

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Andrew Lang**

**- poems -**

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## **Andrew Lang (31 March 1844 – 20 July 1912)**

Andrew Lang was a Scots poet, novelist, literary critic, and contributor to the field of anthropology. He is best known as a collector of folk and fairy tales. The Andrew Lang lectures at the University of St Andrews are named after him.

Contents.

Biography

Lang was born in Selkirk. He was the eldest of the eight children born to John Lang, the town clerk of Selkirk, and his wife Jane Plenderleath Sellar, who was the daughter of Patrick Sellar, factor to the first duke of Sutherland. On 17 April 1875 he married Leonora Blanche Alleyne, the youngest daughter of C. T. Alleyne of Clifton and Barbados.

He was educated at Selkirk grammar school, Loretto, and at the Edinburgh Academy, St Andrews University and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first class in the final classical schools in 1868, becoming a fellow and subsequently honorary fellow of Merton College. As a journalist, poet, critic and historian, he soon made a reputation as one of the most able and versatile writers of the day.

He died of angina pectoris at the Tor-na-Coille Hotel in Banchory, Banchory, survived by his wife. He was buried in the cathedral precincts at St Andrews.

Folklore and anthropology

Lang is now chiefly known for his publications on folklore, mythology, and religion. The interest in folklore was from early life; he read John McLennan before coming to Oxford, and then was influenced by E. B. Tylor.

The earliest of his publications is *Custom and Myth* (1884). In *Myth, Ritual and Religion* (1887) he explained the "irrational" elements of mythology as survivals from more primitive forms. Lang's *Making of Religion* was heavily influenced by the 18th century idea of the "noble savage": in it, he maintained the existence of high spiritual ideas among so-called "savage" races, drawing parallels with the contemporary interest in occult phenomena in England. His *Blue Fairy Book* (1889) was a beautifully produced and illustrated edition of fairy tales that has become a classic. This was followed by many other collections of fairy tales, collectively known as Andrew Lang's *Fairy Books*. Lang examined the origins of totemism in *Social Origins* (1903).

Psychical research

Lang was one of the founders of "psychical research" and his other writings on anthropology include *The Book of Dreams and Ghosts* (1897), *Magic and Religion* (1901) and *The Secret of the Totem* (1905). He served as President of the Society for Psychical Research in 1911.

#### Classical scholarship

He collaborated with S. H. Butcher in a prose translation (1879) of Homer's *Odyssey*, and with E. Myers and Walter Leaf in a prose version (1883) of the *Iliad*, both still noted for their archaic but attractive style. He was a Homeric scholar of conservative views. Other works include *Homer And The Study Of Greek found in Essays In Little* (1891), *Homer and the Epic* (1893); a prose translation of *The Homeric Hymns* (1899), with literary and mythological essays in which he draws parallels between Greek myths and other mythologies; and *Homer and his Age* (1906).

#### Historian

Lang's writings on Scottish history are characterised by a scholarly care for detail, a piquant literary style, and a gift for disentangling complicated questions. *The Mystery of Mary Stuart* (1901) was a consideration of the fresh light thrown on Mary, Queen of Scots, by the Lennox manuscripts in the University Library, Cambridge, approving of her and criticising her accusers.

He also wrote monographs on *The Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart* (1906) and *James VI and the Gowrie Mystery* (1902). The somewhat unfavourable view of John Knox presented in his book *John Knox and the Reformation* (1905) aroused considerable controversy. He gave new information about the continental career of the Young Pretender in *Pickle the Spy* (1897), an account of Alestair Ruadh MacDonnell, whom he identified with Pickle, a notorious Hanoverian spy. This was followed by *The Companions of Pickle* (1898) and a monograph on Prince Charles Edward (1900). In 1900 he began a *History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation* (1900). *The Valet's Tragedy* (1903), which takes its title from an essay on Dumas's *Man in the Iron Mask*, collects twelve papers on historical mysteries, and *A Monk of Fife* (1896) is a fictitious narrative purporting to be written by a young Scot in France in 1429-1431.

#### Other writings

Lang's earliest publication was a volume of metrical experiments, *The Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* (1872), and this was followed at intervals by other volumes of dainty verse, *Ballades in Blue China* (1880, enlarged edition, 1888), *Ballads and Verses Vain* (1884), selected by Mr Austin Dobson; *Rhymes à la Mode* (1884), *Grass of Parnassus* (1888), *Ban and Arrière Ban* (1894), *New Collected Rhymes* (1905).

Lang was active as a journalist in various ways, ranging from sparkling "leaders" for the *Daily News* to miscellaneous articles for the *Morning Post*, and for many years he was literary editor of *Longman's Magazine*; no critic was in more request, whether for occasional articles and introductions to new editions or as editor of dainty reprints.

He edited *The Poems and Songs of Robert Burns* (1896), and was responsible for the *Life and Letters* (1897) of JG Lockhart, and *The Life, Letters and Diaries* (1890) of Sir Stafford Northcote, 1st Earl of Iddesleigh. Lang discussed literary subjects with the same humour and acidity that marked his criticism of fellow folklorists, in *Books and Bookmen* (1886), *Letters to Dead Authors* (1886), *Letters on Literature* (1889), etc.

#### Eserleri:

*St Leonards Magazine*. 1863. This was a reprint of several articles that appeared in the *St Leonards Magazine* that Lang edited at St Andrews University. Includes the following Lang contributions: Pages 10-13, Dawgley

Manor; A sentimental burlesque; Pages 25–26, Nugae Catulus; Pages 27–30, Popular Philosophies; pages 43–50 are 'Papers by Eminent Contributors', seven short parodies of which six are by Lang.  
 The Ballads and Lyrics of Old France (1872)  
 The Odyssey Of Homer Rendered Into English Prose (1879) translator with Samuel Henry Butcher  
 Aristotle's Politics Books I. III. IV. (VII.). The Text of Bekker. With an English translation by W. E. Bolland . Together with short introductory essays by A. Lang To page 106 are Lang's Essays, pp. 107–305 are the translation. Lang's essays without the translated text were later published as The Politics of Aristotle. Introductory Essays. 1886.  
 The Folklore of France (1878)  
 Specimens of a Translation of Theocritus. 1879. This was an advance issue of extracts from 'Theocritus, Bion and Moschus rendered into English prose'  
 XXII Ballades in Blue China (1880)  
 Oxford. Brief historical & descriptive notes (1880)  
 'Theocritus Bion and Moschus. Rendered into English Prose with an Introductory Essay. 1880.  
 Notes by Mr A. Lang on a collection of pictures by Mr J. E. Millais R.A. exhibited at the Fine Arts Society Rooms. 148 New Bond Street. 1881.  
 The Library: with a chapter on modern illustrated books. 1881.  
 The Black Thief. A new and original drama (Adapted from the Irish) in four acts.(1882)  
 Helen of Troy, her life and translation. Done into rhyme from the Greek books. 1882.  
 The Most Pleasant and Delectable Tale of the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche (1882) with William Aldington  
 The Iliad of Homer, a prose translation (1883) with Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers  
 Custom and Myth (1884)  
 The Princess Nobody: A Tale of Fairyland (1884)  
 Ballads and Verses Vain (1884) selected by Austin Dobson  
 Rhymes à la Mode (1884)  
 Much Darker Days. By A. H. Longway. (1884)  
 Household tales; their origin, diffusion, and relations to the higher myths. [1884]. Separate pre-publication issue of the "introduction" to Bohn's edition of Grimm's Household tales.  
 1885-1889  
 That Very Mab (1885) with May Kendall  
 Books and Bookmen (1886)  
 Letters to Dead Authors (1886)  
 In the Wrong Paradise (1886) stories  
 The Mark of Cain (1886) novel  
 Lines on the inaugural meeting of the Shelley Society. Reprinted for private distribution from the Saturday Review of 13 March 1886 and edited by Thomas Wise (1886)  
 La Mythologie Traduit de L'Anglais par Léon Léon Parmentier. Avec une préface par Charles Michel et des Additions de l'auteur. (1886) Never published as a complete book in English, although there was a Polish translation. The first 170 pages is a translation of the article in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica'. The rest is a combination of articles and material from 'Custom and Myth'.  
 Almae matres (1887)  
 He (1887 with Walter Herries Pollock) parody  
 Aucassin and Nicolette (1887)  
 Myth, Ritual and Religion (2 vols., 1887)  
 Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose. Done into English from the French of Charles Deulin (1887)  
 Grass of Parnassus. Rhymes old and new. (1888)  
 Perrault's Popular Tales (1888)  
 Gold of Fairnilee (1888)  
 Pictures at Play or Dialogues of the Galleries (1888) with W. E. Henley  
 Prince Prigio (1889)  
 The Blue Fairy Book (1889) (illustrations by Henry J. Ford)  
 Letters on Literature (1889)  
 Lost Leaders (1889)  
 Ode to Golf. Contribution to On the Links; being Golfing Stories by various

hands (1889)  
 The Dead Leman and other tales from the French (1889) translator with Paul  
 Sylvester  
 1890–1899  
 The Red Fairy Book (1890)  
 The World's Desire (1890) with H. Rider Haggard  
 Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody (1890)  
 The Strife of Love in a Dream, Being the Elizabethan Version of the First  
 Book of the Hypnerotomachia of Francesco Colonna (1890)  
 The Life, Letters and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, 1st Earl of Iddesleigh  
 (1890)  
 Etudes traditionnistes (1890)  
 How to Fail in Literature (1890)  
 The Blue Poetry Book (1891)  
 Essays in Little (1891)  
 On Calais Sands (1891)  
 The Green Fairy Book (1892)  
 The Library with a Chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books (1892) with  
 Austin Dobson  
 William Young Sellar (1892)  
 The True Story Book (1893)  
 Homer and the Epic (1893)  
 Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia (1893)  
 Waverley Novels (by Walter Scott), 48 volumes (1893) editor  
 St. Andrews (1893)  
 Montezuma's Daughter (1893) with H. Rider Haggard  
 Kirk's Secret Commonwealth (1893)  
 The Tercentenary of Izaak Walton (1893)  
 The Yellow Fairy Book (1894)  
 Ban and Arrière Ban (1894)  
 Cock Lane and Common-Sense (1894)  
 Memoir of R. F. Murray (1894)  
 The Red True Story Book (1895)  
 My Own Fairy Book (1895)  
 Angling Sketches (1895)  
 A Monk of Fife (1895)  
 The Voices of Jeanne D'Arc (1895)  
 The Animal Story Book (1896)  
 The Poems and Songs of Robert Burns (1896) editor  
 The Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart (1896) two volumes  
 The Nursery Rhyme Book (1897)  
 The Miracles of Madame Saint Katherine of Fierbois (1897) translator  
 The Pink Fairy Book (1897)  
 A Book of Dreams and Ghosts (1897)  
 Pickle the Spy (1897)  
 Modern Mythology (1897)  
 The Companions of Pickle (1898)  
 The Arabian Nights Entertainments (1898)  
 The Making of Religion (1898)  
 Selections from Coleridge (1898)  
 Waiting on the Glesca Train (1898)  
 The Red Book of Animal Stories (1899)  
 Parson Kelly (1899) Co-written with A. E. W. Mason  
 The Homeric Hymns (1899) translator  
 The Works of Charles Dickens in Thirty-four Volumes (1899) editor  
 1900–1909  
 The Grey Fairy Book (1900)  
 Prince Charles Edward (1900)  
 Parson Kelly (1900)  
 The Poems and Ballads of Sir Walter Scott, Bart (1900) editor  
 A History of Scotland - From the Roman Occupation (1900–1907) four  
 volumes  
 Notes and Names in Books (1900)  
 Alfred Tennyson (1901)  
 Magic and Religion (1901)  
 Adventures Among Books (1901)  
 The Crimson Fairy Book (1903)

The Mystery of Mary Stuart (1901, new and revised ed., 1904)  
 The Book of Romance (1902)  
 The Disentanglers (1902)  
 James VI and the Gowrie Mystery (1902)  
 Notre-Dame of Paris (1902) translator  
 The Young Ruthvens (1902)  
 The Gowrie Conspiracy: the Confessions of Sprott (1902) editor  
 The Violet Fairy Book (1901)  
 Lyrics (1903)  
 Social England Illustrated (1903) editor  
 The Story of the Golden Fleece (1903)  
 The Valet's Tragedy (1903)  
 Social Origins (1903) with Primal Law by James Jasper Atkinson  
 The Snowman and Other Fairy Stories (1903)  
 Stella Fregelius: A Tale of Three Destinies (1903) with H. Rider Haggard  
 The Brown Fairy Book (1904)  
 Historical Mysteries (1904)  
 The Secret of the Totem (1905)  
 New Collected Rhymes (1905)  
 John Knox and the Reformation (1905)  
 The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot (1905)  
 The Clyde Mystery. A Study in Forgeries and Folklore (1905)  
 Adventures among Books (1905)  
 Homer and His Age (1906)  
 The Red Romance Book (1906)  
 The Orange Fairy Book (1906)  
 The Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart (1906)  
 Life of Sir Walter Scott (1906)  
 The Story of Joan of Arc (1906)  
 New and Old Letters to Dead Authors (1906)  
 Tales of a Fairy Court (1907)  
 The Olive Fairy Book (1907)  
 Poets' Country (1907) editor, with Churton Collins, W. J. Loftie, E. Hartley Coleridge, Michael Macmillan  
 The King over the Water (1907)  
 Tales of Troy and Greece (1907)  
 The Origins of Religion (1908) essays  
 The Book of Princes and Princesses (1908)  
 Origins of Terms of Human Relationships (1908)  
 Select Poems of Jean Ingelow (1908) editor  
 Three Poets of French Bohemia (1908)  
 The Red Book of Heroes (1909)  
 The Marvellous Musician and Other Stories (1909)  
 Sir George Mackenzie King's Advocate, of Rosehaugh, His Life and Times (1909)  
 1910-1912  
 The Lilac Fairy Book (1910)  
 Does Ridicule Kill? (1910)  
 Sir Walter Scott and the Border Minstrelsy (1910)  
 The World of Homer (1910)  
 The All Sorts of Stories Book (1911)  
 Ballades and Rhymes (1911)  
 Method in the Study of Totemism (1911)  
 The Book of Saints and Heroes (1912)  
 Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown (1912)  
 A History of English Literature (1912)  
 In Praise of Frugality (1912)  
 Ode on a Distant Memory of Jane Eyre (1912)  
 Ode to the Opening Century (1912)  
 Posthumous  
 Highways and Byways in The Border (1913) with John Lang  
 The Strange Story Book (1913) with Mrs. Lang  
 The Poetical Works (1923) edited by Mrs. Lang, four volumes  
 Old Friends Among the Fairies: Puss in Boots and Other Stories. Chosen from the Fairy Books (1926)  
 Tartan Tales From Andrew Lang (1928) edited by Bertha L. Gunterman  
 From Omar Khayyam (1935)

Andrew Lang's Fairy Books  
The Blue Fairy Book (1889)  
The Red Fairy Book (1890)  
The Green Fairy Book (1892)  
The Yellow Fairy Book (1894)  
The Pink Fairy Book (1897)  
The Grey Fairy Book (1900)  
The Violet Fairy Book (1901)  
The Crimson Fairy Book (1903)  
The Brown Fairy Book (1904)  
The Orange Fairy Book (1906)  
The Olive Fairy Book (1907)  
The Brown Fairy Book (1910)

## A highly valuable chain of thoughts

HAD cigarettes no ashes,  
    And roses ne'er a thorn,  
No man would be a funkier  
Of whin, or burn, or bunker.  
There were no need for mashies,  
    The turf would ne'er be torn,  
Had cigarettes no ashes,  
    And roses ne'er a thorn.

Had cigarettes no ashes,  
    And roses ne'er a thorn,  
The big trout would not ever  
Escape into the river.  
No gut the salmon smashes  
    Would leave us all forlorn,  
Had cigarettes no ashes,  
    And roses ne'er a thorn.

But 'tis an unideal  
    Sad world in which we're born,  
And things will 'go contrary'  
With Martin and with Mary:  
And every day the real  
    Comes bleakly in with morn,  
And cigarettes have ashes,  
    And every rose a thorn.

Andrew Lang

## A Portrait Of 1783

Your hair and chin are like the hair  
And chin Burne-Jones's ladies wear;  
You were unfashionably fair  
In '83;  
And sad you were when girls are gay,  
You read a book about Le vrai  
Merite de l'homme, alone in May.  
What CAN it be,  
Le vrai merite de l'homme? Not gold,  
Not titles that are bought and sold,  
Not wit that flashes and is cold,  
But Virtue merely!  
Instructed by Jean-Jacques Rousseau  
(And Jean-Jacques, surely, ought to know),  
You bade the crowd of foplings go,  
You glanced severely,  
Dreaming beneath the spreading shade  
Of 'that vast hat the Graces made;'  
So Rouget sang--while yet he played  
With courtly rhyme,  
And hymned great Doisi's red perruque,  
And Nice's eyes, and Zulme's look,  
And dead canaries, ere he shook  
The sultry time  
With strains like thunder. Loud and low  
Methinks I hear the murmur grow,  
The tramp of men that come and go  
With fire and sword.  
They war against the quick and dead,  
Their flying feet are dashed with red,  
As theirs the vintaging that tread  
Before the Lord.  
O head unfashionably fair,  
What end was thine, for all thy care?  
We only see thee dreaming there:  
We cannot see  
The breaking of thy vision, when  
The Rights of Man were lords of men,  
When virtue won her own again  
In '93.

Andrew Lang

## **A Scot to Jeanne D'Arc**

DARK Lily without blame,  
Not upon us the shame,  
Whose sires were to the Auld Alliance true;  
They, by the Maiden's side,  
Victorious fought and died;  
One stood by thee that fiery torment through,  
Till the White Dove from thy pure lips had passed,  
And thou wert with thine own St. Catherine at the last.

Once only didst thou see,  
In artist's imagery,  
Thine own face painted, and that precious thing  
Was in an Archer's hand  
From the leal Northern land.

Andrew Lang

## Aesop

HE sat among the woods; he heard  
The sylvan merriment; he saw  
The pranks of butterfly and bird,  
The humors of the ape, the daw.

And in the lion or the frog,—  
In all the life of moor and fen,—  
In ass and peacock, stork and dog,  
He read similitudes of men.

"Of these, from those," he cried, "we come,  
Our hearts, our brains descend from these."  
And, lo! the Beasts no more were dumb,  
But answered out of brakes and trees:

"Not ours," they cried; "Degenerate,  
If ours at all," they cried again,  
"Ye fools, who war with God and Fate,  
Who strive and toil; strange race of men.

"For we are neither bond nor free,  
For we have neither slaves nor kings;  
But near to Nature's heart are we,  
And conscious of her secret things.

"Content are we to fall asleep,  
And well content to wake no more;  
We do not laugh, we do not weep,  
Nor look behind us and before:

"But were there cause for moan or mirth,  
'T is we, not you, should sigh or scorn,  
Oh, latest children of the Earth,  
Most childish children Earth has born."

They spoke, but that misshapen slave  
Told never of the thing he heard,  
And unto men their portraits gave,  
In likenesses of beast and bird!

Andrew Lang

## Alison Gross

O Alison Gross, that lives in yon tow'r,  
The ugliest witch in the north countrie,  
She trysted me ae day up till her bow'r,  
And mony fair speeches she made to me.

She straik'd my head, and she kaim'd my hair,  
And she set me down saftly on her knee;  
Says--'If ye will be my leman sae true,  
Sae mony braw things as I will you gi'e.'

She shaw'd me a mantle of red scarlet,  
With gowden flowers and fringes fine;  
Says--'If ye will be my leman sae true,  
This goodly gift it shall be thine.'

'Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Hand far awa, and let me be;  
I never will be your leman sae true,  
And I wish I were out of your company.'

She neist brocht a sark of the saftest silk,  
Weel wrought with pearls about the band;  
Says--'If ye will be my ain true love,  
This goodly gift ye shall command.'

She show'd me a cup of the good red gowd,  
Weel set with jewels sae fair to see;  
Says--'If ye will be my leman sae true,  
This goodly gift I will you gi'e.'

'Awa, awa, ye ugly witch,  
Haud far awa, and let me be;  
For I wadna ance kiss your ugly mouth,  
For all the gifts that ye cou'd gi'e.'

She's turn'd her richt and round about,  
And thrice she blew on a grass-green horn;  
And she sware by the moon and the stars aboon,  
That she'd gar me rue the day I was born.

Then out has she ta'en a silver wand,  
And she turn'd her three times round and round;  
She mutter'd sic words, that my strength it fail'd,  
And I fell down senseless on the ground.

She turn'd me into an ugly worm,  
And gar'd me toddle about the tree;  
And aye on ilka Saturday night,  
Auld Alison Gross she came to me,

With silver basin, and silver kame,  
To kame my headie upon her knee;

But rather than kiss her ugly mouth,  
I'd ha'e toddled for ever about the tree.

But as it fell out on last Hallow-e'en,  
When the seely court was ridin' by,  
The queen lighted down on a gowan bank,  
Near by the tree where I went to lye.

She took me up in her milk-white hand,  
And she straik'd me three times o'er her knee;  
She chang'd me again to my ain proper shape,  
And nae mair do I toddle about the tree.

Andrew Lang

## **Annan Water**

'Annan water's wading deep,  
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;  
And I am laith she suld weet her feet,  
Because I love her best of ony.

'Gar saddle me the bonny black,--  
Gar saddle sune, and make him ready:  
For I will down the Gatehope-Slack,  
And all to see my bonny ladye.'--

He has loupn on the bonny black,  
He stirr'd him wi' the spur right sairly;  
But, or he wan the Gatehope-Slack,  
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loupn on the bonny gray,  
He rade the right gate and the ready;  
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,  
For he was seeking his bonny ladye.

O he has ridden o'er field and fell,  
Through muir and moss, and mony a mire;  
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,  
And fra her fore-feet flew the fire.

'Now, bonny grey, now play your part!  
Gin ye be the steed that wins my deary,  
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,  
And never spur sall make you wearie.'

The gray was a mare, and a right good mare;  
But when she wan the Annan water,  
She couldna hae ridden a furlong mair,  
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.

'O boatman, boatman, put off your boat!  
Put off your boat for gowden monie!  
I cross the drumly stream the night,  
Or never mair I see my honey.'--

'O I was sworn sae late yestreen,  
And not by ae aith, but by many;  
And for a' the gowd in fair Scotland,  
I dare na take ye through to Annie.'

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,  
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;  
And the bonny grey mare did sweat for fear,  
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.

O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy coat,  
The silver buttons glanced bonny;

The waistcoat bursted aff his breast,  
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;  
I wot he swam both strong and steady;  
But the stream was broad, and his strength did fail,  
And he never saw his bonny ladye.

'O wae betide the frush saugh wand!  
And wae betide the bush of brier!  
It brake into my true love's hand,  
When his strength did fail, and his limbs did tire.

'And wae betide ye, Annan water,  
This night that ye are a drumlie river!  
For over thee I'll build a bridge,  
That ye never more true love may sever.'--

Andrew Lang

## Auld Maitland

There lived a king in southern land,  
King Edward hight his name;  
Unwordily he wore the crown,  
Till fifty years were gane.

He had a sister's son o's ain,  
Was large of blood and bane;  
And afterward, when he came up,  
Young Edward hight his name.

One day he came before the king,  
And kneel'd low on his knee:  
'A boon, a boon, my good uncle,  
I crave to ask of thee!

'At our lang wars, in fair Scotland,  
I fain ha'e wish'd to be,  
If fifteen hundred waled wight men  
You'll grant to ride with me.'

'Thou shall ha'e thae, thou shall ha'e mae;  
I say it sickerlie;  
And I myself, an auld gray man,  
Array'd your host shall see.'

King Edward rade, King Edward ran--  
I wish him dool and pyne!  
Till he had fifteen hundred men  
Assembled on the Tyne.

And thrice as many at Berwicke  
Were all for battle bound,  
[Who, marching forth with false Dunbar,  
A ready welcome found.]

They lighted on the banks of Tweed,  
And blew their coals sae het,  
And fired the Merse and Teviotdale,  
All in an evening late.

As they fared up o'er Lammermoor,  
They burn'd baith up and down,  
Until they came to a darksome house,  
Some call it Leader-Town.

'Wha hauds this house?' young Edward cried,  
'Or wha gi'est o'er to me?'  
A gray-hair'd knight set up his head,  
And crackit right crouselly:

'Of Scotland's king I haud my house;  
He pays me meat and fee;

And I will keep my gude auld house,  
While my house will keep me.'

They laid their sowies to the wall,  
With mony a heavy peal;  
But he threw o'er to them agen  
Baith pitch and tar barrel.

With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,  
Amang them fast he threw;  
Till mony of the Englishmen  
About the wall he slew.

Full fifteen days that braid host lay,  
Sieging Auld Maitland keen;  
Syne they ha'e left him, hail and feir,  
Within his strength of stane.

Then fifteen barks, all gaily good,  
Met them upon a day,  
Which they did lade with as much spoil  
As they you'd bear away.

'England's our ain by heritage;  
And what can us withstand,  
Now we ha'e conquer'd fair Scotland,  
With buckler, bow, and brand?'

Then they are on to the land of France,  
Where auld king Edward lay,  
Burning baith castle, tower, and town,  
That he met in his way.

Until he came unto that town,  
Which some call Billop-Grace:  
There were Auld Maitland's sons, all three,  
Learning at school, alas!

The eldest to the youngest said,  
'Oh, see ye what I see?  
If all be true yon standard says,  
We're fatherless all three.

'For Scotland's conquer'd up and down;  
Landmen we'll never be!  
Now, will you go, my brethren two,  
And try some jeopardy?'

Then they ha'e saddled twa black horse,  
Twa black horse and a gray;  
And they are on to king Edward's host,  
Before the dawn of day.

When they arrived before the host,  
They hover'd on the lay:  
'Wilt thou lend me our king's standard,  
To bear a little way?'

'Where wast thou bred? where wast thou born?  
Where, or in what countrie?'  
'In north of England I was born;  
(It needed him to lee.)

'A knight me gat, a ladye bore,  
I am a squire of high renown;  
I well may bear't to any king  
That ever yet wore crown.'

'He ne'er came of an Englishman,  
Had sic an e'e or bree;  
But thou art the likest Auld Maitland,  
That ever I did see.

'But sic a gloom on ae browhead,  
Grant I ne'er see again!  
For mony of our men he slew,  
And mony put to pain.'

When Maitland heard his father's name,  
An angry man was he;  
Then, lifting up a gilt dagger,  
Hung low down by his knee,

He stabb'd the knight the standard bore,  
He stabb'd him cruellie;  
Then caught the standard by the neuk,  
And fast away rode he.

'Now, is't na time, brothers,' he cried,  
'Now, is't na time to flee?'  
'Ay, by my sooth!' they baith replied,  
'We'll bear you companye.'

The youngest turn'd him in a path,  
And drew a burnish'd brand,  
And fifteen of the foremost slew,  
Till back the lave did stand.

He spurr'd the gray into the path,  
Till baith his sides they bled:  
'Gray! thou maun carry me away,  
Or my life lies in wad!'

The captain lookit o'er the wall,

About the break of day;  
There he beheld the three Scots lads  
Pursued along the way.

'Pull up portcullize! down draw-brig!  
My nephews are at hand;  
And they shall lodge with me to-night,  
In spite of all England.'

Whene'er they came within the yate,  
They thrust their horse them frae,  
And took three lang spears in their hands,  
Saying--'Here shall come nae me!'

And they shot out, and they shot in,  
Till it was fairly day;  
When mony of the Englishmen  
About the draw-brig lay.

Then they ha'e yoked the carts and wains,  
To ca' their dead away,  
And shot auld dykes abune the lave,  
In gutters where they lay.

The king, at his pavilion door,  
Was heard aloud to say:  
'Last night, three of the lads of France  
My standard stole away.

'With a fause tale, disguised they came,  
And with a fauser trayne;  
And to regain my gaye standard,  
These men where all down slayne.'

'It ill befits,' the youngest said,  
A crowned king to lee;  
But, or that I taste meat and drink,  
Reproved shall he be.'

He went before king Edward straight,  
And kneel'd low on his knee:  
'I wou'd ha'e leave, my lord,' he said,  
'To speak a word with thee.'

The king he turn'd him round about,  
And wistna what to say:  
Quo' he, 'Man, thou's ha'e leave to speak,  
Though thou should speak all day.'

'Ye said that three young lads of France  
Your standard stole away,  
With a fause tale and fauser trayne,

And mony men did slay;

'But we are nane the lads of France,  
Nor e'er pretend to be:  
We are three lads of fair Scotland,--  
Auld Maitland's sons are we.

'Nor is there men in all your host  
Daur fight us three to three.'  
'Now, by my sooth,' young Edward said,  
'Weel fitted ye shall be!

'Piercy shall with the eldest fight,  
And Ethert Lunn with thee;  
William of Lancaster the third,  
And bring your fourth to me!

'Remember, Piercy, aft the Scot  
Has cower'd beneath thy hand;  
For every drap of Maitland blood,  
I'll gi'e a rig of land.'

He clanked Piercy o'er the head  
A deep wound and a sair,  
Till the best blood of his body  
Came running down his hair.

'Now, I've slayne ane; slay ye the twa;  
And that's gude companye;  
And if the twa shou'd slay ye baith,  
Ye'se get nae help frae me.'

But Ethert Lunn, a baited bear,  
Had many battles seen;  
He set the youngest wonder sair,  
Till the eldest he grew keen.

'I am nae king, nor nae sic thing:  
My word it shanna stand!  
For Ethert shall a buffet bide,  
Come he beneath my brand.'

He clankit Ethert o'er the head  
A deep wound and a sair,  
Till the best blood in his body  
Came running o'er his hair.

'Now, I've slayne twa; slay ye the ane;  
Isna that gude companye?  
And though the ane shou'd slay ye baith,  
Ye'se get nae help of me.'

