fallen, and seemed to threaten destruction to any who should dare to enter it. On seeing the Maxwells, however, and reflecting upon the comparative smallness of their own party, they plunged in, and, by dextrous management, reached in safety the opposite bank at the moment their pursuers drew up on the brink of that which they had left. The Johnstones had now the decided advantage, for, had their enemies ventured to cross, they could, while struggling against the current, have been easily destroyed. The bloodthirsty warriors raged and shook their weapons at each other across the stream; but the flood rolled on as if in mockery of their threatenings, and the one party at length galloped off in triumph, while the other was compelled to return in disgrace."

There are three Halls in A, B, C, brothers, of whom Archie is a prisoner, condemned to die. The actors in D are not said to be brothers or Halls; the prisoner is Archie, as before. In A, Jock the laird and Dickie effect the rescue, assisted by Jocky Ha, a cousin. Dick is the leader, Jocky Ha subordinate, and Jock the laird is the despondent and repining personage, corresponding to Much in Jock o the Side, A, D, and to the Laird's Wat, B, C. In B, Dick is the only brother named; he and Jokie Hall from Teviotdale

* "Tradition says that his [Archie's] name was Archibald Armstrong." (Note at the end of the MS.)
effect the rescue; Jokie Hall is prominent, and Dickie has the second place; Archie the prisoner is faint-hearted, but, properly speaking, that part is omitted. Jokie Hall represents Hobie Noble, who is the leader in A of the other ballad, as Jokie is here in B, and also C; whereas Dick is the leader in A, D of the ballad before us, and represents the Laird's Jock, who is principal in B, C of the other. In B, C, only two are concerned in breaking the jail. In C, Dick loses heart, or has the place of Much; in D, Caff o Lin.

In A 38, Jock the laird says his colt will drown him if he attempts to cross the river; so Dick in B 23 (for it can be no other, though Dick is not named) and in C 24, and Caff o Lin in D 14. They have not two attacks of panic, as Much has in 'Jock o the Side,' A, with such excellent effect in bringing out Hobie Noble's steadiness. To make up for this, however, the laird has an unheroic qualm after all is well over, in A 44: the darsome night has cost him Cawfield! It is a fine-spirited answer that Dick makes: 'Light o thy lands! we should not have been three brothers.' In one of the stanzas which Scott added in B b, "coarse Caffield," that is, the laird again, is addressed (inconsecutively, as the verses stand) with the like reproach: 'Wad ye even your lands to your born billy!'

Archie is prisoner at Dumfries in A, B, at Annan in C; in D no place is mentioned. The route followed in A is Barnglish,* only two or three miles westward, where the horses are turned, 8; Bonshaw wood, where they take counsel, 10; over the Annan at Hoddam, 12, to Dumfries, 13; back by Bonshaw Shield, where they again take counsel, 29; over the Annan at Annan Holm (Annan Bank ?), opposite Wanphry (where the Johnstones would be friendly), 31, to Cawfield, Bonshaw Shield would have to be somewhere between Dumfries and Annan Water; it seems to be an erroneous repetition of the Bonshaw on the left of the Annan.

The route in B is The Murraywhat, where shoes are turned, 6; Dumfries, 8; back by Lochmaben, 17; The Murraywhat, where they file off the shackles, 18; to and across the Annan. Here we may ask why the shoes are not changed earlier; for The Murraywhat is on the west side of the Annan. The route in C is not described; there is no reason, if they start from Cawfield (see 23), why they should cross the Annan, the town being on the eastern side. All difficulties are escaped in D by giving no names.

The New England copy, F, naturally enough, names no places. There are three brothers, as in A, B, C, and Dickie is the leader. The prisoner, here called Archer, gives up hope when he comes to the river; his horse is lame and cannot swim; but horses are shifted, and he gets over. His spirits are again dashed when he sees the sheriff in pursuit.

A, 62, 142, 164, 'for leugh o Liddesdale cracked he,' is explained by B a, 162, 'fra the laigh of Tiviotdale was he;' he bragged for lower Liddesdale, was from lower Liddesdale; it seems to be a sort of ενθαντικόν. B b reads (that is, Scott corrects), 'The luve of Teviotdale was he.' B a, 164, 'And her girth was the gold-twist to be,' is unintelligible to me, and appears to be corrupt. b reads, And that was her gold-twist to be, an emendation of Scott's, gold-twist meaning "the small gilded chains drawn across the chest of a war-horse." The three stanzas introduced in B b after 7 (the colloquy with the smith) are indifferent modern stuff. This and something worse are C 14, where Johnny Ha takes the prisoner on his back and leads the mare, the refreshments in 16, 17, and the sheriff in 19–21, 28, 29.

* Belonging to John's Christie, son of Johnie Armstrong. Christie of Barnglish was in Kinmont Willie's rescue. R.

A

Communicated to Percy by Miss Fisher of Carlisle, 1780.

1 Late in an evening forth as I went,
   'Twas on the dawning of the day;
I heard two brothers make their moan,
   I listend well what they did say.

2 . . . . . . . .
   We were three born brethren,
   There's one of us condemn'd to die.

3 Then up bespake Jock the laird:
   'If I had but a hundre men,
A hundred o' th best i Christenty,
   I wad go on to fair Dumfries,
I wad loose my brother and set him free.'

4 So up bespake then Dicky Ha,
   He was the wisest o the three:
   'A hundre men we'll never get,
   Neither for gold nor fee,
But some of them will us betray;
   They'll neither fight for gold nor fee.

5 'Had I but ten well-wight men,
   Ten o the best i Christenty,
I wad gae on to fair Dumfries,
   I wad loose my brother and set him free.

6 'Jocky Ha, our cousin, 's be the first man'
   (For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he);
   'An ever we come till a pinch,
   He'll be as good as any three.'

7 They mounted ten well-wight men,
   Ten o the best i Christenty;

8 There was horsing and horsing of haste,
   And cracking o whips out oer the lee,
Till they came to fair Barngliss,
   And they ca'd the smith right quietly.

9 He has shod them a' their horse,
   He's shod them sincere and honestly,
And he as turn'd the cawkers backwards oer,
   Where foremost they were wont to be.

10 And there was horsing, horsing of haste,
   And cracking of whips out oer the lee,
Until they came to the Bonsaw wood,
   Where they held their council privately.

11 Some says, We'll gang the Annan road,
   It is the better road, said they;
Up bespake then Dicky Ha,
   The wisest of that company.

12 Annan road's a publick road,
   It's no the road that makes for me;
But we will through at Hockdam ford,
   It is the better road,' said he.

13 And there was horsing, horsing o haste,
   And cracking of whips out oer the lee,
Until they came to fair Dumfries,
   And it was newly strucken three.

14 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,
   For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he:
   'I have a mare, they ca her Meg,
   She is the best i Christenty;
An ever we come till a pinch,
   She'll bring awa both thee and me.'

15 'But five we'll leave to had our horse,
   And five will watch, guard for to be;
Who is the man,' said Dicky then,
   'To the prison-door will go with me?'

16 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,
   For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he:
   'I am the man,' said Jocky than,
   'To the prison-door I'll go with thee.'

17 They are up the jail-stair,
   They stepped it right soberly,
Until they came to the jail-door;
   They ca'd the prisoner quietly.

18 'O sleeps thou, wakest thou, Archie, my billy?
   O sleeps thou, wakes thou, dear billy?'
   'Sometimes I sleep, sometimes I wake;
   But who's that knows my name so well?' [said he.]
   'I am thy brother Dicky,' he says;
   'This night I'm come to borrow thee.'

19 But up bespake the prisoner then,
   And O but he spake woefully!
   'Today has been a justice-court,
And a' Liddlesdale were here the night,
The morn's the day at I 'se to die.'

20 'What is thy crime, Archie, my billy?
What is the crime they lay to thee?'
'I brake a spear the warden's breast,
For saving my master's land,' said he.

21 'If that be a' the crime they lay to thee, Ar-
chie, my billy,
If that be the crime they lay to thee,
Work thou within, and me without,
And thro' good strength I'll borrow thee.'

22 'I cannot work, billy,' he says,
'I cannot work, billy, with thee,
For fifteen stone of Spanish iron
Lyes fast to me with lock and key.'

23 When Dicky he heard that,
'Away, thou crably chiel!' cried he;
He's taen the door aye with his foot,
And fast he followd it with his knee.
Till a' the bolts the door hung on,
O th' prison-floor he made them flee.

24 'Thou's welcome, welcome, Archy, my billy,
Thou's aye right dear welcome to me;
There shall be straiks this day,' he said,
'This day or thou be taen from me.'

25 He's got the prisoner on o his back,
He's gotten him irons and aw,

26 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,
'Let some o th' prisoner lean on me,'
'The diel o there,' quo Dicky than,
'He's no the nightdom of a fle.'

27 They are on o that gray mare,
And they are on o her aw three,
And they linked the irons about her neck,
And galloped the street right wantously.

28 'To horse, to horse,' then, 'all,' he says,
'Horse ye with all the might ye may,
For the jailor he will waken next;
And the prisoners had a' wan away.'

29 There was horsing, horsing of haste,
And cracking o whips out oer the lea,
Until they came to the Bonshaw Shield;
There they held their council privately.

30 Some says, 'We'll gang the Annan road;
It is the better road,' said they;
But up bespaked than Dicky Ha,
The wisest of that company:

31 'Annan road's a publick road,
It's not the road that makes for me;
But we will through at Annan Holme,
It is the better road,' said he;
'An we were in at Wamefrey Gate,
The Johnstones they will a' help me.'

32 But Dicky look'd o'er his left shoulder,
I wait a wiley look gave he;
He spied the lieutenant coming,
And a hundred men of his company.

33 'So horse ye, horse ye, lads!' he said,
'O horse ye, sure and siccerly!
For yonder is the lieutenant,
With a hundred men of his company.'

34 There was horsing, horsing of haste,
And cracking o whips out oer the lea,
Until they came to Annan Holme,
And it was running like a sea.

35 But up bespake the lieutenant,
Until a bonny lad said he,
'Who is the man,' said the lieutenant,
'Rides foremost of you company?'

36 Then up bespake the bonny lad,
Until the lieutenant said he,
'Some men do ca him Dicky Ha,
Rides foremost of you company.'

37 'O haste ye, haste ye!' said the lieutenant,
'Pursue with a' the might ye may!
For the man had needs to be well saint
That comes thro' the hands o Dicky Ha.'

38 But up bespaked Jock the laird,
'This has been a dearsome night to me;
I've a colt of four years old,
I wait he wannelld like the wind;
If ever he come to the deep,
He will plump down, leave me behind.'
I woud not swum that wan water double-horsed,
For a' the gold in Christenty.

43 'But throw me thro my irons, Dicky,
I wait they cost me full dear,'
'O devil be there,' quo Jocky Hall,
'They 'l be good shoon to my gray mare.'

44 O up bespoke then Jock the laird,
'This has been a dearsome night to me;
For yesternight the Cawfield was my ain,
Landsman again I neer salt be.'

45 'Now wae light o thee and thy lands baith,
Jock,
And even so baith the land and thee!
For gear will come and gear will gang,
But three brothers again we never were to be.'

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6 There was horsing, horsing in haste,
And there was marching upon the lee,
Untill they came to the Murraywhat,
And they lighted a' right speedylie.

7 'A smith, a smith!' Dickie he crys,
'A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
To turn back the cakers of our horses feet!
For it is forward we woud.'

8 There was a horsing, horsing in haste,
There was marching on the lee,
Untill they came to Dumfries port,
And there they lighted right manfulie.

9 'There['] six of us will hold the horse,
And other five watchmen will be;
But who is the man among you a'
Will go to the Tolbooth door wi me?'

10 O up then spake Jokie Hall
(Fra the laigh of Tiviotdale was he),
'If it should cost my life this very night,
I 'l ga to the Tollbooth door wi thee.'

11 'O sleepest thou, wakest thou, Archie laddie?
O sleepest thou, wakest thou, dear billie?'
'I sleep but saft. I waken oft,
For the morn 's the day that I man die.'

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B

a. Glenriddell MSS, XI, 14, 1791, "an old West Border ballad."

1 As I was walking mine alone,
   It was by the dawning o the day,
   I heard twa brothers make their maine,
   And I listened well what they did say.

2 The eldest to the youngest said,
   'O dear brother, how can this be!
   There was three brethren of us born,
   And one of us is condemn'd to die.'

3 'O chuse ye out a hundred men,
   A hundred men in Christ[e]ndie,
   And we 'l away to Dumfries town,
   And set our billie Archie free.'

4 'A hundred men you cannot get,
   Nor yet sixteen in Christendie;
   For some of them will us betray,
   And other some will work for fee.

5 'But chuse ye out eleven men,
   And we ourselves thirteen will be,
   And we 'ill away to Dumfries town,
   And borrow bony billie Archie.'
12 'Be o good cheer now, Archie lad,
   Be o good cheer now, dear billie;
   Work thow within and I without,
   And the morn thou's dine at Cafield wi me.'

13 'O work, O work, Archie?' he cries,
   'O work, O work? ther's na working for me;
   For ther's fifteen stane o Spanish iron,
   And it lys fow sair on my body.'

14 O Jokie Hall stept to the door,
   And he bended it back upon his knee,
   And he made the bolts that the door hang on
   Jump to the wa right wantonlie.

15 He took the prisoner on his back,
   And down the Tollbooth stairs came he;
   Out then spak Dickie and said,
   'O shame a ma!' co Jokie Ha,
   'For he's no the weight of a poor fleec.'

16 The gray mare stands at the door,
   And I wat neer a foot stirt she,
   Till they laid the links out oer her neck,
   And her girth was the gold-twist to be.

17 And they came down thro Dumfries town,
   And O but they came bonily!
   Untill they came to Lochmaben port,
   And they laugh a' the night manfulie.

18 There was horsing, horsing in haste,
   And there was marching on the lee,
   Untill they came to the Murraywhat,
   And they lighted a' right speedilie.

19 'A smith, a smith!' Dickie he cries,
   'A smith, a smith, right speedilie,
   To file off the shakles fra my dear brother!
   For it is forward we wad be.'

20 They had not fitt a shake of iron,
   A shake of iron but barely three,
   Till out then spake young Simon brave,
   'Ye do na see what I do see.

21 'Lo yonder comes Lieutnant Gordon,
   And a hundred men in his company:
   'O wo is me!' then Archie cries,
   'For I'm the prisoner, and I must die.'

22 O there was horsing, horsing in haste,
   And there was marching upon the lee,
   Untill they came to Annan side,
   And it was flowing like the sea.

23 'I have a colt, and he's four years old,
   And he can amble like the wind,
   But when he comes to the belly deep,
   He lays himself down on the ground.'

24 'But I have a mare, and they call her Meg,
   And she's the best in Christendie;
   Set ye the prisoner me behind;
   Ther'll na man die but he that's fae!'

25 Now they did swim that wan water,
   And O but they swam bonily!
   Untill they came to the other side,
   And they wrang their clothes right drunk-
[...]lie.

26 'Come through, come through, Lieutenant Gordon!
   Come through, and drink some wine wi me!
   For ther's a ale-house neer hard by,
   And it shall not cost thee one penny.'

27 'Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,
   'For I wat they cost me right dear;
   'O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,
   'For they'll be good shoon to my gray mare.'

28 'Surely thy minnie has been some witch,
   Or thy dad some warlock has been;
   Else thou had never attempted such,
   Or to the bottom thou had gone.

29 'Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,
   'For I wot they cost me dear enough;
   'O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,
   'They'll be good shakles to my plough.'

30 'Come through, come through, Lieutenant Gordon!
   Come throw, and drink some wine wi me!
   For yesterday I was your prisoner,
   But now the night I am set free.'
1. As I walked on a pleasant green —
   'T was on the first morning of May —
   I heard twa brothers make their moan,
   And hearkned well what they did say.

2. The first he gave a grievous sigh,
   And said, Alas, and wae is me!
   We hae a brother condemned to death,
   And the very morn must hanged be.

3. Then out it speaks him Little Dick,
   I wat a guude fellow was he:
   'Had I three men unto me,
   Well borrowed shoud Bell Archie be.'

4. Out it speaks him Johnny Ha,
   A better fellow by far was he:
   'Ye shall hae six men and yourselves,
   And me to bear you companie.'

5. 'Twa for keepers o the guard,
   See that to keep it sickerlie,
   And twa to come, and twa to gang,
   And twa to speak wi Bell Archie.

6. 'But we winna gang like men o weir,
   Nor yet will we like cavalliers;
   But we will gang like corn-buyers,
   And we 'll put brechens on our mares.'

7. Then they are to the jail-house doors,
   And they hae tirled at the pin:
   'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Bell Archie?
   Quickly rise, lat us come in.'

8. 'I sleep not ait, I lie not saft;
   Wha's there that knocks and kens my name ?
   'It is your brothers Dick and John;
   Ye 'll open the door, lat us come in.'

9. 'Awa, awa, my brethren dear,
   And ye 'll had far awa frae me;
   If ye be found at jail-house door,
   I fear like dogs they 'll gar ye die.'

10. 'Ohon, alas! my brother dear,
    Is this the hearkning ye gie to me?

   If ye 'll work therein as we thereout,
    Well borrowd shoud your body be.'

11. 'How can I work therein, therein,
    Or yet how can I work thereout,
    When fifty tons o Spanish iron
    Are my fair body round about ?'

12. He put his fingers to the lock,
   I wat he handled them sickerlie,
   And doors of deal, and bands of steel,
   He gart them all in flinders flee.

13. He 's taen the prisoner in his arms,
    And he has kissed him cheek and chin:
    'Now since we 've met, my brother dear,
    There shall be dunts ere we twa twine.'

14. He 's taen the prisoner on his back,
    And a' his heavy irons tee,
    But and his marie in his hand,
    And straight to Annan gate went he.

15. But when they came to Annan water,
    It was roaring like the sea:
    'O stay a little, Johnny Ha,
    Here we can neither fecht nor flee.'

16. 'O a refreshment we mann hae,
    We are baith dry and hungry tee;
    We 'll gang to Robert's at the mill,
    It stands upon yon lily lee.'

17. Up in the morning the jailor raise,
    As soon 's 'twas light that he could see;
    Wi a pint o wine and a mess sae fine,
    Into the prison-house went he.

18. When he came to the prison-door,
    A dreary sight he had to see;
    The locks were shut, the doors were broke,
    And a' the prisoners won free.

19. 'Ye 'll gae and waken Annan town,
    Raise up five hundred men and three;
    And if these rascals may be found,
    I vow like dogs I 'll gar them die.

20. 'O dinna ye hear proud Annan roar,
    Mair loud than ever roard the sea?
    We 'll get the rascals on this side,
    Sure they can neither fecht nor flee.'
21 'Some gar ride, and some gar rin,
Wi a' the haste that ye can make;
We'll get them in some tavern-house,
For Annan water they winna take.'

22 As Little Dick was looking round,
All for to see what he could see,
Saw the proud sheriff trip the plain,
Five hundred men his companie.

23 'O fare ye well, my bonny wife,
Likewise farewell, my children three!
Fare ye well, ye lands o Caidfield!
For you again I neer will see.

24 'For well I kent, ere I came here,
That Annan water woud ruin me;
My horse is young, he'll nae lat ride,
And in this water I maun die.'

25 Out it speaks him Johnny Ha,
I wat a guade fellow was he:
'O plague upo your cowardly face!
The bluntest man I e'er did see.

26 'Gie me your horse, take ye my mare,
The devil drown my mare and thee!

D

Motherwell's MS., p. 467, "received in MS. by Buchan from Mr Nicol, of Strichen, who wrote as he had learned early in life from old people." Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 355.

1 'Seven years have I loved my love,
And seven years my love's loved me,
But now to-morrow is the day
That billy Archie, my love, must die.'

2 O then out spoke him Little Dickie,
And still the best fellow was he:
'Had I but five men and my self,
Then we would borrow billy Archie.'

3 Out it spoke him Caff o Lin,
And still the worst fellow was he:
'You shall have five men and yourself,
And I will bear you companye.'

4 'We will not go like to dragoons,
Nor yet will we like grenadiers,

Gie me the prisoner on behind,
And none will die but he that's fay.'

27 He quickly lap upo the horse,
And strait the stirrup pieces lie,
And jumped upo the other side,
Wi the prisoner and his irons tee.

28 The sheriff then came to the bank,
And heard its roaring like the sea;
Says, How these men they hae got over,
It is a marvel unto me.

29 'I wadna venture after them,
For a' the criminals that I see;
Nevertheless now, Johnny Ha,
Throw ower the fetters unto me.'

30 'Deil part you and the fetters,' he said,
'As long as my mare needs a shee;
If she gang barefoot ere they be done,
I wish an ill death mat ye die.'

31 'Awa, awa, now Johnny Ha,
Your talk to me seems very snell;
Your mither's been some wild rack witch,
And you yoursell an imp o hell.'

But we will go like corn-dealers,
And lay our brechams on our meares.

5 'And twa of us will watch the road,
And other twa will go between,
And I will go to jail-house door,
And hold the prisoner unthought lang.'

6 'Who is this at jail-house door,
So well as they do know the gin?'
'It's I myself,' [said] him Little Dickie,
'And oh sae fain's I would be in!'

7 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!
Away, let all your folly be!
If the Lord Lieutenant come on you,
Like unto dogs he'll cause you die.'

8 'Hold you, hold you, billy Archie,
And now let all your folly be!
Tho I die without, you'll not die within,
For borrowed shall your body be.'
9 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!
   Away, let all this folly be!
An hundred pounds of Spanish irons
   Is all bound on my fair bodie.'

10 Wi plough-calters and gavellocks
They made the jail-house door to flee;
   'And in God's name,' said Little Dickie,
   'Cast you the prisoner behind me!'

11 They had not rode a great way off,
   With all the haste that ever could be,
Till they espied the Lord Lieutenant,
   With a hundred men in 's companie.

12 But when they came to wan water,
   It now was rumbling like the sea;
Then were they got into a strait,
   As great a strait as well could be.

13 Then out did speak him Caff o Lin,
   And aye the warst fellow was he:
   'Now God be with my wife and bairns!
   For fatherless my babes will be.'

14 'My horse is young, he cannot swim;
   The water 's deep, and will not wade;
My children must be fatherless,
   My wife a widow, whateer betide.'

15 O then cried out him Little Dickie,
   And still the best fellow was he:
   'Take you my mare, I 'll take your horse,
   And Devil drown my mare and thee!'

16 Now they have taken the wan water,
   Tho it was roaring like the sea,
And when they got to the other side,
   I wot they bragged right crouselie.

17 'Come thro, come thro now, Lord Lieutenant!
   O do come thro, I pray of thee!
   There is an alehouse not far off,
   We'll dine you and your companye.'

18 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!
   O now let all your taunting be!
There's not a man in the king's army
   That would have tried what's done by thee.

19 'Cast back, cast back my fetters again!
   Cast back my fetters! I say to thee;
And get you gane the way you came,
   I wish no prisoners like to thee.'

20 'I have a mare, she's called Meg,
   The best in all our low countrie;
If she gang barefoot till they are done,
   An ill death may your lordship die!'

Until they cam to a big iron gate,
And that's where brother Archie lay.

[Little John says]

3 . . . . . . . . . .
'O brither Archie speak to me,
   For we are come to set ye free.'

4 . . . . . . . . . .
'Such a thing it canna be,
For there's fifty pund o gude Spanish airm
Atween my neckbane and my knee.'
188. ARCHIE O CAWFIELD

Communicated by Mr. J. M. Watson, of Clark's Island, Plymouth Harbor, Massachusetts, April 16, 1889, as remembered by him from the singing of his father.

1 As I walked out one morning in May,
    Just before the break of day,
    I heard two brothers a making their moan,
    And I listened a while to what they did say.
    I heard, etc.

2 'We have a brother in prison,' said they,
    'Oh in prison lieth he!
    If we had but ten men just like ourselves,
    The prisoner we would soon set free.'

3 'Oh no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,
    'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!
    For forty men is full little enough
    And I for to ride in their companie.

4 'Ten to hold the horses in,
    Ten to guard the city about,
    Ten for to stand at the prison-door,
    And ten to fetch poor Archer out.'

5 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,
    Who but they so merrilie!
    They rode till they came to a broad river's side,
    And there they alighted so manfullie.

6 They mounted their horses, and so swam they,
    Who but they so merrilie!
    They swam till they came to the other side,
    And there they alighted so manfullie.

7 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,
    Who but they so merrilie!
    They rode till they came to that prison-door,
    And then they alighted so manfullie.

8 . . . . . . . . .
    'For I have forty men in my companie,
    And I have come to set you free.'

9 'Oh no, no, no!' poor Archer says he,
    'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!
    For I have forty pounds of good Spanish iron
    Betwixt my ankle and my knee.'

10 Bold Dickie broke lock, Bold Dickie broke key,
    Bold Dickie broke everything that he could see;
    He took poor Archer under one arm,
    And carried him out so manfullie.

11 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,
    Who but they so merrilie!
    They rode till they came to that broad river's side,
    And there they alighted so manfullie.

12 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' poor Archer says he,
    'Take my love home to my wife and children three;
    For my horse grows lame, he cannot swim,
    And here I see that I must die.'

13 They shifted their horses, and so swam they,
    Who but they so merrilie!
    They swam till they came to the other side,
    And there they alighted so manfullie.

14 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' poor Archer says he,
    'Look you yonder there and see;
    For the high-sheriff he is a coming,
    With an hundred men in his companie.'

15 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff said he,
    'You're the damndest rascal that ever I see!
    Go bring me back the iron you've stole,
    And I will set the prisoner free.'

16 'Oh no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,
    'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!
    For the iron 't will do to shoe the horses,
    The blacksmith rides in our companie.'

17 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff says he,
    'You're the damndest rascal that ever I see!'
    'I thank ye for nothing,' Bold Dickie says he,
    'And you're a damned fool for following me.'
A. Written in long lines, without division into stanzas, excepting a few instances.

13. folk I saw went. 13t. And cracking, etc.
13t. 3. 29t. o whips, etc.
42t. one water. 
43t. Perhaps we should read, But throw me, throw me.

B. a. 12t. Capeld. 15t 15t are 16t 16t are 16t 16t: 17t 17t. 17t 17t 17t 17t 17t 17t 17t, 18t 18t; 18t 18t. 18t 18t.

b. 1t. a-walking. 1t. heed to what.
2t. The youngest to the eldest said, Blythe and merrie how can we be.
2t. were.

3-5.
'An ye wad be merrie, an ye wad be sad,
What the better wad billy Archie be?
Unless I had thirty men to myself,
And a' to ride in my companie.

'Ten to hald the horses' heads,
And other ten the watch to be,
And ten to break up the strong prison
Where billy Archie he does.'

Then up and spak him mettled John Hall
(The luve of Teviotdale aye was he);
'An I had eleven men to myself,
It's aye the twalt man I wad be.'

Then up bespak him coarse Ca'field
(I wot and little gude worth was he);
'Thirty men is few ane;
And a' to ride in our companie.'

6t. on the. 6t. the wanting.
6t. 18t. there for a: 7t. shoon for feet.
7t. it's unkensome.

After 7:
'There lives a smith on the water-side
Will shoe my little black mare for me,
And I've a crown in my pocket,
And every groat of it I wad gie,'

'The night is mirk, and it's very mirk,
And by candle-light I canna weel see;
The night is mirk, and it's very pit mirk,
And there will never a nail ca right for me.'

'Shame fa you and your lands baith!
Canna bee a good fellow by your mystery;
But leeze me on thee, my little black mare!
Thou's worth thy weight in gold to me.'

8t. a wanting. 8t. And there: upon.
8t. And they lighted there right speedilie.
9t. There's five. 9t. will watchmen be.
9t. ye a'. 10t. spak him mettled John Hall.
9t. of wanting. 11t. wanting. 12t. and we.
12t. Ca'field. 13t. wanting.
14t. bended low back his knee.
14t. that wanting. 14t. Lopr frae the.
15t. stair. 15t 15t wanting.
16t. The black mare stood ready at.
16t. And wanting: I wot a foot near stirred she.
16t. Till wanting. 16t. And that was her gold.
17t. And wot: speedilie. 17t wanting.
18t. The live-lang night these twelve men rade, And aye till they were right wearie.
18t. lighted there right.
19t. then Dickie. 19t. file the iron frae.
19t. For forward, forward. 20t. hadnna filed.
20t. When out and spak.
20t. O dinna ye see. 21t. Wi a.
21t. This night will be our lyke-wake night,
The morn the day we a' mann die.
22t. was mounting, mounting.
22t. Annan water.

23. 24.
'My mare is young and very skeigh,
And in o the weill she will drown me;'
'But ye'll take mine, and I'll take thine,
And sune through the water we sall be.'

Then up and spak him coarse Ca'field
(I wot and little gude worth was he):
'We had better lose ane than lose a' the lave;
We'll lose the prisoner, we'll gae free.'

'Shame fa you and your lands baith!
Wad ye een your lands to your born billy?
But hey! bear up, my bonnie black mare,
And yet thro the water we sall be.'

C. 5t. Sae that?

D. Slightly changed by Matherwell in printing.
2t. 15t, 18t. Oh.

E. The ancient and veritable ballad of 'Bold Dickie,' as sung by A. M. Watson, and remembered and rendered by his son, J. M. Watson.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

VOL. I.

1. Riddles Wisely Expounded.

P. 1 a. Guess or die. A grim kemp, an unco knicht, asks nine riddles of a young man; all are guessed; wherefore the kemp says it shall go well with him. Kristensen, Skattegraveren, II, 97 ff., 154 f., Nos 457, 458, 724; V, 49, No 454.

2. The Elfin Knight.

P. 6. Nigra, No 118, p. 483, 'Che mestiere e il vos-tro?' A sempstress to make a skirt without stitch or seam; a mason to make a room without bricks and mortar.


3. The Fause Knight upon the Road.

P. 20. 'Kall og svein ungi,' Hammershaimb, Færøsk Anthologi, p. 283, No 36 (three versions), is another piece of this kind. The boat is in all the copies, Scottish, Swedish, and Færøsk.

M. Gaidoz, Mélusine, IV, 207, cites a passage from Plutarch's life of Numa, c. 15, which is curiously like this ballad. The question being what is the proper expiatory sacrifice when divine displeasure has been indicated by thunderbolts, Zeus instructs Numa that it must be made with heads. Onions? interposes Numa. With men's — says Zeus. Hairs? suggests Numa. With live — says Zeus. Sardines? puts in Numa.

4. Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight.