The twa-some they ha'e slayne the ane,  
They maul'd him cruellie;  
Then hung him over the draw-brig,  
That all the host might see.

They rade their horse, they ran their horse,  
Then hover'd on the lee:  
'We be three lads of fair Scotland,  
That fain wou'd fighting see.'

This boasting when young Edward heard,  
An angry man was he:  
'I'll take yon lad, I'll bind yon lad,  
And bring him bound to thee!

'Now, God forbid,' king Edward said,  
'That ever thou shou'd try!  
Three worthy leaders we ha'e lost,  
And thou the forth wou'd lie.

'If thou shou'dst hang on yon draw-brig,  
Blythe wou'd I never be.'  
But, with the poll-axe in his hand,  
Upon the brig sprang be.

The first stroke that young Edward ga'e,  
He struck with might and main;  
He clove the Maitland's helmet stout,  
And bit right nigh the brain.

When Maitland saw his ain blood fall,  
An angry man was he;  
He let his weapon frae him fall,  
And at his throat did flee.

And thrice about he did him swing,  
Till on the ground he light,  
Where he has halden young Edward,  
Tho' he was great in might.

'Now let him up,' king Edward cried,  
'And let him come to me;  
And for the deed that thou hast done,  
Thou shalt ha'e earldomes three!'

'It's ne'er be said in France, nor e'er  
In Scotland, when I'm hame,  
That Edward once lay under me,  
And e'er gat up again!'

He pierced him through and through the heart,  
He maul'd him cruellie;

Then hung him o'er the draw-brig,  
Beside the other three.

'Now take frae me that feather-bed,  
Make me a bed of strae!  
I wish I hadna lived this day,  
To make my heart sae wae.

'If I were ance at London Tow'r,  
Where I was wont to be,  
I never mair shou'd gang frae hame,  
Till borne on a bier-tree.'

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Against The Jesuits

Rome does right well to censure all the vain  
Talk of Jansenius, and of them who preach  
That earthly joys are damnable! 'Tis plain  
We need not charge at Heaven as at a breach;  
No, amble on! We'll gain it, one and all;  
The narrow path's a dream fantastical,  
And Arnauld's quite superfluously driven  
Mirth from the world. We'll scale the heavenly wall,  
Escobar makes a primrose path to heaven!

He does not hold a man may well be slain  
Who vexes with unseasonable speech,  
You MAY do murder for five ducats gain,  
NOT for a pin, a ribbon, or a peach;  
He ventures (most consistently) to teach  
That there are certain cases that befall  
When perjury need no good man appal,  
And life of love (he says) may keep a leaven.  
Sure, hearing this, a grateful world will bawl,  
'Escobar makes a primrose path to heaven!'

'For God's sake read me somewhat in the strain  
Of his most cheering volumes, I beseech!'  
Why should I name them all? a mighty train -  
So many, none may know the name of each.  
Make these your compass to the heavenly beach,  
These only in your library instal:  
Burn Pascal and his fellows, great and small,  
Dolts that in vain with Escobar have striven;  
I tell you, and the common voice doth call,  
Escobar makes a primrose path to heaven!

ENVOY.

SATAN, that pride did hurry to thy fall,  
Thou porter of the grim infernal hall -  
Thou keeper of the courts of souls unshriven!  
To shun thy shafts, to 'scape thy hellish thrall,  
Escobar makes a primrose path to heaven!

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of Amoureuse

Not Jason nor Medea wise,  
I crave to see, nor win much lore,  
Nor list to Orpheus' minstrelsies;  
Nor Her'cles would I see, that o'er  
The wide world roamed from shore to shore;  
Nor, by St. James, Penelope, -  
Nor pure Lucrece, such wrong that bore:  
To see my Love suffices me!

Virgil and Cato, no man vies  
With them in wealth of clerkly store;  
I would not see them with mine eyes;  
Nor him that sailed, sans sail nor oar,  
Across the barren sea and hoar,  
And all for love of his ladye;  
Nor pearl nor sapphire takes me more:  
To see my Love suffices me!

I heed not Pegasus, that flies  
As swift as shafts the bowmen pour;  
Nor famed Pygmalion's artifice,  
Whereof the like was ne'er before;  
Nor Oleus, that drank of yore  
The salt wave of the whole great sea:  
Why? dost thou ask? 'Tis as I swore -  
To see my Love suffices me!

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of Aucassin

Where smooth the southern waters run  
By rustling leagues of poplars grey,  
Beneath a veiled soft southern sun,  
We wandered out of yesterday,  
Went maying through that ancient May  
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,  
And loitered by the fountain spray  
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

The grass-grown paths are trod of none  
Where through the woods they went astray.  
The spider's tracteries are spun  
Across the darkling forest way.  
There come no knights that ride to slay,  
No pilgrims through the grasses wet,  
No shepherd lads that sang their say  
With Aucassin and Nicolette!

'Twas here by Nicolette begun  
Her bower of boughs and grasses gay;  
'Scaped from the cell of marble dun  
'Twas here the lover found the fay,  
Ah, lovers fond! ah, foolish play!  
How hard we find it to forget  
Who fain would dwell with them as they,  
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

ENVOY.

Prince, 'tis a melancholy lay!  
For youth, for love we both regret.  
How fair they seem, how far away,  
With Aucassin and Nicolette!

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of Autumn

We built a castle in the air,  
In summer weather, you and I,  
The wind and sun were in your hair, -  
Gold hair against a sapphire sky:  
When Autumn came, with leaves that fly  
Before the storm, across the plain,  
You fled from me, with scarce a sigh -  
My Love returns no more again!

The windy lights of Autumn flare:  
I watch the moonlit sails go by;  
I marvel how men toil and fare,  
The weary business that they ply!  
Their voyaging is vanity,  
And fairy gold is all their gain,  
And all the winds of winter cry,  
'My Love returns no more again!'

Here, in my castle of Despair,  
I sit alone with memory;  
The wind-fed wolf has left his lair,  
To keep the outcast company.  
The brooding owl he hoots hard by,  
The hare shall kindle on thy hearth-stane,  
The Rhymer's soothest prophecy,--  
My Love returns no more again!

ENVOY.

Lady, my home until I die  
Is here, where youth and hope were slain:  
They flit, the ghosts of our July,  
My Love returns no more again!

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of Blind Love**

Who have loved and ceased to love, forget  
That ever they loved in their lives, they say;  
Only remember the fever and fret,  
And the pain of Love, that was all his pay;  
All the delight of him passes away  
From hearts that hoped, and from lips that met -  
Too late did I love you, my love, and yet  
I shall never forget till my dying day.

Too late were we 'ware of the secret net  
That meshes the feet in the flowers that stray;  
There were we taken and snared, Lisette,  
In the dungeon of La Fausse Amistie;  
Help was there none in the wide world's fray,  
Joy was there none in the gift and the debt;  
Too late we knew it, too long regret -  
I shall never forget till my dying day!

We must live our lives, though the sun be set,  
Must meet in the masque where parts we play,  
Must cross in the maze of Life's minuet;  
Our yea is yea, and our nay is nay:  
But while snows of winter or flowers of May  
Are the sad year's shroud or coronet,  
In the season of rose or of violet,  
I shall never forget till my dying day!

ENVOY.

Queen, when the clay is my coverlet,  
When I am dead, and when you are grey,  
Vow, where the grass of the grave is wet,  
'I shall never forget till my dying day!'

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of Cleopatra's Needle**

Ye giant shades of RA and TUM,  
Ye ghosts of gods Egyptian,  
If murmurs of our planet come  
To exiles in the precincts wan  
Where, fetish or Olympian,  
To help or harm no more ye list,  
Look down, if look ye may, and scan  
This monument in London mist!

Behold, the hieroglyphs are dumb  
That once were read of him that ran  
When seistron, cymbal, trump, and drum  
Wild music of the Bull began;  
When through the chanting priestly clan  
Walk'd Ramses, and the high sun kiss'd  
This stone, with blessing scored and ban -  
This monument in London mist.

The stone endures though gods be numb;  
Though human effort, plot, and plan  
Be sifted, drifted, like the sum  
Of sands in wastes Arabian.  
What king may deem him more than man,  
What priest says Faith can Time resist  
While THIS endures to mark their span -  
This monument in London mist?

ENVOY.

Prince, the stone's shade on your divan  
Falls; it is longer than ye wist:  
It preaches, as Time's gnomon can,  
This monument in London mist!

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of Dead Ladies

Nay, tell me now in what strange air  
The Roman Flora dwells to-day.  
Where Archippiada hides, and where  
Beautiful Thais has passed away?  
Whence answers Echo, afield, astray,  
By mere or stream,--around, below?  
Lovelier she than a woman of clay;  
Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

Where is wise Heloise, that care  
Brought on Abeilard, and dismay?  
All for her love he found a snare,  
A maimed poor monk in orders grey;  
And where's the Queen who willed to slay  
Buridan, that in a sack must go  
Afloat down Seine,--a perilous way -  
Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

Where's that White Queen, a lily rare,  
With her sweet song, the Siren's lay?  
Where's Bertha Broad-foot, Beatrice fair?  
Alys and Ermengarde, where are they?  
Good Joan, whom English did betray  
In Rouen town, and burned her? No,  
Maiden and Queen, no man may say;  
Nay, but where is the last year's snow?

ENVOY.

Prince, all this week thou need'st not pray,  
Nor yet this year the thing to know.  
One burden answers, ever and aye,  
'Nay, but where is the last year's snow?'

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of His Books

Here stand my books, line upon line  
They reach the roof, and row by row,  
They speak of faded tastes of mine,  
And things I did, but do not, know:  
Old school books, useless long ago,  
Old Logics, where the spirit, railed in,  
Could scarcely answer 'yes' or 'no' -  
The many things I've tried and failed in!

Here's Villon, in morocco fine,  
(The Poet starved, in mud and snow,)  
Glatigny does not crave to dine,  
And Rene's tears forget to flow.  
And here's a work by Mrs. Crowe,  
With hosts of ghosts and bogies jailed in;  
Ah, all my ghosts have gone below -  
The many things I've tried and failed in!

He's touched, this mouldy Greek divine,  
The Princess D'Este's hand of snow;  
And here the arms of D'Hoym shine,  
And there's a tear-bestained Rousseau:  
Here's Carlyle shrieking 'woe on woe'  
(The first edition, this, he wailed in);  
I once believed in him--but oh,  
The many things I've tried and failed in!

ENVOY.

Prince, tastes may differ; mine and thine  
Quite other balances are scaled in;  
May you succeed, though I repine -  
'The many things I've tried and failed in!'

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of Old Plays**

LA COUR.

When these Old Plays were new, the King,  
Beside the Cardinal's chair,  
Applauded, 'mid the courtly ring,  
The verses of Moliere;  
Point-lace was then the only wear,  
Old Corneille came to woo,  
And bright Du Parc was young and fair,  
When these Old Plays were new!

LA COMEDIE.

How shrill the butcher's cat-calls ring,  
How loud the lackeys swear!  
Black pipe-bowls on the stage they fling,  
At Brecourt, fuming there!  
The Porter's stabbed! a Mousquetaire  
Breaks in with noisy crew -  
'Twas all a commonplace affair  
When these Old Plays were new!

LA VILLE.

When these Old Plays were new! They bring  
A host of phantoms rare:  
Old jests that float, old jibes that sting,  
Old faces peaked with care:  
Menage's smirk, de Vise's stare,  
The thefts of Jean Ribou,--  
Ah, publishers were hard to bear  
When these Old Plays were new.

ENVOY.

Ghosts, at your Poet's word ye dare  
To break Death's dungeons through,  
And frisk, as in that golden air,  
When these Old Plays were new!

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of Queen Anne**

The modish Airs,  
The Tansey Brew,  
The SWAINS and FAIRS  
In curtained Pew;  
Nymphs KNELLER drew,  
Books BENTLEY read, -  
Who knows them, who?  
QUEEN ANNE is dead!

We buy her Chairs,  
Her China blue,  
Her red-brick Squares  
We build anew;  
But ah! we rue,  
When all is said,  
The tale o'er-true,  
QUEEN ANNE is dead!

Now BULLS and BEARS,  
A ruffling Crew,  
With Stocks and Shares,  
With Turk and Jew,  
Go bubbling through  
The Town ill-bred:  
The World's askew,  
QUEEN ANNE is dead!

ENVOY.

Friend, praise the new;  
The old is fled:  
Vivat FROU-FROU!  
QUEEN ANNE is dead!

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of Roulette

This life--one was thinking to-day,  
In the midst of a medley of fancies -  
Is a game, and the board where we play  
Green earth with her poppies and pansies.  
Let manque be faded romances,  
Be passe remorse and regret;  
Hearts dance with the wheel as it dances -  
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette.

The lover will stake as he may  
His heart on his Peggies and Nancies;  
The girl has her beauty to lay;  
The saint has his prayers and his trances;  
The poet bets endless expanses  
In Dreamland; the scamp has his debt:  
How they gaze at the wheel as it glances -  
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette!

The Kaiser will stake his array  
Of sabres, of Krupps, and of lances;  
An Englishman punts with his pay,  
And glory the jeton of France is;  
Your artists, or Whistlers or Vances,  
Have voices or colours to bet;  
Will you moan that its motion askance is -  
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette?

ENVOY.

The prize that the pleasure enhances?  
The prize is--at last to forget  
The changes, the chops, and the chances -  
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette.

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of Sleep

The hours are passing slow,  
I hear their weary tread  
Clang from the tower, and go  
Back to their kinsfolk dead.  
Sleep! death's twin brother dread!  
Why dost thou scorn me so?  
The wind's voice overhead  
Long wakeful here I know,  
And music from the steep  
Where waters fall and flow.  
Wilt thou not hear sue, Sleep?

All sounds that might bestow  
Rest on the fever'd bed,  
All slumb'rous sounds and low  
Are mingled here and wed,  
And bring no drowsihed.  
Shy dreams flit to and fro  
With shadowy hair dispread;  
With wistful eyes that glow,  
And silent robes that sweep.  
Thou wilt not hear me; no?  
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

What cause hast thou to show  
Of sacrifice unsped?  
Of all thy slaves below  
I most have laboured  
With service sung and said;  
Have cull'd such buds as blow,  
Soft poppies white and red,  
Where thy still gardens grow,  
And Lethe's waters weep.  
Why, then, art thou my foe?  
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep?

ENVOY.

Prince, ere the dark be shred  
By golden shafts, ere now  
And long the shadows creep:  
Lord of the wand of lead,  
Soft-footed as the snow,  
Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep!

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of The Bookworm**

Far in the Past I peer, and see  
A Child upon the Nursery floor,  
A Child with books upon his knee,  
Who asks, like Oliver, for more!  
The number of his years is IV,  
And yet in Letters hath he skill,  
How deep he dives in Fairy-lore!  
The Books I loved, I love them still!

One gift the Fairies gave me: (Three  
They commonly bestowed of yore)  
The Love of Books, the Golden Key  
That opens the Enchanted Door;  
Behind it BLUEBEARD lurks, and o'er  
And o'er doth JACK his Giants kill,  
And there is all ALADDIN'S store, -  
The Books I loved, I love them still!

Take all, but leave my Books to me!  
These heavy creels of old we bore  
We fill not now, nor wander free,  
Nor wear the heart that once we wore;  
Not now each River seems to pour  
His waters from the Muses' hill;  
Though something's gone from stream and shore,  
The Books I loved, I love them still!

ENVOY.

Fate, that art Queen by shore and sea,  
We bow submissive to thy will,  
Ah grant, by some benign decree,  
The Books I loved--to love them still.

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of The Dead Cities**

The dust of Carthage and the dust  
Of Babel on the desert wold,  
The loves of Corinth, and the lust,  
Orchomenos increased with gold;  
The town of Jason, over-bold,  
And Cherson, smitten in her prime -  
What are they but a dream half-told?  
Where are the cities of old time?

In towns that were a kingdom's trust,  
In dim Atlantic forests' fold,  
The marble wasteth to a crust,  
The granite crumbles into mould;  
O'er these--left nameless from of old -  
As over Shinar's brick and slime,  
One vast forgetfulness is roll'd -  
Where are the cities of old time?

The lapse of ages, and the rust,  
The fire, the frost, the waters cold,  
Efface the evil and the just;  
From Thebes, that Eriphyle sold,  
To drown'd Caer-Is, whose sweet bells toll'd  
Beneath the wave a dreamy chime  
That echo'd from the mountain-hold, -  
'Where are the cities of old time?'

ENVOY.

Prince, all thy towns and cities must  
Decay as these, till all their crime,  
And mirth, and wealth, and toil are thrust  
Where are the cities of old time.

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of The Dream**

Swift as sound of music fled  
When no more the organ sighs,  
Sped as all old days are sped,  
So your lips, love, and your eyes,  
So your gentle-voiced replies  
Mine one hour in sleep that seem,  
Rise and flit when slumber flies,  
Following darkness like a dream!

Like the scent from roses red,  
Like the dawn from golden skies,  
Like the semblance of the dead  
From the living love that hies,  
Like the shifting shade that lies  
On the moonlight-silvered stream,  
So you rise when dreams arise,  
Following darkness like a dream!

Could some spell, or sung or said,  
Could some kindly witch and wise,  
Lull for aye this dreaming head  
In a mist of memories,  
I would lie like him who lies  
Where the lights on Latmos gleam, -  
Wake not, find not Paradise  
Following darkness like a dream!

ENVOY.

Sleep, that giv'st what Life denies,  
Shadowy bounties and supreme,  
Bring the dearest face that flies  
Following darkness like a dream!

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of The Midnight Forest**

Still sing the mocking fairies, as of old,  
Beneath the shade of thorn and holly-tree;  
The west wind breathes upon them, pure and cold,  
And wolves still dread Diana roaming free  
In secret woodland with her company.  
'Tis thought the peasants' hovels know her rite  
When now the wolds are bathed in silver light,  
And first the moonrise breaks the dusky grey,  
Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,  
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

With water-weeds twined in their locks of gold  
The strange cold forest-fairies dance in glee,  
Sylphs over-timorous and over-bold  
Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may be,  
The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy;  
Then 'mid their mirth, and laughter, and affright,  
The sudden Goddess enters, tall and white,  
With one long sigh for summers pass'd away;  
The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright  
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

She gleans her silvan trophies; down the wold  
She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee  
Mixed with the music of the hunting roll'd,  
But her delight is all in archery,  
And naught of ruth and pity wotteth she  
More than her hounds that follow on the flight;  
The goddess draws a golden bow of might  
And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay.  
She tosses loose her locks upon the night,  
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

ENVOY.

Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,  
The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight:  
Amid the forest leaves and fountain spray  
There is the mystic home of our delight,  
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way.

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of The Muse

The man whom once, Melpomene,  
Thou look'st on with benignant sight,  
Shall never at the Isthmus be  
A boxer eminent in fight,  
Nor fares he foremost in the flight  
Of Grecian cars to victory,  
Nor goes with Delian laurels dight,  
The man thou lov'st, Melpomene!

Not him the Capitol shall see,  
As who hath crush'd the threats and might  
Of monarchs, march triumphantly;  
But Fame shall crown him, in his right  
Of all the Roman lyre that smite  
The first; so woods of Tivoli  
Proclaim him, so her waters bright,  
The man thou lov'st, Melpomene!

The sons of queenly Rome count ME,  
Me too, with them whose chants delight, -  
The poets' kindly company;  
Now broken is the tooth of spite,  
But thou, that temperest aright  
The golden lyre, all, all to thee  
He owes--life, fame, and fortune's height -  
The man thou lov'st, Melpomene!

ENVOY.

Queen, that to mute lips could'st unite  
The wild swan's dying melody!  
Thy gifts, ah! how shall he requite -  
The man thou lov'st, Melpomene?

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of The Royal Game Of Golf**

There are laddies will drive ye a ba'  
To the burn frae the farthestmost tee,  
But ye mauna think driving is a',  
Ye may heel her, and send her ajee,  
Ye may land in the sand or the sea;  
And ye're dune, sir, ye're no worth a preen,  
Tak' the word that an auld man'll gie,  
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

The auld folk are crouse, and they craw  
That their putting is pawky and slee;  
In a bunker they're nae gude ava',  
But to girn, and to gar the sand flee.  
And a lassie can putt--ony she, -  
Be she Maggy, or Bessie, or Jean,  
But a cleek-shot's the billy for me,  
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

I hae play'd in the frost and the thaw,  
I hae play'd since the year thirty-three,  
I hae play'd in the rain and the snaw,  
And I trust I may play till I dee;  
And I tell ye the truth and nae lee,  
For I speak o' the thing I hae seen -  
Tom Morris, I ken, will agree -  
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

ENVOY.

Prince, faith you're improving a wee,  
And, Lord, man, they tell me you're keen;  
Tak' the best o' advice that can be,  
Tak' aye tent to be up on the green!

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of The Southern Cross**

Fair islands of the silver fleece,  
Hoards of unsunned, uncounted gold,  
Whose havens are the haunts of Peace,  
Whose boys are in our quarrel bold;  
OUR bolt is shot, our tale is told,  
Our ship of state in storms may toss,  
But ye are young if we are old,  
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

Ay, WE must dwindle and decrease,  
Such fates the ruthless years unfold;  
And yet we shall not wholly cease,  
We shall not perish unconsolated;  
Nay, still shall Freedom keep her hold  
Within the sea's inviolate fosse,  
And boast her sons of English mould,  
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

All empires tumble--Rome and Greece -  
Their swords are rust, their altars cold!  
For us, the Children of the Seas,  
Who ruled where'er the waves have rolled,  
For us, in Fortune's books enscrolled,  
I read no runes of hopeless loss;  
Nor--while YE last--our knell is tolled,  
Ye Islands of the Southern Cross!

ENVOY.

Britannia, when thy hearth's a-cold,  
When o'er thy grave has grown the moss,  
Still Rule Australia shall be trolled  
In Islands of the Southern Cross!

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of The Summer Term**

When Lent and Responsions are ended,  
When May with fritillaries waits,  
When the flower of the chestnut is splendid,  
When drags are at all of the gates  
(Those drags the philosopher 'slates'  
With a scorn that is truly sublime),  
Life wins from the grasp of the Fates  
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

When wickets are bowl'd and defended,  
When Isis is glad with 'the Eights,'  
When music and sunset are blended,  
When Youth and the summer are mates,  
When Freshmen are heedless of 'Greats,'  
And when note-books are cover'd with rhyme,  
Ah, these are the hours that one rates -  
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

When the brow of the Dean is unbended  
At luncheons and mild tete-a-tetes,  
When the Tutor's in love, nor offended  
By blunders in tenses or dates;  
When bouquets are purchased of Bates,  
When the bells in their melody chime,  
When unheeded the Lecturer prates -  
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

ENVOY.

Reformers of Schools and of States,  
Is mirth so tremendous a crime?  
Ah! spare what grim pedantry hates -  
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time!

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of The Tweed

The ferox rins in rough Loch Awe,  
A weary cry frae ony toun;  
The Spey, that louns o'er linn and fa',  
They praise a' ither streams aboon;  
They boast their braes o' bonny Doon:  
Gie ME to hear the ringing reel,  
Where shilfas sing, and cushats croon  
By fair Tweed-side, at Ashiesteel!

There's Ettrick, Meggat, Ail, and a',  
Where trout swim thick in May and June;  
Ye'll see them take in showers o' snaw  
Some blinking, cauldribe April noon:  
Rax ower the palmer and march-broun,  
And syne we'll show a bonny creel,  
In spring or simmer, late or soon,  
By fair Tweed-side, at Ashiesteel!

There's mony a water, great or sma',  
Gaes singing in his siller tune,  
Through glen and heugh, and hope and shaw,  
Beneath the sun-licht or the moon:  
But set us in our fishing-shoon  
Between the Caddon-burn and Peel,  
And syne we'll cross the heather broun  
By fair Tweed-side at Ashiesteel!

ENVOY.

Deil take the dirty, trading loon  
Wad gar the water ca' his wheel,  
And drift his dyes and poisons doun  
By fair Tweed-side at Ashiesteel!

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of The Voyage To Cythera

I know Cythera long is desolate;  
I know the winds have stripp'd the gardens green.  
Alas, my friends! beneath the fierce sun's weight  
A barren reef lies where Love's flowers have been,  
Nor ever lover on that coast is seen!  
So be it, but we seek a fabled shore,  
To lull our vague desires with mystic lore,  
To wander where Love's labyrinths beguile;  
There let us land, there dream for evermore:  
'It may be we shall touch the happy isle.'

The sea may be our sepulchre. If Fate,  
If tempests wreak their wrath on us, serene  
We watch the bolt of heaven, and scorn the hate  
Of angry gods that smite us in their spleen.  
Perchance the jealous mists are but the screen  
That veils the fairy coast we would explore.  
Come, though the sea be vex'd, and breakers roar,  
Come, for the air of this old world is vile,  
Haste we, and toil, and faint not at the oar;  
'It may be we shall touch the happy isle.'

Grey serpents trail in temples desecrate  
Where Cypris smiled, the golden maid, the queen,  
And ruined is the palace of our state;  
But happy Loves flit round the mast, and keen  
The shrill wind sings the silken cords between.  
Heroes are we, with wearied hearts and sore,  
Whose flower is faded and whose locks are hoar,  
Yet haste, light skiffs, where myrtle thickets smile;  
Love's panthers sleep 'mid roses, as of yore:  
'It may be we shall touch the happy isle!'

ENVOY.

Sad eyes! the blue sea laughs, as heretofore.  
Ah, singing birds your happy music pour!  
Ah, poets, leave the sordid earth awhile;  
Flit to these ancient gods we still adore:  
'It may be we shall touch the happy isle!'

Andrew Lang

## Ballade Of True Wisdom

While others are asking for beauty or fame,  
Or praying to know that for which they should pray,  
Or courting Queen Venus, that affable dame,  
Or chasing the Muses the weary and grey,  
The sage has found out a more excellent way -  
To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers,  
And his humble petition puts up day by day,  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Inventors may bow to the God that is lame,  
And crave from the fire on his stithy a ray;  
Philosophers kneel to the God without name,  
Like the people of Athens, agnostics are they;  
The hunter a fawn to Diana will slay,  
The maiden wild roses will wreath for the Hours;  
But the wise man will ask, ere libation he pay,  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Oh! grant me a life without pleasure or blame  
(As mortals count pleasure who rush through their day  
With a speed to which that of the tempest is tame)!  
O grant me a house by the beach of a bay,  
Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play  
With the sea-weed in summer, ye bountiful powers!  
And I'd leave all the hurry, the noise, and the fray,  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

ENVOY.

Gods, grant or withhold it; your 'yea' and your 'nay'  
Are immutable, heedless of outcry of ours:  
But life IS worth living, and here we would stay  
For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers.

Andrew Lang

## **Ballade Of Worldly Wealth**

Money taketh town and wall,  
Fort and ramp without a blow;  
Money moves the merchants all,  
While the tides shall ebb and flow;  
Money maketh Evil show  
Like the Good, and Truth like lies:  
These alone can ne'er bestow  
Youth, and health, and Paradise.

Money maketh festival,  
Wine she buys, and beds can strow;  
Round the necks of captains tall,  
Money wins them chains to throw,  
Marches soldiers to and fro,  
Gaineth ladies with sweet eyes:  
These alone can ne'er bestow  
Youth, and health, and Paradise.

Money wins the priest his stall;  
Money mitres buys, I trow,  
Red hats for the Cardinal,  
Abbeys for the novice low;  
Money maketh sin as snow,  
Place of penitence supplies:  
These alone can ne'er bestow  
Youth, and health, and Paradise.

Andrew Lang

## **Ballades I - To Theocritus, in Winter**

AH! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar  
Of London, leave the bustling street,  
For still, by the Sicilian shore,  
The murmur of the Muse is sweet.  
Still, still, the suns of summer greet  
The mountain-grave of Helike,  
And shepherds still their songs repeat  
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more  
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,  
They chatter of their rustic lore,  
They watch the wind among the wheat:  
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,  
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;  
They count the waves that idly beat,  
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore  
The pleasant years, and over-fleet;  
With thee we live as men of yore,  
We rest where running waters meet:  
And then we turn unwilling feet  
And seek the world—so must it be—  
We may not linger in the heat  
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

### ENVOY

Master,—when rain, and snow, and sleet  
And northern winds are wild, to thee  
We come, we rest in thy retreat,  
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

Andrew Lang

## **Ballades II - Of The Book-Hunter**

IN torrid heats of late July,  
In March, beneath the bitter bise,  
He book-hunts while the loungers fly,  
He book-hunts, though December freeze;  
In breeches baggy at the knees,  
And heedless of the public jeers,  
For these, for these, he hoards his fees,—  
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,  
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,  
There soiled romanticists may lie,  
Or Restoration comedies;  
Each tract that flutters in the breeze  
For him is charged with hopes and fears,  
In mouldy novels fancy sees  
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,  
Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees,  
In dismal nooks he loves to pry,  
Whose motto evermore is Spes!  
But ah! the fabled treasure flees;  
Grown rarer with the fleeting years,  
In rich men's shelves they take their ease,—  
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

### **ENVOY**

Prince, all the things that tease and please,—  
Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears,  
What are they but such toys as these,—  
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs?

Andrew Lang

### **Ballades III - Of Blue China**

THERE'S a joy without canker or cark,  
There 's a pleasure eternally new,  
'T is to gloat on the glaze and the mark  
Of china that 's ancient and blue;  
Unchipp'd, all the centuries through  
It has pass'd, since the chime of it rang,  
And they fashion'd it, figure and hue,  
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.  
These dragons (their tails, you remark,  
Into bunches of gillyflowers grew),—  
When Noah came out of the ark,  
Did these lie in wait for his crew?  
They snorted, they snapp'd, and they slew,  
They were mighty of fin and of fang,  
And their portraits Celestials drew  
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here 's a pot with a cot in a park,  
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,  
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,  
Lived, died, and were changed into two  
Bright birds that eternally flew  
Through the boughs of the may, as they sang;  
'T is a tale was undoubtedly true  
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

#### **ENVOY**

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do,  
Kind critic; your "tongue has a tang,"  
But—a sage never heeded a shrew  
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Andrew Lang

## **Ballades IV - Of Life**

SAY, fair maids, maying  
In gardens green,  
In deep dells straying,  
What end hath been  
Two Mays between  
Of the flowers that shone  
And your own sweet queen?—  
“They are dead and gone!”