Mr W. H. Babcock has recently printed the following version, as sung in a Virginian family from "the corner between the Potomac and the Blue Ridge:" The Folk-Lore Journal, VII, 28.

WILSON.

1 Wilson, sitting in his room one day,
With his true-love on his knee,
Just as happy as happy could be, be, be,
Just as happy as happy could be,
12 While she was walking in the room, which caused the parrot to wake, said he, what's the matter, my pretty fair miss, that you're up so long before day?

13 'Hush up, hush up! my pretty little parrot, don't tell no tales on me; your cage shall be lined with sweet may gold, and the doors of ivory.'

14 While they were talking all of this, which caused the old man to wake, said, what's the matter, my pretty little parrot, that you chatter so long before day?

15 'The cat she sprung against my cage, and surely frightened me, and I called for the pretty fair miss to drive the cat away.'

(1 lacks the third verse; in 2\textsuperscript{3}, 3\textsuperscript{2}, 4\textsuperscript{1-2}, fee and gold should be exchanged; in 12\textsuperscript{2}, 14\textsuperscript{2}, wake should perhaps be say.)

60 a. A Burden. The song in the Tea-Table Miscellany and the music are found in John Squair's MS., fol. 22, Laing collection, library of the University of Edinburgh, handwriting about 1700. (W. Macmath.)

5. Gil Brenton.

P. 65 b. A ballad from Normandy, published by Legrand, Romania, X, 367, III, which I am surprised to find that I have not mentioned, is a very interesting variety of 'Gil Brenton,' more particularly of the Danish 'Peder og Maalfrid.' It has the attempt at substitution (a sister); the wife acknowledges that she had been forced (par ses laquais les bras il me bandit); the husband reveals, and proves, that he was the ravisher. The beginning of the Norman ballad, which is lost, would probably have had the feature of the information given the husband by the shepherdess. Another French ballad, corrupted (environ de Redon, Ille-et-Vilaine), has this and the attempt to pass off the sister; the husband kills his wife. Music is ordered in the last stanza. Rolland, IV, 70. An Italian and a Breton ballad which begin like the Danish, but proceed differently, are spoken of under 'Fair Janet,' No 64, II, 102 f. See now Nigra's 'Fidanzada infede' in his collection, No 34, p. 197.


P. 82. 'Hustru og maands molder,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, I, 73, No 436, VII, 57, No 631; 'Barselkvinden,' the same, II, 10, No 7. (The tale, p. 83 b, is reprinted by inadvertence, I, 73, No 234.)


P. 88 a. B. "The copy principally used in this edition of the ballad was supplied by Mr Sharpe." Scott. "The Douglas Tragedy was taught me by a nursery-maid, and was so great a favorite that I committed it to paper as soon as I was able to write." Sharpe's
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

Letters, ed. Allardyce, I, 135, August 5, 1802. Sharpe was born in 1781.

88 b. 'Ihr, Ribolt,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, VI, 17, No 257, is a good copy of 'Ribold og Guldborg.' It has the testaments at the end, like several others (see I, 141 b).

89-91 a. 'Stolt Hedcill,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, I, 68, No 231, is another version of 'Hedeland og Hilde,' closely resembling G. So is 'Den mislykkede flugt,' the same, VIII, 17, No 24, with the proper tragic conclusion. Both are inferior copies.


95 b, 96, 489. I have omitted to mention the effect of naming on 'Clootie' in No 1, C 19, I, 5:

As soon as she the fiend did name,
He flew awa in a blazing flame.

The Alphier loses its power to harm and appears in its proper shape, as this or that person, if called by name: Wuttke, Der deutsche Volksberglanze der Gegenwart, 2d ed., p. 257. Were-wolves appear in their proper human shape on being addressed by their name: Wilhelm Hertz, Der Werwolf, pp. 61, 84, Ulrich Jahn, Volksagen aus Pommeren u. Rügen, pp. 386-7. An enchanted prince is freed when his name is pronounced: Meier, No 55, p. 188 and n., p. 311. 'There was in the engagement a man [on the side of Hades] who could not be vanquished unless his name could be discovered.' Mycyravan Archiologia of Wales, I, 167, as quoted by Rhys, Celtic Mythology, Hibbert Lectures, p. 244. (G. L. K.)

96 ff., 489, II, 498. Plants from lovers' graves.

Add : Portugauese, Roméro, II, 157, two pines.

Italian, Nigra, No 18, 'Le due Tombe,' p. 125 ff.

A. The lovers are buried apart, one in the church, one outside, a pomegranate springs from the man's grave, an almond-tree from the maid's; they grow large enough to shade three cities! B. A pomegranate is planted on the man's grave, a hazel on the maid's; they shade the city, and interlock. C. An almond-tree is planted on the maid's grave, and is cut down. D. The lovers are buried as in A (and C), an almond-tree grows from the grave of the man, a jessamine from the maid's. See also No 19, 'Fior di Tomba,' where, however, there is but one grave, which is to contain the maid's parents as well as her lover. The same phenomenon in the fragments E, F. 'Il Castello d'Ovigli,' Ferraro, Canti p. monferrinii, No 45, p. 64, is another version of this ballad. A pomegranate springs up at the maid's feet, and shades three cities. Cf. 'La Mort des deux Amants,' Rolland, I, 247, No 114.

Roumanian. 'Ring and Handkerchief' also in Mariensen, Balade, p. 50; cited in Melusine, IV, 142.

37 b and 489 f., II, 498 a. Bulgarian, Miladinof, Bulgarski narodni pesni, p. 455, No 497, translated by Krauss, Sagen u. Märchen der Südslaven, II, 427; the youth as rose-tree, the maid as grape-vine. Cited by G. Meyer in Melusine, IV, 87. Little Russian, plane-trees of the two sexes; cited by J. Karlowicz, ib., 87 f. Ruthenian (mother attempting to poison her son's wife poisonous both wife and son), Herrmann, Ethnologische Mittheilungen, 205 f.; buried on different sides of the church, plants meet over the roof of the church, the mother tries to cut them down, and while so engaged is turned into a pillar.

Servian. Vuk, I, No 342, II, No 30; youth, pine, maid, grape-vine. Krasie, p. 105, No 21, p. 114, No 26; vine and pine, vine twines round pine. Bulga- rian, Miladinof, p. 375, No 288, rose and vine. Magyar-Croat, Kurelac, p. 147, No 444, grape-vine and rose; No 445, youth behind the church, maid before, grape-vine and rose; p. 154, No 454, rosemary and a white flower (aleluja?). (W. W.)

Breton. Melusine, III, 453 f. A tree springs from the young man's heart (but this is an insertion, and not quite beyond suspicion), a rose from the maid's. There is another version of the ballad at p. 183 f., in which une fleur dorée grows over the man's grave, nothing being said of his mistress's grave, or even of her death.


Gaelic. Of Naís (Naois) and Deirdre. King Conor caused them to be buried far apart, but for some days the graves would be found open in the morning and the lovers found together. The king ordered stakes of yew to be driven through the bodies, so that they might be kept asunder. Yew trees grew from the stakes, and so high as to embrace each other over the cathedral of Armagh. Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin, I, 133, 1808.

In a Scotch-Gaelic version recently obtained, after Naís is put into his grave, Deirdre jumps in, lies down by his side and dies. The bad king orders her body to be taken out and buried on the other side of a loch. Firs shoot out of the two graves and unite over the loch. The king has the trees cut down twice, but the third time his wife makes him desist from his vengeance on the dead. The original in Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, XIII, 257; a translation in The Celtic Magazine, XIII, 138. (All of these cited by Gáidheil, Melusine, IV, 12, and 62, note.)

8. Erintron.

107 b, and also No 53, 'Young Beichan,' I, 463 b. For the Magyar ballads of Szilágyi and Hagymási, see Herrmann, Ethnologische Mittheilungen, cols 65-66; also col. 215. (A Transylvanian-Saxon ballad, a Roumanian tale, and a Transylvanian-Gipsy ballad, which follow, are of more or less questionable authenticity: Herrmann, col. 216.)
109. C, as well as *Robin Hood and the Peffars,* III, 170, are found in a manuscript pretended to be of about 1650, but are written in a forged hand of this century. I do not feel certain that the ballads themselves, bad as they are, are forgeries, and accordingly give the variations of Gutch's Robin Hood from the manuscript, not regarding spelling.

34. hold good. 34, thou will. 71, thus he.
101. Thorough: I run. 113, [kine ?] 163, while.
191. He. 219, he lent. 249, be not. 259, eldest.
281, leant. 292, whiál. No *Finis* at the end.


P. 113. The Servian hero Marko Kraljievic is guilty of the same ingratitude. The daughter of the Moorish king releases him from a long captivity and makes him rich gifts. He promises to marry her and they go off together. During a halt the princess embraces him, and he finds her black face and white teeth so repulsive that he strikes off her head. He seeks to atone for his sin by pious foundations. Servian, Vak, II, No 44 [Bowring, p. 86]; Croat, Bogšić, p. 16; Bulgar- rian, Miladinof, No 54, Kacanofskij, No 152. (W. W.)

10. The Twa Sisters.

P. 119. A Danish fragment of nine stanzas in Kristensen's Skattegraveren, IV, 161, No 509.

119 b. Three copies of the Swedish ballad are printed by Wahlfsk, Bidrag till Södermanlands äldre Kulturhistoria, No VI, p. 33 f.

121 b, 493 b, II, 498 b.

Rudchenko, South Russian Popular Tales, I, No 55: murderer of brother revealed by a flote made from a reed that grows from his grave (No 56, flote from a willow). II, No 14, murder of a boy killed and eaten by his parents revealed by a bird that rises from his bones. (W. W.)


11. The Cruel Brother.


145 b. 'Hr. Adelbrant og jomfru Lindelil,' with a testament, again in Skattegraveren, I, 5, No 1, and V, 17, No 12.

144 a, 496 b. Testaments. A wife who has been gone from home in pursuit of her pleasure is so beaten by her husband on her return that she dies. She leaves valuable legacies to her children and a rope to him. Nigra, No 25, 'Testamento della Moglie,' p. 159.

144 b. 'Ravens Arvegols,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, II, 192 ff, Nos 774-78, and VIII, 299, No 810.

12. Lord Randal.


K, 'Mama e Figgiolo,' Nerucci, in Archivo, II, 526.

134 b, 498 b. 'A megett János' in Arany and Gyulai, III, 7, Kriza.

156 a. 'Donna Lombardia' is now No 1 of Nigra's collection, where it is given in sixteen versions.

156 b, 499 a, II, 499 a. Slavic ballads of the sister that poisons her brother, etc. Add: Servian, Raj- kowie, No 251. Compare, Bulgarian, Miladinof, No 262; Croat, Mažuranić, p. 152, Sammlung der Zeitschrift 'Naša Sloga,' II, No 158; Slovenian, Koriko, IV, No 47. In Golovatsky, II, 384, a mother asks her son whether he supplld with the widow. He supped with her, the witch. What did she cook for him? A small fish. Where did she catch it, dress it? Did she eat any of it? No, her head ached. Did the children? No, they went to bed. — In Verkovic, No 317, p. 350, the fair Stana is poisoned by her husband's parents with a snake given as a fish. (W. W.)

A Ruthenian ballad of a mother attempting to poison her son's wife, and poisoning the pair, Herrmann, in Ethnologische Mitteilungen, col. 263 f.

A Slovak ballad of this sort in Kollár, Narodnič Zpiewanky, II, 32, translated by Herrmann, 91 ff., No 8; and another version of the same col. 204 f., No 7. Romanian versions, cols 206, 207 f., 209 f., Nos 9, 10, 12, the last with another story prefixed. See also Herrmann, col. 90, No 1, 92 f., Nos 4, 5, 208 f., No 11, for poisoning-ballads, and his references at the top of col. 211


Pp. 167 b, 501 b. Another copy of 'Sven i Rosen- gård,' P, is printed by Aminson In Bidrag till Södermanlands äldre Kulturhistoria, No V, p. 12, eleven stanzas. The swain has killed his sister.

168 b. Danish. Four concluding stanzas (When?) in Kristensen's Skattegraveren, II, 190, No 459.


P, 170. Add:
"In Gipsy Tents," by Francis Himes Groome, p. 143.

1. There were three sisters going from home,
   All in a lea and alony, oh
   They met a man, and he made them stand,
   Down by the bonny banks of Airdrie, oh.

2. He took the first one by the hand,
   He turned her round, and he made her stand.

3. Saying, Will you be a robber’s wife?
   Or will you die by my penknife?

   ‘Oh, I wont be a robber’s wife,
   But I will die by your penknife.’

5. Then he took the second by her hand,
   He turned her round, and he made her stand.

6. Saying, Will you be a robber’s wife?
   Or will you die by my penknife?

7. ‘Oh, I wont be a robber’s wife,
   But I will die by your penknife.’

8. He took the third one by the hand,
   He turned her round, and he made her stand.

9. Saying, Will you be a robber’s wife?
   Or will you die by my penknife?

10. ‘Oh, I wont be a robber’s wife,
    And I wont die by your penknife.

11. ‘If my two brothers had been here,
    You would not have killed my sisters two.’

12. ‘What was your two brothers’ names?’
    ‘One was John, and the other was James.’

13. ‘Oh, what did your two brothers do?’
    ‘One was a minister, the other such as you.’

14. ‘Oh, what is this that I have done?
    I have killed my sisters, all but one.

15. ‘And now I’ll take out my penknife,
    And here I’ll end my own sweet life.’


15. Leesome Brand.

P. 179 a. Danish, II. ‘Rosendille og hr. Agervold,’ Kristensen, Skattegraveren, I, 65, No 239, is an important variety of Rosedille og Medervold. Another version, III, 82, No 260, ‘Roseneille og hr. Medervold.’ In both of these the knight is the lady’s brother.

Swedish, II. A copy of ‘Lilla Lisa och Herr Nedervall’ is printed by Aminson, Bidrag, o. s. v., No 5, p. 17.


P. 185. Mr Macmath has found the following ballad in Motherwell’s handwriting, on a half-sheet of paper. It is not completely intelligible (why should Lady Ann be left in the death-throes, to bury herself?), but undoubtedly belongs here. The first stanza agrees with D.

1. One king’s daughter said to anither,
   Brume blames bonnie and grows sae fair
   ‘We’ll gae ride like sister and brither.’
   And we’ll neer gae down to the brume nae mair

2. ‘We’ll ride down into yonder valley,
   Whare the greene green trees are budding sae gaily.

3. ‘Wi hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,
   And we’ll come back in the morning early.’

4. They rade on like sister and brither,
   And they hunted and hawket in the valley the-gether.

5. ‘Now, lady, haued my horse and my hawk,
   For I maun na ride, and I downa walk.

6. ‘But set me down be the rate o this tree,
   For there hae I dreamt that my bed sall be.’

7. The ae king’s dochter did lift down the ither.
   And she was licht in her armis like ony fether.

8. Bonnie Lady Ann sat down be the tree,
   And a wide grave was honkit whare nane suld be.
9 The hawk had nae lure, and the horse had nae master,
And the faithless hounds tho the woods ran faster.

10 The one king's dochter has ridden awa,
But bonnie Lady Ann lay in the deed-throw.

_Some words are difficult to read._

2. _sae wanting in burden 1._
3'. _h Lewisvai fair in burden 1._
5'. _Originally_ Oh hauld my bridle and stirrup.
     _Ann, or come, is written over Oh._
9'. _faithless?_

The lost knife here in A 8–10, B 5, and in 'Lee-
some Brand,' No 15, 36–41, appears in 'The
Squire of Low Degree,' Percy Folio, III, 267, vv.
117–126 (not in the version printed by Ritson and
by Hazlitt).

'Daughter,' he sais, 'flor whose sake
Is that sorrow that still thou makes?'

'Father,' she saes, 'as I doe see,
Ite is no flor in man in Christentye;

'Father,' she saes, 'as I doe thrive,
Ite is noe men this day alive.

For yesterday I lost my knife;
Much rather had I lose my life!'

'My daughter,' he says, 'if itt be but a blade,
I can get another as good made.'

'Father,' she saes, 'there is naeuer a smith but one
That [can] smith you such a one.'

(G. L. K.)

17. Hind Horn.

P. 193 (2). *'Ir. Lovmand' in Kristensen's Skatte-
graveren, VIII, 49, No 115.
194 ff., 502 ff., II, 499 b.

According to a Devonshire tradition given by Mrs
Bray, Traditions of Devonshire, II, 172 (II, 32, of the
new ed. of 1879, which has a fresh title, *The Borders
of the Tamar and the Tavy*), Sir Francis Drake, hav-
ing been abroad seven years, was apprised by one of
his devils that his wife was about to marry again.
He immediately discharged one of his great guns up
through the earth. The cannon-ball fell with a loud
explosion between the lady and her intended bride-
groom,' who were before the altar. In another ver-
sion, known to Southey and communicated to him by
Mrs Bray (as above, II, 174; new ed., II, 33, 34),
the marriage is broken off by a large stone (no doubt a gun-
stone) which falls on the lady's train as she is on her
way to church. Drake, in this version, returns in dis-
guise, but is recognized by his smile. See for various
stories of the same kind, *Jouenn Kerménou,* Lazel,
Contes pop. de Basse-Bretagne, I, 416; *Der Todte
Schuldner,* Zingerle, Zeitschrift für deutsche Mytho-
logic, II, 367; *'De witte Swine,' Woeste, the same,
III, 46, translated from the Markish dialect by Sin-
rock, *'Der gute Gerhard,' u. s. w., p. 75; Vernaleken,
Mythen u. Brauche des Volkes in Osteereich, p. 372; 
Vernaleken, Kinder- u. Hausmärchen, No 54, p. 315 f.;
J. H. Knowles, Folk Tales of Kashmir, p. 184 f.; Prym

(P. L. K.)

Pp. 198 b, 502 b, II, 499 b. An Italian form of 'Le
Retour du Mari' is *'Il Ritorno del Soldato,' Nigra, No

Another Italian ballad has some of the points in the
story of Horn. A man goes off for seven years im-
mEDIATELY after marriage; the woman looking out to-
towards the sea perceives a pilgrim approaching; he asks
for charity, and makes what seems an impudent sugges-
tion, for which she threatens him with punishment. But
how if I were your husband? Then you would give me
some token. He pulls out his wedding-ring from under
his cloak. *'Il finto [falso] Pellegrino,' Bernoni, ix, no
7, Ferraro, C. p. monferrinis, p. 33, Giannini, p. 151
(nearly the same in Archivio, VI, 361); *'La Moglie
fedele,' Wolf, p. 59, No 81, I C, p. 331; *'Bennardlo,'
Nerucci, in Archivio, III, 44.

To the Portuguese ballads, I, 502 b, add *'A bella In-
fiante,' Bellermann, p. 100.

Add to the Polish ballads, p. 502 b: Roger, p. 13,
Nos 25, 26.

With the Slavic ballads belong: Servian, Vuk, III,
No 25; Bulgarian, Miladinov, Nos 65, 66, 111, 573, Ka-
canowskii, Nos 68–73, 112. (W. W.)

260 a. The three singing laverocks in B 3, F 4, (cf.
A 3,) are to be taken as curiosities of art. Artificial
singing-birds are often mentioned in the earlier times,
(by Sir John Mandeville for instance): see Liebrecht,
Volkskunde, p. 89 f., No 5. Such birds, and artificially
hissing snakes, occur in the Great-Russian bylina of
Djuk Stepanovic'; cf. Wolffer, Untersuchungen ii. d.
grosser Volkskripik, p. 524 f. (W. W.)

265. G would have been printed as it stands in
Kinloch MSS VII, 117, had the volume been in my
possession. The copy principally used in Kinloch's
Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 138, was derived from the
editor's niece, M. Kinnear. Readings of another copy
are written in pencil over the transcript of the first in
places, and as the name *'Christy Smith' is also writ-
ten at the beginning in pencil, it may be supposed that
these readings were furnished by this Christy Smith.
Kinloch adopted some of these readings into the copy
which appears in his book, and he introduced others
which seem to be his own. The readings of the Kin-
near copy not retained by Kinloch will now be given
under a, and those supplied (as may be supposed) by
Christy Smith under b.

a. 1'. Whare was ye born? or frac what cuntrie?
2'. a gay gowd wand. 3'. a silver ring.
5'. Whan that ring. 6'. Whan that ring.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

P. 217. The first half of the Norse barden is more likely to have been, originally, what would correspond to the Danish Skoven [er] herlig grön, or, Skoven herlig grønnes. In the other half, grim farbids us to look for hjort in giorten, where we are rather to see Danish urt (English wort), Icelandic jurt; so that this would be, in Danish, Hvor urten hun grønnes herlig. (Note of Mr. Axel Olrik.)

20. The Cruel Mother.

P. 218 b. Danish. ‘I delgærl,’ Kristensen, Skattegraveren, V, 98, No 644; corrupted. (N, O should be O, P, II, 500: see I, 504.)


P. 228 a. Danish. Another copy of ‘Synderinden’ in Kristensen’s Skattegraveren, VII, 81, No 565.

230 b. Slavic. Sušil, No 3, p. 2, closely resembles Moravian A; the woman is turned to stone. In a variant, p. 3, she has had fifty paramours, and again in a Little-Russian ballad, Golovatsky, I, 235, No 68, seventy. In this last, after shrift, the sinner is dissipated in dust. (W. W.)


22. St Stephen and Herod.

P. 234 a. ‘Radirus visa’ is now No 11 of Hammershaimb’s Færsk Anthologi, p. 39. There are two other copies.

237. ‘Skuin over de groenelands heide,’ Dykstra en van der Meulen, p. 121, resembles the Breton stories, but lacks the miracle of the capon.

233. Miracle of the roasted cock. Jesus visits a Jew on Easter Sunday and reproaches him with not believing in the resurrection. The Jew replies that Jesus
having been put to death it was as impossible for him to come to life again as it would be for a roast chicken which lies before them. Faith can do anything, says Jesus. The fowl comes to life and lays eggs; the Jew has himself baptized. Kostomarof, Monuments of the older Russian Literature, I, 217. In a note, a Red-Russian ballad is mentioned which seems to be identical with Golovatsky, II, 6, No. 8. A young Jewess, who was carrying water, was the first to see Jesus after his resurrection. She tells her father, as he sits at meat, that the God of the Russians is risen from the dead. "If you were not my daughter, I would have you drowned," says the father. "The God of the Russians will not rise again till that capon flies up and crows." The capon does both; the Jew is turned to stone. (W. W.)


250. 'If Genovese' is given in eight versions, one a fragment, by Nigra, No. 41, p. 257.

250, 506 a, II, 502 a. Bulgarian. Stojan, who wants to carry off Bojana, does, at his mother's advice, everything to bring her within his reach. He builds a church, digs a well, plants a garden. All the maidens come but her. He then feigns death; she comes with flowers and mourns over him; he seizes her; the priest blesses their union. Miladinof, p. 294, No. 185. An old woman, in a like case, advises a young man to feign death, and brings Bojana to see the body. "Why," asks Bojana, "do his eyes look as if they had sight, his arms as if they would lay hold of me, his feet as if ready to jump up?" "That is because he died so suddenly," says the beldam. The youth springs up and embraces Bojana. Verkovic, p. 334, No. 304. A Magyar-Croat version begins like this last, but has suffered corruption: Kurelac, p. 148, No. 417. (W. W.)

28. Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane.

P. 256. The first paragraph was occasioned by a misprint in Motherwell (corrected at p. 45 of his Introduction), and may be dropped. In Pikeairn's MS. it is noted that this fragment was obtained from Mrs Gammell.

29. The Boy and the Mantle.

Pp. 283 ff., 507, II, 502. On going to war a king gives each of his two daughters a rose. "Si vous tombez en faute, quoiqu que ce soit," says he, "vos roses flétriront." Both princesses yield to the solicitations of their lovers, so that the king, on returning, finds both roses withered, and is grieved thereat. Vinson, Folk-Lore du Pays Basque, p. 102.

Wer ein ausgelriesenes Licht wieder anblasen kann ist noch Jungfrau oder Junggeselle. Wer ein ganz volles Glas zum Munde führen kann, ohne einen Tropfen zu verschütten, ist Junggeselle. Zingerle, Sitten der Tiroler, p. 35.

There is a shield in Perceval le Gallois which no knight can wear with safety in a tournament if he is not all that a knight should be, and if he has not, also, "bele amie qui soit loiaus sa trecreie." Several of Arthur's knights try the shield with disastrous results; Perceval is more fortunate. (See 31805-31, 31865, 32023-48, 32410 ff., Potvin, IV, 45 ff.)

"Vpon the various earth's embroderecd gowne There is a weed vpon whose head growes downe; Sow-thistle 'tis yeleepd; whose downy wreath If any one can blow off at a breath, We deeme her for a maid."

(William Browne, Britannia's Pastorals, Book I, Song 4, Works, ed. Hazlitt, p. 103.)


Th. re was a (qualified) test of priestesses of Ge at Æoge by drinking bull's blood, according to Pausanas, VII, xxxv, 8; cited by H. C. Lea, Superstition and Force, 3d ed., 1878, p. 236 f. (All the above by G. L. K.)

A spring in Apollonius Heinrichs von Neustadt blackens the hand of the more serious offender, but in a milder case only the ring-finger, "der die geringste Belieblung nicht erträgt." W. Grimm's Kleine Schriften, III, 446. (C. R. Lammam.)

30. King Arthur and King Cornwall.

P. 274. That this ballad is a traditional variation of Charlemagne's Journey to Jerusalem and Constanti- nople, was, I am convinced, too hastily said. See M. Gaston Paris's remarks at p. 110 f. of his paper, Les romans en vers du cycle de la Table Ronde (Extrait du tome xxx de l'Histoire Littéraire de la France). The king who thinks himself the best king in the world, etc., occurs (it is Arthur) also in the romance of Ri- gomer: the same, p. 92.
34. Kemp Owyne.

P. 307 b. Add 'Linden,' Kristensen's Skattegravere, V, 50, No 455.

A princess in the form of a toad is kissed three times and so disenchanred: Revue des Traditions populaires, III, 475-6. A princess in the form of a black wolf must be kissed thrice to be disenchanred: Vernaleken, Alpensagen, p. 123. A princess persuades a man to attempt her release from enchantment. Three successive kisses are necessary. On the first occasion she appears as a serpent; he can kiss her but once. The second attempt is also unsuccessful; she appears as a salamander and is kissed twice. The third time she takes the form of a toad, and the three kisses are happily given. Luzel, in the Annuaire de la Soc. des Traditions populaires, II, 53. (G. L. K.)

35. Allison Gross.


37. Thomas Rymer.

P. 519 b, last paragraph. In a Breton story, 'La Fleur du Rocher,' Sébillot, Contes pop. de la Haute-Bretagne, II, 31, Jean Cate addresses the fairy, when he first sees her, as the Virgin Mary. (G. L. K.)

39. Tam Lin.

P. 335. Mr Macmath has found an earlier transcript of B in Glenriddle's MSS, VIII, 106, 1789. The variations (except those of spelling, which are numerous) are as follows:

13. that wears. 15. go. 33. has snodde.
35. is gane. 51. had not. 65. comes. 72. give.
824. 16.5. 16.5. above.
113. Out then: gray-head.
119. And ever alas, fair Janet, he says.
139. fair Janet. 139. thou goes. 143. If I.
143. Ther'e not. 143. 34. bairns.
153. ye nae, wrongly. 163. she is on.
193. groves green. 203. Thomas. 203. for his.
209. Whether ever. 223. from the.
224. Then from. 229. The Queen o Fairies has.
239. do dwell. 239. Fiend, wrongly.
243. is a Hallow-teen. 243. And them.
254. Amongst. 279. ride on. 279. gave.
301. wardly. 313. Hald me. 343. then in.
371. And there. 383. Them that hes.
384. Has. 404. eyes. 413. I kend. 413. I'd.

J.

'The Queen of the Fairies,' Macmath MS., p. 57. "Taken down by me 14th October, 1886, from the recitation of Mr Alexander Kirk, Inspector of Poor, Dalry, in the Stewart of Kirkeudbright, who learned it about fifty years ago from the singing of David Ray, Barlay, Balnacellen.'"

This copy has been considerably made over, and was very likely learned from print. The cane in the maid's hand, already sufficiently occupied, either with the Bible or with holy water, is an imbecility such as only the "makers" of latter days are capable of. (There is a cane in another ballad which I cannot at this moment recall.)

1 The maid that sits in Katherine's Hall,
Clad in her robes so black,
She has to yon garden gone,
For flowers to flower her hat.

2 She had not pulled the red, red rose,
A double rose but three,
When up there starts a gentleman,
Just at this lady's knee.

3 Says, Who's this pulls the red, red rose?
Breaks branches off the tree?
Or who's this treads my garden-grass,
Without the leave of me?

4 'Yes, I will pull the red, red rose,
Break branches off the tree,
This garden in Moorcartney wood,
Without the leave o' thee.'

5 He took her by the milk-white hand
And gently laid her down,
Just in below some shady trees
Where the green leaves hung down.

6 'Come tell to me, kind sir,' she said,
'What before you never told;
Are you an earthly man?' said she,
'A knight or a baron bold?'

7 'I'll tell to you, fair lady,' he said,
'What before I never did tell;
I'm Earl Douglas's second son,
With the queen of the fairies I dwell.

8 'When riding through yon forest-wood,
And by yon grass-green well,
A sudden sleep me overtook,
And off my steed I fell.'

9 'The queen of the fairies, being there,
Made me with her to dwell,
And still once in the seven years
We pay a teind to hell.'

10 'And because I am an earthly man,
Myself doth greatly fear,
For the cleverest man in all our train  
To Pluto must go this year.

11 'This night is Halloween, lady,  
And the fairies they will ride;  
The maid that will her true-love win  
At Miles Cross she may ride.'

12 'But how shall I thee ken, though, sir?  
Or how shall I thee know,  
Among a pack o hellish wraiths,  
Before I never saw?'

13 'Some rides upon a black horse, lady,  
And some upon a brown,  
But I myself on a milk-white steed,  
And I aye nearest the town.'

14 'My right hand shall be covered, lady,  
My left hand shall be bare,  
And that's a token good enough  
That you will find me there.'

15 'Take the Bible in your right hand,  
With God for to be your guide,  
Take holy water in thy left hand,  
And throw it on every side.'

16 She's taen her mantle her about,  
A cane into her hand,  
And she has unto Miles Cross gone,  
As hard as she can gang.

17 First she has letten the black pass by,  
And then she has letten the brown,  
But she's taen a fast hold o the milk-white steed,  
And she's pulled Earl Thomas doun.