Say, grave priests, praying  
In dule and teen,  
From cells decaying  
What have ye seen  
Of the proud and mean,  
Of Judas and John,  
Of the foul and clean?—  
“They are dead and gone!”

Say, kings, arraying  
Loud wars to win,  
Of your manslaying  
What gain ye glean?  
“They are fierce and keen,  
But they fall anon,  
On the sword that lean,—  
They are dead and gone!”

### **ENVOY**

Through the mad world's scene  
We are drifting on,  
To this tune, I ween,  
“They are dead and gone!”

Andrew Lang

## Ballades V - Of His Choice of a Sepulchre

HERE I 'd come when weariest!  
Here the breast  
Of the Windberg's tufted over  
Deep with bracken; here his crest  
Takes the west,  
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover;  
In the cover  
Deep below, the cushat best  
Loves his mate, and croons above  
O'er their nest,  
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Bring me here, Life's tired-out guest,  
To the blest  
Bed that waits the weary rover,—  
Here should failure be confest;  
Ends my quest,  
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

### ENVOY

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,  
Ah, fulfil a last behest,  
Let me rest  
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

Andrew Lang

## **Before The Snow**

The winter is upon us, not the snow,  
The hills are etched on the horizon bare,  
The skies are iron grey, a bitter air,  
The meagre cloudlets shudder to and fro.  
One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow,  
Like some strange butterfly, unclassed and rare.  
Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where  
The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

Beyond lie church and steeple, with their old  
And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer,  
A sharper gust would shake them from their hold,  
Yet up that path, in summer of the year,  
And past that melancholy pile we strolled  
To pluck wild strawberries, with merry cheer.

Andrew Lang

## **Benedetta Ramus**

Mysterious Benedetta! who  
That Reynolds or that Romney drew  
Was ever half so fair as you,  
Or is so well forgot?  
These eyes of melancholy brown,  
These woven locks, a shadowy crown,  
Must surely have bewitched the town;  
Yet you're remembered not.

Through all that prattle of your age,  
Through lore of fribble and of sage  
I've read, and chiefly Walpole's page,  
Wherein are beauties famous;  
I've haunted ball, and rout, and sale;  
I've heard of Devonshire and Thrale,  
And all the Gunnings' wondrous tale,  
But nothing of Miss Ramus.

And yet on many a lattice pane  
'Fair Benedetta,' scrawled in vain  
By lovers' diamonds, must remain  
To tell us you were cruel.  
But who, of all that sighed and swore -  
Wits, poets, courtiers by the score -  
Did win and on his bosom wore  
This hard and lovely jewel?

Why, dilettante records say  
An Alderman, who came that way,  
Woo'd you and made you Lady Day;  
You crowned his civic flame.  
It suits a melancholy song  
To think your heart had suffered wrong,  
And that you lived not very long  
To be a City dame!

Perchance you were a Mourning Bride,  
And conscious of a heart that died  
With one who fell by Rodney's side  
In blood-stained Spanish bays.  
Perchance 'twas no such thing, and you  
Dwelt happy with your knight and true,  
And, like Aurora, watched a crew  
Of rosy little Days!

Oh, lovely face and innocent!  
Whatever way your fortunes went,  
And if to earth your life was lent  
For little space or long,  
In your kind eyes we seem to see  
What Woman at her best may be,  
And offer to your memory

An unavailing song!

Andrew Lang

## **Bion**

The wail of Moschus on the mountains crying  
The Muses heard, and loved it long ago;  
They heard the hollows of the hills replying,  
They heard the weeping water's overflow;  
They winged the sacred strain--the song undying,  
The song that all about the world must go, -  
When poets for a poet dead are sighing,  
The minstrels for a minstrel friend laid low.

And dirge to dirge that answers, and the weeping  
For Adonais by the summer sea,  
The plaints for Lycidas, and Thyrsis (sleeping  
Far from 'the forest ground called Thessaly'),  
These hold thy memory, Bion, in their keeping,  
And are but echoes of the moan for thee.

Andrew Lang

## Clerk Saunders

Clerk Saunders and may Margaret  
Walked ower yon garden green;  
And sad and heavy was the love  
That fell thir twa between.

'A bed, a bed,' Clerk Saunders said,  
'A bed for you and me!'  
'Fye na, fye na,' said may Margaret,  
"Till anes we married be.

'For in may come my seven bauld brothers,  
Wi' torches burning bright;  
They'll say,--'We hae but ae sister,  
And behold she's wi a knight!'"

'Then take the sword frae my scabbard,  
And slowly lift the pin;  
And you may swear, and save your aith.  
Ye never let Clerk Saunders in.

'And take a napkin in your hand,  
And tie up baith your bonny e'en,  
And you may swear, and save your aith,  
Ye saw me na since late yestreen.'

It was about the midnight hour,  
When they asleep were laid,  
When in and came her seven brothers,  
Wi' torches burning red.

When in and came her seven brothers,  
Wi' torches burning bright:  
They said, 'We hae but ae sister,  
And behold her lying with a knight!'

Then out and spake the first o' them,  
'I bear the sword shall gar him die!'  
And out and spake the second o' them,  
'His father has nae mair than he!'

And out and spake the third o' them,  
'I wot that they are lovers dear!'  
And out and spake the fourth o' them,  
'They hae been in love this mony a year!'

Then out and spake the fifth o' them,  
'It were great sin true love to twain!'  
And out and spake the sixth o' them,  
'It were shame to slay a sleeping man!'

Then up and gat the seventh o' them,  
And never a word spake he;

But he has striped his bright brown brand  
Out through Clerk Saunders' fair bodye.

Clerk Saunders he started, and Margaret she turned  
Into his arms as asleep she lay;  
And sad and silent was the night  
That was atween thir twae.

And they lay still and slept sound  
Until the day began to daw;  
And kindly to him she did say,  
'It is time, true love, you were awa'.'

But he lay still, and slept sound,  
Albeit the sun began to sheen;  
She looked atween her and the wa',  
And dull and drowsie were his e'en.

Then in and came her father dear;  
Said,--'Let a' your mourning be:  
I'll carry the dead corpse to the clay,  
And I'll come back and comfort thee.'

'Comfort weel your seven sons;  
For comforted will I never be:  
I ween 'twas neither knave nor loon  
Was in the bower last night wi' me.'

The clinking bell gaed through the town,  
To carry the dead corse to the clay;  
And Clerk Saunders stood at may Margaret's window,  
I wot, an hour before the day.

'Are ye sleeping, Margaret?' he says,  
'Or are ye waking presentlie?  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
I wot, true love, I gied to thee.'

'Your faith and troth ye sall never get,  
Nor our true love sall never twin,  
Until ye come within my bower,  
And kiss me cheik and chin.'

'My mouth it is full cold, Margaret,  
It has the smell, now, of the ground;  
And if I kiss thy comely mouth,  
Thy days of life will not be lang.

'O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,  
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;  
Give me my faith and troth again,  
And let me fare me on my way.'

'Thy faith and troth thou sall na get,  
And our true love sall never twin,  
Until ye tell what comes of women,  
I wot, who die in strong traivelling?

'Their beds are made in the heavens high,  
Down at the foot of our good lord's knee,  
Weel set about wi' gillyflowers;  
I wot, sweet company for to see.

'O, cocks are crowing a merry midnight,  
I wot the wild fowl are boding day;  
The psalms of heaven will soon be sung,  
And I, ere now, will be missed away.'

Then she has ta'en a crystal wand,  
And she has stroken her troth thereon;  
She has given it him out at the shot-window,  
Wi' mony a sad sigh, and heavy groan.

'I thank ye, Marg'ret, I thank ye, Marg'ret;  
And aye I thank ye heartilie;  
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,  
Be sure, Mag'ret, I'll come for thee.'

It's hosen and shoon, and gown alone,  
She climb'd the wall, and followed him,  
Until she came to the green forest,  
And there she lost the sight o' him.

'Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?  
Is there ony room at your feet?  
Is there ony room at your side, Saunders,  
Where fain, fain I wad sleep?'

'There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,  
There's nae room at my feet;  
My bed it is full lowly now,  
Amang the hungry worms I sleep.

'Cauld mould is my covering now,  
But and my winding-sheet;  
The dew it falls nae sooner down  
Than my resting-place is weet.

'But plait a wand o' bonnie birk,  
And lay it on my breast;  
And shed a tear upon my grave,  
And wish my saul gude rest.

'And fair Marg'ret, and rare Marg'ret,

And Marg'ret, o' veritie,  
Gin ere ye love another man,  
Ne'er love him as ye did me.'

Then up and crew the milk-white cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
Her lover vanish'd in the air,  
And she gaed weeping away.

Andrew Lang

## Culloden

Dark, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden  
And chill was the mist drop that clung to the tree,  
The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden,  
No light on the land and no wind on the sea.

There was wind, there was rain, there was fire on their faces,  
When the clans broke the bayonets and died on the guns,  
And 'tis Honour that watches the desolate places  
Where they sleep through the change of the snows and the suns.

Unfed and unmarshalled, outworn and outnumbered,  
All hopeless and fearless, as fiercely they fought,  
As when Falkirk with heaps of the fallen was cumbered,  
As when Gledsmuir was red with the havoc they wrought.

Ah, woe worth you, Sleat, and the faith that you vowed,  
Ah, woe worth you, Lovat, Traquair, and Mackay;  
And woe on the false fairy flag of Macleod,  
And the fat squires who drank, but who dared not to die!

Where the graves of Clan Chattan are clustered together,  
Where Macgillavray died by the Well of the Dead,  
We stooped to the moorland and plucked the pale heather  
That blooms where the hope of the Stuart was sped.

And a whisper awoke on the wilderness, sighing,  
Like the voice of the heroes who battled in vain,  
'Not for Tearlach alone the red claymore was plying,  
But to bring back the old life that comes not again.'

Andrew Lang

## **Dickie Macphalion**

I went to the mill, but the miller was gone,  
I sat me down, and cried ochone!  
To think on the days that are past and gone,  
Of Dickie Macphalion that's slain.  
Shoo, shoo, shoolaroo,  
To think on the days that are past and gone,  
Of Dickie Macphalion that's slain.

I sold my rock, I sold my reel,  
And sae hae I my spinning wheel,  
And a' to buy a cap of steel  
For Dickie Macphalion that's slain!  
Shoo, shoo, shoolaroo,  
And a' to buy a cap of steel  
For Dickie Macphalion that's slain.

Andrew Lang

## **Dizain**

As, to the pipe, with rhythmic feet  
In windings of some old-world dance,  
The smiling couples cross and meet,  
Join hands, and then in line advance,  
So, to these fair old tunes of France,  
Through all their maze of to-and-fro,  
The light-heeled numbers laughing go,  
Retreat, return, and ere they flee,  
One moment pause in panting row,  
And seem to say--Vos plaudite!

Andrew Lang

## Double Ballade Of Primitive Man

He lived in a cave by the seas,  
He lived upon oysters and foes,  
But his list of forbidden degrees,  
An extensive morality shows;  
Geological evidence goes  
To prove he had never a pan,  
But he shaved with a shell when he chose, -  
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

He worshipp'd the rain and the breeze,  
He worshipp'd the river that flows,  
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees,  
And bogies, and serpents, and crows;  
He buried his dead with their toes  
Tucked-up, an original plan,  
Till their knees came right under their nose, -  
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

His communal wives, at his ease,  
He would curb with occasional blows;  
Or his State had a queen, like the bees  
(As another philosopher trows):  
When he spoke, it was never in prose,  
But he sang in a strain that would scan,  
For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)  
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

On the coasts that incessantly freeze,  
With his stones, and his bones, and his bows;  
On luxuriant tropical leas,  
Where the summer eternally glows,  
He is found, and his habits disclose  
(Let theology say what she can)  
That he lived in the long, long agos,  
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

From a status like that of the Crees,  
Our society's fabric arose, -  
Develop'd, evolved, if you please,  
But deluded chronologists chose,  
In a fancied accordance with Mos  
es, 4000 B. C. for the span  
When he rushed on the world and its woes, -  
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

But the mild anthropologist,--HE'S  
Not RECENT inclined to suppose  
Flints Palaeolithic like these,  
Quaternary bones such as those!  
In Rhinoceros, Mammoth and Co.'s,  
First epoch, the Human began,  
Theologians all to expose, -

'Tis the MISSION of Primitive Man.

ENVOY.

MAX, proudly your Aryans pose,  
But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,  
For, as every Darwinian knows,  
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

Andrew Lang

## Edom O' Gordon

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,--  
'We maun draw to a hald.

'And whatna hald shall we draw to,  
My merry men and me?  
We will gae straight to Towie house,  
To see that fair ladye.'

[The ladye stood on her castle wall,  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
There she was 'ware of a host of men  
Came riding towards the town.

'Oh, see ye not, my merry men all,  
Oh, see ye not what I see?  
Methinks I see a host of men;  
I marvel who they be.'

She thought it had been her own wed lord.  
As he came riding hame;  
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,  
Wha reck'd nae sin nor shame.]

She had nae sooner buskit hersel',  
And putten on her gown,  
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,  
Nae sooner said the grace,  
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men  
Were round about the place.

The ladye ran to her tower head,  
As fast as she cou'd hie,  
To see if, by her fair speeches,  
She cou'd with him agree.

As soon as he saw this ladye fair.  
And her yetts all lockit fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his heart was all aghast.

'Come down to me, ye ladye gay,  
Come down, come down to me;  
This night ye shall lye within my arms,  
The morn my bride shall be.'

'I winna come down, ye false Gordon,  
I winna come down to thee;

I winna forsake my ain dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me.'

'Gi'e up your house, ye ladye fair,  
Gi'e up your house to me;  
Or I shall burn yoursel' therein,  
Bot and your babies three.'

'I winna gi'e up, ye false Gordon,  
To nae sic traitor as thee;  
Tho' you shou'd burn mysel' therein,  
Bot and my babies three.

['But fetch to me my pistolette,  
And charge to me my gun;  
For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,  
My babes we will be undone.'

She stiffly stood on her castle wall,  
And let the bullets flee;  
She miss'd that bluidy butcher's heart,  
Tho' she slew other three.]

'Set fire to the house!' quo' the false Gordon,  
'Since better may nae be;  
And I will burn hersel' therein,  
Bot and her babies three.'

'Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man,  
I paid ye weel your fee;  
Why pull ye out the grund-wa'-stance,  
Lets in the reek to me?

'And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man,  
I paid ye weel your hire;  
Why pull ye out my grund-wa'-stane,  
To me lets in the fire?'

'Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,  
Ye paid me weel my fee;  
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,  
Maun either do or dee.'

Oh, then out spake her youngest son,  
Sat on the nurse's knee:  
Says--'Mither dear, gi'e o'er this house,  
For the reek it smothers me.'

['I wou'd gi'e all my gold, my bairn,  
Sae wou'd I all my fee,  
For ae blast of the westlin' wind,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.]

'But I winna gi'e up my house, my dear,  
To nae sic traitor as he;  
Come weal, come woe, my jewels fair,  
Ye maun take share with me.'

Oh, then out spake her daughter dear,  
She was baith jimp and small:  
'Oh, row me in a pair of sheets,  
And tow me o'er the wall.'

They row'd her in a pair of sheets,  
And tow'd her o'er the wall;  
But on the point of Gordon's spear  
She got a deadly fall.

Oh, bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,  
And cherry were her cheeks;  
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,  
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

Then with his spear he turn'd her o'er,  
Oh, gin her face was wan!  
He said--'You are the first that e'er  
I wish'd alive again.'

He turn'd her o'er and o'er again,  
Oh, gin her skin was white!  
'I might ha'e spared that bonnie face  
To ha'e been some man's delight.

'Busk and boun, my merry men all,  
For ill dooms I do guess;  
I canna look on that bonnie face,  
As it lyes on the grass!'

'Wha looks to freits, my master dear,  
Their freits will follow them;  
Let it ne'er be said brave Edom o' Gordon  
Was daunted with a dame.'

[But when the ladye saw the fire  
Come flaming o'er her head,  
She wept, and kissed her children twain;  
Said--'Bairns, we been but dead.'

The Gordon then his bugle blew,  
And said--'Away, away!  
The house of Towie is all in a flame,  
I hald it time to gae.']

Oh, then he spied her ain dear lord,

As he came o'er the lea;  
He saw his castle all in a flame,  
As far as he could see.

Then sair, oh sair his mind misgave,  
And oh, his heart was wae!  
'Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
As fast as ye can gae.

'Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
As fast as ye can drie;  
For he that is hindmost of the thrang  
Shall ne'er get gude of me!'

Then some they rade, and some they ran,  
Full fast out o'er the bent;  
But ere the foremost could win up,  
Baith ladye and babes were brent.

[He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,  
And wept in tearful mood;  
'Ah, traitors! for this cruel deed,  
Ye shall weep tears of bluid.'

And after the Gordon he has gane,  
Sae fast as he might drie;  
And soon in the Gordon's foul heart's bluid  
He's wroken his dear layde.]

And mony were the mudie men  
Lay gasping on the green;  
And mony were the fair ladyes  
Lay lemanless at hame.

And mony were the mudie men  
Lay gasping on the green;  
For of fifty men the Gordon brocht,  
There were but five gaed hame.

And round, and round the walls he went,  
Their ashes for to view;  
At last into the flames he flew,  
And bade the world adieu.

Andrew Lang

## Edward, Edward

'Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,  
Edward, Edward?  
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude  
And why sae sad gang ye, O?'  
'O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,  
Mither, mither;  
O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,  
And I hae nae mair but he, O.'

'Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
Edward, Edward;  
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
My dear son, I tell thee, O.'  
'O I hae killed my red-roan steed,  
Mither, mither;  
O I hae killed my red-roan steed,  
That was sae fair and free, O.'

'Your steed was auld, and ye've plenty mair,  
Edward, Edward;  
Your steed was auld, and ye've plenty mair;  
Some ither dule ye dree, O.'  
'O I hae killed my father dear,  
Mither, mither;  
O I hae killed my father dear,  
Alas, and wae is me, O!'

'And whatten penance will ye dree for that,  
Edward, Edward?  
Whatten penance will ye dree for that?  
My dear son, now tell me, O.'  
'I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
Mither, mither;  
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
And I'll fare over the sea, O.'

'And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',  
Edward, Edward?  
And what will ye do wi' your tow'rs and your ha',  
That were sae fair to see, O?'  
'I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
Mither, mither;  
I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
For here never mair maun I be, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
Edward, Edward?  
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
When ye gang ower the sea, O?'  
'The world's room: let them beg through life,  
Mither, mither;  
The world's room: let them beg through life;

For them never mair will I see, O.'

'And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
My dear son, now tell me, O?'

'The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,  
Mither, mither;

The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:  
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!'

Andrew Lang

## Fair Annie

'It's narrow, narrow, make your bed,  
And learn to lie your lane:  
For I'm ga'n oer the sea, Fair Annie,  
A braw bride to bring hame.  
Wi her I will get gowd and gear;  
Wi you I neer got nane.

'But wha will bake my bridal bread,  
Or brew my bridal ale?  
And wha will welcome my brisk bride,  
That I bring oer the dale?'

'It's I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale,  
And I will welcome your brisk bride,  
That you bring oer the dale.'

'But she that welcomes my brisk bride  
Maun gang like maiden fair;  
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,  
And braid her yellow hair.'

'But how can I gang maiden-like,  
When maiden I am nane?  
Have I not born seven sons to thee,  
And am with child again?'

She's taen her young son in her arms,  
Another in her hand,  
And she's up to the highest tower,  
To see him come to land.

'Come up, come up, my eldest son,  
And look oer yon sea-strand,  
And see your father's new-come bride,  
Before she come to land.'

'Come down, come down, my mother dear,  
Come frae the castle wa!  
I fear, if langer ye stand there,  
Ye'll let yoursell down fa.'

And she gaed down, and farther down,  
Her love's ship for to see,  
And the topmast and the mainmast  
Shone like the silver free.

And she's gane down, and farther down,  
The bride's ship to behold,  
And the topmast and the mainmast  
They shone just like the gold.

She's taen her seven sons in her hand,  
I wot she didna fail;  
She met Lord Thomas and his bride,  
As they came oer the dale.

'You're welcome to your house, Lord Thomas,  
You're welcome to your land;  
You're welcome with your fair ladye,  
That you lead by the hand.

'You're welcome to your ha's, ladye,  
You're welcome to your bowers;  
Your welcome to your hame, ladye,  
For a' that's here is yours.'

'I thank thee, Annie; I thank thee, Annie,  
Sae dearly as I thank thee;  
You're the likest to my sister Annie,  
That ever I did see.

'There came a knight out oer the sea,  
And steald my sister away;  
The shame scoup in his company,  
And land where'er he gae!'

She hang ae napkin at the door,  
Another in the ha,  
And a' to wipe the trickling tears,  
Sae fast as they did fa.

And aye she served the lang tables  
With white bread and with wine,  
And aye she drank the wan water,  
To had her colour fine.

And aye she served the lang tables,  
With white bread and with brown;  
And aye she turned her round about,  
Sae fast the tears fell down.

And he's taen down the silk napkin,  
Hung on a silver pin,  
And aye he wipes the tear trickling  
A'down her cheek and chin.

And aye he turn'd him round about,  
And smiled amang his men;  
Says, 'Like ye best the old ladye,  
Or her that's new come hame?'

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' men bound to bed,

Lord Thomas and his new-come bride  
To their chamber they were gaed.

Annie made her bed a little forbye,  
To hear what they might say;  
'And ever alas!' Fair Annie cried,  
'That I should see this day!

'Gin my seven sons were seven young rats,  
Running on the castle wa,  
And I were a grey cat mysell,  
I soon would worry them a'.

'Gin my young sons were seven young hares,  
Running oer yon lilly lee,  
And I were a grew hound mysell,  
Soon worried they a' should be.'

And wae and sad Fair Annie sat,  
And drearie was her sang,  
And ever, as she sobbd and grat,  
'Wae to the man that did the wrang!'

'My gown is on,' said the new-come bride,  
'My shoes are on my feet,  
And I will to Fair Annie's chamber,  
And see what gars her greet.

'What ails ye, what ails ye, Fair Annie,  
That ye make sic a moan?  
Has your wine-barrels cast the girds,  
Or is your white bread gone?

'O wha was't was your father, Annie,  
Or wha was't was your mother?  
And had ye ony sister, Annie,  
Or had ye ony brother?'

'The Earl of Wemyss was my father,  
The Countess of Wemyss my mother;  
And a' the folk about the house  
To me were sister and brother.'

'If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,  
I wot sae was he mine;  
And it shall not be for lack o gowd  
That ye your love sall fyne.

'For I have seven ships o mine ain,  
A' loaded to the brim,  
And I will gie them a' to thee  
Wi four to thine eldest son:

But thanks to a' the powers in heaven  
That I gae maiden hame!

Andrew Lang

## Gordon Of Brackley

Down Deeside cam Inveraye  
Whistlin' and playing,  
An' called loud at Brackley gate  
Ere the day dawning--  
'Come, Gordon of Brackley.  
Proud Gordon, come down,  
There's a sword at your threshold  
Mair sharp than your own.'

'Arise now, gay Gordon,  
His lady 'gan cry,  
'Look, here is bold Inveraye  
Driving your kye.'  
'How can I go, lady,  
An' win them again,  
When I have but ae sword,  
And Inveraye ten?'

'Arise up, my maidens,  
Wi' roke and wi' fan,  
How blest had I been  
Had I married a man!  
Arise up, my maidens,  
Tak' spear and tak' sword,  
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,  
An' I will be lord.'

The Gordon sprung up  
Wi' his helm on his head,  
Laid his hand on his sword,  
An' his thigh on his steed,  
An' he stooped low, and said,  
As he kissed his young dame,  
'There's a Gordon rides out  
That will never ride hame.'

There rode with fierce Inveraye  
Thirty and three,  
But wi' Brackley were nane  
But his brother and he;  
Twa gallanter Gordons  
Did never blade draw,  
But against three-and-thirty  
Wae's me! what are twa?

Wi' sword and wi' dagger  
They rushed on him rude;  
The twa gallant Gordons  
Lie bathed in their blude.  
Frae the springs o' the Dee  
To the mouth o' the Tay,  
The Gordons mourn for him,

And curse Inveraye.

'O were ye at Brackley?  
An' what saw ye there?  
Was his young widow weeping  
An' tearing her hair?'  
'I looked in at Brackley,  
I looked in, and oh!  
There was mirth, there was feasting,  
But naething o' woe.

'As a rose bloomed the lady,  
An' blithe as a bride,  
As a bridegroom bold Inveraye  
Smiled by her side.  
Oh! she feasted him there  
As she ne'er feasted lord,  
While the blood of her husband  
Was moist on his sword.

'In her chamber she kept him  
Till morning grew gray,  
Thro' the dark woods of Brackley  
She shewed him the way.  
'Yon wild hill,' she said,  
'Where the sun's shining on,  
Is the hill of Glentanner,--  
One kiss, and begone!'

There's grief in the cottage,  
There's grief in the ha',  
For the gude, gallant Gordon  
That's dead an' awa'.  
To the bush comes the bud,  
An' the flower to the plain,  
But the gude and the brave  
They come never again.

Andrew Lang

## Hobbie Noble

Foul fa' the breast first treason bred in!  
That Liddesdale may safely say:  
For in it there was baith meat and drink,  
And corn unto our geldings gay.

We were stout-hearted men and true,  
As England it did often say;  
But now we may turn our backs and fly,  
Since brave Noble is seld away.

Now Hobie he was an English man,  
And born into Bewcastle dale;  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banish'd him to Liddisdale.

At Kershope foot the tryst was set,  
Kershope of the lily lee;  
And there was traitour Sim o' the Mains,  
With him a private companie.

Then Hobie has graith'd his body weel,  
I wat it was wi' baith good iron and steel;  
And he has pull'd out his fringed grey,  
And there, brave Noble, he rade him weel.

Then Hobie is down the water gane,  
E'en as fast as he may drie;  
Tho' they shoud a' brusten and broken their hearts,  
Frae that tryst Noble he would na be.

'Weel may ye be, my feiries five!  
And aye, what is your wills wi' me?'  
Then they cry'd a' wi' ae consent,  
'Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

'Wilt thou with us in England ride,  
And thy safe warrand we will be?  
If we get a horse worth a hundred punds,  
Upon his back that thou shalt be.'

'I dare not with you into England ride;  
The Land-sergeant has me at feid:  
I know not what evil may betide,  
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

'And Anton Shiel he loves not me,  
For I gat twa drifts o his sheep;  
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,  
For nae gear frae me he e'er could keep.

'But will ye stay till the day gae down,  
Until the night come o'er the grund,

And I'll be a guide worth ony twa,  
That may in Liddesdale be fund?

'Tho' dark the night as pitch and tar,  
I'll guide ye o'er yon hills fu' hie;  
And bring ye a' in safety back,  
If ye'll be true and follow me.'

He's guided them o'er moss and muir,  
O'er hill and houp, and mony a down;  
Til they came to the Foulbogshiel,  
And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.

But word is gane to the Land-sergeant,  
In Askirton where that he lay--  
'The deer that ye hae hunted lang,  
Is seen into the Waste this day.'

'Then Hobbie Noble is that deer!  
I wat he carries the style fu' hie;  
Aft has he beat your slough-hounds back,  
And set yourselves at little lee.

'Gar warn the bows of Hartlie-burn;  
See they shaft their arrows on the wa'!  
Warn Willeva and Spear Edom,  
And see the morn they meet me a'.

'Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,  
And see it be by break o' day;  
And we will on to Conscowthart-Green,  
For there, I think, we'll get our prey.'

Then Hobbie Noble has dream'd a dream,  
In the Foulbogshiel, where that he lay;  
He thought his horse was neath him shot,  
And he himself got hard away.

The cocks could crow, the day could dawn,  
And I wot so even down fell the rain;  
If Hobbie had no waken'd at that time,  
In the Foulbogshiel he had been tane or slain.

'Get up, get up, my feiries five!  
For I wot here makes a fu' ill day;  
Yet the warst cloak of this companie,  
I hope, shall cross the Waste this day.'

Now Hobie thought the gates were clear;  
But, ever alas! it was not sae:  
They were beset wi' cruel men and keen,  
That away brave Hobbie could not gae.

'Yet follow me, my feiries five,  
And see of me ye keep good ray;  
And the worst cloak o' this companie  
I hope shall cross the Waste this day.'

There was heaps of men now Hobbie before,  
And other heaps was him behind,  
That had he wight as Wallace was,  
Away brave Noble he could not win.

Then Hobie he had but a laddies sword;  
But he did more than a laddies deed;  
In the midst of Conscouthart-Green,  
He brake it oer Jersawigham's head.

Now they have tane brave Hobie Noble,  
Wi' his ain bowstring they band him sae;  
And I wat heart was ne'er sae sair,  
As when his ain five band him on the brae.

They have tane him on for West Carlisle;  
They ask'd him if he knew the why?  
Whate'er he thought, yet little he said;  
He knew the way as well as they.

They hae ta'en him up the Ricker gate;  
The wives they cast their windows wide;  
And every wife to anither can say,  
'That's the man loos'd Jock o' the Side!'

'Fye on ye, women! why ca' ye me man?  
For it's nae man that I'm used like;  
I am but like a forfoughen hound,  
Has been fighting in a dirty syke.'