18 The queen of the fairies being there,  
Sae loud she's letten a cry,  
'The maid that sits in Katherine's Hall  
This night has gotten her prey.'

19 'But hadst thou waited, fair lady,  
Till about this time the morn,  
He would hae been as far from thee or me  
As the wind that blew when he was born.'

20 They turned him in this lady's arms  
Like the adder and the snake;  
She held him fast; why should she not?  
Though her poor heart was like to break.

21 They turned him in this lady's arms  
Like two red gads of air;  
She held him fast; why should she not?  
She knew they could do her no harm.

22 They turned him in this lady's arms  
Like to all things that was vile;  
She held him fast; why should she not?  
The father of her child.

23 They turned him in this lady's arms  
Like to a naked knight;  
She's taen him home to her ain bower,  
And clothed him in armour bright.

338 a, 507, II, 505 b.  
A king transformed into a nightingale being plunged  
three times into water resumes his shape: Vernalen,  
K.- u. H. Märchen, No 15, p. 79.  
In Guillaume de  
Palerne, ed. Michelant, v. 7770 ff., pp. 225, 226,  
the queen who changes the werewolf back into a man takes  
care that he shall have a warm bath as soon as the  
transformation is over; but this may be merely the  
bath preliminary to his being dubbed knight (as in Li  
Chevaliers as Deus Espece, ed. Förster, vv. 1547-49,  
p. 50, and L'Orlende de Chevalerie, vv. 111-124,  
Barb azan-Méon, I, 63, 64).  
A fairy maiden is turned into a wooden statue.  
This is burned and the ashes thrown  
into a pond, whence she immediately emerges in her  
proper shape.  
She is next doomed to take the form of  
a snake.  
Her lover, acting under advice, cuts up a  
good part of the snake into little bits, and throws these  
into a pond.  
She emerges again.  
J. H. Knowles,  
Folk-Tales of Kashmir, p. 468 ff.  
( G. L. K.)

339 b, II, 505 b.  
Fairy salve and indiscreet users of it.  
See also Sébiliot, Contes pop. de la Haute-Bretagne, II, 41, 42, cf.  
I, 122-3; the same, Traditions et Superstitions de la  
Haute-Bretagne, I, 89, 109 ; the same, Litt. orale de la  
Haute-B., pp. 19-23, 24-27, and note; Mrs Bray, Traditions  
of Devonshire, 1838, I, 184-188, I, 175 ff. of the  
new ed. called The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy;  
"Lageniensis" [J. O'Hanlon], Irish Folk-Lore,  
In a Breton story a fairy gives  
a one-eyed woman an eye of crystal, warning her not to  
speak of what she may see with it.  
Disregarding this  
junction, the woman is deprived of the gift.  
Sébiliot, Contes pop. de la Haute-Bretagne, II, 24-25.  
( G. L. K.)

340. The danger of lying under trees at noon.  
"Is not this connected with the belief in a βασιλεὺς μετημ-  
νουστος (LXX, Psalm xci, 6) as to which see Roberts,  
Deutscher Unsterblichkeitsglauben, pp. 62 ff., 67 ff., and  
cf. Lobecck, Aghlophanus, pp. 1092-3."  
Kittredge,  
Sir Orfeo, in the American Journal of Philology, VII, 190,  
where also there is something about the dangerous  
character of orchards.  
Of processions of fairy knights,  
see p. 189 of the same.  
Tam o Lin.  
Add: Tam o Lin, Robert Mylne's MS.  
Collection of Scots Poems, Part I, 8, 1707.  
(W. Macnath.)

40. The Queen of Elfan's Nourice.  
P. 358 f., II, 505 b.  
Mortal women as midwives to fairies, elves, water-

41. Hind Etin.


42. Clerk Colvill.

P. 379 a, II, 506. Breton F is now printed entire (twenty-one stanzas instead of eleven) by Gaidoz, in Mélanges, IV, 301 ff. (The language appears to be Cornish.)


Add: NN, 38 verses, without indication of place, by C. de Sivry in Rev. des T. p., II, 24; OO, 'Le roi Léouis,' Haute-Bretagne, 60 verses, P. Sébillot, in the same, IV, 196.

A Basque version, with a translation, in Rev. des Trad. popul., III, 198.

382 a. Italian. C-F, H-K now in Nigra's collection, 'Morte Occulta,' A-G, No 21, p. 142, in a different order. C, D, E, F, H, I, K are in Nigra now A, C, D, E, G, F, B. The fragment spoken of p. 383 b is now Nigra's No 22, p. 140, 'Mal ferito.' The tale which follows this is given p. 148 f. in

384 a. There are two good Asturian versions in Pidal, 'Doña Alda,' Nos 46, 47, pp. 181, 183. The editor mentions a copy in the second number of Folk-Lore Betico-Extremeno, much injured by tradition, which is more like the Catalan than the Asturian versions.

43. The Broomfield Hill.

P. 392 b. Sleep-thorns.

Sleep-thorns, or something similar, occur in the West Highland tales. In a story partly reported by Camp-
Corse, pp. 27-29, and Cosquin's notes (which do not cite any of the above-mentioned places), Contes pop. de Lorraine, I, 105 ff.

Other specimens of the second kind:

- Lutzer, Contes pop. de Basse-Bretagne, II, 92-93, and note; Haltrich, Deutsche Volksmärchen aus dem Sachsenlande, u. s. w., 3d ed., 1882, No 14, p. 52 f. (G. L. K.)

402 a, last paragraph. "The pursuit in various forms by the witch lady has an exact counterpart in a story of which I have many versions and which I had intended to give if I had room. It is the 'Fuller's Son,' 'The Cotter's Son,' and other names, and it bears a strong resemblance to the end of the Norse tale of 'Farmer Weathersky.'" Campbell, Pop. Tales of the West Highlands, IV, 297. (G. L. K.)

46. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship.

P. 415, note 4. A version from Scotland has been printed in the Folk-Lore Journal, III, 272, 'I had six lovers over the sea.' (G. L. K.)

417, note 4, II, 507 b.

The one stake with no head on it occurs also in Wolddietrich B. The heathen, whom Wolddietrich afterwards overcomes at knife-throwing, threatens him thus:

"Sihshtu dorn an zinnen fünf hundert houbet stän, Dúu ich mit minen henden alle verderbet hän? Noch stät ein zinne lere an minem tsärlnīn; Dà muoz din wederz houbet ze einem phande sin.'"

(St. 595, Jänicke, Deutsches Heldenbuch, III, 256.)

Two cases in Campbell's Pop. T. of the West Highlands. "Many a leech has come, said the porter. There is not a spike on the town without a leech's head but one, and may it be it is for thy head that one is." (The Cenabharnach, I, 312.) Conall "saw the very finest castle that ever was seen from the beginning of the universe till the end of eternity, and a great wall at the back of the fortress, and iron spikes within a foot of each other, about and around it; and a man's head upon every spike but the one spike. Fear struck him and he fell a-shaking. He thought that it was his own head that would go on the headless spike." (The Story of Conall Gulban, III, 292.) In Creten's Erec et Enide, Erec overcomes a knight in an orchard. There are many stakes crowned with heads, but one stake is empty. Erec is informed that this is for his head, and that it is customary thus to keep a stake waiting for a new-comer, a fresh one being set up as often as a head is taken. Ed. by Bekker in Haupt's Ztschr., X, 520, 521, vv. 5732-66. (G. L. K.)

49. The Twa Brothers.

P. 435. There is a copy in Nimmo, Songs and Ballads of Clydesdale, p. 131, made from D, E, with half a dozen lines for connection.

437 b. It is E (not A) that is translated by Grundtvig; and D by Afzelius, Grimm, Talvaj, Roswalden.

436 f. In one of the older Croat ballads Marko Kraljević and his brother Andrija, who have made booty of three horses, quarrel about the third when they come to dividing, and Marko falls Andrija with a stab. Andrija charges Marko not to tell their mother what took place, but to say that he is not coming home, because he has become enamored of a girl in a foreign country. Bogišić, p. 18, No 6. There is a Magyar-Croat variant of this, in which two brothers returning from war fall out about a girl, and the older (who, by the way, is a married man) stab the younger. The dying brother wishes the mother to be told that he has staid behind to buy presents for her and his sisters. The mother asks when her son will come home. The elder brother answers, When a crow turns white and a withered maple greens. The (simple) mother gets a crow and batters it daily in milk, and irrigates the tree with wine; but in vain. Other Slavic examples of these hopeless eventualities: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, I, 74, No 30, 97, No 7, 164, No 12, 173, No 23, 229, No 59; II, 41, No 61, 585, No 18, 592, No 27; III, 12, No 9, 136, No 256, 212, No 78; Bohemian, Erben, p. 182, No 340; Polish, Roger, p. 3, No 2; Servian, Vuk, I, No 364, Herzegovine, p. 209, No 176, p. 322, No 332; Bulgarian, Kerovski, No 226; Dozon, p. 95; Magyar-Croat, Kurelac, p. 11, No 61, p. 130, No 430, p. 156, No 457 (and note), p. 157, No 459, p. 244, No 557. (W. W.)

53. Young Beichan.

P. 454. The modern street or broadside ballad L (see II, 508) is given from singing by Miss Burne, Shropshire Folk-Lore, p. 547.

459 b. The Färö ballad (of which there are four copies) is printed in Hammershaïn's Færøsk Anthologi, p. 260, No 33, 'Harra Patur og Eliðborg.'

462 a. 'Gerieðda,' also in Pidal, Asturian Romances, p. 90 f.

462 a. b. 'Moran d' Inghilterra,' with a second version, in Nigra, No 42, p. 263.

55. The Carnal and the Crane.


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56. Dives and Lazarus.

P. 10 b. 'Il rico Epulone,' Nigra, No 159, p. 543, with Jesus and the Madonna for Lazarus.
ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

Little-Russian, Golovatsky, II, 737, No 5; III, 263, No 1, and 267, No 2. Lazarus and the rich man are represented as brothers. (W. W.)

57. Brown Robyn's Confession.

P. 13 b, 5th line. A is not a manuscript of the 'fifteenth' century, but of the date 1590 or 1591. (Note of Mr Axel Olrik.)

59. Sir Aldingar.

Pp. 37-43. The first adventure of the fragmentary romance of Joufrois affords this story. Count Richard of Poitiers has a son Joufrois. The boy begs his father to send him to the English court, that King Henry may knight him. The English king receives him well, but he remains a vaslet for some time. The seneschal of the court endeavors to win the queen's amisté, but fails. He tells the king that he has seen the queen in bed with a kitchen-boy, and Henry swears that she shall hang or burn. The vaslet Joufrois offers to prove the seneschal a liar, and begs to be knighted for that purpose. Everybody thinks him mad to undertake battle with the seneschal, who is an unmatched man-at-arms: il biais vaslet estoit enens. The fight takes place at Winchester. Joufrois' sword is broken, but he picks up a piece of a huge lance and disables his adversary with a blow on the arm. Joufrois then threatens to cut off the felon's head if he does not retract, and as the seneschal prefers death to eating his words, this is done. Joufrois, Alfranzösisches Rittergedicht, ed. Hofmann und Muecker, vV. 91-631, pp. 3-18. (G. L. K.)

60. King Estmere.

Pp. 51, 510 b. Mr Kittredge has noted for me some twenty other cases in metrical romances of knights riding into hall.


61. Sir Cawline.

P. 56 b. Amadas, while watching at the tomb of Ydoine, has a terrible combat with a highly mysterious stranger knight, whom he vanquishes. The stranger then informs Amadas that Ydoine is not really dead, etc., etc. He gives sufficient evidence of his chivalric character, and the author clinches the matter by speaking of him as 'the maundé' (v. 6709). Amadas et Ydoine, ed. Hippieu, pV. 5465 ff., p. 189 ff. (G. L. K.)

69. Stanzas 41 ff. It might have been remarked that this feat of tearing out a lion's heart belongs to King Richard (see Weber's Romances, II, 44), hence, according to the romance, named Cœur de Lion, and that it has also been assigned to an humble hero, in a well-known broadside ballad, 'The Honour of a London Prentice,' Old Ballads, 1723, I, 199 (where there are two lions for one).

63. Child Waters.

P. 83. Italian. 'Ambroggio e Lieta,' Nigra, No 35, p. 291. The Piedmontese ballad, though incomplete, has the rough behavior of the man to the woman, the crossing of the water, the castle and the mother, the stable, and twins brought forth in a manger.

84 b. Danish. 'Hr. Peders staldldreng,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, I, 121, No 441; 'Liden Kirsten som staldldreng,' V, 98, No 845. 'Hr. Grönnevold,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, VII, 49, No 117, is an imperfect copy of the second sort of Scandinavian ballads.

64. Fair Janet.

P. 103, note. 'La Filanzata Infelele' is now No 34 of Nigra's collection. See above the addition to No 5, I, 65 b.

65. Lady Mairsy.

P. 113 a, last paragraph. Burning, etc. See Amis e Amiloun (the French text), vV. 364, p. 134, ed. Kolbing; Elie de St Gille, ed. Förster, vV. 2163-69, p. 381. Amadis de Gaule, Nicolas de Herberay, Anvers, 1573, 1, 8 ff., book 1, chap. 2, maid or wife; but Venice, 1552, I, 6 b, and Gayangos, Libros de Caballerias, p. 4, wife. (G. L. K.)

113 b. Only certain copies, and those perverted, of Grundtvig Nos 108, 109 have the punishment of burning for simple incontinence. This is rather the penalty for incest: cf. Syv, No 16, = Kristensen, I, No 70, II, No 42, = Grundtvig, No 292, and many other ballads. (Note of Mr Axel Olrik.)

Note §. 'Galanzac,' 'Galancina,' Pidal, Asturian Romance, Nos 6, 7, pp. 92, 94, belong here. They have much of the story of 'Lady Mairsy,' with a happy ending.

66. Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet.

P. 127 a, 9th line of the second paragraph. A copy of 'Fra Margarit' in Harald Olifsson Visbok, Nyare Bidrag, o. s. v., p. 36, No 16, stanzas 21, 22.
73. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.

P. 179 f. D. The Roxburghe copy of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor,' III, 554, is printed by Mr J. W. Elsworth in the Ballad Society's edition of the Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 647. (Mr Elsworth notes that the broadside occurs in the Bagford Ballads, II, 127; Douce, I, 129 v., III, 58 v., IV, 36; Ouvry, II, 38; Jersey, III, 88.) 'The Unfortunate Forrester,' Roxburghe, II, 553, is printed at p. 645 of the same volume. A copy from singing is given (with omissions) in Miss Burne's Shropshire Folk-Lore, 1883-86, p. 545; another, originally from recitation, in Mr G. R. Tomson's Ballads of the North Countrie, 1888, p. 82. Both came, traditionally, from print. Still another, from the singing of a Virginian nurse-maid (helped out by her mother), was communicated by Mr W. H. Babcock to the Folk-Lore Journal, VII, 35, 1889, and may be repeated here, both because it is American and also because of its amusing perversions.

THE BROWN GIRL

1 'O mother, O mother, come read this to me,
   And regulate all as one,
Whether I shall wed fair Ellinter or no,
   Or fetch you the brown girl home.'

2 'Fair Ellinter she has houses and wealth,
   The brown girl she has none;
But before I am charged with that blessing,
   Go fetch me the brown girl home.'

3 He dressed himself in skylight green,
   His groomsmen all in red;
And every town as he rode through
   They took him to be some king.

4 He rode and he rode until he came to fair Ellinter's door;
   He knocked so loud at the ring;
There was none so ready as fair Ellinter herself
   To rise and let him in.

5 'O what is the news, Lord Thomas?' she said,
   'O what is the news to thee?'
'I've come to invite you to my wedding,
   And that is bad news to thee.'

6 'God forbid, Lord Thomas,' she said,
   'That any such thing should be!
For I should have been the bride myself,
   And you should the bridegroom be.'

7 'O mother, O mother, come read this to me,
   And regulate all as one,
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wed,
   Or stay with you at home.'
8 'Here you have one thousand friends,  
    Where there you would but one;  
So I will invite you, with my blessing,  
    To stay with me at home.'

9 But she dressed herself in skylight red,  
    Her waiting-maids all in green,  
And every town as she rode through  
    They took her to be some queen.

10 She rode and she rode till she came to Lord  
    Thomas's door;  
She knocked so loud at the ring;  
    There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself  
To rise and let her in.

11 He took her by her lily-white hand,  
    He led her across the hall;  
Sing, 'Here are five and twenty gay maids,  
    She is the flower of you all.'

12 He took her by her lily-white hand,  
    He led her across the hall,  
He sat her down in a big arm-chair,  
    And kissed her before them all.

13 The wedding was gotten, the table was set,  
    The first to sit down was Lord Thomas himself,  
His bride, fair Ellinter, by his side.

14 'Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?' she said;  
    'If this is your bride, Lord Thomas, she looks  
most wonderfully dark,  
    When you could have gotten a fairer  
As ever the sun shone on.'

15 'O don't you despise her,' Lord Thomas-said he,  
    'O don't you despise her to me;  
Yes, I like the end of your little finger  
    Better than her whole body.'

16 The brown girl, having a little penknife,  
    And being both keen and sharp,  
Right between the long and short ribs,  
    She pierced poor Ellinter's heart.

17 'O what is the matter, fair Ellinter,' said he,  
    'That you look so very dark,  
When your cheeks used to have been so red and  
    As ever the sun shined on?'

18 'Are you blind, or don't you see,  
    My heart-blood come trickling down to my knee?'

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31f. green and red should be interchanged: cf. 9.
13, 14. Rearranged. 15f. said she.

181. Add to the French ballads, 'La Délaissée,' V. Smith, Romania, VII, 82; Legrand, Romania, X, 386, No 32; 'La triste Noce,' Thiriat, Mélanges, I, 189; and to the Italian ballad, Nigra, No 29, p. 139, 'Danza e Funerali.'

75. Lord Lovel.

P. 205 b. Other copies of 'Don elskedes Død,' ('Kjærestdens Død'), Kristensen, Skattegraveren, VII, 1, 2, Nos 1, 2; Bergström ock Nordlander, in Nyare Bidrag, o. s. v., pp. 92, 100; and 'Olof Aideken,' p. 98, may be added, in which a linden grows from the common grave, with two boughs which embrace.

Note. With the Scandinavian-German ballads belongs 'Greven og lille Lise,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, V, 20, No 14.

206, 512 b. To the southern ballads which have a partial resemblance may be added: French, Beaupaire, p. 52, Combes, Chants p. du Pays castrais, p. 139, Arland, I, 117, Victor Smith, Romania, VII, 83, No 32; Italian, Nigra, 'La Sposa morta,' No 17, p. 120 ff. (especially D).

215. I ought not to have omitted the σήμαρα by which Ulysses convinces Penelope, Odyssey, xxiii, 181-208; to which might be added those which convince Laertes, xxiv, 328 ff. See also the romance of Don Bueso, Duran, I, lxv:

¿Qué sean las daba
For ser conhecidat et cdt.  

76. The Lass of Roch Royal.

II, 213. There is a version of this ballad in the Roxburghe collection, III, 488, a folio slip without imprint, dated in the Museum Catalogue 1749. I was not aware of the existence of this copy till it was printed by Mr Elsworth in the Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 609. He puts the date of issue circa 1765. It is here given from the original. Compare H.

THE LASS OF OCRAM

1 I built my love a gallant ship,  
    And a ship of Northern fame,  
And such a ship as I did build,  
    Sure there never was seen.

2 For her sides were of the beaten gold,  
    And the doors were of block-tin,  
And sure such a ship as I built  
    There sure never was seen.

3 And as she was a sailing,  
    By herself all alone,  
She spied a proud merchant-man,  
    Come plowing o'er the main.
511

4 'Thou fairest of all creatures
Under the heavens,' said she,
'I am the Lass of Ocrum,
Seeking for Lord Gregory.'

5 'If you are the Lass of Ocrum,
As I take you for to be,
You must go to yonder island,
There Lord Gregory you'll see.'

6 'It rains upon my yellow locks,
And the dew falls on my skin;
Open the gates, Lord Gregory,
And let your true-love in!'

7 'If you're the Lass of Ocrum,
As I take you not to be,
You must mention the three tokens
Which pass betwixt you and me.'

8 'Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,
One night in my father's hill,
With you I swaf my linen fine?
It was sore against my will.

9 'For mine was of the Holland fine,
And yours but Scotch cloth;
For mine cost a guinen a yard,
And yours but five groats.'

10 'If you are the Lass of Ocrum,
As I think you not to be,
You must mention the second token
That pass betwixt you and me.'

11 'Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,
One night in my father's park,
We swaffed our two rings?
It was all in the dark.

12 'For mine was of the beaten gold,
And yours was of blocktin;
And mine was true love without,
And yours all false within.'

13 'If you are the Lass of Ocrum,
As I take you not to be,
You must mention the third token
Which pass betwixt you and me.'

14 'Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,
One night in my father's hall,
Where you stole my maidenhead?
Which was the worst of all.'

15 'Begone, you base creature!
Begone from out of the hall!
Or else in the deep seas
You and your babe shall fall.'

16 'Then who will shoe my bonny feet?
And who will close my hands?
And who will lace my waste so small,
Into a landen span?

17 'And who will comb my yellow locks,
With a brown berry comb?
And who's to be father of my child
If Lord Gregory is none?'

18 'Let your brother shoe your bonny feet,
Let your sister close your hands,
Let your mother lace your waist so small,
Into a landen span.

19 'Let your father comb your yellow locks,
With a brown berry comb,
And let God be father of your child,
For Lord Gregory is none.'

20 'I dreamt a dream, dear mother,
I could wish to have it read;
I saw the Lass of Ocrum
A floating on the flood.'

21 'Lie still, my dearest son,
And take thy sweet rest;
It is not half an hour ago,
The maid pass'd this place.'

22 'Ah! cursed be you, mother!
And cursed may you be,
That you did not awake me,
When the maid pass'd this way!

23 'I will go down into some silent grove,
My sad moan for to make;
It is for the Lass of Ocrum
My poor heart now will break.'

(41. Perhaps the reading was: The fairest, etc.)

Mr W. H. Babcock has printed a little ballad as sung in Virginia, in which are two stanzas that belong to 'The Lass of Roch Royal': The Folk-Lore Journal, VII, 51.

'Come along, come along, my pretty little miss,
Come along, come along,' said he,
'And seat yourself by me.'
'Neither will I come, and neither sit down,
For I have not a moment's time;
For I heard that you had a new sweetheart,
And your heart is no more mine.'

'It never was, and it never shall be,
And it never was any such a thing;
For yonder she stands, in her own father's garden,
The garden of the vine,
Mourning for her own true love,
Just like I've mourned for mine.'

'I laid my head in a little closet-door,
To hear what my true love had to say,
So that I might know a little of his mind
Before he went away.

I laid my head on the side of his bed,
My arms across his breast;
I made him believe, for the fall of the year,
The sun rose in the west.

'I'm going away, I'm coming back again,
If it is ten thousand miles;
It's who will shoe your pretty little feet?
And who will glove your hand?
And who will kiss your red, rosy lips,
While I'm in a foreign land?'

'My father will shoe my pretty little feet,
My mother glove my hand,
My babe will kiss my red, rosy lips,
While you're in a foreign land.'

Mr James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, obtained two very similar stanzas in the 'Carolina Mountains.'

'O who will shoe your feet, my dear?
Or who will glove your hands?
Or who will kiss your red rosy cheeks,
When I'm in the foreign lands?'

'My father will shoe my feet, my dear,
My mother will glove my hands,
And you may kiss my red rosy cheeks
When you come from the foreign lands.'

'I never, never had but one sweet-heart,
In the green wood he was slain.

2 'But I'll do as much for my true love
As any young girl can do;
I'll sit and I'll weep by his grave-side
For a twelvemonth and one day.'

3 When the twelvemonth's end and one day was past,
This young man he arose:
'What makes you weep by my grave-side
For twelve months and one day?'

4 'Only one kiss from your lily cold lips,
One kiss is all I crave;
Only one kiss from your lily cold lips,
And return back to your grave.'

5 'My lip is cold as the clay, sweet-heart,
My breath is earthy strong;
If you should have a kiss from my cold lip,
Your days will not be long.'

6 'Go fetch me a note from the dungeon dark,
Cold water from a stone;
There I'll sit and weep for my true love
For a twelvemonth and one day.

7 'Go dig me a grave both long, wide and deep;
I will lay down in it and take one sleep,
For a twelvemonth and one day:
I will lay down in it and take a long sleep,
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

F

'Cold blows the wind,' Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, 1885-86, p. 342; "sung by Jane Butler, Edgmond, 1870-80."

'Cold blows the wind over my true love,
Cold blow the drops of rain;
I never, never had but one true love,
And in Camville he was slain.

'I'll do as much for my true love
As any young girl may;
I'll sit and weep down by his grave
For twelve months and one day.'

But when twelve months were come and gone,
This young man he arose:

78. The Unquiet Grave.
P. 234. E

'In Gipsy Tents,' by Francis Hindeles Groome, 1880, p. 141, as sung by an old woman.

1 'Cold blows the wind over my true love,
Cold blows the drops of rain;
'What makes you weep down by my grave?
I can't take my repose.'

One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,
One kiss is all I crave;
One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,
And return back to your grave.'

'My lips they are as cold as my clay,
My breath is heavy and strong;
If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips,
Thy days would not be long.

'O don't you remember the garden-grove
Where we was used to walk?
Pluck the finest flower of them all,
'T will wither to a stalk.'

'Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon deep,
And water from a stone,
And white milk from a maiden's breast
[That babe bare never none].'

G

From the singing of a wandering minstrel and story-teller of the parish of Curly, Cornwall. After the last stanza followed "a stormy kind of duct between the maiden and her lover's ghost, who tries to persuade the maid to accompany him to the world of shadows." - Hunt, Popular Romances of the West of England, First Series, 1865, p. xvi.

1 'Cold blows the wind to-day, sweetheart,
Cold are the drops of rain;
The first truelove that ever I hail
In the green wood he was slain.

2 'T was down in the garden-green, sweetheart,
Where you and I did walk;
The fairest flower that in the garden grew
Is withered to a stalk.

3 'The stalk will bear no leaves, sweetheart,
The flowers will neer return,
And since my truelove is dead and gone,
What can I do but mourn?'

4 A twelvemonth and a day being gone,
The spirit rose and spoke:

5 'My body is clay-cold, sweetheart,
My breath smells heavy and strong,

And if you kiss my lily-white lips
Your time will not be long.'


226. A 5, etc. So Nigra, 'La Sposa morta,' p. 122, No 17, D 12: 'Mia buca morta l'adora di terra, ch'è l'era, viva, di roze e fior.'

Little-Russian tale, Trudy, II, 416, No 122. A girl who is inconsolable for the death of her mother is advised to hide herself in the church after vespers on Thursday of the first week in Lent, and does so. At midnight the bells ring, and a dead priest performs the service for a congregation all of whom are dead. Among them is the girl's godmother, who bids her be gone before her mother remarks her. But the mother has already seen her daughter, and calls out, You here too? Weep no more for me. My coffin and my grave are filled with your tears; wretched it is to bathe in them! (W. W.) After this the mother's behavior is not quite what we should expect. Cf. the tale in Gaspé, just cited.

79. The Wife of Usher's Well.

II, 238.

'C

'The Widow-Woman,' Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Barne, 1883-86, p. 541; "taken down by Mr Hubert Smith, 24th March, 1883, from the recitation of an elderly fisherman at Bridgeworth, who could neither read nor write, and had learnt it some forty years before from his grandmother in Corve Dale."'
5 Then he went and rose up her three sons,
Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,
And did immediately send them to far Scotland,
That their mother may take some rest.

6 Then she made up a supper so neat,
As small, as small, as a yew-tree leaf,
But never one bit they could eat.

7 Then she made up a bed so soft,
The softest that ever was seen,
And the widow-woman and her three sons
They went to bed to sleep.

8 There they lay: about the middle of the night,
Bespeaks the youngest son:
‘The white cock he has crowed once,
The second has, so has the red.’

9 And then bespeaks the eldest son:
‘I think, I think it is high time
For the wicked to part from their dead.’

10 Then they laid [led] her along a green road,
The greenest that ever was seen,
Until they came to some far chaperine,
Which was builded of lime and sand;
Until they came to some far chaperine,
Which was builded with lime and stone.

11 And then he opened the door so big,
And the door so very wide;
Said he to her three sons, Walk in!
But told her to stay outside.

12 ‘Go back, go back!’ sweet Jesus replied,
‘Go back, go back!’ says he;
‘For thou hast nine days to repent
For the wickedness that thou hast done.’

13 Nine days then was past and gone,
And nine days then was spent,
Sweet Jesus called her once again,
And took her to heaven with him.

80. Old Robin of Portingale.

P. 240 a. ‘Sleep you, wake you.’ Add: ‘Young Beichan,’ No 53, B 5; Duran, Romancero, I, 488, Nos 742, 743.
240 a, II, 513 a.
The very wicked knight Owen, after coming out of St Patrick’s Purgatory, lay in his orisons fifteen days and nights before the high altar,

“As suppe in is bare flech pe holi crois he nom,
And wende to pe holi lond, and holi mon bicon.”


83. Child Maurice.

P. 272. F.
Mr Macmuth has found the edition of 1755, and has favored me with a copy. Substitute for F. a., p. 263: Gill Morice, An Ancient Scottish Poem. Second Edition. Glasgow, Printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1755. (Small 4°, 15 pages.) The copy mentioned p. 263 b, note, is a reprint of this or of the first edition; it has but two variations of reading. The deviations from the text of 1755 will be put in the list of things to be corrected in the print.

84. Bonny Barbara Allen.

P. 276. In Miss Burne’s Shropshire Folk-Lore, 1883–86, p. 543, there is a copy, taken from singing, which I must suppose to be derived ultimately from print.

85. Lady Alice.

P. 279. The following version is printed by Mr G. R. Tomson in his Ballads of the North Countrie, 1888, p. 431, from a MS. of Mrs Rider Haggard.

GILES COLLINS AND LADY ANNICE

1 Giles Collins said to his own mother,
‘Mother, come bind up my head,
And send for the parson of our parish,
For to-morrow I shall be dead.

2 ‘And if that I be dead,
As I verily believe I shall,
O bury me not in our churchyard,
But under Lady Annice’s wall.’

3 Lady Annice sat at her bower-window,
Mending of her night-coif,
When passing she saw as lovely a corpse
As ever she saw in her life.