Then they hae tane him up thro' Carlisle town,  
And set him by the chimney fire;  
They gave brave Noble a wheat loaf to eat,  
And that was little his desire.

Then they gave him a wheat loaf to eat,  
And after that a can o beer;  
Then they cried a' with ae consent,  
'Eat, brave Noble, and make gude cheer!

'Confess my lord's horse, Hobie,' they said,  
'And the morn in Carlisle thou's no die;'  
'How shall I confess them,' Hobie says,  
'For I never saw them with mine eye?'

Then Hobie has sworn a fu' great aith,

By the day that he was gotten and born,  
He never had ony thing o' my lord's,  
That either eat him grass or corn.

'Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton!  
For I think again I'll ne'er thee see:  
I wad betray nae lad alive,  
For a' the goud in Christentie.

'And fare thee weel, sweet Liddesdale!  
Baith the hie land and the law;  
Keep ye weel frae traitor Mains!  
For goud and gear he'll sell ye a'.

'Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobie Noble,  
In Carlisle where he suffers for his faut,  
Before I'd be ca'd traitor Mains,  
That eats and drinks of the meal and maut.'

Andrew Lang

## Homer

Homer, thy song men liken to the sea  
With all the notes of music in its tone,  
With tides that wash the dim dominion  
Of Hades, and light waves that laugh in glee  
Around the isles enchanted; nay, to me  
Thy verse seems as the River of source unknown  
That glasses Egypt's temples overthrown  
In his sky-nurtured stream, eternally.

No wiser we than men of heretofore  
To find thy sacred fountains guarded fast;  
Enough, thy flood makes green our human shore,  
As Nilus Egypt, rolling down his vast  
His fertile flood, that murmurs evermore  
Of gods dethroned, and empires in the past.

Andrew Lang

## **Ideal**

Ah, mystic child of Beauty, nameless maid,  
Dateless and fatherless, how long ago,  
A Greek, with some rare sadness overweighed,  
Shaped thee, perchance, and quite forgot his woe!  
Or Raphael thy sweetness did bestow,  
While magical his fingers o'er thee strayed,  
Or that great pupil taught of Verrocchio  
Redeemed thy still perfection from the shade

That hides all fair things lost, and things unborn,  
Where one has fled from me, that wore thy grace,  
And that grave tenderness of thine awhile;  
Nay, still in dreams I see her, but her face  
Is pale, is wasted with a touch of scorn,  
And only on thy lips I find her smile.

Andrew Lang

## **In Ithaca**

'Tis thought Odysseus when the strife was o'er  
With all the waves and wars, a weary while,  
Grew restless in his disenchanting isle,  
And still would watch the sunset, from the shore,  
Go down the ways of gold, and evermore  
His sad heart followed after, mile on mile,  
Back to the Goddess of the magic wile,  
Calypso, and the love that was of yore.

Thou too, thy haven gained, must turn thee yet  
To look across the sad and stormy space,  
Years of a youth as bitter as the sea,  
Ah, with a heavy heart, and eyelids wet,  
Because, within a fair forsaken place  
The life that might have been is lost to thee.

Andrew Lang

## Jamie Telfer

It fell about the Martinmas tyde,  
When our Border steeds get corn and hay  
The captain of Bewcastle hath bound him to ryde,  
And he's ower to Tividale to drive a prey.

The first ae guide that they met wi',  
It was high up Hardhaughswire;  
The second guide that we met wi',  
It was laigh down in Borthwick water.

'What tidings, what tidings, my trusty guide?'  
'Nae tidings, nae tidings, I hae to thee;  
But, gin ye'll gae to the fair Dodhead,  
Mony a cow's cauf I'll let thee see.'

And whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,  
Right hastily they clam the peel;  
They loosed the kye out, ane and a',  
And ranshacked the house right weel.

Now Jamie Telfer's heart was sair,  
The tear aye rowing in his e'e;  
He pled wi' the captain to hae his gear,  
Or else revenged he wad be.

The captain turned him round and leugh;  
Said--'Man, there's naething in thy house,  
But ae auld sword without a sheath,  
That hardly now wad fell a mouse!'

The sun was na up, but the moon was down,  
It was the gryming o' a new fa'n snaw,  
Jamie Telfer has run three myles a-foot,  
Between the Dodhead and the Stobs's Ha'

And whan he cam to the fair tower yate,  
He shouted loud, and cried weel hie,  
Till out bespak auld Gibby Elliot--  
'Wha's this that brings the fraye to me?'

'It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,  
And a harried man I think I be!  
There's naething left at the fair Dodhead,  
But a waefu' wife and bairnies three.

'Gae seek your succour at Branksome Ha'.  
For succour ye'se get nane frae me!  
Gae seek your succour where ye paid black-mail,  
For, man! ye ne'er paid money to me.'

Jamie has turned him round about,  
I wat the tear blinded his e'e--

I'll ne'er pay mail to Elliot again,  
And the fair Dodhead I'll never see!

'My hounds may a' rin masterless,  
My hawks may fly frae tree to tree;  
My lord may grip my vassal lands,  
For there again maun I never be.'

He has turned him to the Tiviot side,  
E'en as fast as he could drie,  
Till he came to the Coultart Cleugh  
And there he shouted baith loud and hie.

Then up bespak him auld Jock Grieve--  
'Wha's this that brings the fray to me?'  
'It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,  
A harried man I trow I be.

'There's naething left in the fair Dodhead,  
But a greeting wife and bairnies three,  
And sax poor ca's stand in the sta',  
A' routing loud for their minnie.'

'Alack a wae!' quo' auld Jock Grieve,  
'Alack! my heart is sair for thee!  
For I was married on the elder sister,  
And you on the youngest of a' the three.'

Then he has ta'en out a bonny black,  
Was right weel fed wi' corn and hay,  
And he's set Jamie Telfer on his back,  
To the Catslockhill to tak' the fray.

And whan he cam to the Catslockhill,  
He shouted loud and weel cried he,  
Till out and spak him William's Wat--  
'O wha's this brings the fraye to me?'

'It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,  
A harried man I think I be!  
The captain of Bewcastle has driven my gear;  
For God's sake rise, and succour me!'

'Alas for wae!' quo' William's Wat,  
'Alack, for thee my heart is sair!  
I never cam by the fair Dodhead,  
That ever I fand thy basket bare.'

He's set his twa sons on coal-black steeds,  
Himsel' upon a freckled gray,  
And they are on wi, Jamie Telfer,  
To Branksome Ha to tak the fray.

And whan they cam to Branksome Ha',  
They shouted a' baith loud and hie,  
Till up and spak him auld Buccleuch,  
Said--'Wha's this brings the fray to me?

'It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead,  
And a harried man I think I be!  
There's nought left in the fair Dodhead,  
But a greeting wife and bairnies three.'

'Alack for wae!' quoth the gude auld lord,  
'And ever my heart is wae for thee!  
But fye gar cry on Willie, my son,  
And see that he come to me speedilie!

'Gar warn the water, braid and wide,  
Gar warn it soon and hastily!  
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,  
Let them never look in the face o' me!

'Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,  
Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;  
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,  
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonsie.

'Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,  
And warn the Currors o' the Lee;  
As ye come down the Hermitage Slack,  
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinbery.'

The Scots they rade, the Scots they ran,  
Sae starkly and sae steadilie!  
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang,  
Was--'Rise for Branksome readilie!'

The gear was driven the Frostylee up,  
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,  
Whan Willie has looked his men before,  
And saw the kye right fast driving.

'Wha drives thir kye?' 'gan Willie say,  
'To mak an outspeckle o' me?'  
'It's I, the captain o' Bewcastle, Willie;  
I winna layne my name for thee.'

'O will ye let Telfer's kye gae back,  
Or will ye do aught for regard o' me?  
Or, by the faith o' my body,' quo' Willie Scott,  
'I se ware my dame's cauf's-skin on thee!'

'I winna let the kye gae back,

Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear,  
But I will drive Jamie Telfer's kye,  
In spite of every Scot that's here.'

'Set on them, lads!' quo' Willie than,  
'Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!  
For ere they win to the Ritterford,  
Mony a toom saddle there sall be!

But Willie was stricken ower the head,  
And through the knapsap the sword has gane;  
And Harden grat for very rage,  
Whan Willie on the ground lay slain.

But he's ta'en aff his gude steel-cap,  
And thrice he's waved it in the air--  
The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white,  
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

'Revenge! revenge!' auld Wat 'gan cry;  
'Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie!  
We'll ne'er see Tiviotside again,  
Or Willie's death revenged shall be.'

O mony a horse ran masterless,  
The splintered lances flew on hie;  
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,  
The Scots had gotten the victory.

John o' Brigham there was slain,  
And John o' Barlow, as I hear say;  
And thirty mae o' the captain's men,  
Lay bleeding on the grund that day.

The captain was run thro' the thick of the thigh--  
And broken was his right leg bane;  
If he had lived this hundred year,  
He had never been loved by woman again.

'Hae back thy kye!' the captain said;  
'Dear kye, I trow, to some they be!  
For gin I suld live a hundred years,  
There will ne'er fair lady smile on me.'

Then word is gane to the captain's bride,  
Even in the bower where that she lay,  
That her lord was prisoner in enemy's land,  
Since into Tividale he had led the way.

'I wad lourd have had a winding-sheet,  
And helped to put it ower his head,  
Ere he had been disgraced by the Border Scot,

When he ower Liddel his men did lead!

There was a wild gallant amang us a',  
His name was Watty wi' the Wudspurs,  
Cried--'On for his house in Stanegirthside,  
If ony man will ride with us!'

When they cam to the Stanegirthside,  
They dang wi' trees, and burst the door;  
They loosed out a' the captain's kye,  
And set them forth our lads before.

There was an auld wife ayont the fire,  
A wee bit o' the captain's kin--  
'Wha daur loose out the captain's kye,  
Or answer to him and his men?'

'It's I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye,  
I winna layne my name frae thee!  
And I will loose out the captain's kye,  
In scorn of a' his men and he.'

When they cam to the fair Dodhead,  
They were a wellcum sight to see!  
For instead of his ain ten milk-kye,  
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

And he has paid the rescue shot,  
Baith wi' goud, and white monie;  
And at the burial o' Willie Scott,  
I wot was mony a weeping e'e.

Andrew Lang

## Jock O The Side

Now Liddisdale has ridden a raid,  
But I wat they had better staid at hame;  
For Mitchell o Winfield he is dead,  
And my son Johnie is prisner tane?  
With my fa ding diddle, la la dew diddle.

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.

Then up and bespake the lord Mangerton:  
'What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?'  
'Bad news, bad news, my lord Mangerton;  
Mitchel is killd, and tane they hae my son Johnie.'

'Neer fear, sister Downie,' quo Mangerton;  
'I hae yokes of oxen, four-and-twentie,  
My barns, my byres, and my faulds, a' weel filld,  
And I'll part wi them a' ere Johnie shall die.

'Three men I'll take to set him free,  
Weel harnessd a' wi best of steel;  
The English rogues may hear, and drie  
The weight o their braid swords to feel

'The Laird's Jock ane, the Laird's Wat twa,  
O Hobie Noble, thou ane maun be!  
Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,  
Since England banishd thee, to me.'

Now, Hobie was an English man,  
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banished him neer to return.

Lord Mangerton then 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.

'Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
Nor ance appear like men o weir;  
As country lads be all arrayd,  
Wi branks and brecham on ilk mare.'

Sae now a' their horses are shod the wrang way,  
And Hobie has mounted his grey sae fine,  
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse behind,  
And on they rode for the water o Tyne.

At the Cholerford they a' light down,

And there, wi the help o the light o the moon,  
A tree they cut, wi fifteen naggs upon each side,  
To climb up the wall of Newcastle toun.

But when they came to Newcastle toun,  
And were alighted at the wa,  
They fand their tree three ells oer laigh,  
They fand their stick baith short aid sma.

Then up and spake the Laird's ain Jock,  
'There's naething for't; the gates we maun force.'  
But when they cam the gate unto,  
A proud porter withstood baith men and horse.

His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung;  
Wi foot or hand he neer play'd paw;  
His life and his keys at anes they hae taen,  
And cast his body ahind the wa.

Now soon they reached Newcastle jail,  
And to the prisner thus they call:  
'Sleips thou, wakes thou, Jock o the Side,  
Or is thou wearied o thy thrall?'

Jock answers thus, wi dolefu tone:  
'Aft, aft I wake, I seldom sleip;  
But wha's this kens my name sae weel,  
And thus to hear my waes does seek?'

Then up and spake the good Laird's Jock:  
'Neer fear ye now, my billie,' quo he;  
'For here's the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,  
And Hobie Noble, come to set thee free.'

'Oh, had thy tongue, and speak nae mair,  
And o thy talk now let me be!  
For if a' Liddesdale were here the night,  
The morn's the day that I maun die.

'Full fifteen stane o Spanish iron,  
They hae laid a' right sair on me;  
Wi locks and keys I am fast bound  
Into this dungeon mirk and drearie.'

'Fear ye no that,' quo the Laird's Jock;  
'A faint heart neer wan a fair ladie;  
Work thou within, we'll work without,  
And I'll be sworn we set thee free.'

The first strong dore that they came at,  
They loosed it without a key;  
The next chaid dore that they cam at,

They gard it a' in flinders flee.

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.

'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.'

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.

'O Jock, sae winsomely's ye ride,  
Wi baith your feet upo ae side!  
Sae weel's ye're harnessd, and sae trig!  
In troth ye sit like ony bride.'

The night, tho wat, they didna mind,  
But hied them on fu mirrilie,  
Until they cam to Cholerford brae,  
Where the water ran like mountains hie.

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.'

'I wat weel no,' quo the good auld man;  
'Here I hae livd this threty yeirs and three,  
And I neer yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
Nor rinning ance sae like a sea.'

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 comd we a' maun die!'

'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;  
Lift ye the prisner on ahint me.

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?'

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.

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.'

'I wat weel no,' cryd the Laird's Jock,  
'I'll keep them a'; shoon to my mare they'll be;  
My good grey mare; for I am sure,  
She's bought them a' fu dear frae thee.'

Sae now they're away for Liddisdale,  
Een as fast as they coud them hie;  
The prisner's brought to his ain fireside,  
And there o's airns they make him free.

'Now, Jock, my billie,' quo a' the three,  
'The day was comd thou was to die;  
But thou's as weel at thy ain fireside,  
Now sitting, I think, 'tween thee and me.'

They hae gard fill up ae punch-bowl,  
And after it they maun hae anither,  
And thus the night they a' hae spent,  
Just as they had been brither and brither.

Andrew Lang

## Johnie Faa

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate  
And wow but they sang sweetly!  
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete  
That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,  
And a' her maids before her;  
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd face,  
They coost the glamer o'er her.

'O come with me,' says Johnie Faw,  
'O come with me, my dearie;  
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,  
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

Then she gied them the beer and the wine,  
And they gied her the ginger;  
But she gied them a far better thing,  
The goud ring aff her finger.

'Gae take frae me this yay mantle,  
And bring to me a plaidie;  
For if kith and kin, and a' had sworn,  
I'll follow the gypsy laddie.

'Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,  
Wi' my good lord beside me;  
But this night I'll lye in a tenant's barn,  
Whatever shall betide me!'

'Come to your bed,' says Johnie Faw,  
'Oh, come to your bed, my dearie:  
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,  
Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

'I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faw,  
I'll go to bed to my dearie;  
For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,  
My lord shall nae mair come near me.

'I'll mak a hap to my Johnie Faw,  
I'll mak a hap to my dearie;  
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,  
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.'

And when our lord came hame at e'en,  
And spier'd for his fair lady,  
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,  
'She's awa' wi' the gypsy laddie!'

'Gae saddle to me the black black steed,  
Gae saddle and make him ready;

Before that I either eat or sleep,  
I'll gae seek my fair lady.'

And we were fifteen weel-made men,  
Altho' we were na bonny;  
And we were a' put down but ane,  
For a fair young wanton lady.

Andrew Lang

## Johnnie Armstrang

Some speak of lords, some speak of lairds,  
And sic like men of high degree;  
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,  
Some time call'd Laird of Gilnockie.

The king he writes a loving letter,  
With his ain hand sae tenderlie,  
And he hath sent it to Johnnie Armstrang,  
To come and speak with him speedilie.

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene,  
They were a gallant companie:  
'We'll ride and meet our lawful king,  
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.

'Make kinnen and capon ready, then,  
And venison in great plentie;  
We'll welcome here our royal king;  
I hope he'll dine at Gilnockie!'

They ran their horse on the Langholm howm,  
And brake their spears with meikle main;  
The ladies lookit frae their loft windows--  
'God bring our men weel hame again!'

When Johnnie came before the king,  
With all his men sae brave to see,  
The king he moved his bonnet to him;  
He ween'd he was a king as well as he.

'May I find grace, my sovereign liege,  
Grace for my loyal men and me?  
For my name it is Johnnie Armstrang,  
And a subject of yours, my liege,' said he.

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

'Grant me my life, my liege, my king!  
And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee;  
Full four-and-twenty milk-white steeds,  
Were all foal'd in ae year to me.

'I'll gi'e thee all these milk-white steeds,  
That prance and nicher at a spear;  
And as meikle gude English gilt,  
As four of their braid backs dow bear.'

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!

I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

'Grant me my life, my liege, my king!  
And a bonnie gift I'll gi'e to thee:  
Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,  
That gang thro' all the year to me.

'These four-and-twenty mills complete,  
Shall gang for thee thro' all the year;  
And as meikle of gude red wheat,  
As all their happers dow to bear.'

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

'Grant me my life, my liege, my king!  
And a great gift I'll gi'e to thee:  
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters' sons  
Shall for thee fecht, tho' all shou'd flee.'

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

'Grant me my life, my liege, my king!  
And a brave gift I'll gi'e to thee:  
All between here and Newcastle town  
Shall pay their yearly rent to thee.'

'Away, away, thou traitor strang!  
Out of my sight soon may'st thou be!  
I granted never a traitor's life,  
And now I'll not begin with thee.'

'Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,' he says,  
'Altho' a king and prince ye be!  
For I've loved naething in my life,  
I weel dare say it, but honestie.

'Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,  
Twa bonnie dogs to kill a deer;  
But England shou'd have found me meal and mault,  
Gif I had lived this hundred year.

'She shou'd have found me meal and mault,  
And beef and mutton in all plentie;  
But never a Scots wife cou'd have said,  
That e'er I skaith'd her a puir flee.

'To seek het water beneath cauld ice,  
Surely it is a great follie:  
I have ask'd grace at a graceless face,  
But there is nane for my men and me.

'But had I kenn'd, ere I came frae hame,  
How unkind thou wou'dst been to me,  
I wou'd ha'e keepit the Border side,  
In spite of all thy force and thee.

'Wist England's king that I was ta'en,  
Oh, gin a blythe man he wou'd be!  
For ance I slew his sister's son,  
And on his breast-bane brak a tree.'

John wore a girdle about his middle,  
Embroider'd o'er with burning gold,  
Bespangled with the same metal,  
Maist beautiful was to behold.

There hang nine targats at Johnnie's hat,  
An ilk ane worth three hundred pound:  
'What wants that knave that a king shou'd have,  
But the sword of honour and the crown?

'Oh, where got thee these targats, Johnnie.  
That blink sae brawly aboon thy brie?'  
'I gat them in the field fechtin',  
Where, cruel king, thou durst not be.

'Had I my horse and harness gude,  
And riding as I wont to be,  
It shou'd have been tauld this hundred year,  
The meeting of my king and me!

'God be with thee, Kirsty, my brother,  
Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun!  
Lang may'st thou live on the Border side,  
Ere thou see thy brother ride up and down!

'And God he with thee, Kirsty, my son,  
Where thou sits on thy nurse's knee!  
But an thou live this hundred year,  
Thy father's better thou'lt never be.

'Farewell, my bonnie Gilnock hall,  
Where on Esk side thou standest stout!  
Gif I had lived but seven years mair,  
I wou'd ha'e gilt thee round about.'

John murder'd was at Carlinrigg,

And all his gallant companie;  
But Scotland's heart was ne'er sae wae,  
To see sae mony brave men die;

Because they saved their country dear  
Frae Englishmen! Nane were sae bauld  
While Johnnie lived on the Border side,  
Nane of them durst come near his hauld.

Andrew Lang

## Kinmont Willie

O have ye na heard o the fause Sakelde?  
O have ye na heard o the keen Lord Scroop?  
How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,  
On Hairibee to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men,  
But twenty men as stout as be,  
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont taen  
Wi eight score in his companie.

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.

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.

'My hands are tied; but my tongue is free,  
And whae will dare this deed avow?  
Or answer by the border law?  
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?'

'Now haud 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.'

'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo Willie:  
'By the faith o my body, Lord Scroope,' he said,  
'I never yet lodged in a hostelrie--  
But I paid my lawing before I gaed.'

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.

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!

'O is my basnet a widow's curch?  
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?  
Or my arm a lady's lilye hand,  
That an English lord should lightly me?

'And have they taen him, Kinmont Willie,  
Against the truce of Border tide?

And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

'And have they een taen him, Kinmont Willie,  
Withouten either dread or fear,  
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

'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.

'I would set that castell in a low,  
And sloken it with English blood;  
There's nevir a man in Cumberland  
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

'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!'

He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,  
I trow they were of his ain name,  
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, calld  
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has calld him forty marchmen bauld,  
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,  
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,  
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',  
Wi hunting-horns and bugles bright;  
And five and five came wi Buccleuch,  
Like Warden's men, arrayed for fight.

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.

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 Sakelde!

'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'  
'We go to hunt an English stag,  
Has trespassed on the Scots countrie.'

'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell me true!  
'We go to catch a rank reiver,  
Has broken faith wi the bauld Buccleuch.'

'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.'

'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me?'  
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,  
And the nevir a word o lear had he.

'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.

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.

And when we reachd the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind was rising loud and hie;  
And there the laird garrd leave our steeds,  
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind began full loud to blaw;  
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,  
When we came beneath the castell-wa.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
Till we placed the ladders against the wa;  
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell  
To mount she first, before us a'.

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.

'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo Buccleuch;  
'Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!'  
Then loud the warden's trumpet blew  
'O whae dare meddle wi me?'

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,

And raised the slogan ane and a',  
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,  
And so we wan to the castel-ha.

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!

Wi coulters, and wi fore-hammers,  
We garrd the bars bang merrilie,  
Until we came to the inner prison,  
Where Willie o Kinmont he did lie.

And when we came 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?'

'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,  
It's lang since sleeping was fley'd frae me;  
Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns  
And a' gude fellows that speer for me.'

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,  
The starkest man in Teviotdale:  
'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,  
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

'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.'

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 airms playd clang!

'O mony a time,' quo Kinmont Willie.  
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;  
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,  
I ween my legs have neer bestrode.

'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!'

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.

Buckleuch 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.

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!'

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.

'He is either himsell 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.'

Andrew Lang

## **Les Roses de Sâdi**

This morning I vowed I would bring thee my roses,  
They were thrust in the band that my bodice encloses;  
But the breast-knots were broken, the roses went free.  
The breast-knots were broken; the roses together  
Floated forth on the wings of the wind and the weather,  
And they drifted afar down the streams of the sea.  
And the sea was as red as when sunset uncloses;  
But my raiment is sweet from the scent of the roses,  
Thou shalt know, love, how fragrant a memory can be.

Andrew Lang

## Lord Thomas And Fair Annet

Lord Thomas and Fair Annet  
Sate a' day on a hill;  
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,  
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,  
Fair Annet took it ill:  
'A, I will nevir wed a wife  
Against my ain friend's will.'

'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,  
A wife wull neir wed yee;'  
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,  
And knelt upon his knee.

'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,  
'A gude rede gie to mee;  
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,  
And let Faire Annet bee?'

'The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,  
Fair Annet she has gat nane;  
And the little beauty Fair Annet haes  
O it wull soon be gane.'

And he has till his brother gane:  
'Now, brother, rede ye mee;  
A, sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And let Fair Annet bee?'

'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,  
The nut-browne bride has kye;  
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And cast Fair Annet bye.'

'Her oxen may dye i' the house, billie,  
And her kye into the byre;  
And I sall hae nothing to mysell  
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'

And he has till his sister gane:  
'Now, sister, rede ye mee;  
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,  
And set Fair Annet free?'

'I'se rede ye tak Fair Annet, Thomas,  
And let the browne bride alane;  
Lest ye sould sigh, and say, Alace,  
What is this we brought hame!'

'No, I will tak my mither's counsel,  
And marrie me owt o hand;

And I will tak the nut-browne bride,  
Fair Annet may leive the land.'

Up then rose Fair Annet's father,  
Twa hours or it wer day,  
And he is gane unto the bower  
Wherein Fair Annet lay.

'Rise up, rise up, Fair Annet,' he says  
'Put on your silken sheene;  
Let us gae to St. Marie's Kirke,  
And see that rich weddeen.'

'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,  
And dress to me my hair;  
Whaireir yee laid a plait before,  
See yee lay ten times mair.

'My maids, gae to my dressing-room,  
And dress to me my smock;  
The one half is o the holland fine,  
The other o needle-work.'

The horse Fair Annet rade upon,  
He amblit like the wind;  
Wi siller he was shod before,  
Wi burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty siller bells  
Wer a' tyed till his mane,  
And yae tift o the norland wind,  
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts  
Rade by Fair Annet's side,  
And four and twanty fair ladies,  
As gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Marie's Kirk,  
She sat on Marie's stean:  
The cleading that Fair Annet had on  
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,  
She shimmerd like the sun;  
The belt that was about her waist  
Was a' wi pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,  
And her een they wer sae clear,  
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,  
When Fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,  
He gae it kisses three,  
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,  
Laid it on Fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,  
She spak wi meikle spite:  
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,  
That does mak yee sae white?'

'O I did get the rose-water  
Whair ye wull neir get nane,  
For I did get that very rose-water  
Into my mither's wame.'

The bride she drew a long bodkin  
Frae out her gay head-gear,  
And strake Fair Annet unto the heart,  
That word spak nevir mair.

Lord Thomas he saw Fair Annet wex pale,  
And marvelit what mote bee;  
But when he saw her dear heart's blude,  
A' wood-wroth wexed bee.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,  
That was sae sharp and meet,  
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,  
That fell deid at his feit.

'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,  
'Now stay, my dear,' he cry'd;  
Then strake the dagger untill his heart,  
And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa,  
Fair Annet within the quiere,  
And o the ane thair grew a birk,  
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,  
As they wad faine be neare;  
And by this ye may ken right weil  
They were twa luvvers deare.

Andrew Lang

## Love Gregor; Or, The Lass Of Lochroyan

'O wha will shoe my fu' fair foot?  
And wha will glove my hand?  
And wha will lace my middle jimp,  
Wi' the new-made London band?

'And wha will kaim my yellow hair,  
Wi' the new made silver kaim?  
And wha will father my young son,  
Till Love Gregor come hame?'

'Your father will shoe your fu' fair foot,  
Your mother will glove your hand;  
Your sister will lace your middle jimp  
Wi' the new-made London band.

'Your brother will kaim your yellow hair,  
Wi' the new made silver kaim;  
And the king of heaven will father your bairn,  
Till Love Gregor come haim.'

'But I will get a bonny boat,  
And I will sail the sea,  
For I maun gang to Love Gregor,  
Since he canno come hame to me.'

O she has gotten a bonny boat,  
And sailld the sa't sea fame;  
She langd to see her ain true-love,  
Since he could no come hame.

'O row your boat, my mariners,  
And bring me to the land,  
For yonder I see my love's castle,  
Close by the sa't sea strand.'

She has ta'en her young son in her arms,  
And to the door she's gone,  
And lang she's knocked and sair she ca'd,  
But answer got she none.

'O open the door, Love Gregor,' she says,  
'O open, and let me in;  
For the wind blows thro' my yellow hair,  
And the rain draps o'er my chin.'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
You'r nae come here for good;  
You'r but some witch, or wile warlock,  
Or mer-maid of the flood.'

'I am neither a witch nor a wile warlock,  
Nor mer-maid of the sea,

I am Fair Annie of Rough Royal;  
O open the door to me.'

'Gin ye be Annie of Rough Royal--  
And I trust ye are not she--  
Now tell me some of the love-tokens  
That past between you and me.'

'O dinna you mind now, Love Gregor,  
When we sat at the wine,  
How we changed the rings frae our fingers?  
And I can show thee thine.

'O yours was good, and good enough,  
But ay the best was mine;  
For yours was o' the good red goud,  
But mine o' the diamonds fine.

'But open the door now, Love Gregor,  
O open the door I pray,  
For your young son that is in my arms  
Will be dead ere it be day.'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
For here ye shanno win in;  
Gae drown ye in the raging sea,  
Or hang on the gallows-pin.'

When the cock had crawn, and day did dawn,  
And the sun began to peep,  
Then up he rose him, Love Gregor,  
And sair, sair did he weep.

'O I dreamd a dream, my mother dear,  
The thoughts o' it gars me greet,  
That Fair Annie of Rough Royal  
Lay cauld dead at my feet.'

'Gin it be for Annie of Rough Royal  
That ye make a' this din,  
She stood a' last night at this door,  
But I trow she wan no in.'

'O wae betide ye, ill woman,  
An ill dead may ye die!  
That ye woudno open the door to her,  
Nor yet woud waken me.'

O he has gone down to yon shore-side,  
As fast as he could fare;  
He saw Fair Annie in her boat,  
But the wind it tossd her sair.

And 'Hey, Annie!' and 'How, Annie!  
O Annie, winna ye bide?'  
But ay the mair that he cried 'Annie,'  
The braider grew the tide.

And 'Hey, Annie!' and 'How, Annie!  
Dear Annie, speak to me!'  
But ay the louder he cried 'Annie,'  
The louder roard the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew rough,  
And dashd the boat on shore;  
Fair Annie floats on the raging sea,  
But her young son rose no more.