4 ‘Set down, set down, ye six tall men,
Set down upon the plain,
That I may kiss those clay-cold lips
I neer shall kiss again.

5 ' Set down, set down, ye six tall men,
That I may look theer on;
For to-morrow, before the cock it has crowd,
Giles Collins and I shall be one.

6 ' What had you at Giles Collins's burying?
Very good ale and wine?
You shall have the same to-morrow night,
Much about the same time.'

7 Giles Collins died upon the eve,
This fair lady on the morrow;
Thus may you all now very well know
This couple died for sorrow.

Lt-Col. Prideaux has sent me this copy, from Fly-Leave[s], London, John Miller, 1854, Second Series, p. 98.

GILES COLLINS

1 Lady Annis she sat in her bay-window,
A-mending of her night-coif;
As she sat, she saw the handsomest corpse
That ever she saw in her life.

2 ' Who bear ye there, ye four tall men?
Who bear ye on your shoulldyers?'
' It is the body of Giles Collins,
An old true lover of yours.'

3 ' Set 'n down, set 'n down,' Lady Annis she said,
'Set 'n down on the grass so trim;
Before the clock it strikes twelve this night,
My body shall lie beside him.'

4 Lady Annis then fitted on her night-coif,
Which fitted her wondrous well;
She then pierced her throat with a sharp-edged knife,
As the four pall-bearers can tell.

5 Lady Annis was buried in the east church-yard,
Giles Collins was laid in the west,
And a lily grew out from Giles Collins's grave
Which touched Lady Annis's breast.

6 There blew a cold north-westerly wind,
And cut this lily in twain;
Which never there was seen before,
And it never will again.

89. Fause Foodrage.

P. 298 a. Add, 'Sönens hævn,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, IV, 113, No 284; a fragment.

90. Jellon Grane.

Pp. 303 b, 513 b. Marvelous growth, etc. Ormr Stórólfsson very early attained to a great size, and at seven was a match for the strongest men: Plateyjar-bok, 1, 521, Formannna Sigrur, Ill, 205 cited by Bugge in Paul u. Brum's Beitritte, XII, 58. Wolfriedrich gains one man's strength every year, and amazes everybody in his infancy even. Wolfriedrich A, ed. Ame- lung, sts 31, 38-41, 45, 233, 234, pp. 84, 85, 86, 108. (Some striking resemblances to Robert le Diabe.) Cf. also Wigaldis, ed. Pfeiffer, 36, 2 f., =Benecke, 1226 f.:

In einem jää wuchs ez mēr
dan ein anderz in zwein tuo.

Elias (afterwards the Knight of the Swan), who is to avenge his mother, astonishes by his rapid growth the old hermit who brings him up:

"A! Dieu! dist ly preudons, à qui est cest enfant?
Il est sy jouñes d'âge et s'a le corps sy grant :
S'il croie sy failement, ce sera ung gaiant."

Chevalier au Cygne, ed. Reissenberg, vv. 960-963, I, 45. "The little Malbrouk grew fast, and at seven years old he was as tall as a tall man." Webster, Basque Legends, 2d ed., p. 78; Vinson, Folk-Lore du Pays basque, p. 81. The Ynca Maya Capac "a few months after his birth began to talk, and at ten years of age fought valiantly and defeated his enemies." Markham, Narratives of the Rites and Laws of the Yncas, Hakluyt Society, p. 83. A Tête-Rasée infant in four days grows to the full size of man. Petiot, Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest, pp. 241-243. (G. L. K.)

91. Fair Mary of Wallington.

P. 310. Danish. Another copy of 'Malfreds Død,' Kristensen's Skattegraveren, VI, 195, No 804.

93. Lamkin.

P. 320. The negroes of Dumfries, Prince William County, Virginia, have this ballad, orally transmitted from the original Scottish settlers of that region, with the stanza found in P (19) and T (15):

Mr Lamkin, Mr Lamkin,
Oh, spare me my life,
And I'll give you my daughter Betsy,
And she shall be your wife.

"They sang it to a monotonous measure." (Mrs Dun-lany.)
94. Young Waters.

P. 343. By the kindness of Mr Maenath, I have now a copy of the original edition.

Young Waters, an Ancient Scottish Poem, never before printed. Glasgow, Printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1755. (Small 4°, 8 pages.) The few differences of reading will be given with corrections to be made in the print.

95. The Maid Freed from the Gallows.

P. 346. Mr Alfred Nutt has communicated to the Folk-Lore Journal, VI, 144, 1888, the outline of a ballad in which, as in some versions of the European continent, the man has the place of the maid. But this may be a modern turn to the story, arising from the disposition to mitigate a tragic tale. The ballad was obtained " from a relative of Dr Birbeck Hill's, in whose family it is traditional. Mother, father, and brethren all refuse him aid, but his sweetheart is kinder, and buys him off." For the burden see C 6, which, as well as B 12, might better have been printed as such.

1 'Hold up, hold up your hands so high!
Hold up your hands so high!
For I think I see my own mother coming
Oer yonder stile to me.
Oh the briars, the prickly briars,
They prick my heart full sore;
If ever I get free from the gallows-tree,
I'll never get there any more.

2 'Oh mother hast thou any gold for me,
Any money to buy me free,
To save my body from the cold clay ground,
And my head from the gallows-tree?'

3 'Oh no, I have no gold for thee,
No money to buy thee free,
For I have come to see thee hanged,
And hanged thou shalt be.'

Struppa's text of Scibilia Nobili is repeated in Salomone-Marino's Leggende p. siciliane in Poetica, p. 169, No 29. The editor supplies defects and gives some varying readings from another version, in which Scibilia is the love, not the wife, of a cavalier. — Mango, Calabria, in Archivio, I, 394, No 75 (wife). — La Prigioniera, Finamore, Archivio, I, 212, 'Catarine.'

347 b. 'Frisa visita' is reprinted by Hammershaim, Fiscerek Anthologi, p. 268, No 34. The editor expressly says that the ballad is used as a children's game, like the English F. So also are Danish A, and a Magyar ballad of like purport, to be mentioned presently.

348 b. Danish. A, in Kristensen's Skattegrave- ren, 'Jomfruencus uldelssis,' II, 43, No 279, 1884; B, III, 5, No 3, 1885. From tradition. Both versions agree with the Swedish in all important points, and the language of B points to a Swedish derivation.

349 a. Ransom for maid refused by father, mother, brother, sister, and paid by lover: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, I, 50, No 11; II, 245, No 7. (W. W.)

349 b, 514 a. Man redeemed by maid when abandoned by his own idolat: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, I, 250, No 26; Servian, Vuk, III, 547, No 83; Magyar-Croat, Kurec, p. 254, No 51, p. 352, No 96. (W. W.)

In a Slovak ballad in Kolár, Národní Ziševsky, II, 15, translated by Herrmann, Ethnologische Mitthu- lungen, col. 42 f., John, in prison, writes to his father to ransom him; the father asks how much would have to be paid; four hundred pieces of gold and as many of silver; the father replies that he has not so much, and his son must perish. An ineffectual letter to mother, brother, sister, follows; then one to his sweetheart. She brings a long rope, with which he is to let himself down from his dungeon. If the rope proves too short, he is to add his long hair (cf. I, 40 b, line 2, 486 b); and if it be still too short, he may light upon her shoulders. John escapes. Nearly the same is the Polish ballad translated in Waldbrühl's Balalaika, which is referred to II, 350 b.

A fragment of a Széckl ransom-ballad is found in Arany and Gyalui's collection, III, 42: Herrmann, as above, col. 49. Another form of love-test is very popular in Hungary, of which Herrmann gives eight versions. In one of these, from a collection made in 1813, Arany and Gyalui, I, 189 (Herrmann's IV), the story is told with the conciseness of the English ballad. A snake has crept into a girl's bosom: she entreats her father to take it out; he dares not, and sends her to her mother; the mother has little devotion and courage as the father, and sends her to her brother; she is successively passed on to sister-in-law, brother-in-law, sister; then appeals to her lover, who instantly does the service. This is the kernel, and perhaps all that is original, in versions, I (of Herrmann), col. 34 f., contributed by Kálmány; II, 36 f., contributed by Szabó; V, col. 38, Kálmány, Koszoruk az Altöld vad Virágbai, I, 21, translated into German by Wiślocki, Ungarische Revue, 1884, p. 344; VIII, col. 39, Kálmány, Szeged Népe, II, 13. In Herrmann, VI, col. 38, Kálmány, Koszoruk, II, 62; VII, col. 38 f., Kálmány, Szeged Népe, II, 12; and III, col. 37 (a fragment), young man and maid change parts. In I, III, V (?), VI, VII, the father says he can better do without a daughter (son) than without one of his hands; and the youth (maid) would rather lose one of his (her) hands than his (her)
beloved.* In I the snake has been turned to a purse of gold when the maid attempts to take it out; in II, according to a prose and prosaic comment of the reciter, there was no snake, but the girl had put a piece of gold in her bosom, and calls it a yellow adder to experiment upon her family; in VII, again, there is no snake, but a rooelen of gold, and the snake is explained away in like manner in a comment to VIII. Even the transformation in I is to be deprecated; the money in the others is a modern depravation.

A brief ballad of the Transylvania Gipsies, communicated and translated by Wlosocki, Ungarische Revue, 1884, p. 345 f., agrees with the second series of those above. A youth summons mother and sister to take a reptile from his breast; they are afraid; his sweetheart will do it if she dies. A very pretty popular Gipsy tale to the same effect is given by Herrmann, col. 40 f.

A Romanian ballad, 'Gurgin,' closely resembling the Magyar I, VII, from Pompilii Miron's Balade populaire române, p. 41, is given in translation by Herrmann, col. 166 f.; a fragment of another, with parts reversed, col. 213.

A man, to make trial of his blood-relations, begs father, mother, etc., to take out a snake from his breast, and is refused by all. His wife puts in her hand and takes out a pearl necklace, which she receives as her reward: Servian, Vuk, I, No. 280, Herzegovine, No. 136, Petranovici, Sarajevo, 1867, p. 191, No. 20; Slavonian, Stojanovici, No. 20. (W. W.)

There are many variations on this theme, of which one more may be specified. A drowning girl given over by her family is saved by her lover: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, II, 80, No. 14, 101, No. 18, 161, No. 15, 726, No. 11; Servian, Vuk, I, Nos. 290, 291; Bulgarian, Dozon, p. 98, No. 61; Polish, Kolberg, Lud, 1857, I, 151, 12. Again, man is saved by maid: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, I, 114, No. 28; Wachatz Oleska, p. 226. (W. W.)

96. The Gay Goshawk.

P. 356 a. (1.) (2.) (4.) are now printed in Melusine, II, 342, III, 1, II, 341. (15.) (16.) 'La Fille dans la Tour,' Victor Smith, Chansons du Velay et du Forez, Romann, VII, 76, 78. (17.) Bhab, Poésies pop. rec. dans l'Armagnac, etc., p. 23, 'La Prisonnière.'

There is an Italian form of 'Belle Isambour' in Nigra, No. 45, p. 277, 'Amor costante.'

356 b. For other forms of 'Les trois Capitaines,' see, French, Puymagire, I, 131, 134 and note; Tiersot, in Revue des Traditions populaires, III, 501, 502; Roland, III, 58 fl., a, b, d; Italian, Marcoboli, p. 162, 'La Fuga e il Pentimento;' Nigra, No. 53, p. 309, 'L'Onore salvato.'

* The "white hand" in the Slovenian ballad, II, 350, is hard to explain unless there is a mixture of a prison-ballad and a snake-ballad.

357 b, second paragraph.

On messenger-birds, see Nigra, p. 339 f., and note.

A girl feigns death simply to avoid a disagreeable suitor. Proof by fire, etc.; cf. G 23 f., D 7 f., E 27 f., P 1-3, G 36-38. Servian. (1.) Mara, promised to the Herzog Stephen, and wishing for good reasons to escape him, pretends death. Stephen is incredulous; puts live coals into her bosom, then a snake; she does not flinch. He then tickles her face with his beard; she does not stir. Stephen is convinced and retires; Mara springs from the bier. Her mother asks her what had given her most trouble. She had not minded the coals or the snake, but could hardly keep from laughing when tickled with the beard. Vuk, I, 551, No. 727. (2.) The suitor tests the case by thrusting his hands into the girl's bosom, fire, snake. The first is the worst. Vuk, Herzegovine, No. 133. (3.) The same probation, with the same verdict (in this case the girl loves another), Petranovici, Srpske n. pjesme, Sarajevo, 1867, No. 362. Cf. Raskovic, p. 176, No. 211.—Bulgarian. Proofs by snow and ice laid on the heart; a snake. She stands both. Milholinof, No. 68, cf. No. 468. In the same, No. 660, the girl holds out under ice and snake, but when kissed between the eyes wakes up.—Bohemian, Erben, p. 485, No. 20, 'The Turk duped,' and Moravian, Susil, No. 128, the tests are lacking. (W. W.)

Three physicians from Salerno pour melted lead in the hands of Feniece, who is apparently dead. (She has taken a drug which makes her unconscious for a certain time. Her object is to escape from her husband to her lover, Cligés.) The lead has no effect in rolling Feniece. Crestien de Troyes, Cligés, ed. Förster, vv. 6000-6009, pp. 246, 247. Förster cites Solomon and Morolf (Salman und Morolf, st. 133, ed. F. Vogt, Die deutschen Dichtungen v. Solomon und Morolf, I, 27, molten gold), and other parallels. Einleitung, pp. xix—xx. Cf. Revue de Traditions pop., II, 519.

100. Willie o Winsbury.

P. 398. There is a 'Lord Thomas of Wynnesbury' in the Murison MS., p. 17, which was derived from recitation in Aberdeenshire, but it seems to me to have had its origin in the stalls, resembling I, which is of that source.


Pp. 407, 409, A 14, B 12, 'An lions gaed to their dens,' 'And the lions took the hill.' 'Lions we have had venie manie in the north parts of Scotland, and those with maines of no less force than they of Mauritania are sometimes reported to be; but how and when they were destroied as yet I doo not read.' Holinshed, I, 379.

P. 412 b. A is translated by Anastasius Grün, Robin Hood, p. 57; Doenniges, p. 166; Knoritz, L. u. R. Alt-englancs, No 18; Löève-Velmars, p. 252.

105. The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

II, 426 b, 428. The tune of 105 b is, I have a good old woman at home: of I, I have a good old wife at home.


106. The Famous Flower of Serving-Men.


109. Tom Potts.

P. 441 b. B. b. Ritson's copy was "compared with another impression, for the same partners, without date."

I have failed to mention, but am now reminded by Mr Macnath, that the ballad of 'Jamie o' Lee' is given, under the title 'James Hatelie,' by Robert Chambers in the Romantic Scottish Ballads, their Epoch and Authorship, 1839, p. 37, Lord Phenix appearing as simple Fenwick.

112. The Baffled Knight.

P. 480 b. Spanish C, 'El Caballero burlado,' is now printed in full in Pidal, Asturian Romances, No 34, p. 156.

481 b. Add: 'La Marchande d'Oranges' in Rolland, V, 10. (Say Rolland, I, 258.)

Tears. Add: Rolland, II, 29, e, g, b.

Varieties. There may be added: Melusine I, 483 - Revue des Traditions pop., III, 624 f.; Romania, X, 379 f., No 18; Bladé, Poesías p. de la Gascogne, II, 208.


482 b. The ballad, it seems, is by Madame Favart: see Rolland, II, 33, e. Add: i, lb., p. 34, and Poesías pop. de la France, MS., III, 433.

483 b. Danish A is translated by Prior, III, 182, No 126.

113. The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry.

P. 494.

"On the west coast of Ireland the fishermen are loth to kill the seals, which once abounded in some localities, owing to a popular superstition that they enshrined 'the souls of thim that were drowned at the flood.' They were supposed to possess the power of casting aside their external skins and disporting themselves in human form on the sea-shore. If a mortal contrived to become possessed of one of these outer coverings belonging to a female, he might claim her and keep her as his bride." Charles Hardwick, Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore, chiefly Lancashire and the North of England, p. 251. (G. L. K.)

506 a, last paragraph but one. So in Down's Lillo, Strengkleikar, ed. Kayser and Unger, p. 52 f. (G. L. K.)

VOL. III.

116. Adam Bell, etc.

P. 17 b. I have omitted to mention the Norwegian ballad 'Hemingjøn aa Harald kungen' in Bugge's Gamle Norske Folkeviser, No 1, p. 1.

44. 'A Robynhode,' etc.

In the Convocation Books of the Corporation of Wells, Somerset, vol. ii, "under the 13th Henry 7, Nicholas Trappe being master, there is the following curious entry, relative, apparently, to a play of Robin Hood, exhibitions of dancing girls, and church ales, provided for at the public expense.


The passage in the Wells Convocation Records is perhaps illustrated by an entry in the Churchwardens' Accounts of the Parish of Kingston-upon-Thames, cited by Ritson, Robin Hood, 2d ed., I, cxviii, from Lysons, Environ of London, 1792, I, 228:

"16 Hen. 8. Ree at the church-ale and Robynhode all things deducted 3 10 6."

With this may be compared the following:

"Anno MDLXVI, or 9 of Eliz., payde for setting up Robin Hoode's bower 0 18"
265, quotes this entry, also with the wrong year. He has no doubt about the Bower: "An arbour, called Robin Hood’s Bower, was erected in the church-yard, and here maidens stood gathering contributions." I, 283. (All the above by G. L. K.)

117. A Gest of Robyn Hode.

P. 46 b, note. The Sloane MS. cited by Ritson as No 715 is No 780 (which is bound up with 715) and is "paper, early xvith century." Ward, Catalogue of Romances, etc., I, 517. This correction is also to be made at p. 121 b, note; pp. 129 a, 173 b, 175 b.

51 b, sts 62--66.

The late Miss Hamilton McKie, New Galloway, told me this story:

A sturdy beggar, or luscin, came to a farm-house among the hills and asked quarters for the night. The gudewife, before entrusting him with the bedclothes in which to sleep in one of the outhouses, required a pledge or security for their return. He said he had none to offer but his Maker, and got his night’s lodging. In the morning he walked off with the bedclothes, but, becoming bewildered in a mist, he wandered about the whole day, and in the evening, seeing the light of a house, made towards it and knocked at the door. A woman opened it and said, "Your Cautioner has proved gude!" He had come back to the same house.

Maclaghtagart gives the story in his Gallovian Encyclopaedia, p. 325, but without the trait of the security. (W. Macnab.)

147. Robin Hood’s Golden Prize.


150. Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

P. 218 (and 43--46).

Mr H. L. D. Ward, in his invaluable Catalogue of Romances, etc., while treating of Fulk Fitz-Warine, has made the following important remarks concerning the literary history of Maid Marian (p. 506 f.).

"There were three Matildas who were popularly supposed to have been persecuted by King John. The most historical of these was Matilda de Bruce. She was imprisoned, with her son and her son’s wife, in 1210, some (Matthew Paris and others) say at Windsor, but another chronicler says at Corfe Castle (see a volume published by the Soc. de l’Hist. de France in 1840), and they were all starved to death. The second was Fulk’s wife Mauhaud, who was the widow of Theobald Walter. The third was the daughter of Robert Fitz-Walter. The only authority that can be quoted for the story of the third Matilda is the Chronicle of Dunmow, of which one copy of the 16th century remains, in the Cotton MS., Cleopatra, C. iii. (ff. 281-7), but which was probably begun by Nicholas de Brumfeld, a canon of Dunmow in the latter part of the 13th century. It is there stated that, when Robert Fitz-Walter fled to France in 1213, his daughter took refuge in Dunmow Priory, where John, after a vain attempt at seduction, poisoned her. Now all these three Matildas may be said to appear in the two plays known as The Downfall and The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington, by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle, which are first mentioned in Henslowe’s Diary in February and November, 1598. Two of them indeed appear in their own names, Matilda de Bruce (or Bruce) and Matilda Fitz-Walter; and the one is starved at Windsor and the other is poisoned at Dunmow in the second play. But in the first play Matilda Fitz-Walter escapes the solicitations of John by joining her newly-married husband in Sherwood, where they are called Robin Hood and Maid Marian. This is clearly owing to a combination of the second and third Matildas. It may have been effected by the course of tradition, or it may have been the arbitrary work of a single author. But if the romance of Fulk Fitz-Warina had been known to either Munday or Chettle, other portions of it would almost certainly have appeared in plays or novels or ballads. Now Munday introduces the piece as a rehearsal, conducted by John Skelton the poet, who himself plays Friar Tuck, with a view to performing it before Henry VIII. And it is not at all unlikely that it was really founded upon a May-day pageant devised by Skelton, but not important enough to be specified in the list of his works in his Garlande of Laurell. We know that Skelton did write Interludes, of which one still remains, Magnificence: and Anthony Wood tells us that at Diss in Norfolk, where Skelton was rector, he was ‘esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit.’ Thus there was no man more likely than Skelton to devise a new Robin Hood pageant for his old pupil, Henry VIII. And again, there was no man more likely to celebrate the story of Matilda Fitz-Walter, for the patron of his living was Robert Lord Fitz-Walter, who was himself a Ratcliffe, but who had inherited the lordship of Diss through his grandmother, the last of the old Fitz-Walters. But whether Skelton may have read the then accessible poem about Fulk, afterwards described by Leland, or whether either he or Munday may have received the story in its composite form, it is pretty evident that the two reputed objects of King John’s desire, Matilda Walter and Matilda Fitz-Walter, have become blended together into the Maid Marian of the play."

155. Sir Hugh, or, The Jew’s Daughter.


* * * The emblem of Huntington was vacant from about 1487 to 1529, and, as the Fitz-Walters were lineally descended from the daughter of the first Simon de St Liz, Earl of Huntington, this may have suggested to Skelton the idea of giving that title to the husband of Matilda Fitz-Walter."
Pidal, Asturian Romance, 'Il Penitente;' Nos 1, 2, pp. 82, 84; Nigra, 'Sant' Alessio,' No 148, A, B, p. 538 ff., and see p. 541.

161. The Battle of Otterburn.

P. 294. St George our Lady's knight.

A unnamed sein Gorge our leued knigt:

Sir Beues of Hamtown, ed. Köhling, v. 2817, p. 129 ;
Maitland Club ed., v. 2649. (G. L. K., who also gave me the case in Roister Doister.)

"Now holy St George, myne only avower,
In whom I trust for my protection,
O very Chevalier of the stourenished Flower,
By whose Hands thy Sword and Shield hast won,
Be mediator, that she may to her Sone
Cause me to hear Rex splendens songen on hye,
Before the Trinitie, when that I shall dye."

Poem on the Willoughbies of Eresby, in the form of a prayer to St George put into the mouth of one of the Willoughby family, Dugdale, Baronage of England, 1676, II, 85, 86. Dugdale does not date the MS. The male line of the Willoughbies became extinct in 1525.

(3. flourished? 4. thou thy?) (G. L. K.)


P. 371 f. B a, b are signed T. R., the initials of a purveyor or editor of ballads for the popular press. B a of 'Robin Hood and the Butcher,' No 123, and a of 'Robin Hood and the Beggar,' I, No 133, bear the same signature: see pp. 116, 156 of this volume. No such rhymster as T. R. shows himself to be in these last two pieces could have made 'Johnie Armstrong,' one of the best ballads in English.

178. Captain Car, or, Edom o Gordon.


182. The Laird o Logie.

P. 449. 'Young Logie' is among the ballads taken down by Mrs Murison in Aberdeenshire, p. 88 of the collection. The copy is imperfect, and extremely corrupted. Lady Margaret is the daughter of the king (who is not called by that name), but is confused with her mother, who counterfeits her consort's hand-write and steals his right-han glove, as is done in D. Three ships at the pier of Leith, and three again at Queen's Ferry.

184. The Lads of Wamphray.

P. 458. Mr Macmath has pointed out to me a case in Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, I, 397 f., in which "Jok Johnstone, callit the Gaizcart, Jok J., braper to Wille of Kirkhill," with a Grahame, a couple of Armstangs, and their accomplices, are accused of the theft of twelve score sheep from James Johnstone, in February, 1557. We can make no inference as to the relation of Jok the Galliard to the Galliard of our ballad. There were generations of Jocks and Wills in these families, and the sobriquet of The Galliard, as Pitcairn has remarked, "was very prevalent." He cites a "Gilbert Eliote, callit Gib the Galzart," III, 441, under the date 1618.

To be Corrected in the Print.

I, 7 b, last line but three of text. Read Fordringer.
71 a, 33f. Tell thee, ed. 1802; tell to thee, ed. 1833.
132 b, 75. Read Lord John.
159 a, 30f. to your, in the MS.
186 a, Notes to A b. Add 2., slung at.
256 a, 11. Read Machey for May-hay.
274 b, note 1. Read Romani IX.
356 b, D c 13. Not go so.
400 a, I. Read II, 360.
469 a, 23b. Read your for your.
482 a, D 16, 17. 5th line. Read Hine.
489 a, between 67 a and 84 b. Insert 6. Willie's Lady.
503 a. The title of I is 'Hynd Horn.'
II, 70 a, 18f. Fall, ed. 1802; fell, ed. 1833.
104 a, 192. Read pat.
129 a, 11f. Read 'O here I am' the boy says.
153 a, A a. 11f. Drop.
176 b, 11f. Read Gae.
179 b, note to B D 17. Drop.
192 a, 7f. Read maun. 8f. Read Ye'r seer.
9f. Drop the brackets.
193 a, 20f. Read ye never gat.
222. Drop the brackets. 25f. Read dreams.
193 b, 28f. Read Ge (= Gae) for Ye.
226 a, 229 a, 'Sweet William's Ghost,' A. Read 1750 for 1763.
239 a, B 81. Read O she.
272 f. Read (according to the text of 1755): 21. will I.
74f. gar thy. 10f. to thy. 18f. maun cum.
22f. Note: "perhaps fetchie" nurse.
23f. hes he. 26f. sits. 26f. means a' those folks.
26f. mother she.
27f. And when he cam to gude grene wod.
27f. first saw. 27f. Kemeing down.
28f. Then, misprint for That. 34f. they lay.
33f. hip was. 39f. ill deed.
275 b. Read, v. 17. You see his hold upon my. v. 20, that did, apparently a misprint for that thocht.
The only variations in the other copy are: 267, these for those; thocht for did, in v. 20 of p. 275 b.

276 b. 4th line of the preface. Read Annandale.
13th line of the preface. Read our old.
27. Read man (ed. 1750).
310 a, third paragraph, line seven. Read authenticatable.

343. Read (ed. 1755) : 23. And there.
35. Amd mantel.
129, I have. (Drop the notes to 32, 51.)
348 b, G, H. Read Reifferscheid.
352 b, D 34. MS. has And free.
378 a, last line. Read Andrew Small.
381 b, 299. Read Scotch.
393 a, 148. Read shook.
405 b, notes. 16 belongs to I and should be on p. 406.
437 b, translations. Read B is translated by Grundtivig, etc.; D by Afzelius, etc.
462 a, 264. Read sne'd for sued.
478, first line after the title. Read 56 b for 27 b.
481 b, third paragraph, sixth line. Read, 27.
500, 20, first line. Read O for M. English N, O should be O, P.
502 b, 34, first line. Read Decurtins for Decurtins.
506 b, 44, 400 a. Drop Q, etc. Note to 401, drop Revue des Traditions, etc.

513 a, seventh line from bottom. Read quam.

III, 6 a, 121. Read Braidisbaiks.
In line 2, read, O busk and go with me, me.
46 b, line 9. Read S. S. for S. G.
95 b, note f. Say : Jock o the Side, B 13, 14, C 10, III, 480, 482.

(The following are mostly trivial variations from the spelling of the text.)

I, 71 b, 511. Oh, ed. 1802; O, ed. 1833.
80 b, 141. Read [e]ast.
132 a, 51. Read father[s].
133 a, M. Read Dear.
137 b, S 42. Read cam.
256 b, 37. Read O. 42. Read rocked.
302 a, B17. Read Whare.
321 b, 74. Read doun.
325 a, 39. Read Heavn. 63. Read dannon.
441 a, 16. Read warsell. 49. Read bloody.
408 a, 41. Read stock. 102. Read safly.

b 13. MS. has bone. 161. Read Beachen.

481 a, 315. Read dazled.
500 a, 101. Read down.
508 a, 71. Read by.
II, 32 a, P 14. Read aboon.
70 a, 19. Read cheik. 290. Read smil'd.
b, 304. Read line.
90 b, 261. Read won, twice.
108 a, 24. Read die. b, 111. Read mony.
130 a, 51. Read Gil. 4. Read Jil.
131 a, 171. Read han. b, 198. Read ain.
152 a, 45, 51. Read grene.
153 b, 221. Read grene.
161 a, 71, 81. Read tane.
192 a, 51. Read An. 7. Read askin.
193 b, 267. Read bour.
240 a, note. Read Madden.
65, red. 85, 169, 174, 243, 262, 362. guid grone wod.
95, 187. slave. 102, 152. Tho. 111. micht.
112, near. 113, 202. coud. 123, I’s.
133, whar he. 142, woud. 155, stracht.
174. Even. 214, welcom. 214, 394, me. 222, lie.
224, she. 230, he. 241, with. 261, Gill.
262, whistld. 264, tarrys. 274, 362, mickle.
275, cairn. 287, well. 294, 311, 314, 333, 341, heid.
304, bodie. 33, town. 341, there. 355, ane.
371, crede. 392, die.
275 a, last line but three. Read Wi, pearce.
L. l, but one, naithing, held. Last line, coud.
b, v. 3, day[s]. 7. been. 8. me.
15, teirs, wensom. 18. bluid. 22, comly.
25, driry.
321 b, note f. Read Balcanequal.
331 b, 31. Read nurece.
343. Read (ed. 1755): 12, favorld. 51. spack.
63, bot. 7, bin. 91, coud. 94, 147, die.
352 b, 31. Read pown.
363 b, 11. Read ladie’s.
364 a, 201. Read ladye’s.
389 a, 99. Read You’r.
390 b, 294. Read hier. 55. Read bower.
391 a, 121. Read Whan.
396 a, 15. Read blithe.
404 b, 91. Read Whan.
472 b, 175. Read mony.
475 a, 11. Read down, twice.
478. Read : 12. on for an. 42. sir. 62, do.
141, a[t] London. 153, medans. 171, leyne.
483, 15. Read wel. 64. Read beone.

III, 2 a, note, line 5. Read Benet.
5 a, D 55. Read Lincoln. b, 101. Read there.
8 b, 241. Read betide.
253 b, R, v. 3. Read dochter.