Love Gregor tare his yellow hair,  
And made a heavy moan;  
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,  
But his bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
And gowden was her hair,  
But clay cold were her rosey lips,  
Nae spark of life was there,

And first he's kissd her cherry cheek,  
And neist he's kissed her chin;  
And saftly pressd her rosey lips,  
But there was nae breath within.

'O wae betide my cruel mother,  
And an ill dead may she die!  
For she turnd my true-love frae my door,  
When she came sae far to me.'

Andrew Lang

## Mary Ambree

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,  
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,  
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,  
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When [the] brave sergeant-major was slaine in her sight,  
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,  
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie  
Then vovd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe  
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;  
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe shee strait did provide,  
A stronge arminge-sword shee girt by her side,  
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,  
Bidding all such, as wold, [to] bee of her band;  
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

'My soldiers,' she saith, 'soe valliant and bold,  
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;  
Still formost in battell myselfe will I bee:'  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,  
'Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,  
Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,  
No mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.'

She cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,  
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,  
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

'Before I will see the worst of you all  
To come into danger of death or of thrall,  
This hand and this life I will venture so free:'  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee ledd upp her souldiers in battaile array,  
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;  
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,  
And her enemyes bodyes with bulletts so hott;

For one of her own men a score killed shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,  
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,  
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,  
At length she was forced to make a retyre;  
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:  
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,  
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;  
To beate down the walles they all did decree:  
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,  
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,  
There daring their captaines to match any three:  
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

'Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give  
To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?  
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee:'  
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

'Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,  
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?  
'A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,  
Who shortlye with us a prisoner must bee.'

'No captaine of England; behold in your sight  
Two brests in my bosome, and therefore no knight:  
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,  
But a poor simple mayden called Mary Ambree.'

'But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,  
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?  
If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee,  
Full well mey they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.'

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,  
Who long had advanced for England's fair crowne;  
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,  
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all:  
'Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall;  
A maiden of England, sir, never will bee  
The wench of a monarcke,' quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee back did returne,  
Still holding the foes of rare England in scorne!  
Therefore English captaines of every degree  
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

Andrew Lang

## May Colven

False Sir John a wooing came  
To a maid of beauty fair;  
May Colven was this lady's name,  
Her father's only heir.

He wood her butt, he wood her ben,  
He wood her in the ha,  
Until he got this lady's consent  
To mount and ride awa.

He went down to her father's bower,  
Where all the steeds did stand,  
And he's taken one of the best steeds  
That was in her father's land.

He's got on and she's got on,  
As fast as they could flee,  
Until they came to a lonesome part,  
A rock by the side of the sea.

'Loup off the steed,' says false Sir John,  
'Your bridal bed you see;  
For I have drowned seven young ladies,  
The eighth one you shall be.

'Cast off, cast off, my May Colven,  
All and your silken gown,  
For it's oer good and oer costly  
To rot in the salt sea foam.

'Cast off, cast off, my May Colven.  
All and your embroiderd shoen,  
For oer good and oer costly  
To rot in the salt sea foam.'

'O turn you about, O false Sir John,  
And look to the leaf of the tree,  
For it never became a gentleman  
A naked woman to see.'

He turned himself straight round about,  
To look to the leaf of the tree,  
So swift as May Colven was  
To throw him in the sea.

'O help, O help, my May Colven,  
O help, or else I'll drown;  
I'll take you home to your father's bower,  
And set you down safe and sound.'

'No help, no help, O false Sir John,  
No help, nor pity thee;

Tho' seven kings' daughters you have drown'd,  
But the eighth shall not be me.'

So she went on her father's steed,  
As swift as she could flee,  
And she came home to her father's bower  
Before it was break of day.

Up then and spoke the pretty parrot:  
'May Colven, where have you been?  
What has become of false Sir John,  
That woo'd you so late the streen?'

'He woo'd you butt, he woo'd you ben,  
He woo'd you in the ha,  
Until he got your own consent  
For to mount and gang awa.'

'O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
Lay not the blame upon me;  
Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,  
Your cage of the root of the tree.'

Up then spake the king himself,  
In the bed-chamber where he lay:  
'What ails the pretty parrot,  
That prattles so long or day?'

'There came a cat to my cage door,  
It almost a worried me,  
And I was calling on May Colven  
To take the cat from me.'

Andrew Lang

## Melville and Coghill - The Place Of The Little Hand

DEAD, with their eyes to the foe,  
Dead, with the foe at their feet;  
Under the sky laid low  
Truly their slumber is sweet,  
Though the wind from the Camp of the  
Slain Men blow,  
And the rain on the wilderness beat.

Dead, for they chose to die  
When that wild race was run;  
Dead, for they would not fly,  
Deeming their work undone,  
Nor cared to look on the face of the sky,  
Nor loved the light of the sun.

Honor we give them and tears,  
And the flag they died to save,  
Rent from the raid of the spears,  
Wet from the war and the wave,  
Shall waft men's thoughts through the dust of the years,  
Back to their lonely grave!

Andrew Lang

## Natural Theology

'Once CAGN was like a father, kind and good,  
But He was spoiled by fighting many things;  
He wars upon the lions in the wood,  
And breaks the Thunder-bird's tremendous wings;  
But still we cry to Him,--'We are thy brood -  
O Cagn, be merciful!' and us He brings  
To herds of elands, and great store of food,  
And in the desert opens water-springs.'

So Qing, King Nqsha's Bushman hunter, spoke,  
Beside the camp-fire, by the fountain fair,  
When all were weary, and soft clouds of smoke  
Were fading, fragrant, in the twilit air:  
And suddenly in each man's heart there woke  
A pang, a sacred memory of prayer.

Andrew Lang

## On Calais Sands

ON Calais Sands the gray began,  
Then rosy red above they gray;  
The morn with many a scarlet van  
Leaped, and the world was glad with May!  
The little waves along the bay  
Broke white upon the shelving strands;  
The sea-mews flitted white as they  
On Calais Sands!

On Calais Sands must man with man  
Wash honor clean in blood to-day;  
On spaces wet from waters wan  
How white the flashing rapiers play,—  
Parry, riposte! and lunge! The fray  
Shifts for a while, then mournful stands  
The Victor: life ebbs fast away  
On Calais Sands!

On Calais Sands a little space  
Of silence, then the splash and spray,  
The sound of eager waves that ran  
To kiss the perfumed locks astray,  
To touch these lips that ne'er said "Nay,"  
To dally with the helpless hands,  
Till the deep sea in silence lay  
On Calais Sands!

Between the lilac and the may  
She waits her love from alien lands;  
Her love is colder than the clay  
On Calais Sands!

Andrew Lang

## **Partant Pour La Scribie**

A pleasant land is Scribie, where  
The light comes mostly from below,  
And seems a sort of symbol rare  
Of things at large, and how they go,  
In rooms where doors are everywhere  
And cupboards shelter friend or foe.

This is a realm where people tell  
Each other, when they chance to meet,  
Of things that long ago befell -  
And do most solemnly repeat  
Secrets they both know very well,  
Aloud, and in the public street!

A land where lovers go in fours,  
Master and mistress, man and maid;  
Where people listen at the doors  
Or 'neath a table's friendly shade,  
And comic Irishmen in scores  
Roam o'er the scenes all undismayed:

A land where Virtue in distress  
Owes much to uncles in disguise;  
Where British sailors frankly bless  
Their limbs, their timbers, and their eyes;  
And where the villain doth confess,  
Conveniently, before he dies!

A land of lovers false and gay;  
A land where people dread a 'curse;'  
A land of letters gone astray,  
Or intercepted, which is worse;  
Where weddings false fond maids betray,  
And all the babes are changed at nurse.

Oh, happy land, where things come right!  
We of the world where things go ill;  
Where lovers love, but don't unite;  
Where no one finds the Missing Will -  
Dominion of the heart's delight,  
Scribie, we've loved, and love thee still!

Andrew Lang

## Rob Roy

Rob Roy from the Highlands cam,  
Unto the Lawlan' border,  
To steal awa a gay ladie  
To haud his house in order.  
He cam oure the lock o' Lynn,  
Twenty men his arms did carry;  
Himsel gaed in, an' fand her out,  
Protesting he would many.

'O will ye gae wi' me,' he says,  
'Or will ye be my honey?  
Or will ye be my wedded wife?  
For I love you best of any.'  
'I winna gae wi' you,' she says,  
'Nor will I be your honey,  
Nor will I be your wedded wife;  
You love me for my money.'

\* \* \* \* \*

But he set her on a coal-black steed,  
Himsel lap on behind her,  
An' he's awa to the Highland hills,  
Whare her frien's they canna find her.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Rob Roy was my father ca'd,  
Macgregor was his name, ladie;  
He led a band o' heroes bauld,  
An' I am here the same, ladie.  
Be content, be content,  
Be content to stay, ladie,  
For thou art my wedded wife  
Until thy dying day, ladie.

'He was a hedge unto his frien's,  
A heckle to his foes, ladie,  
Every one that durst him wrang,  
He took him by the nose, ladie.  
I'm as bold, I'm as bold,  
I'm as bold, an more, ladie;  
He that daurs dispute my word,  
Shall feel my guid claymore, ladie.'

Andrew Lang

## Robin Hood And The Butcher

Come, all you brave gallants, and listen awhile,  
With hey down, down, an a down,  
That are in the bowers within;  
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,  
Bold Robin in forrest did 'spy  
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,  
With his flesh to the market did hye.

'Good morrow, good fellow,' said jolly Robin,  
'What food hast [thou]? tell unto me;  
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,  
For I like well thy company.'

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,  
'No matter where I dwell;  
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham  
I am going, my flesh to sell.'

'What's [the] price of thy flesh?' said jolly Robin,  
'Come, tell it soon unto me;  
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,  
For a butcher fain would I be.'

'The price of my flesh,' the butcher repli'd,  
'I soon will tell unto thee;  
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,  
Four mark thou must give unto me.'

'Four mark I will give thee,' saith jolly Robin,  
'Four mark it shall be thy fee;  
The mony come count, and let me mount,  
For a butcher I fain would be.'

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,  
His butchers trade to begin;  
With good intent to the sheriff he went,  
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers did open their meat,  
Bold Robin he then begun;  
But how for to sell he knew not well,  
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,  
Robin got both gold and fee;  
For he sold more meat for one peny  
Then others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,

No butcher by him could thrive;  
For he sold more meat for one peny  
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham  
To study as they did stand,  
Saying, 'Surely he 'is' some prodigal,  
That hath sold his fathers land.'

The butchers stepped to jolly Robin,  
Acquainted with him for to be;  
'Come, brother,' one said, 'we be all of one trade,  
Come, will you go dine with me?'

'Accurst of his heart,' said jolly Robin,  
'That a butcher doth deny;  
I will go with you, my brethren true,  
As fast as I can hie.'

But when to the sheriffs house they came,  
To dinner they hied apace,  
And Robin Hood he the man must be  
Before them all to say grace.

'Pray God bless us all,' said jolly Robin,  
'And our meat within this place;  
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,  
And so do I end my grace.'

'Come fill us more wine,' said jolly Robin,  
'Let us be merry while we do stay;  
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,  
I vow I the reck'ning will pay.

'Come, 'brothers,' be merry,' said jolly Robin,  
'Let us drink, and never give ore;  
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,  
If it cost me five pounds and more.'

'This is a mad blade,' the butchers then said;  
Saies the sheriff, 'He is some prodigal,  
That some land has sold for silver and gold,  
And now he doth mean to spend all.

'Hast thou any horn beasts,' the sheriff repli'd,  
'Good fellow, to sell unto me?'  
'Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,  
I have hundreds two or three;

'And a hundred aker of good free land,  
If you please it to see:  
And Ile make you as good assurance of it,

As ever my father made me.'

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,  
And, with three hundred pound in gold,  
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,  
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,  
To the forrest of merry Sherwood;  
Then the sheriff did say, 'God bless us this day  
From a man they call Robin Hood!'

But when a little farther they came,  
Bold Robin he chanced to spy  
A hundred head of good red deer,  
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

'How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff?  
They be fat and fair for to see;'  
'I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,  
For I like not thy company.'

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew but blasts three;  
Then quickly anon there came Little John,  
And all his company.

'What is your will, master?' then said Little John,  
'Good master come tell unto me;'  
'I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham  
This day to dine with thee.'

'He is welcome to me,' then said Little John,  
'I hope he will honestly pay;  
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,  
Will serve us to drink a whole day.'

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,  
And laid it upon the ground:  
And out of the sheriffs portmantle  
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,  
And set him on his dapple gray;  
'O have me commanded to your wife at home;'  
So Robin went laughing away.

Andrew Lang

## Robin Hood And The Monk

In somer when the shawes be sheyne,  
And leves be large and longe,  
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste  
To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale,  
And leve the hilles hee,  
And shadow hem in the leves grene,  
Vndur the grene-wode tre.

Hit befell on Whitsontide,  
Erly in a may mornyng,  
The son vp fayre can shyne,  
And the briddis mery can syng.

'This is a mery mornyng,' seid Litulle Johne,  
'Be hym that dyed on tre;  
A more mery man than I am one  
Lyves not in Cristiante.'

'Pluk vp thi hert, my dere mayster,'  
Litulle Johne can sey,  
'And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme  
In a mornynge of may.'

'Ze on thyngre greves me,' seid Robyne,  
'And does my hert mych woo,  
That I may not so solem day  
To mas nor matyns goo.

'Hit is a fourtnet and more,' seyde hee,  
'Syn I my Sauyours see;  
To day will I to Notyngham,' seid Robyn,  
'With the myght of mylde Mary.'

Then spake Moche the mylner sune,  
Euer more wel hym betyde,  
'Take xii thi wyght zemen  
Well weppynd be thei side.  
Such on wolde thi selfe slon  
That xii dar not abyde.'

'Off alle my mery men,' seid Robyne,  
'Be my feithe I wil non haue;  
But Litulle Johne shall beyre my bow  
Til that me list to drawe.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Thou shalle beyre thin own,' seid Litulle Jon,  
'Maister, and I wil beyre myne,  
And we wille shete a peny,' seid Litulle Jon,

'Vnder the grene wode lyne.'

'I wil not shete a peny,' seyde Robyn Hode,  
'In feith, Litulle Johne, with thee,  
But euer for on as thou shetes,' seid Robyn,  
'In feith I holde the thre.'

Thus shet thei forthe, these zemen too,  
Bothe at buske and brome,  
Til Litulle Johne wan of his maister  
V s. to hose and shone.

A ferly strife fel them betwene,  
As they went bi the way;  
Litull Johne seid he had won v shylyngs,  
And Robyn Hode seid schortly nay.

With that Robyn Hode lyed Litul Jone,  
And smote him with his honde;  
Litul John waxed wroth therwith,  
And pulled out his bright bronde.

'Were thou not my maister,' seid Litulle Johne,  
'Thou shuldis by hit ful sore;  
Get the a man where thou wilt, Robyn,  
For thou getes me no more.'

Then Robyn goes to Notynggham,  
Hymselfe mornynge allone,  
And Litulle Johne to mery Scherewode,  
The pathes he knowe alkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notynggham,  
Sertenly withoutene layne,  
He prayed to God and myld Mary  
To brynge hym out saue agayne.

He gos into seynt Mary chirche,  
And knelyd downe before the rode;  
Alle that euer were the church within  
Beheld wel Robyne Hode.

Beside hym stode a gret-hedid munke,  
I pray to God woo he be;  
Full sone he knew gode Robyn  
As sone as he hym se.

Out at the durre he ran  
Ful sone and anon;  
Alle the zatis of Notynggham  
He made to be sparred euerychone.

'Rise vp,' he seid, 'thou prowde schereff,  
Buske the and make the bowne;  
I haue spyed the kynges felone,  
For sothe he is in this towne.

'I haue spyed the false felone,  
As he stondes at his masse;  
Hit is longe of the,' seide the munke,  
'And euer he fro vs passe.

'This traytur[s] name is Robyn Hode;  
Vnder the grene wode lynde,  
He robbyt me onys of a C pound,  
Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.'

Vp then rose this prowde schereff,  
And zade towarde hym zare;  
Many was the modur son  
To the kyrk with him can fare.

In at the durre thei throly thurst  
With staves ful gode ilkone,  
'Alas, alas,' seid Robin Hode,  
'Now mysse I Litulle Johne.'

But Robyne toke out a too-hond sworde  
That hangit down be his kne;  
Ther as the schereff and his men stode thyckust,  
Thidurward wold he.

Thryes thorow at them he ran,  
Then for sothe as I yow say,  
And woundyt many a modur sone,  
And xii he slew that day.

Hys sworde vpon the schireff hed  
Sertanly he brake in too;  
'The smyth that the made,' seid Robyn,  
'I pray God wyrke him woo.

'For now am I weppynlesse,' seid Robyne,  
'Alasse, agayn my wylle;  
But if I may fle these traytors fro,  
I wot thei wil me kyll.'

Robyns men to the church ran  
Throout hem euerilkon;  
Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede,  
And lay still as any stone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Non of theym were in her mynde  
But only Litulle Jon.

'Let be your dule,' seid Litulle Jon,  
'For his luf that dyed on tre;  
Ze that shulde be duzty men,  
Hit is gret shame to se.

'Oure maister has bene hard bystode,  
And zet scapyd away;  
Pluk up your hertes and leve this mone,  
And herkyn what I shal say.

'He has seruyd our lady many a day,  
And zet wil securly;  
Therefore I trust in her specialy  
No wycked deth shal he dye.

'Therfor be glad,' seid Litul Johne,  
'And let this mournyng be,  
And I shall be the munkes gyde,  
With the myght of mylde Mary.

'And I mete hym,' seid Litull Johne,  
'We will go but we too

\* \* \* \* \*

'Loke that ze kepe wel our tristil tre  
Vnder the levys smale,  
And spare non of this venyson  
That gose in thys vale.'

Forthe thei went these zemen too,  
Litul Johne and Moche onfere,  
And lokid on Moche emys hows  
The hyeway lay fulle nere.

Litul John stode at a window in the mornynge,  
And lokid forth at a stage;  
He was war wher the munke came ridynge,  
And with him a litul page.

'Be my feith,' said Litul Johne to Moche,  
'I can the tel tithyngus gode;  
I se wher the munk comys rydyng,  
I know hym be his wyde hode.'

Thei went into the way these zemen bothe  
As curtes men and hende,  
Thei spyrrred tithyngus at the munke,  
As thei hade bene his frende.

'Fro whens come ze,' seid Litul Johne,  
'Tel vs tithyngus, I yow pray,  
Off a false owtlay [called Robyn Hode],  
Was takyn zisturday.

'He robbyt me and my felowes bothe  
Of xx marke in serten;  
If that false owtlay be takyn,  
For sothe we wolde be fayne.'

'So did he me,' seid the munke,  
'Of a C pound and more;  
I layde furst hande hym apon,  
Ze may thonke me therefore.'

'I pray God thanke yow,' seid Litulle Johne,  
'And we wil when we may;  
We wil go with yow, with your leve,  
And brynge yow on your way.

'For Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,  
I telle yow in certen;  
If thei wist ze rode this way,  
In feith ze shulde be slayn.'

As thei went talkyng be the way,  
The munke an Litulle Johne,  
Johne toke the munkes horse be the hede  
Ful sone and anone.

Johne toke the munkes horse be the hed,  
For sothe as I yow say,  
So did Muche the litulle page,  
For he shulde not stirre away.

Be the golett of the hode  
Johne pulled the munke downe;  
Johne was nothyng of hym agast,  
He lete hym falle on his crowne.

Litulle Johne was sore agrevyd,  
And drew out his swerde in hye;  
The munke saw he shulde be ded,  
Lowd mercy can he crye.

'He was my maister,' said Litulle Johne,  
'That thou hase browzt in bale;  
Shalle thou neuer cum at our kynge  
For to telle hym tale.'

John smote of the munkes hed,

No longer wolde he dwelle;  
So did Moche the litulle page,  
For ferd lest he wold tell.

Ther thei beryed hem both  
In nouthur mosse nor lynge,  
And Litulle Johne and Muche infere  
Bare the letturs to oure kyng.

\* \* \* \* \*

He kneled down vpon--his kne,  
'God zow sane, my lege lorde,  
Jesus yow saue and se.

'God yow saue, my lege kyng,'  
To speke Johne was fulle bolde;  
He gaf hym tbe letturs in his hond,  
The kyng did hit unfold.

The kyng red the letturs anon,  
And seid, 'so met I the,  
Ther was neuer zoman in mery Ingland  
I longut so sore to see.

'Wher is the munke that these shuld haue browzt?'  
Oure kynge gan say;  
'Be my trouthe,' seid Litull Jone,  
'He dyed aftur the way.'

The kyng gaf Moche and Litul Jon  
xx pound in sertan,  
And made them zemen of the crowne,  
And bade them go agayn.

He gaf Johne the seel in hand,  
The scheref for to bere,  
To brynge Robyn hym to,  
And no man do hym dere.

Johne toke his leve at cure kyng,  
The sothe as I yow say;  
The next way to Notyngham  
To take he zede the way.

When Johne came to Notyngham  
The zatis were sparred ychone;  
Johne callid vp the porter,  
He answerid sone anon.

'What is the cause,' seid Litul John,  
'Thou sparris the zates so fast?'

'Because of Robyn Hode,' seid [the] porter,  
'In depe prison is cast.

'Johne, and Moche, and Wylle Scathlok,  
For sothe as I yow say,  
Thir slew oure men vpon oure wallis,  
And sawtene vs euery day.'

Litulle Johne spyrrred aftur the schereff,  
And sone he hym fonde;  
He oppyned the kyngus prive seelle,  
And gaf hyn in his honde.

When the schereft saw the kyngus seelle,  
He did of his hode anon;  
'Wher is the munke that bare the letturs?'  
He said to Litulle Johne.

'He is so fayn of hym,' seid Litulle Johne,  
'For sothe as I yow sey,  
He has made hym abot of Westmynster,  
A lorde of that abbay.'

The scheref made John gode chere,  
And gaf hym wine of the best;  
At nyzt thei went to her bedde,  
And euery man to his rest.

When the scheref was on-slepe  
Dronken of wine and ale,  
Litul Johne and Moche for sothe  
Toke the way vnto the jale.

Litul Johne callid vp the jayler,  
And bade him ryse anon;  
He seid Robyn Hode had brokyn preson,  
And out of hit was gon.

The portere rose anon sertan,  
As sone as he herd John calle;  
Litul Johne was redy with a swerd,  
And bare hym to the walle.

'Now will I be porter,' seid Litul Johne,  
'And take the keyes in honde;'  
He toke the way to Robyn Hode,  
And sone he hym vnbonde.

He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,  
His hed with for to kepe,  
And ther as the walle was lowyst  
Anon down can thei lepe.

Be that the cok began to crow,  
The day began to sprynge,  
The scheref fond the jaylier ded,  
The comyn belle made he ryng.

He made a crye thoroowt al the tow[n],  
Whedur he be zoman or knave,  
That cowthe bryng hyn Robyn Hode,  
His warisone he shuld haue.

'For I dar neuer,' said the scheref,  
'Cum before oure kyng,  
For if I do, I wot serten,  
For sothe he wil me henge.'

The scheref made to seke Notyngham,  
Bothe be strete and stye,  
And Robyn was in mery Scherwode  
As lizt as lef on lynde.

Then bespake gode Litulle Johne,  
To Robyn Hode can he say,  
'I haue done the a gode turne for an euylle,  
Quyte me whan thou may.

'I haue done the a gode turne,' said Litulle Johne,  
'For sothe as I you saie;  
I haue brouzt the vnder grene wode lyne;  
Fare wel, and haue gode day.'

'Nay, be my trouthe,' seid Robyn Hode,  
'So shalle hit neuer be;  
I make the maister,' seid Robyn Hode,  
'Off alle my men and me.'

'Nay, be my trouthe,' seid Litulle Johne,  
'So shall hit neuer be,  
But lat me be a felow,' seid Litulle Johne,  
'Non odur kepe I'll be.'

Thus Johne gate Robyn Hode out of prisone,  
Sertan withoutyn layne;  
When his men saw hym hol and sounde,  
For sothe they were ful fayne.

They filled in wyne, and made him glad,  
Vnder the levys smale,  
And zete pastes of venysone,  
That gode was with ale.

Than worde came to oure kyng,

How Robyn Hode was gone,  
And how the scheref of Notyngham  
Durst neuer loke hyme vpone.

Then bespake oure cumly kyng,  
In an angur hye,  
'Litulle Johne hase begyled the schereff,  
In faith so hase he me.

'Litulle Johne has begyled vs bothe,  
And that fulle wel I se,  
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham  
Hye hongut shuld he be.

'I made hem zemen of the crowne,  
And gaf hem fee with my hond,  
I gaf hem grithe,' seid oure kyng,  
'Thorowout alle mery Ingland.

'I gaf hem grithe,' then seide oure kyng,  
'I say, so mot I the,  
For sothe soche a zeman as he is on  
In alle Ingland ar not thre.

'He is trew to his maister,' seide oure kyng,  
'I say, be swete seynt Johne;  
He louys bettur Robyn Hode,  
Then he dose vs ychone.

'Robyne Hode is euer bond to him,  
Bothe in strete and stalle;  
Speke no more of this matter,' seid oure kyng,  
'But John has begyled vs alle.'

Thus endys the talkyng of the munke  
And Robyne Hode i-wysse;  
God, that is euer a crowned kyng,  
Bryng vs alle to his blisse.

Andrew Lang

## Robin Hood And The Potter

In schomer, when the leves spryng,  
The bloschems on every bowe,  
So merey doyt the berdys syng  
Yn wodys merey now.

Herkens, god yemen,  
Comley, corteysse, and god,  
On of the best that yever bar bou,  
Hes name was Roben Hode.

Roben Hood was the yemans name,  
That was boyt corteys and fre;  
For the loffe of owr ladey,  
All wemen werschep he.

Bot as the god yemen stod on a day,  
Among hes mery maney,  
He was war of a prowde potter,  
Cam dryfyng owyr the ley.

'Yonder comet a prod potter,' seyde Roben,  
'That long hayt hantyd this wey;  
He was never so corteys a man  
On peney of pawage to pay.'

'Y met hem bot at Wentbreg,' seyde Lytyll John,  
'And therfor yeffell mot he the,  
Seche thre strokes he me gafe,  
Yet they cleffe by my seydys.

'Y ley forty shillings,' seyde Lytyll John,  
'To pay het thes same day,  
Ther ys nat a man arnong hus all  
A wed schall make hem ley.'

'Her ys forty shillings,' seyde Roben,  
'Mor, and thow dar say,  
That y schall make that prowde potter,  
A wed to me schall he ley.'

Ther thes money they leyde,  
They toke bot a yeman to kepe;  
Roben befor the potter he breyde,  
And bad hem stond stell.

Handys apon hes horse he leyde,  
And bad the potter stonde foll stell;  
The potter schorteley to hem seyde,  
'Felow, what ys they well?'

'All thes thre yer, and mor, potter,' he seyde,  
'Thow hast hantyd thes wey,

Yet wer tow never so cortys a man  
One peney of pauage to pay.'

'What ys they name,' seyde the potter,  
'For pauage thow ask of me?'  
'Roben Hod ys mey name,  
A wed schall thow leffe me.'

'Well well y non leffe,' seyde the potter,  
'Nor pavag well y non pay;  
Away they honde fro mey horse,  
Y well the tene eyls, be me fay.'

The potter to hes cart he went,  
He was not to seke;  
A god to-hande staffe therowt he hent,  
Befor Roben he lepe.

Roben howt with a swerd bent,  
A bokeler en hes honde [therto];  
The potter to Roben he went,  
And seyde, 'Felow, let mey horse go.'

Togeder then went thes two yemen,  
Het was a god seyt to se;  
Therof low Robyn hes men,  
Ther they stod onder a tre.

Leytell John to hes felowhes seyde,  
'Yend potter welle steffeley stonde:'  
The potter, with an acward stroke,  
Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde;

And ar Roben meyt get hem agen  
Hes bokeler at hes fette,  
The potter yn the neke hem toke,  
To the gronde sone he yede.

That saw Roben hes men,  
As they stode ender a bow;  
'Let us helpe owr master,' seyed Lytell John,  
'Yonder potter els well hem sclo.'

Thes yemen went with a breyde,  
To ther master they cam.  
Leytell John to hes master seyde,  
'He haet the wager won?'

'Schall y haff yowr forty shillings,' seyde Lytel John,  
'Or ye, master, schall haffe myne?'  
'Yeff they wer a hundred,' seyde Roben,  
'Y feythe, they ben all theyne.'

'Het ys fol leytell cortesey,' seyde the potter,  
'As y haffe harde weyse men saye,  
Yeff a por yeman com drywyng ower the wey,  
To let hem of hes gorney.'

'Be mey trowet, thow seys soyt,' seyde Roben,  
'Thow seys god yemenrey;  
And thow dreyffe forthe yevery day,  
Thow schalt never be let for me.

'Y well prey the, god potter,  
A felischepe well thow haffe?  
Geffe me they clothyng, and thow schalt hafe myne;  
Y well go to Notynggam.'

'Y grant therto,' seyde the potter,  
'Thow schalt feynde me a felow gode;  
But thow can sell mey pottes well,  
Come ayen as thow yode.'

'Nay, be mey trowt,' seyde Roben,  
'And then y bescro mey hede  
Yeffe y bryng eney pottes ayen,  
And eney weyffe well hem chepe.'

Than spake Leytell John,  
And all hes felowhes heynd,  
'Master, be well war of the screffe of Notynggam,  
For he ys leytell howr frende.'

'Heyt war howte,' seyde Roben,  
'Felowhes, let me alone;  
Thorow the helpe of howr ladey,  
To Notynggam well y gon.'

Robyn went to Notynggam,  
Thes pottes for to sell;  
The potter abode with Robens men,  
Ther he fered not eyll.

Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,  
So merey ower the londe:  
Heres mor and affter ys to saye,  
The best ys beheynde.

[THE SECOND FIT.]

When Roben cam to Netynggam,  
The soyt yef y scholde saye,

He set op hes horse anon,  
And gaffe hem hotys and haye.

Yn the medys of the towne,  
Ther he schowed hes war;  
'Pottys! pottys!' he gan crey foll sone,  
'Haffe hansell for the mar.'

Foll effen agenest the screffeys gate  
Schowed he hes chaffar;  
Weyffes and wedowes abowt hem drow,  
And chepyd fast of hes war.

Yet, 'Pottys, gret chepe!' creyed Robyn,  
'Y loffe yeffell thes to stonde';  
And all that saw hem sell,  
Seyde he had be no potter long.

The pottys that wer werthe pens feyffe,  
He sold tham for pens thre;  
Preveley seyde man and weyffe,  
'Ywnder potter schall never the.'

Thos Roben solde foll fast,  
Tell he had pottys bot feyffe;  
On he hem toke of his car,  
And sende hem to the screffeys weyffe.

Therof sche was foll fayne,  
'Gramarsey, sir,' than seyde sche;  
'When ye com to thes contre ayen,  
Y schall bey of they pottys, so mot y the.'

'Ye schall haffe of the best,' seyde Roben,  
And swar be the treneyte;  
Foll corteysley she gan hem call,  
'Com deyne with the screfe and me.'

'Godamarsey,' seyde Roben,  
'Yowr bedyng schalle be doyn';  
A mayden yn the pottys gan ber,  
Roben and the screffe weyffe folowed anon.

Whan Roben ynto the hall cam,  
The screffe sone he met;  
The potter cowed of corteysley,  
And sone the screffe he gret.

'Loketh what thes potter hayt geffe yow and me;  
Feyffe pottys smalle and grete!'  
'He ys fol wellcom, seyde the screffe,  
'Let os was, and go to mete.'

As they sat at her methe,  
With a nobell cher,  
Two of the screffes men gan speke  
Off a gret wager,

Was made the thother daye,  
Off a schotyng was god and feyne,  
Off forty shillings, the soyt to saye,  
Who scholde thes wager wen.

Styll than sat thes prowde po,  
Thos than thowt he;  
'As y am a trow Cerstyn man,  
Thes schotyng well y se.'

Whan they had fared of the best,  
With bred and ale and weyne,  
To the bottys they made them prest,  
With bowes and boltys full feyne.

The screffes men schot foll fast,  
As archares that weren godde;  
Ther cam non ner ney the marke  
Bey halfe a god archares bowe.

Stell then stod the prowde potter,  
Thos than seyde he;  
'And y had a bow, be the rode,  
On schot scholde yow se.'

'Thow schall haffe a bow,' seyde the screffe,  
'The best that thow well cheys of thre;  
Thou semyst a stalward and a stronge,  
Asay schall thow be.'

The screffe commandyd a yeman that stod hem bey  
Affter bowhes to wende;  
The best bow that the yeman browthe  
Roben set on a stryng.

'Now schall y wet and thow be god,  
And polle het op to they ner;'  
'So god me helpe,' seyde the prowde potter,  
'Thys ys bot rygzt weke ger.'

To a quequer Roben went,  
A god bolt owthe he toke;  
So ney on to the marke he went,  
He fayled not a fothe.

All they schot abowthe agen,

The screffes men and he;  
Off the marke he welde not fayle,  
He cleffed the preke on thre.

The screffes men thowt gret schame,  
The potter the mastry wan;  
The screffe lowe and made god game,  
And seyde, 'Potter, thow art a man;  
Thow art worthey to ber a bowe,  
Yn what plas that thow gang.'

'Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe,  
Forsoyt,' he seyde, 'and that a godde;  
Yn mey cart ys the bow  
That I had of Robyn Hode.'

'Knowest thow Robyn Hode?' seyde the screffe,  
'Potter, y prey the tell thou me;  
'A hundred torne y haffe schot with hem,  
Under hes tortyll tree.'

'Y had lever nar a hundred ponde,' seyde the screffe,  
And swar be the trenite,  
['Y had lever nar a hundred ponde,' he seyde,]  
'That the fals owtelawe stod be me.

'And ye well do afftyr mey red,' seyde the potter,  
'And boldeley go with me,  
And to morow, or we het bred,  
Roben Hode wel we se.'

'Y well queyt the,' kod the screffe,  
And swer be god of meythe;  
Schetyng thay left, and hom they went,  
Her scoper was redey deythe.

Upon the morow, when het was day,  
He boskyd hem forthe to reyde;  
The potter hes carte forthe gan ray,  
And wolde not [be] leffe beheynde.

He toke leffe of the screffys wyffe,  
And thankyd her of all thyng:  
'Dam, for mey loffe, and ye well thys wer,  
Y geffe yow her a golde ryng.'

'Gramarsey,' seyde the weyffe,  
'Sir, god eylde het the;'  
The screffes hart was never so leythe,  
The feyr forest to se.

And when he cam ynto the foreyst,

Yonder the leffes grene,  
Berdys ther sange on bowhes prest,  
Het was gret joy to sene.

'Her het ys mercy to be,' seyde Roben,  
'For a man that had hawt to spende;  
Be mey horne we schall awet  
Yeff Roben Hode be ner hande.'

Roben set hes horne to hes mowthe,  
And blow a blast that was full god,  
That herde hes men that ther stode,  
Fer downe yn the wodde;  
'I her mey master,' seyde Leytell John;  
They ran as thay wer wode.

Whan thay to thar master cam,  
Leytell John wold not spar;  
'Master, how haffe yow far yn Notynggam?  
How haffe yow solde yowr war?'

'Ye, be mey trowthe, Leytyll John,  
Loke thow take no car;  
Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,  
For all howr chaffar.'

'He ys foll wellcom,' seyde Lytyll John,  
'Thes tydyng ys foll godde;'  
The screffe had lever nar a hundred ponde  
[He had never sene Roben Hode.]

'Had I west that beforen,  
At Notynggam when we wer,  
Thow scholde not com yn feyr forest  
Of all thes thowsande eyr.'

'That wot y well,' seyde Roben,  
'Y thanke god that ye be her;  
Therfor schall ye leffe yowr horse with hos,  
And all your hother ger.'

'That fend I godys forbode,' kod the screffe,  
'So to lese mey godde;'  
'Hether ye cam on horse foll hey,  
And hom schall ye go on fote;  
And gret well they weyffe at home,  
The woman ys foll godde.

'Y schall her sende a wheyt palffrey,  
Het hambellet as the weynde;  
Ner for the loffe of yowr weyffe,  
Off mor sorow scholde yow seyng.'

Thes parted Robyn Hode and the screffe,  
To Notynggam he toke the waye;  
Hes weyffe feyr welcomed hem hom,  
And to hem gan sche saye:

'Seyr, how haffe yow fared yn grene foreyst?  
Haffe ye browt Roben hom?'  
'Dam, the deyell spede him, bothe bodey and bon,  
Y haffe hade a foll grete skorne.

'Of all the god that y haffe lade to grene wod,  
He hayt take het fro me,  
All bot this feyr palffrey,  
That he hayt sende to the.'

With that sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,  
And swhar be hem that deyed on tre,  
'Now haffe yow payed for all the pottys  
That Roben gaffe to me.

'Now ye be corn hom to Notynggam,  
Ye schall haffe god ynowe;'  
Now speke we of Roben Hode,  
And of the pottyr onder the grene bowhe.

'Potter, what was they pottys worthe  
To Notynggam that y ledde with me?'  
'They wer worth two nobellys,' seyde he,  
'So mot y treyffe or the;  
So cowde y had for tham,  
And y had ther be.'

'Thow schalt hafe ten ponde,' seyde Roben,  
'Of money feyr and fre;  
And yever whan thou comest to grene wod,  
Wellcom, potter to me.'

Thes partyd Robyn, the screffe, and the potter,  
Ondernethe the grene-wod tre;  
God haffe mersey on Robyn Hodys solle,  
And saffe all god yemanrey!

Andrew Lang

## Romance

MY Love dwelt in a Northern land.  
A gray tower in a forest green  
Was hers, and far on either hand  
The long wash of the waves was seen,  
And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,  
The woven forest boughs between!

And through the silver Northern night  
The sunset slowly died away,  
And herds of strange deer, lily-white,  
Stole forth among the branches gray;  
About the coming of the light,  
They fled like ghosts before the day!

I know not if the forest green  
Still girdles round that castle gray;  
I know not if the boughs between  
The white deer vanish ere the day;  
Above my Love the grass is green,  
My heart is colder than the clay!

Andrew Lang

## Rose The Red And White Lily

O Rose the Red and White Lilly,  
Their mother dear was dead,  
And their father married an ill woman,  
Wishd them twa little guede.

Yet she had twa as fu fair sons  
As eer brake manis bread,  
And the tane of them loed her White Lilly,  
And the tither lood Rose the Red.

O, biggit ha they a bigly bowr,  
And strawn it oer wi san,  
And there was mair mirth i the ladies' bowr  
Than in a' their father's lan.

But out it spake their step-mother,  
Wha stood a little foreby:  
'I hope to live and play the prank  
Sal gar your loud sang ly.'

She's calld upon her eldest son:  
'Come here, my son, to me;  
It fears me sair, my eldest son,  
That ye maun sail the sea.'

'Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,  
Your bidding I maun dee;  
But be never war to Rose the Red  
Than ye ha been to me.'

'O had your tongue, my eldest son,  
For sma sal be her part;  
You'll nae get a kiss o her comely mouth  
Gin your very fair heart should break.'

She's calld upon her youngest son:  
'Come here, my son, to me;  
It fears me sair, my youngest son,  
That ye maun sail the sea.'

'Gin it fear you sair, my mither dear,  
Your bidding I maun dee;  
But be never war to White Lilly  
Than ye ha been to me.'

'O haud your tongue, my youngest son,  
For sma sall be her part;  
You'll neer get a kiss o her comely mouth  
Tho your very fair heart should break.'

When Rose the Red and White Lilly  
Saw their twa loves were gane,

Then stopped ha they their loud, loud sang,  
And tane up the still moarnin;  
And their step-mother stood listnin by,  
To hear the ladies' mean.

Then out it spake her, White Lily;  
'My sister, we'll be gane;  
Why shou'd we stay in Barnsdale,  
To waste our youth in pain?'

Then cutted ha they their green cloathing,  
A little below their knee;  
And sae ha they their yallow hair,  
A little aboon there bree;  
And they've doen them to haely chapel  
Was christened by Our Ladye.

There ha they changed their ain twa names,  
Sae far frae ony town;  
And the tane o them hight Sweet Willy,  
And the tither o them Roge the Roun.

Between this twa a vow was made,  
An they sware it to fulfil;  
That at three blasts o a buglehorn,  
She'd come her sister till.

Now Sweet Willy's gane to the kingis court,  
Her true-love for to see,  
And Roge the Roun to good green wood,  
Brown Robin's man to be.

As it fell out upon a day,  
They a did put the stane;  
Full seven foot ayont them a  
She gard the puttin-stane gang.

She leand her back against an oak,  
And gae a loud Ohone!  
Then out it spake him Brown Robin,  
'But that's a woman's moan!'

'Oh, ken ye by my red rose lip?  
Or by my yallow hair;  
Or ken ye by my milk-white breast?  
For ye never saw it bare?'

'I ken no by your red rose lip,  
Nor by your yallow hair;  
Nor ken I by your milk-white breast,  
For I never saw it bare;  
But, come to your bowr whaeve sae likes,

Will find a ladye there.'

'Oh, gin ye come to my bowr within,  
Thro fraud, deceit, or guile,  
Wi this same bran that's in my han  
I swear I will thee kill.'

'But I will come thy bowr within,  
An spear nae leave,' quoth he;  
'An this same bran that's i my ban,  
I sall ware back on the.'

About the tenth hour of the night,  
The ladye's bowr door was broken,  
An eer the first hour of the day  
The bonny knave bairn was gotten.

When days were gane and months were run,  
The ladye took travailing,  
And sair she cry'd for a bow'r-woman,  
For to wait her upon.

Then out it spake him, Brown Robin:  
'Now what needs a' this din?  
For what coud any woman do  
But I coud do the same?'

'Twas never my mither's fashion,' she says,  
'Nor sall it ever be mine,  
That belted knights shoud eer remain  
Where ladies dreed their pine.

'But ye take up that bugle-horn,  
An blaw a blast for me;  
I ha a brother i the kingis court  
Will come me quickly ti.'

'O gin ye ha a brither on earth  
That ye love better nor me,  
Ye blaw the horn yoursel,' he says,  
'For ae blast I winna gie.'

She's set the horn till her mouth,  
And she's blawn three blasts sae shrill;  
Sweet Willy heard i the kingis court,  
And came her quickly till.

Then up it started Brown Robin,  
An an angry man was he:  
'There comes nae man this bowr within  
But first must fight wi me.'

O they hae fought that bowr within  
Till the sun was gaing down,  
Till drops o blude frae Rose the Red  
Cam trailing to the groun.

She leand her back against the wa,  
Says, 'Robin, let a' be;  
For it is a lady born and bred  
That's foughten sae well wi thee.'

O seven foot he lap a back;  
Says, 'Alas, and wae is me!  
I never wisht in a' my life,  
A woman's blude to see;  
An ae for the sake of ae fair maid  
Whose name was White Lilly.'

Then out it spake her White Lilly,  
An a hearty laugh laugh she:  
'She's lived wi you this year an mair,  
Tho ye kenntna it was she.'

Now word has gane thro a' the lan,  
Before a month was done,  
That Brown Robin's man, in good green wood,  
Had born a bonny young son.

The word has gane to the kingis court,  
An to the king himsel;  
'Now, by my fay,' the king could say,  
'The like was never heard tell!'

Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,  
An a hearty laugh laugh he:  
'I trow some may has playd the loun,  
And fled her ain country.'

'Bring me my steed,' then cry'd the king,  
'My bow and arrows keen;  
I'll ride mysel to good green wood,  
An see what's to be seen.'

'An't please your grace,' said Bold Arthur,  
'My liege, I'll gang you wi,  
An try to fin a little foot-page,  
That's strayd awa frae me.'

O they've hunted i the good green wood  
The buck but an the rae,  
An they drew near Brown Robin's bowr,  
About the close of day.

Then out it spake the king in hast,  
Says, 'Arthur look an see  
Gin that be no your little foot-page  
That leans against yon tree.'

Then Arthur took his bugle-horn,  
An blew a blast sae shrill;  
Sweet Willy started at the sound,  
An ran him quickly till.

'O wanted ye your meat, Willy?  
Or wanted ye your fee?  
Or gat ye ever an angry word,  
That ye ran awa frae me?'

'I wanted nought, my master dear;  
To me ye ay was good;  
I came but to see my ae brother,  
That wons in this green wood.'

Then out it spake the king again,  
Says, 'Bonny boy, tell to me,  
Wha lives into yon bigly bowr,  
Stands by yon green oak tree?'

'Oh, pardon me,' says Sweet Willie,  
'My liege, I dare no tell;  
An I pray you go no near that bowr,  
For fear they do you fell.'

'Oh, haud your tongue, my bonny boy,  
For I winna be said nay;  
But I will gang that bowr within,  
Betide me weal or wae.'

They've lighted off their milk-white steeds,  
An saftly enterd in,  
And there they saw her White Lilly,  
Nursing her bonny young son.

'Now, by the rood,' the king coud say,  
'This is a comely sight;  
I trow, instead of a forrester's man,  
This is a lady bright!'

Then out it spake her, Rose the Red,  
An fell low down on her knee:  
'Oh, pardon us, my gracious liege,  
An our story I'll tell thee.

'Our father was a wealthy lord,  
That wond in Barnsdale;

But we had a wicked step-mother,  
That wrought us meickle bale.

'Yet she had twa as fu fair sons  
As ever the sun did see,  
An the tane of them lood my sister dear,  
An the tother said he lood me.'

Then out it spake him Bold Arthur,  
As by the king he stood:  
'Now, by the faith o my body,  
This shoud be Rose the Red!'

Then in it came him Brown Robin,  
Frae hunting O the deer;  
But whan he saw the king was there,  
He started back for fear.

The king has taen him by the hand,  
An bide him naithing dread;  
Says, 'Ye maun leave the good greenwood,  
Come to the court wi speed.'

Then up he took White Lilly's son,  
An set him on his knee;  
Says--'Gin ye live to wield a bran,  
My bowman ye sall bee.'

The king he sent for robes of green,  
An girdles o shinning gold;  
He gart the ladies be arrayd  
Most comely to behold.

They've done them unto Mary kirk,  
An there gat fair wedding,  
An fan the news spread oer the lan,  
For joy the bells did ring.

Then out it spake her Rose the Red,  
An a hearty laugh laugh she:  
'I wonder what would our step-dame say,  
Gin she his sight did see!'

Andrew Lang

## San Terenzo

MID April seemed like some November day,  
When through the glassy waters, dull as lead,  
Our boat, like shadowy barques that bear the dead,  
Slipped down the long shores of the Spezian bay,  
Rounded a point,—and San Terenzo lay  
Before us, that gay village, yellow and red,  
The roof that covered Shelley's homeless head,—  
His house, a place deserted, bleak and gray.  
The waves broke on the doorstep; fishermen  
Cast their long nets, and drew, and cast again.  
Deep in the ilex woods we wandered free,  
When suddenly the forest glades were stirred  
With waving pinions, and a great sea bird  
Flew forth, like Shelley's spirit, to the sea!

Andrew Lang

## Scythe Song

MOWERS, weary and brown, and blithe,  
What is the word methinks ye know,  
Endless over-word that the Scythe  
Sings to the blades of the grass below?  
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,  
Something, still, they say as they pass;  
What is the word that, over and over,  
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,  
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;  
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;  
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!  
Hush—'t is the lullaby Time is singing—  
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;  
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging  
Over the clover, over the grass!

Andrew Lang

## Sir Hugh; Or The Jew's Daughter

Four-and-twenty bonny boys  
Were playing at the ba,  
And by it came him sweet Sir Hugh,  
And he playd o'er them a'.

He kickd the ba with his right foot  
And catchd it wi his knee,  
And throuch-and-thro the Jew's window  
He gard the bonny ba flee.

He's doen him to the Jew's castell  
And walkd it round about;  
And there he saw the Jew's daughter,  
At the window looking out.

'Throw down the ba, ye Jew's daughter,  
Throw down the ba to me!'  
'Never a bit,' says the Jew's daughter,  
'Till up to me come ye.'

'How will I come up? How can I come up?  
How can I come to thee?  
For as ye did to my auld father,  
The same ye'll do to me.'

She's gane till her father's garden,  
And pu'd an apple red and green;  
'Twas a' to wyle him sweet Sir Hugh,  
And to entice him in.

She's led him in through ae dark door,  
And sae has she thro nine;  
She's laid him on a dressing-table,  
And stickit him like a swine.

And first came out the thick, thick blood,  
And syne came out the thin;  
And syne came out the bonny heart's blood;  
There was nae mair within.

She's rowd him in a cake o lead,  
Bade him lie still and sleep;  
She's thrown him in Our Lady's draw-well,  
Was fifty fathom deep.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,  
And a' the bairns came hame,  
When every lady gat hame her son,  
The Lady Maisry gat nane.

She's taen her mantle her about,  
Her coffer by the hand,

And she's gane out to seek her son,  
And wandered o'er the land.

She's doen her to the Jew's castell,  
Where a' were fast asleep:  
'Gin ye be there, my sweet Sir Hugh,  
I pray you to me speak.'

'Gae hame, gae hame, my mither dear,  
Prepare my winding-sheet,  
And at the back o merry Lincoln  
The morn I will you meet.'

Now Lady Maisry is gane hame,  
Make him a winding-sheet,  
And at the back o merry Lincoln,  
The dead corpse did her meet.

And a the bells o merry Lincoln  
Without men's hands were rung,  
And a' the books o merry Lincoln  
Were read without man's tongue,  
And neer was such a burial  
Sin Adam's days begun.

Andrew Lang

## Sir Roland

Whan he cam to his ain luve's bouir  
He tirlid at the pin,  
And sae ready was his fair fause luve  
To rise and let him in.

'O welcome, welcome, Sir Roland,' she says,  
'Thrice welcome thou art to me;  
For this night thou wilt feast in my secret bouir,  
And to-morrow we'll wedded be.'

'This night is hallow-eve,' he said,  
'And to-morrow is hallow-day;  
And I dreamed a drearie dream yestreen,  
That has made my heart fu' wae.

'I dreamed a drearie dream yestreen,  
And I wish it may cum to gude:  
I dreamed that ye slew my best grew hound,  
And gied me his lappered blude.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Unbuckle your belt, Sir Roland,' she said,  
And set you safely down.'  
O your chamber is very dark, fair maid,  
And the night is wondrous lown.'

'Yes, dark, dark is my secret bouir,  
And lown the midnight may be;  
For there is none waking in a' this tower  
But thou, my true love, and me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

She has mounted on her true love's steed,  
By the ae light o' the moon;  
She has whipped him and spurred him,  
And roundly she rade frae the toun.

She hadna ridden a mile o' gate,  
Never a mile but ane,  
When she was aware of a tall young man,  
Slow riding o'er the plain,

She turned her to the right about,  
Then to the left turn'd she;  
But aye, 'tween her and the wan moonlight,  
That tall knight did she see.

And he was riding burd alane,  
On a horse as black as jet,  
But tho' she followed him fast and fell,

No nearer could she get.

'O stop! O stop! young man,' she said;  
'For I in dule am dight;  
O stop, and win a fair lady's luve,  
If you be a leal true knight.'

But nothing did the tall knight say,  
And nothing did he blin;  
Still slowly ride he on before  
And fast she rade behind.

She whipped her steed, she spurred her steed,  
Till his breast was all a foam;  
But nearer unto that tall young knight,  
By Our Ladye she could not come.

'O if you be a gay young knight,  
As well I trow you be,  
Pull tight your bridle reins, and stay  
Till I come up to thee.'

But nothing did that tall knight say,  
And no whit did he blin,  
Until he reached a broad river's side  
And there he drew his rein.

'O is this water deep?' he said,  
'As it is wondrous dun?  
Or is it sic as a saikless maid,  
And a leal true knight may swim?'

'The water it is deep,' she said,  
'As it is wondrous dun;  
But it is sic as a saikless maid,  
And a leal true knight may swim.'

The knight spurred on his tall black steed;  
The lady spurred on her brown;  
And fast they rade unto the flood,  
And fast they baith swam down.

'The water weets my tae,' she said;  
'The water weets my knee,  
And hold up my bridle reins, sir knight,  
For the sake of Our Ladye.'

'If I would help thee now,' he said,  
'It were a deadly sin,  
For I've sworn neir to trust a fair may's word,  
Till the water weets her chin.'

'Oh, the water weets my waist,' she said,  
'Sae does it weet my skin,  
And my aching heart rins round about,  
The burn maks sic a din.

'The water is waxing deeper still,  
Sae does it wax mair wide;  
And aye the farther that we ride on,  
Farther off is the other side.

'O help me now, thou false, false knight,  
Have pity on my youth,  
For now the water jawes owre my head,  
And it gurgles in my mouth.'

The knight turned right and round about,  
All in the middle stream;  
And he stretched out his head to that lady,  
But loudly she did scream.

'O this is hallow-morn,' he said,  
'And it is your bridal-day,  
But sad would be that gay wedding,  
If bridegroom and bride were away.

'And ride on, ride on, proud Margaret!  
Till the water comes o'er your bree,  
For the bride maun ride deep, and deeper yet,  
Wha rides this ford wi' me.

'Turn round, turn round, proud Margaret!  
Turn ye round, and look on me,  
Thou hast killed a true knight under trust,  
And his ghost now links on with thee.'

Andrew Lang

## Son Davie! Son Davie!

'What bluid's that on thy coat lap?  
Son Davie! Son Davie!  
What bluid's that on thy coat lap?  
And the truth come tell to me, O.'

'It is the bluid of my great hawk,  
Mother lady, Mother lady!  
It is the bluid of my great hawk,  
And the truth I hae tald to thee, O.'

'Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,  
Son Davie! Son Davie!  
Hawk's bluid was ne'er sae red,  
And the truth come tell to me, O.'

'It is the bluid of my grey hound,  
Mother lady! Mother lady!  
It is the bluid of my grey hound,  
And it wudna rin for me, O.'

'Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,  
Son Davie! Son Davie!  
Hound's bluid was ne'er sae red,  
And the truth come tell to me, O.'

'It is the bluid o' my brother John,  
Mother lady! Mother lady!  
It is the bluid o' my brother John,  
And the truth I hae tald to thee, O.'

'What about did the plea begin?  
Son Davie! Son Davie!  
'It began about the cutting o' a willow wand,  
That would never hae been a tree, O.'

'What death dost thou desire to die?  
Son Davie! Son Davie!  
What death dost thou desire to die?  
And the truth come tell to me, O.'

'I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
Mother lady! mother lady!  
I'll set my foot in a bottomless ship,  
And ye'll never see mair o' me, O.'

'What wilt thou leave to thy poor wife?  
Son Davie! Son Davie!  
'Grief and sorrow all her life,  
And she'll never get mair frae me, O.'

'What wilt thou leave to thy young son?  
Son Davie! son Davie!'

'The weary world to wander up and down,  
And he'll never get mair o' me, O.'

'What wilt thou leave to thy mother dear?  
Son Davie! Son Davie!  
'A fire o' coals to burn her wi' hearty cheer,  
And she'll never get mair o' me, O.'

Andrew Lang

## Spring

Now the bright crocus flames, and now  
The slim narcissus takes the rain,  
And, straying o'er the mountain's brow,  
The daffodilies bud again.  
The thousand blossoms wax and wane  
On wold, and heath, and fragrant bough,  
But fairer than the flowers art thou,  
Than any growth of hill or plain.

Ye gardens, cast your leafy crown,  
That my Love's feet may tread it down,  
Like lilies on the lilies set:  
My Love, whose lips are softer far  
Than drowsy poppy petals are,  
And sweeter than the violet!

Andrew Lang

## St. Andrew's Bay

NIGHT.

Ah, listen through the music, from the shore,  
The 'melancholy long-withdrawing roar';  
Beneath the Minster, and the windy caves,  
The wide North Ocean, marshalling his waves  
Even so forlorn--in worlds beyond our ken -  
May sigh the seas that are not heard of men;  
Even so forlorn, prophetic of man's fate,  
Sounded the cold sea-wave disconsolate,  
When none but God might hear the boding tone,  
As God shall hear the long lament alone,  
When all is done, when all the tale is told,  
And the gray sea-wave echoes as of old!

MORNING.

This was the burden of the Night,  
The saying of the sea,  
But lo! the hours have brought the light,  
The laughter of the waves, the flight  
Of dipping sea-birds, foamy white,  
That are so glad to be!  
'Forget!' the happy creatures cry,  
'Forget Night's monotone,  
With us be glad in sea and sky,  
The days are thine, the days that fly,  
The days God gives to know him by,  
And not the Night alone!'

Andrew Lang

## Tam Lin

O I forbid you, maidens a',  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh  
But they leave him a wad,  
Either their rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has braided her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can hie.

When she came to Carterhaugh  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,  
Till up then started young Tam Lin,  
Says, 'Lady, thou's pu nae mae.

'Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
And why breaks thou the wand?  
Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh  
Withoutten my command?'

'Carterhaugh, it is my ain,  
My daddie gave it me;  
I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh,  
And ask nae leave at thee.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she is to her father's ha,  
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies fair  
Were playing at the ba,  
And out then cam the fair Janet,  
Ance the flower among them a'.

Four and twenty ladies fair

Were playing at the chess,  
And out then cam the fair Janet,  
As green as onie grass.

Out then spak an auld grey knight,  
Lay oer the castle wa,  
And says, 'Alas, fair Janet, for thee  
But we'll be blamed a'.'

'Haud your tongue, ye auld-fac'd knight,  
Some ill death may ye die!  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I'll father nane on thee.'

Out then spak her father dear,  
And he spak meek and mild;  
'And ever alas, sweet Janet,' he says.  
'I think thou gaes wi child.'

'If that I gae wi' child, father,  
Mysel maun bear the blame;  
There's neer a laird about your ha  
Shall get the bairn's name.

'If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he's an elfin grey,  
I wad na gie my ain true-love  
For nae lord that ye hae.

'The steed that my true-love rides on  
Is lighter than the wind;  
Wi siller he is shod before  
Wi burning gowd behind.'

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has snooded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree,  
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,  
As fast as she can hie.

When she cam to Carterhaugh,  
Tam Lin was at the well,  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.

She had na pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,  
Till up then started young Tam Lin,  
Says, 'Lady, thou pu's nae mae.

'Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,

Amang the groves sae green,  
And a' to kill the bonie babe  
That we gat us between?'

'O tell me, tell me, Tam Lin,' she says,  
'For's sake that died on tree,  
If eer ye was in holy chapel,  
Or christendom did see?'

'Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide,  
And ance it fell upon a day  
That wae did me betide.

'And ance it fell upon a day,  
A cauld day and a snell,  
When we were frae the hunting come,  
That frae my horse I fell;  
The Queen o Fairies she caught me,  
In yon green hill to dwell.

'And pleasant is the fairy land,  
But, an eerie tale to tell,  
Ay at the end of seven years  
We pay a tiend to hell;  
I am sae fair and fu' o flesh  
I'm feared it be mysel.

'But the night is Halloween, lady,  
The morn is Hallowday;  
Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
For weel I wat ye may.

'Just at the mirk and midnight hour  
The fairy folk will ride,  
And they that wad their true love win,  
At Miles Cross they maun bide.'

'But how shall I thee ken, Tam Lin,  
Or how my true-love know,  
Amang sae mony unco knights  
The like I never saw?'

'O first let pass the black, lady,  
And syne let pass the brown,  
But quickly run to the milk-white steed,  
Pu ye his rider down.

'For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,  
And ay nearest the town;  
Because I was an earthly knight  
They gie me that renown.

'My right hand will be gloyd, lady,  
My left hand will be bare,  
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,  
And kaimd down shall my hair;  
And thae's the takens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.

'They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
Into an esk and adder;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I am your bairn's father.

'They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,  
And then a lion bold;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
As ye shall love your child.

'Again they'll turn me in your arms  
To a red het gaud of airn;  
But hold me fast, and fear me not,  
I'll do to you nae harm.

'And last they'll turn me in your arms  
Into the burning glead;  
Then throw me into well water,  
O throw me in wi speed.

'And then I'll be your ain true-love,  
I'll turn a naked knight;  
Then cover me wi your green mantle,  
And cover me out o sight.'

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,  
And eerie was the way,  
As fair Jenny in her green mantle  
To Miles Cross she did gae.

About the middle o' the night  
She heard the bridles ring;  
This lady was as glad at that  
As any earthly thing.

First she let the black pass by,  
And syne she let the brown;  
But quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,  
And pu'd the rider down,

Sae weel she minded whae he did say,  
And young Tam Lin did win;  
Syne coverd him wi her green mantle,  
As blythe's a bird in spring.

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
Out of a bush o broom:  
'Them that has gotten young Tam Lin  
Has gotten a stately groom.'

Out then spak the Queen o Fairies,  
And an angry woman was she;  
'Shame betide her ill-far'd face,  
And an ill death may she die,  
For she's taen awa the bonniest knight  
In a' my companie.

'But had I kend, Tam Lin,' she says,  
'What now this night I see,  
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey e'en,  
And put in twa een o tree.'

Andrew Lang

## The Battle Of Harlaw--Evergreen Version

Frae Dunidier as I cam throuch,  
Doun by the hill of Banochie,  
Allangst the lands of Garioch.  
Grit pitie was to heir and se  
The noys and dulesum hermonie,  
That evir that dreiry day did daw!  
Cryand the corynoch on hie,  
Alas! alas! for the Harlaw.

I marvlit what the matter meant;  
All folks were in a fiery fariy:  
I wist nocht wha was fae or freind,  
Yet quietly I did me carrie.  
But sen the days of auld King Hairy,  
Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene,  
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,  
For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,  
To Inverury as I went,  
I met a man, and bad him stay,  
Requeisting him to mak me quaint  
Of the beginning and the event  
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;  
Then he entreated me to tak tent,  
And he the truth sould to me schaw.

Grit Donald of the Ysles did claim  
Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,  
And to the governour he came,  
Them for to haif, gif that he micht,  
Wha saw his interest was but slicht,  
And thairfore answerit with disdain.  
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,  
And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald richt impatient  
Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,  
He vow'd to God Omnyotent,  
All the hale lands of Ross to half,  
Or ells be graithed in his graif:  
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,  
Nor be abusit like a slaif;  
That bargin sould be deirly bocht.

Then haistylie he did command  
That all his weir-men should convene;  
Ilk an well harnisit frae hand,  
To melt and heir what he did mein.  
He waxit wrath and vowit tein;  
Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,  
Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,

Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

Thus with the weir-men of the yles,  
Wha war ay at his bidding boun,  
With money maid, with forss and wyls,  
Richt far and neir, baith up and doun,  
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,  
Allangst the lands of Ross he roars,  
And all obey'd at his bandown,  
Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars.

Then all the countrie men did yield;  
For nae resistans durst they mak,  
Nor offer batill in the feild,  
Be forss of arms to beir him bak.  
Syne they resolvit all and spak,  
That best it was for thair behoif,  
They sould him for thair chiftain tak,  
Believing weil he did them luve.

Then he a proclamation maid,  
All men to meet at Inverness,  
Throw Murray land to mak a raid,  
Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness.  
And further mair, he sent express,  
To schaw his collours and ensenzie,  
To all and sindry, mair and less,  
Throchout the bounds of Byne and Enzie.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land  
His purpose was for to pursew,  
And whatsoever durst gainstand,  
That race they should full sairly rew.  
Then he bad all his men be trew,  
And him defend by forss and slicht,  
And promist them rewardis anew,  
And mak them men of mekle micht.

Without resistans, as he said,  
Throw all these parts he stoutly past,  
Where sum war wae, and sum war glaid,  
But Garioch was all agast.  
Throw all these feilds be sped him fast,  
For sic a sicht was never sene;  
And then, forsuith, he langd at last  
To se the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this prowde enterprise,  
The stout and mighty Erl of Marr  
With all his men in arms did ryse,  
Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar:  
And down the syde of Don richt far,

Angus and Mearns did all convene  
To fecht, or Donald came sae nar  
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

And thus the martial Erle of Marr  
Marcht with his men in richt array;  
Befoir his enemis was aware,  
His banner bauldly did display.  
For weil enewch they kent the way,  
And all their semblance well they saw:  
Without all dangir or delay,  
Come haistily to the Harlaw.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy,  
Of Angus sheriff principall,  
The constable of gude Dunde,  
The vanguard led before them all.  
Suppose in number they war small,  
Thay first richt bauldie did pursew,  
And maid thair faes befor them fall,  
Wha then that race did sairly rew.

And then the worthy Lord Salton,  
The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,  
The stalwart Laird of Lawristone,  
With ilk thair forces all and sum.  
Panmuir with all his men, did cum,  
The provost of braif Aberdene,  
With trumpets and with tuick of drum,  
Came schortly in thair armour schene.

These with the Earle of Marr came on,  
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,  
Thair enemies to sett upon;  
In awfull manner hardilie,  
Togither vowit to live and die,  
Since they had marchit mony mylis,  
For to suppress the tyrannie  
Of douted Donald of the Ysles.

But he, in number ten to ane,  
Right subtile alang did ryde,  
With Malcomtosch, and fell Maclean,  
With all thair power at thair syde;  
Presumeand on their strenth and pryde,  
Without all feir or ony aw,  
Richt bauldie battil did abyde,  
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,  
The dandring drums alloud did touk,  
Baith armies byding on the bounds,

Till ane of them the feild sould bruik.  
Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,  
Ferss was the fecht on ilka syde,  
And on the ground lay mony a bouk  
Of them that thair did battil byd.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,  
The bludy battil lastit lang;  
Each man fits nibours forss thair felt,  
The weakest aft-tymes gat the wrang:  
Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,  
Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,  
That eccho mad a dulefull sang,  
Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

But Donalds men at last gaif back,  
For they war all out of array:  
The Earl of Marris men throw them brak,  
Pursewing shairply in thair way,  
Thair enemys to tak or slay,  
Be dynt of forss to gar them yield;  
Wha war richt blyth to win away,  
And sae for feirdness tint the feild.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,  
To mountains hich for all his micht;  
For he and his war all agast,  
And ran till they war out of sicht;  
And sae of Ross he lost his richt,  
Thocht mony men with hem he brocht;  
Towards the yles fled day and nicht,  
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

This is (quod he) the richt report  
Of all that I did heir and knaw;  
Thocht my discourse be sumthing schort,  
Tak this to be a richt suthe saw:  
Contrairie God and the kings law,  
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,  
Into the battil of Harlaw:  
This is the sum, sae I conclude.

But yet a bonnie while abide,  
And I sall mak thee cleirly ken  
What slaughter was on ilkay syde,  
Of Lowland and of Highland men,  
Wha for thair awin haif evir bene;  
These lazie lowns micht weil be spared,  
Chased like deers into their dens,  
And gat their wages for reward.

Malcomtosh, of the clan heid-cheif,

Macklean with his grit haughty heid,  
With all thair succour and relief,  
War dulefully dung to the deid;  
And now we are freid of thair feid,  
They will not lang to cum again;  
Thousands with them, without remeid,  
On Donald's syd, that day war slain.

And on the uther syde war lost,  
Into the feild that dismal day,  
Chief men of worth, of mekle cost,  
To be lamentit sair for ay.  
The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,  
A man of micht and mekle main;  
Grit dolour was for his decay,  
That sae unhappylie was slain.

Of the best men amang them was  
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,  
The sheriff-principal of Angus,  
Renownit for truth and equitie,  
For faith and magnanimitie;  
He had few fallows in the field,  
Yet fell by fatall destinie,  
For he naeways wad grant to yield.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knight,  
Grit constabill of fair Dundee,  
Unto the dulefull deith was dicht;  
The kingis cheif bannerman was he,  
A valiant man of chevalrie,  
Whose predecessors wan that place  
At Spey, with gude King William frie  
'Gainst Murray, and Macduncan's race.

Gude Sir Allexander Irving,  
The much renowit laird of Drum,  
Nane in his days was bettir sene  
When they war semblit all and sum.  
To praise him we sould not be dumm,  
For valour, witt, and worthyness;  
To end his days he ther did cum  
Whose ransom is remeidyles.

And thair the knight of Lawriston  
Was slain into his armour schene,  
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,  
Wha provost was of Aberdene:  
The knight of Panmure, as was sene,  
A mortall man in armour bricht,  
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and kene,  
Left to the world thair last gude nicht.

Thair was not sen King Keneths days  
Sic strange intestine crewel stryf  
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,  
Whare mony liklie lost thair lyfe;  
Whilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,  
And mony childrene fatherless,  
Whilk in this realme has bene full ryfe:  
Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress.

In July, on Saint James his even,  
That four and twenty dismall day,  
Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven  
Of theirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say,  
Men will remember, as they may,  
When thus the ventie they knaw,  
And mony a ane may murn for ay,  
The brim battil of the Harlaw.

Andrew Lang

## The Battle Of Killie-Crankie

Clavers and his Highlandmen  
Came down upo' the raw, man,  
Who being stout, gave mony a clout;  
The lads began to claw then.  
With sword and terge into their hand,  
Wi which they were nae slaw, man,  
Wi mony a fearful heavy sigh,  
The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stark,  
She flang amang them a', man;  
The butter-box got many knocks,  
Their riggings paid for a' then.  
They got their paiks, wi sudden straiks,  
Which to their grief they saw, man:  
Wi clinkum, clankum o'er their crowns,  
The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,  
And flang amang them a', man;  
The English blades got broken beads,  
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.  
The durk and door made their last hour,  
And prov'd their final fa', man;  
They thought the devil had been there,  
That play'd them sic a paw then.

The Solemn League and Covenant  
Came whigging up the hills, man;  
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse  
For to subscribe their bills then.  
In Willie's name, they thought nag ane  
Durst stop their course at a', man,  
But hur-nane-sell, wi mony a knock,  
Cry'd, 'Furich--Whigs awa',' man.

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,  
Came linking up the brink, man;  
The Hogan Dutch they feared such,  
They bred a horrid stink then.  
The true Maclean and his fierce men  
Came in amang them a', man;  
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand.  
All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, Oh' on a ri,  
Why should she lose King Shames, man?  
Oh' rig in di, Oh' rig in di,  
She shall break a' her banes then;  
With furichinish, an' stay a while,  
And speak a word or twa, man,  
She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,

Before ye win awa' then.

Oh fy for shame, ye're three for ane,  
Hur-nane-sell's won the day, man;  
King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,  
Because they ran awa' then.  
Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,  
And made as lang a stay, man,  
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,  
And Willie'd ran awa' then.

Andrew Lang

## The Bonnie Earl Moray

A.

Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands  
Oh where have you been?  
They have slain the Earl of Murray,  
And they layd him on the green.

'Now wae be to thee, Huntly!  
And wherefore did you sae?  
I bade you bring him wi you,  
But forbade you him to slay.'

He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh he might have been a King!

He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the ba;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the glove;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh he was the Queen's love!

Oh lang will his lady  
Look oer the castle Down,  
Eer she see the Earl of Murray  
Come sounding thro the town!  
Eer she, etc.

B.

'Open the gates  
and let him come in;  
He is my brother Huntly,  
he'll do him nae harm.'

The gates they were opent,  
they let him come in,  
But fause traitor Huntly,  
he did him great harm.

He's ben and ben,  
and ben to his bed,  
And with a sharp rapier  
he stabbed him dead.

The lady came down the stair,  
wringing her hands:

'He has slain the Earl o Murray,  
the flower o Scotland.'

But Huntly lap on his horse,  
rade to the King:  
'Ye're welcome hame, Huntly,  
and whare hae ye been?

'Where hae ye been?  
and how hae ye sped?'  
'I've killed the Earl o Murray  
dead in his bed.'

'Foul fa you, Huntly!  
and why did ye so?  
You might have taen the Earl o Murray,  
and saved his life too.'

'Her bread it's to bake,  
her yill is to brew;  
My sister's a widow,  
and sair do I rue.

'Her corn grows ripe,  
her meadows grow green,  
But in bonnie Dinnibristle  
I darena be seen.'

Andrew Lang

## The Bonnie House O' Airly

It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,  
When the corn grew green and yellow,  
That there fell out a great dispute  
Between Argyle and Airly.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle  
To come in the morning early,  
An' lead in his men, by the back O' Dunkeld,  
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,  
And O but she looked weary!  
And there she espied the great Argyle  
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

'Come down, come down, Lady Margaret,' he says,  
'Come down and kiss me fairly,  
Or before the morning clear daylight,  
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly.'

'I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
I wadna kiss thee fairly,  
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,  
Gin you shouldna leave a standing stane Airly.'

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',  
Says, 'Lady, where is your drury?'  
'It's up and down by the bonnie burn side,  
Amang the planting of Airly.'

They sought it up, they sought it down,  
They sought it late and early,  
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,  
That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly,

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,  
And O but she grat sairly,  
And led her down to yon green bank,  
Till he plundered the bonnie house o' Airly.

'O it's I hae seven braw sons,' she says,  
'And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,  
And altho' I had as mony mae,  
I wad gie them a' to Charlie.

'But gin my good lord had been at hame,  
As this night he is wi' Charlie,  
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west  
Hae plundered the bonnie house o' Airly.

Andrew Lang

## The Bonny Hind

O May she comes, and may she goes,  
Down by yon gardens green,  
And there she spied a gallant squire  
As squire had ever been.

And may she comes, and may she goes,  
Down by yon hollin tree,  
And there she spied a brisk young squire,  
And a brisk young squire was he.

'Give me your green manteel, fair maid,  
Give me your maidenhead;  
Gif ye winna gie me your green manteel,  
Gi me your maidenhead.'

He has taen her by the milk-white hand,  
And softly laid her down,  
And when he's lifted her up again  
Given her a silver kaim.

'Perhaps there may be bairns, kind sir,  
Perhaps there may be nane;  
But if you be a courtier,  
You'll tell to me your name.'

'I am na courtier, fair maid,  
But new come frae the sea;  
I am nae courtier, fair maid,  
But when I court'ith thee.

'They call me Jack when I'm abroad,  
Sometimes they call me John;  
But when I'm in my father's bower  
Jock Randal is my name.'

'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!  
For I'm Lord Randal's yae daughter,  
He has nae mair nor me.'

'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny may,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lee!  
For I'm Lord Randal's yae yae son,  
Just now come oer the sea.'

She's putten her hand down by her spare  
And out she's taen a knife,  
And she has putn't in her heart's bluid,  
And taen away her life.

And he's taen up his bonny sister,  
With the big tear in his een,

And he has buried his bonny sister  
Amang the hollins green.

And syne he's hyed him oer the dale,  
His father dear to see:  
'Sing O and O for my bonny hind,  
Beneath yon hollin tree!'

'What needs you care for your bonny hyn?  
For it you needna care;  
There's aught score hyns in yonder park,  
And five score hyns to spare.

'Fourscore of them are siller-shod,  
Of thae ye may get three;'  
'But O and O for my bonny hyn,  
Beneath yon hollin tree!'

'What needs you care for your bonny hyn?  
For it you needna care;  
Take you the best, gi me the warst,  
Since plenty is to spare.'

'I care na for your hyns, my lord,  
I care na for your fee;  
But O and O for my bonny hyn,  
Beneath the hollin tree!'

'O were ye at your sister's bower,  
Your sister fair to see,  
Ye'll think na mair o your bonny hyn  
Beneath the hollin tree.'

Andrew Lang

## The Broomfield Hill

There was a knight and lady bright  
Set trysts amo the broom,  
The one to come at morning eav,  
The other at afternoon.

'I'll wager a wager wi' you,' he said,  
'An hundred marks and ten,  
That ye shall not go to Broomfield Hills,  
Return a maiden again.'

'I'll wager a wager wi' you,' she said,  
'A hundred pounds and ten,  
That I will gang to Broomfield Hills,  
A maiden return again.'

The lady stands in her bower door,  
And thus she made her mane:  
'Oh, shall I gang to Broomfield Hills,  
Or shall I stay at hame?

'If I do gang to Broomfield Hills  
A maid I'll not return;  
But if I stay from Broomfield Hills,  
I'll be a maid mis-sworn.'

Then out it speaks an auld witch wife,  
Sat in the bower aboon:  
'O ye shall gang to Broomfield Hills,  
Ye shall not stay at hame.

'But when ye gang to Broomfield Hills,  
Walk nine times round and round;  
Down below a bonny burn bank,  
Ye'll find your love sleeping sound.

'Ye'll pu the bloom frae off the broom,  
Strew't at his head and feet,  
And aye the thicker that ye do strew,  
The sounder he will sleep.

'The broach that is on your napkin,  
Put it on his breast bane,  
To let him know, when he does wake,  
That's true love's come and gane.

'The rings that are on your fingers,  
Lay them down on a stane,  
To let him know, when he does wake,  
That's true love's come and gane.

'And when he hae your work all done,  
Ye'll gang to a bush o' broom,

And then you'll hear what he will say,  
When he sees ye are gane.'

When she came to Broomfield Hills,  
She walked it nine times round,  
And down below yon burn bank,  
She found him sleeping sound.

She pu'd the bloom frae off the broom,  
Strew'd it at 's head and feet,  
And aye the thicker that she strewd,  
The sounder he did sleep.

The brooch that was on her napkin,  
She put it on his breast-bane,  
To let him know, when he did wake,  
His love was come and gane.

The rings that were on her fingers,  
She laid upon a stane,  
To let him know, when he did wake,  
His love was come and gane.

Now when she had her work all dune,  
She went to a bush o' broom,  
That she might hear what he did say,  
When he saw that she was gane.

'O where were ye my guid grey hound,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
Ye didna waken me frae my sleep  
When my true love was sae near?'

'I scraped wi' my foot, master,  
Till a' my collars rang,  
But still the mair that I did scrape,  
Waken woud ye nane.'

'Where were ye, my bony brown steed,  
That I paid for sae dear,  
That ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep  
When my love was sae near?'

'I patted wi my foot, master,  
Till a' my bridles rang,  
But the mair that I did patt,  
Waken woud ye nane.'

'O where were ye, my gay goss-hawk  
That I paid for sae dear,  
That ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep  
When ye saw my love near?'

'I flapped wi my wings, master,  
Till a' my bells they rang,  
But still, the mair that I did flap,  
Waken woud ye nane.'

'O where were ye, my merry young men  
That I pay meat and fee,  
That ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep  
When my love ye did see?'

'Ye'll sleep mair on the night, master,  
And wake mair on the day;  
Gae sooner down to Broomfield Hills  
When ye've sic pranks to play.

'If I had seen any armed men  
Come riding over the hill--  
But I saw but a fair lady  
Come quietly you until.'

'O wae mat worth yow, my young men,  
That I pay meat and fee,  
That ye woudna waken me frae sleep  
When ye my love did see?

'O had I waked when she was nigh,  
And o her got my will,  
I shoudna cared upon the morn  
The sma birds o her were fill.'

When she went out, right bitter she wept,  
But singing came she hame;  
Says, 'I hae been at Broomfield Hills,  
And maid returned again.'

Andrew Lang

## **The Burial Of Moliere**

Dead--he is dead! The rouge has left a trace  
On that thin cheek where shone, perchance, a tear,  
Even while the people laughed that held him dear  
But yesterday. He died,--and not in grace,  
And many a black-robed caitiff starts apace  
To slander him whose Tartuffe made them fear,  
And gold must win a passage for his bier,  
And bribe the crowd that guards his resting-place.

Ah, Moliere, for that last time of all,  
Man's hatred broke upon thee, and went by,  
And did but make more fair thy funeral.  
Though in the dark they hid thee stealthily,  
Thy coffin had the cope of night for pall,  
For torch, the stars along the windy sky!

Andrew Lang

## The Douglas Tragedy

'Rise up, rise up now, Lord Douglas,' she says,  
'And put on your armour so bright;  
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine  
Was married to a lord under night.

'Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armour so bright,  
And take better care of your youngest sister,  
For your eldest's awa the last night.'--

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey,  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,  
To see what he could see,  
And there be spy'd her seven brethren bold,  
Come riding o'er the lee.

'Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,  
'And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven brothers bold,  
And your father I make a stand.'--

She held his steed in her milk white hand,  
And never shed one tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',  
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

'O hold your hand, Lord William!' she said,  
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair;  
True lovers I can get many a ane,  
But a father I can never get mair.'--

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,  
It was o' the holland sae fine,  
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,  
That were redder than the wine.

'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,  
'O whether will ye gang or bide?'  
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,  
'For ye have left me no other guide.'--

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple grey.  
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,

Until they came to yon wan water,  
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink  
Of the spring that ran sae clear:  
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,  
And sair she 'gan to fear.

'Hold up, hold up, Lord William,' she says,  
'For I fear that you are slain!'  
"Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak  
That shines in the water sae plain.'

O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they cam to his mother's ha' door,  
And there they lighted down.

'Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
'Get up, and let me in!--'  
Get up, get up, lady mother,' he says,  
'For this night my fair ladye I've win.

'O mak my bed, lady mother,' he says,  
'O mak it braid and deep!  
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,  
And the sounder I will sleep.'--

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day--  
And all true lovers that go thegither,  
May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,  
Lady Margaret in Marie's quire;  
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,  
And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,  
And fain they wad be near;  
And a' the warld might ken right weel,  
They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,  
And wow but he was rough!  
For he pull'd up the bonny brier,  
An flang't in St. Marie's Loch.

Andrew Lang

## The Dowie Dens Of Yarrow

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,  
And ere they paid the lawing,  
They set a combat them between,  
To fight it in the dawning.

'Oh, stay at hame, my noble lord,  
Oh, stay at hame, my marrow!  
My cruel brother will you betray  
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.'

'Oh, fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!  
Oh, fare ye weel, my Sarah!  
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,  
Frae the dowie banks of Yarrow.'

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,  
As oft she had done before, O;  
She belted him with his noble brand,  
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,  
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,  
Till, down in a den, he spied nine arm'd men,  
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

'Oh, come ye here to part your land,  
The bonnie Forest thorough?  
Or come ye here to wield your brand,  
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?'

'I come not here to part my land,  
And neither to beg nor borrow;  
I come to wield my noble brand,  
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

'If I see all, ye're nine to ane;  
An that's an unequal marrow:  
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,  
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.'

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,  
On the bloody braes of Yarrow;  
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,  
And ran his body thorough.

'Gae hame, gae hame, good-brother John,  
And tell your sister Sarah,  
To come and lift her leafu' lord;  
He's sleepin' sound on Yarrow.'

'Yestreen I dream'd a dolefu' dream;  
I fear there will be sorrow!

I dream'd I pu'd the heather green,  
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

'O gentle wind, that bloweth south,  
From where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!

'But in the glen strive armed men;  
They've wrought me dole and sorrow;  
They've slain--the comeliest knight they've slain--  
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

As she sped down yon high, high hill,  
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow,  
And in the den spied ten slain men,  
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kiss'd his cheek, she kaim'd his hair,  
She search'd his wounds all thorough,  
She kiss'd them, till her lips grew red,  
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

'Now, haud your tongue, my daughter dear!  
For a' this breeds but sorrow;  
I'll wed ye to a better lord  
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.'

'Oh, haud your tongue, my father dear!  
Ye mind me but of sorrow:  
A fairer rose did never bloom  
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow.'

Andrew Lang

## The Elphin Nourrice

I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
An' a cow low down in yon glen;  
Lang, lang will my young son greet,  
Or his mither bid him come ben.

I heard a cow low, a bonnie cow low,  
An' a cow low down in yon fauld;  
Lang, lang will my young son greet,  
Or is mither take him frae cauld.

Waken, Queen of Elfan,  
An hear your Nourrice moan.  
O moan ye for your meat,  
Or moan ye for your fee,  
Or moan ye for the ither bounties  
That ladies are wont to gie?

I moan na for my meat,  
Nor yet for my fee,  
But I mourn for Christened land--  
It's there I fain would be.

O nurse my bairn, Nourrice, she says,  
Till he stan' at your knee,  
An' ye's win hame to Christen land,  
Whar fain it's ye wad be.

O keep my bairn, Nourrice,  
Till he gang by the hauld,  
An' ye's win hame to your young son,  
Ye left in four nights auld.

Andrew Lang

## The Fairy's Gift

The Fays that to my christ'ning came  
(For come they did, my nurses taught me),  
They did not bring me wealth or fame,  
'Tis very little that they brought me.  
But one, the crossdest of the crew,  
The ugly old one, uninvited,  
Said, 'I shall be avenged on YOU,  
My child; you shall grow up short-sighted!'  
With magic juices did she lave  
Mine eyes, and wrought her wicked pleasure.  
Well, of all gifts the Fairies gave,  
HERS is the present that I treasure!

The bore whom others fear and flee,  
I do not fear, I do not flee him;  
I pass him calm as calm can be;  
I do not cut--I do not see him!  
And with my feeble eyes and dim,  
Where YOU see patchy fields and fences,  
For me the mists of Turner swim -  
MY 'azure distance' soon commences!  
Nay, as I blink about the streets  
Of this befogged and miry city,  
Why, almost every girl one meets  
Seems preternaturally pretty!  
'Try spectacles,' one's friends intone;  
'You'll see the world correctly through them.'  
But I have visions of my own,  
And not for worlds would I undo them.

Andrew Lang

## The Heir Of Lynne

Of all the lords in faire Scotland  
A song I will begin:  
Amongst them all dwelled a lord  
Which was the unthrifty Lord of Lynne.

His father and mother were dead him froe,  
And so was the head of all his kinne;  
He did neither cease nor blinne  
To the cards and dice that he did run.

To drinke the wine that was so cleere!  
With every man he would make merry.  
And then bespake him John of the Scales,  
Unto the heire of Lynne say'd hee,

Sayes 'how dost thou, Lord of Lynne,  
Doest either want gold or fee?  
Wilt thou not sell thy land so brode  
To such a good fellow as me?

'For . . I . . ' he said,  
'My land, take it unto thee;  
I draw you to record, my lords all;'  
With that he cast him a Gods pennie.

He told him the gold upon the bord,  
It wanted never a bare penny.  
'That gold is thine, the land is mine,  
The heire of Lynne I will bee.'

'Heeres gold enough,' saithe the heire of Lynne,  
'Both for me and my company.'  
He drunke the wine that was so cleere,  
And with every man he made merry.

Within three quarters of a yeare  
His gold and fee it waxed thinne,  
His merry men were from him gone,  
And left himselfe all alone.

He had never a penny left in his purse,  
Never a penny but three,  
And one was brasse and another was lead  
And another was white mony.

'Now well-a-day!' said the heire of Lynne,  
'Now well-a-day, and woe is mee!  
For when I was the Lord of Lynne,  
I neither wanted gold nor fee;

'For I have sold my lands so broad,  
And have not left me one penny!

I must go now and take some read  
Unto Edenborrow and beg my bread.'

He had not beene in Edenborrow  
Nor three quarters of a yeare,  
But some did give him and some said nay,  
And some bid 'to the deele gang yee!

'For if we should hang some land selfeer,  
The first we would begin with thee.'  
'Now well-a-day!' said the heire of Lynne,  
'Now well-a-day, and woe is mee!

'For now I have sold my lands so broad  
That merry man is irke with mee;  
But when that I was the Lord of Lynne  
Then on my land I lived merrily;

'And now I have sold my land so broade  
That I have not left me one penny!  
God be with my father!' he said,  
'On his land he lived merrily.'

Still in a study there as he stood,  
He unbethought him of a bill,  
He unbethought him of a bill  
Which his father had left with him.

Bade him he should never on it looke  
Till he was in extreame neede,  
'And by my faith,' said the heire of Lynne,  
'Then now I had never more neede.'

He tooke the bill and looked it on,  
Good comfort that he found there;  
It told him of a castle wall  
Where there stood three chests in feare:

Two were full of the beaten gold,  
The third was full of white money.  
He turned then downe his bags of bread  
And filled them full of gold so red.

Then he did never cease nor blinne  
Till John of the Scales house he did winne.  
When that he came John of the Scales,  
Up at the speere he looked then;

There sate three lords upon a rowe,  
And John o' the Scales sate at the bord's head,  
And John o' the Scales sate at the bord's head  
Because he was the lord of Lynne.

And then bespake the heire of Lynne  
To John o' the Scales wife thus sayd hee,  
Sayd 'Dame, wilt thou not trust me one shott  
That I may sit downe in this company?'

'Now Christ's curse on my head,' she said,  
'If I do trust thee one pennye,'  
Then bespake a good fellowe,  
Which sate by John o' the Scales his knee,

Said 'have thou here, thou heire of Lynne,  
Forty-pence I will lend thee,--  
Some time a good fellow thou hast beene  
And other forty if it need bee.'

They drunken wine that was so cleere,  
And every man they made merry,  
And then bespake him John o' the Scales  
Unto the Lord of Lynne said hee;

Said 'how doest thou heire of Lynne,  
Since I did buy thy lands of thee?  
I will sell it to thee twenty better cheepe,  
Nor ever did I buy it of thee.'

'I draw you to recorde, lords all:'  
With that he cast him god's penny;  
Then he tooke to his bags of bread,  
And they were full of the gold so red.

He told him the gold then over the borde  
It wanted never a broad penny;  
'That gold is thine, the land is mine,  
And the heire of Lynne againe I will bee.'

'Now well-a-day!' said John o' the Scales' wife,  
'Well-a-day, and woe is me!  
Yesterday I was the lady of Lynne,  
And now I am but John o' the Scales wife!'

Says 'have thou here, thou good fellow,  
Forty pence thou did lend me;  
Forty pence thou did lend me,  
And forty I will give thee,  
I'll make thee keeper of my forrest,  
Both of the wild deere and the tame.'

But then bespake the heire of Lynne,  
These were the words and thus spake hee,  
'Christ's curse light upon my crowne  
If ere my land stand in any jeopardye!'

Andrew Lang

## The Laird Of Waristoun

Down by yon garden green,  
Sae merrily as she gaes;  
She has twa weel-made feet,  
And she trips upon her taes.

She has twa weel-made feet;  
Far better is her hand;  
She's as jimp in the middle  
As ony willow wand.

'Gif ye will do my bidding,  
At my bidding for to be,  
It's I will make you lady  
Of a' the lands you see.'

\* \* \* \* \*

He spak a word in jest;  
Her answer was na good;  
He threw a plate at her face,  
Made it a' gush out o' blood.

She wasna frae her chamber  
A step but barely three,  
When up and at her richt hand  
There stood Man's Enemy.

'Gif ye will do my bidding,  
At my bidding for to be,  
I'll learn you a wile,  
Avenged for to be.'

The foul thief knotted the tether;  
She lifted his head on hie;  
The nourice drew the knot  
That gar'd lord Waristoun die.

Then word is gane to Leith,  
Also to Edinburgh town  
That the lady had kill'd the laird,  
The laird o' Waristoun.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tak aff, tak aff my hood  
But lat my petticoat be;  
Pat my mantle o'er my head;  
For the fire I downa see.

Now, a' ye gentle maids,  
Tak warning now by me,  
And never marry ane

But wha pleases your e'e.

'For he married me for love,  
But I married him for fee;  
And sae brak out the feud  
That gar'd my dearie die.'

Andrew Lang

## The Loving Ballad Of Lord Bateman

Lord Bateman was a noble lord,  
A noble lord of high degree;  
He shipped himself all aboard of a ship,  
Some foreign country for to see.

He sailed east, he sailed west,  
Until he came to famed Turkey,  
Where he was taken and put to prison,  
Until his life was quite weary.

All in this prison there grew a tree,  
O there it grew so stout and strong!  
Where he was chained all by the middle,  
Until his life was almost gone.

This Turk he had one only daughter,  
The fairest my two eyes eer see;  
She steal the keys of her father's prison,  
And swore Lord Bateman she would let go free.

O she took him to her father's cellar,  
And gave to him the best of wine;  
And every health she drank unto him  
Was 'I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.'

'O have you got houses, have you got land,  
And does Northumberland belong to thee?  
And what would you give to the fair young lady  
As out of prison would let you go free?'

'O I've got houses and I've got land,  
And half Northumberland belongs to me;  
And I will give it all to the fair young lady  
As out of prison would let me go free.'

'O in seven long years I'll make a vow  
For seven long years, and keep it strong,  
That if you'll wed no other woman,  
O I will wed no other man.'

O she took him to her father's harbor,  
And gave to him a ship of fame,  
Saying, 'Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,  
I fear I shall never see you again.'

Now seven long years is gone and past,  
And fourteen days, well known to me;  
She packed up all her gay clothing,  
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

O when she arrived at Lord Bateman's castle,  
How boldly then she rang the bell!

'Who's there? who's there?' cries the proud young porter,  
'O come unto me pray quickly tell.'

'O is this here Lord Bateman's castle,  
And is his lordship here within?'  
'O yes, O yes,' cries the proud young porter,  
'He's just now taking his young bride in.'

'O bid him to send me a slice of bread,  
And a bottle of the very best wine,  
And not forgetting the fair young lady  
As did release him when close confine.'

O away and away went this proud young porter,  
O away and away and away went he,  
Until he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,  
Where he went down on his bended knee.

'What news, what news, my proud young porter?  
What news, what news? come tell to me:'  
'O there is the fairest young lady  
As ever my two eyes did see.

'She has got rings on every finger,  
And on one finger she has got three;  
With as much gay gold about her middle  
As would buy half Northumberland.

'O she bids you to send her a slice of bread,  
And a bottle of the very best wine,  
And not forgetting the fair young lady  
As did release you when close confine.'

Lord Bateman then in passion flew,  
And broke his sword in splinters three,  
Saying, 'I will give half of my father's land,  
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.'

Then up and spoke this young bride's mother,  
Who never was heard to speak so free;  
Saying, 'You'll not forget my only daughter,  
If so be Sophia has crossed the sea.'

'O it's true I made a bride of your daughter,  
But she's neither the better nor the worse for me;  
She came to me with a horse and saddle,  
But she may go home in a coach and three.'

Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,  
With both their hearts so full of glee,  
Saying, 'I will roam no more to foreign countries,  
Now that Sophia has crossed the sea.'

Andrew Lang

## **The Moon's Minion**

Thine eyes are like the sea, my dear,  
The wand'ring waters, green and grey;  
Thine eyes are wonderful and clear,  
And deep, and deadly, even as they;  
The spirit of the changeful sea  
Informs thine eyes at night and noon,  
She sways the tides, and the heart of thee,  
The mystic, sad, capricious Moon!

The Moon came down the shining stair  
Of clouds that fleck the summer sky,  
She kissed thee, saying, 'Child, be fair,  
And madden men's hearts, even as I;  
Thou shalt love all things strange and sweet,  
That know me and are known of me;  
The lover thou shalt never meet,  
The land where thou shalt never be!'

She held thee in her chill embrace,  
She kissed thee with cold lips divine,  
She left her pallor on thy face,  
That mystic ivory face of thine;  
And now I sit beside thy feet,  
And all my heart is far from thee,  
Dreaming of her I shall not meet,  
And of the land I shall not see!

Andrew Lang

## **The Odyssey**

AS one that for a weary space has lain  
Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine  
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
Where that Aeaeon isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of love complain,  
And only shadows of wan lovers pine--  
As such an one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again--  
So gladly from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours  
They hear like Ocean on a western beach  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

Andrew Lang

## The Queen's Marie

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
Wi ribbons in her hair;  
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton,  
Than ony that were there.

Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
Wi ribbons on her breast;  
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton,  
Than he listend to the priest.

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 lands.

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.

She hadna been about the king's court  
A month, but barely three,  
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,  
Marie Hamilton durst na be.

The king is to the Abbey gane,  
To pu the Abbey tree,  
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart;  
But the thing it wadna be.

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 na mair o me.'

Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word is to the noble room,  
Amang the ladyes a',  
That Marie Hamilton's brought to bed,  
And the bonny babe's mist and awa.

Scarcely had she lain down again,  
And scarcely faen 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.'

'O no, O no, my noble queen!  
Think no such thing to be!  
'Twas but a stitch into my side,

And sair it troubles me.'

'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,  
Get up, and follow me,  
For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding for to see.'

O slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on;  
And slowly rode she out the way,  
Wi mony a weary groan.

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.

'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now wi' me!  
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd  
Rade in your cumpanie.'

But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rade on the brown,  
That she was ga'en to Edinburgh town,  
And a' to be put down.

'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!'

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.

When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She laughed loud laughters three;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
The tears blinded her ee.

'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she'll hae but three;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaten,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

'O, often have I dressd my queen,  
And put gold upon her hair;  
But now I've gotten for my reward  
The gallows to be my share.

'Often have I dressd my queen,  
And often made her bed:  
But now I've gotten for my reward  
The gallows-tree to tread.

'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.

'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.

'For if my father and mother got wit,  
And my bold brethren three,  
O mickle wad be the gude red blude,  
This day wad be spilt for me!

'O little did my mother ken,  
The day she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in,  
Or the death I was to die!'

Andrew Lang

## The Twa Sisters

There liv'd twa sisters in a bower,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
There liv'd twa sisters in a bower,  
Stirling for aye:  
The youngest o' them, O, she was a flower!  
Bonny Sanct Johnstone that stands upon Tay.

There came a squire frae the west,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
There cam a squire frae the west,  
Stirling for aye:  
He lo'ed them baith, but the youngest best,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstone that stands upon Tay.

He gied the eldest a gay gold ring,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
He gied the eldest a gay gold ring,  
Stirling for aye:  
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstone that stands upon Tay.

'Oh sister, sister, will ye go to the sea?  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
Oh sister, sister, will ye go to the sea?  
Stirling for aye:  
Our father's ships sail bonnilie,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstone that stands upon Tay.'

The youngest sat down upon a stane,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
The youngest sat down upon a stane,  
Stirling for aye:  
The eldest shot the youngest in,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstone that stands upon Tay.

'Oh sister, sister, lend me your hand,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
Oh, sister, sister, lend me your hand,  
Stirling for aye:  
And you shall hae my gouden fan,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstone that stands upon Tay.

'Oh, sister, sister, save my life,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
Oh sister, sister, save my life,  
Stirling for aye:  
And ye shall be the squire's wife,  
Bonny Sweet Johnstone that stands upon Tay.'

First she sank, and then she swam,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
First she sank, and then she swam,

Stirling for aye:  
Until she cam to Tweed mill dam,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstonne that stands upon Tay.

The millar's daughter was baking bread,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
The millar's daughter was baking bread,  
Stirling for aye:  
She went for water, as she had need,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstonne that stands upon Tay.

'Oh father, father, in our mill dam,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch,  
Oh father, father, in our mill dam,  
Stirling for aye:  
There's either a lady, or a milk-white swan,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstonne that stands upon Tay.'

They could nae see her fingers small,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
They could nae see her fingers small,  
Stirling for aye:  
Wi' diamond rings they were cover'd all,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstonne that stands upon Tay.

They could nae see her yellow hair,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
They could nae see her yellow hair,  
Stirling for aye:  
Sae many knots and platts war there,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstonne that stands upon Tay.

Bye there cam a fiddler fair,  
Hey Edinbruch, how Edinbruch.  
Bye there cam a fiddler fair,  
Stirling for aye:  
And he's ta'en three tails o' her yellow hair,  
Bonny Sanct Johnstonne that stands upon Tay.

Andrew Lang

## The Wife Of Usher's Well

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them oer the sea,

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely ane,  
When word came to the carline wife  
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
Whan word came to the carlin wife  
That her sons she'd never see.

'I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fashes in the flood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me,  
In earthly flesh and blood!'

It fell about the Martinmass,  
Whan nights are lang and mirk,  
The carline wife's three sons came hame,  
And their hats were o the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
Nor yet in ony sheugh;  
But at the gates o Paradise  
That birk grew fair eneugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Blow up the fire, my maidens!  
Bring water from the well;  
For a' my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well.'

And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide;  
And she's taen her mantle her about,  
Sat down at the bedside.

\* \* \* \* \*

Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
"Tis time we were away.'

The cock he hadna crawd but once,  
And clapp'd his wings at a',  
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,

'Brother, we must awa.

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,  
The channerin worm doth chide;  
Gin we be mist out o our place,  
A sair pain we maun bide.

'Fare ye weel, my mother dear!  
Fareweel to barn and byre!  
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass  
That kindles my mother's fire!'

Andrew Lang

### Three Portraits of Prince Charles

1731

BEAUTIFUL face of a child,  
Lighted with laughter and glee,  
Mirthful, and tender, and wild,  
My heart is heavy for thee!

1744

Beautiful face of a youth,  
As an eagle poised to fly forth  
To the old land loyal of truth,  
To the hills and the sounds of the North:  
Fair face, daring and proud,  
Lo! the shadow of doom, even now,  
The fate of thy line, like a cloud,  
Rests on the grace of thy brow!

1773

Cruel and angry face,  
Hateful and heavy with wine,  
Where are the gladness, the grace,  
The beauty, the mirth that were thine?

Ah, my Prince, it were well,—  
Hadst thou to the gods been dear,—  
To have fallen where Keppoch fell,  
With the war-pipe loud in thine ear!  
To have died with never a stain  
On the fair White Rose of Renown,  
To have fallen, fighting in vain,  
For thy father, thy faith, and thy crown!  
More than thy marble pile,  
With its women weeping for thee,  
Were to dream in thine ancient isle,  
To the endless dirge of the sea!  
But the Fates deemed otherwise;  
Far thou sleepest from home,  
From the tears of the Northern skies,  
In the secular dust of Rome.  
A city of death and the dead,  
But thither a pilgrim came,  
Wearing on weary head  
The crowns of years and fame:  
Little the Lucrine lake  
Or Tivoli said to him,  
Scarce did the memories wake  
Of the far-off years and dim,  
For he stood by Avernus' shore.  
But he dreamed of a Northern glen,  
And he murmured, over and o'er,

"For Charlie and his men:"  
And his feet, to death that went,  
Crept forth to St. Peter's shrine,  
And the latest Minstrel bent  
O'er the last of the Stuart line.

Andrew Lang

## Traditional Version

As I came in by Dunidier,  
An doun by Netherha,  
There was fifty thousand Hielanmen  
A marching to Harlaw.  
(Chorus) Wi a dree dree dradie drumtie dree.

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.

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

'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.'

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

'Yes, me was near, an near eneuch,  
An me their numbers saw;  
There was fifty thousand Hielanmen  
A marching to Harlaw.'

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

'Oh no, oh no!' quo' John the Gryme,  
'That thing maun never be;  
The gallant Grymes were never bate,  
We'll try what we can dee.'

As I cam on, an farther on,  
An doun an by Harlaw,  
They fell fu close on ilka side;  
Sic fun ye never saw.

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

The Hielanmen, wi their lang swords,

They laid on us fu sair,  
An they drave back our merry men  
Three acres breadth an mair.

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.'

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

And siccan a lierachie,  
I'm sure ye never sawe  
As wis amo the Hielanmen,  
When they saw Macdonell fa.

An whan they saw that he was deid,  
They turnd and ran awa,  
An they buried him in Legget's Den,

A large mile frae Harlaw.

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

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

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

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

Andrew Lang

## Valentine In Form Of Ballade

The soft wind from the south land sped,  
He set his strength to blow,  
From forests where Adonis bled,  
And lily flowers a-row:  
He crossed the straits like streams that flow,  
The ocean dark as wine,  
To my true love to whisper low,  
To be your Valentine.

The Spring half-raised her drowsy head,  
Besprent with drifted snow,  
'I'll send an April day,' she said,  
'To lands of wintry woe.'  
He came,--the winter's overthrow  
With showers that sing and shine,  
Pied daisies round your path to strow,  
To be your Valentine.

Where sands of Egypt, swart and red,  
'Neath suns Egyptian glow,  
In places of the princely dead,  
By the Nile's overflow,  
The swallow preened her wings to go,  
And for the North did pine,  
And fain would brave the frost her foe,  
To be your Valentine.

ENVOY.

Spring, Swallow, South Wind, even so,  
Their various voice combine;  
But that they crave on ME bestow,  
To be your Valentine.

Andrew Lang

## Villanelle

Apollo left the golden Muse  
And shepherded a mortal's sheep,  
Theocritus of Syracuse!

To mock the giant swain that woo's  
The sea-nymph in the sunny deep,  
Apollo left the golden Muse.

Afield he drove his lambs and ewes,  
Where Milon and where Battus reap,  
Theocritus of Syracuse!

To watch thy tunny-fishers cruise  
Below the dim Sicilian steep  
Apollo left the golden Muse.

Ye twain did loiter in the dews,  
Ye slept the swain's unfever'd sleep,  
Theocritus of Syracuse!

That Time might half with HIS confuse  
Thy songs,--like his, that laugh and leap, -  
Theocritus of Syracuse,  
Apollo left the golden Muse!

Andrew Lang

## **Villion's Ballade Of Good Counsel, To His Friends Of Evil Life**

Nay, be you pardoner or cheat,  
Or cogger keen, or mumper shy,  
You'll burn your fingers at the feat,  
And howl like other folks that fry.  
All evil folks that love a lie!  
And where goes gain that greed amasses,  
By wile, and trick, and thievery?  
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

Rhyme, rail, dance, play the cymbals sweet,  
With game, and shame, and jollity,  
Go jigging through the field and street,  
With MYST'RY and MORALITY;  
Win gold at GLEEK,--and that will fly,  
Where all you gain at PASSAGE passes, -  
And that's? You know as well as I,  
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

Nay, forth from all such filth retreat,  
Go delve and ditch, in wet or dry,  
Turn groom, give horse and mule their meat,  
If you've no clerkly skill to ply;  
You'll gain enough, with husbandry,  
But--sow hempseed and such wild grasses,  
And where goes all you take thereby? -  
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

ENVOY.

Your clothes, your hose, your broidery,  
Your linen that the snow surpasses,  
Or ere they're worn, off, off they fly,  
'Tis all to taverns and to lasses!

Andrew Lang

## Waly, Waly

O waly, waly, up the bank,  
O waly, waly, down the brae.  
And waly, waly, yon burn side,  
Where I and my love went to gae.  
I leaned my back unto an aik,  
An' thocht it was a trustie tree,  
But first it bow'd and syne it brak,  
Sae my true love did lichtly me.

O waly, waly, but love is bonnie  
A little time while it is new,  
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,  
And fades away like morning dew.  
O wherefore should I busk my head,  
O wherefore should I kame my hair,  
For my true love has me forsook,  
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me,  
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love has forsaken me.  
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,  
And shake the green leaves off the tree!  
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am wearie!

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,  
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie,  
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,  
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.  
When we came in by Glasgow toun  
We were a comely sicht to see;  
My love was clad in the black velvet,  
And I mysel in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist  
That love had been sae ill to win,  
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,  
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.  
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee;  
And I myself were dead and gane,  
And the green grass growing over me!

Andrew Lang

## Willie's Ladye

Willie has ta'en him o'er the faem,  
He's wooed a wife, and brought her hame;  
He's wooed her for her yellow hair,  
But his mother wrought her meikle care;

And meikle dolour gar'd her dree,  
For lighter she can never be;  
But in her bow'r she sits with pain,  
And Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

And to his mother he has gane,  
That vile rank witch, of vilest kind!  
He says--'My lady has a cup,  
With gowd and silver set about;  
This gudely gift shall be your ain,  
And let her be lighter of her bairn.'

'Of her bairn she's never be lighter,  
Nor in her bow'r to shine the brighter  
But she shall die, and turn to clay,  
And you shall wed another may.'

'Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame.'  
But, sighing, said that weary wight--  
'I wish my life were at an end.'

'Yet gae ye to your mother again,  
That vile rank witch, of vilest kind  
And say, your ladye has a steed,  
The like of him's no in the land of Leed.

'For he is silver shod before,  
And he is gowden shod behind;  
At every tuft of that horse mane  
There's a golden chess, and a bell to ring.  
This gudely gift shall be her ain,  
And let me be lighter of my bairn.'

'Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,  
Nor in her bow'r to shine the brighter;  
But she shall die, and turn to clay,  
And ye shall wed another may.'

'Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame.'  
But, sighing, said that weary wight--  
I wish my life were at an end!

'Yet gae ye to your mother again,  
That vile rank witch, of rankest kind!  
And say, your ladye has a girdle,

It's all red gowd to the middle;

'And aye, at ilka siller hem,  
Hang fifty siller bells and ten;  
This gudely gift shall be her ain,  
And let me be lighter of my bairn.'

'Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,  
Nor in your bow'r to shine the brighter;  
For she shall die, and turn to clay,  
And thou shall wed another may.'

'Another may I'll never wed,  
Another may I'll never bring hame.'  
But, sighing, said that weary wight--  
'I wish my days were at an end!'

Then out and spak the Billy Blind,  
He spak aye in good time [his mind]:-  
'Yet gae ye to the market place,  
And there do buy a loaf of wace;  
Do shape it bairn and bairnly like,  
And in it two glassen een you'll put.

'Oh, wha has loosed the nine witch-knots  
That were amang that ladye's locks?  
And wha's ta'en out the kames of care,  
That were amang that ladye's hair?

'And wha has ta'en down that bush of woodbine  
That hung between her bow'r and mine?  
And wha has kill'd the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladye's bed?  
And wha has loosed her left foot shee,  
And let that ladye lighter be?'

Syne, Willie's loosed the nine witch-knots  
That were amang that ladye's locks;  
And Willie's ta'en out the kames of care  
That were into that ladye's hair;  
And he's ta'en down the bush of woodbine,  
Hung atween her bow'r and the witch carline.

And he has killed the master kid  
That ran beneath that ladye's bed;  
And he has loosed her left foot shee,  
And latten that ladye lighter be;  
And now he has gotten a bonnie son,  
And meikle grace be him upon.

Andrew Lang

## Woman And The Weed

(FOUNDED ON A NEW ZEALAND MYTH.)

In the Morning of Time, when his fortunes began,  
How bleak, how un-Greek, was the Nature of Man!  
From his wigwam, if ever he ventured to roam,  
There was nobody waiting to welcome him home;  
For the Man had been made, but the woman had NOT,  
And Earth was a highly detestable spot.  
Man hated his neighbours; they met and they scowled,  
They did not converse but they struggled and howled,  
For Man had no tact--he would ne'er take a hint,  
And his notions he backed with a hatchet of flint.

So Man was alone, and he wished he could see  
On the Earth some one like him, but fairer than he,  
With locks like the red gold, a smile like the sun,  
To welcome him back when his hunting was done.  
And he sighed for a voice that should answer him still,  
Like the affable Echo he heard on the hill:  
That should answer him softly and always agree,  
AND OH, Man reflected, HOW NICE IT WOULD BE!

So he prayed to the Gods, and they stooped to his prayer,  
And they spoke to the Sun on his way through the air,  
And he married the Echo one fortunate morn,  
And Woman, their beautiful daughter, was born!  
The daughter of Sunshine and Echo she came  
With a voice like a song, with a face like a flame;  
With a face like a flame, and a voice like a song,  
And happy was Man, but it was not for long!

For weather's a painfully changeable thing,  
Not always the child of the Echo would sing;  
And the face of the Sun may be hidden with mist,  
And his child can be terribly cross if she list.  
And unfortunate Man had to learn with surprise  
That a frown's not peculiar to masculine eyes;  
That the sweetest of voices can scold and can sneer,  
And cannot be answered--like men--with a spear.

So Man went and called to the Gods in his woe,  
And they answered him--'Sir, you would needs have it so:  
And the thing must go on as the thing has begun,  
She's immortal--your child of the Echo and Sun.  
But we'll send you another, and fairer is she,  
This maiden with locks that are flowing and free.  
This maiden so gentle, so kind, and so fair,  
With a flower like a star in the night of her hair.  
With her eyes like the smoke that is misty and blue,  
With her heart that is heavenly, and tender, and true.  
She will die in the night, but no need you should mourn,  
You shall bury her body and thence shall be born

A weed that is green, that is fragrant and fair,  
With a flower like the star in the night of her hair.  
And the leaves must ye burn till they offer to you  
Soft smoke, like her eyes that are misty and blue.

'And the smoke shall ye breathe and no more shall ye fret,  
But the child of the Echo and Sun shall forget:  
Shall forget all the trouble and torment she brings,  
Shall bethink ye of none but delectable things;  
And the sound of the wars with your brethren shall cease,  
While ye smoke by the camp-fire the great pipe of peace.'  
So the last state of Man was by no means the worst,  
The second gift softened the sting of the first.

Nor the child of the Echo and Sun doth he heed  
When he dreams with the Maid that was changed to the weed;  
Though the Echo be silent, the Sun in a mist,  
The Maid is the fairest that ever was kissed.  
And when tempests are over and ended the rain,  
And the child of the Sunshine is sunny again,  
He comes back, glad at heart, and again is at one  
With the changeable child of the Echo and Sun.

Andrew Lang

## Young Benjie

Of all the maids of fair Scotland,  
The fairest was Marjorie;  
And young Benjie was her ae true love,  
And a dear true love was he.

And wow but they were lovers dear,  
And lov'd full constantlie;  
But aye the mair when they fell out,  
The sairer was their plea.

And they ha'e quarrell'd on a day,  
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae;  
And she said she'd chuse another luve,  
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout and proud-hearted,  
And thought o't bitterlie;  
And he's gane by the wan moonlight,  
To meet his Marjorie.

'Oh, open, open, my true love,  
Oh, open and let me in!'  
'I darena open, young Benjie,  
My three brothers are within.'

'Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonnie burd,  
Sae loud's I hear ye lee;  
As I came by the Louden banks,  
They bade gude e'en to me.

'But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,  
That I have lov'd sae lang!  
It sets ye chuse another love,  
And let young Benjie gang.'

Then Marjorie turn'd her round about,  
The tear blinding her e'e;  
'I darena, darena let thee in,  
But I'll come down to thee.'

Then salt she smil'd, and said to him--  
'Oh, what ill ha'e I done?'  
He took her in his arms twa,  
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strong, the maid was stout,  
And laith, laith to be dang;  
But ere she wan the Louden banks,  
Her fair colour was wan.

Then up bespake her eldest brother--  
'Oh, see na ye what I see?'

And out then spake her second brother--  
'It is our sister Marjorie!'

Out then spake her eldest brother--  
'Oh, how shall we her ken?'  
And out then spake her youngest brother--  
'There's a honey mark on her chin.'

Then they've ta'en the comely corpse,  
And laid it on the ground;  
Saying--'Wha has kill'd our ae sister?  
And how can he be found?

'The night it is her low lykewake,  
The morn her burial day;  
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,  
And hear what she will say.'

With doors ajar, and candles light,  
And torches burning clear,  
The streekit corpse, till still midnight,  
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle of the night  
The cocks began to crow;  
And at the dead hour of the night,  
The corpse began to thraw.

'Oh, wha has done thee wrang, sister,  
Or dared the deadly sin?  
Wha was sae stout, and fear'd nae dout,  
As throw ye o'er the linn?'

'Young Benjie was the first ae man  
I laid my love upon;  
He was sae stout and proud-hearted,  
He threw me o'er the linn.'

'Shall we young Benjie head, sister?  
Shall we young Benjie hang?  
Or shall we pike out his twa gray een,  
And punish him ere he gang?'

'Ye maunna Benjie head, brothers,  
Ye maunna Benjie hang;  
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een.  
And punish him ere he gang.

'Tie a green gravat round his neck,  
And lead him out and in,  
And the best ae servant about your house  
To wait young Benjie on.

'And aye at every seven years' end,  
Ye'll take him to the linn;  
For that's the penance he maun dree,  
To scug his deadly sin.'

Andrew Lang

## Young Bicham

In London city was Bicham born,  
He longd strange countries for to see,  
But he was taen by a savage Moor,  
Who handld him right cruely.

For thro his shoulder he put a bore,  
An thro the bore has pitten a tree,  
And he's gard him draw the carts o wine,  
Where horse and oxen had wont to be.

He's casten [him] in a dungeon deep,  
Where he coud neither hear nor see;  
He's shut him up in a prison strong,  
An he's handld him right cruely.

O this Moor he had but ae daughter,  
I wot her name was Shusy Pye;  
She's doen her to the prison-house,  
And she's calld young Bicham one word by.

'O hae ye ony lands or rents,  
Or citys in your ain country,  
Coud free you out of prison strong,  
An coud maintain a lady free?'

O London city is my own,  
An other citys twa or three,  
Coud loose me out o prison strong,  
An could maintain a lady free.'

O she has bribed her father's men  
Wi meikle goud and white money,  
She's gotten the key o the prison doors,  
And she has set Young Bicham free.

She's gi'n him a loaf o good white bread,  
But an a flask o Spanish wine,  
An she bad him mind on the ladie's love  
That sae kindly freed him out o pine.

'Go set your foot on good ship-board,  
An haste you back to your ain country,  
An before that seven years has an end,  
Come back again, love, and marry me.'

It was long or seven years had an end  
She longd fu sair her love to see;  
She's set her foot on good ship-board,  
An turnd her back on her ain country.

She's saild up, so has she down,  
Till she came to the other side;

She's landed at Young Bicham's gates,  
An I hop this day she sal be his bride.

'Is this Young Bicham's gates?' says she.  
'Or is that noble prince within?'  
'He's up the stair wi his bonny bride,  
An monny a lord and lady wi him.'

'O has he taen a bonny bride,  
An has he clean forgotten me?'  
An sighing said that gay lady,  
'I wish I were in my ain country!'

She's pitten her ban in her pocket,  
An gin the porter guineas three;  
Says, 'Take ye that, ye proud porter,  
An bid the bridegroom speak to me.'

O whan the porter came up the stair,  
He's fa'n low down upon his knee:  
'Won up, won up, ye proud porter,  
And what makes a' this courtesy?'

'O I've been porter at your gates  
This mair nor seven years an three,  
But there is a lady at them now  
The like of whom I never did see.

'For on every finger she has a ring,  
An on the mid-finger she has three,  
An there's as meikle goud aboon her brow  
As woud buy an earldom o lan to me.'

Then up it started Young Bicham,  
An sware so loud by Our Lady,  
'It can be nane but Shusy Pye  
That has come oor the sea to me.'

O quickly ran he down the stair,  
O fifteen steps he has made but three,  
He's tane his bonny love in his arms  
An a wot he kissd her tenderly.

'O hae you tane a bonny bride?  
An hae you quite forsaken me?  
An hae ye quite forgotten her  
That gae you life an liberty?'

She's lookit oer her left shoulder  
To hide the tears stood in her ee;  
'Now fare thee well, Young Bicham,' she says,  
'I'll strive to think nae mair on thee.'

'Take back your daughter, madam,' he says,  
'An a double dowry I'll gie her wi;  
For I maun marry my first true love,  
That's done and suffered so much for me.'

He's tak his bonny love by the han,  
And led her to yon fountain stane;  
He's changed her name frae Shusy Pye,  
An he's cald her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

Andrew Lang